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The Postscript of this copy replaced by
THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FIRST COMPLETE AMERICAN,
FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION.

IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY PECK & NEWTON.
1836.
TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,

BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you.—In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection— as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or colored by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself, who have composed so many admirable Pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this Region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still-strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that 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 honor to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

February 1, 1815.

* The plates referred to, accompanied only the first English edition.

PREFACE.*

The observations prefixed to that portion of these Volumes which was published many years ago, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," have so little of a special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection, that they could not with propriety stand as an Introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those pieces, I have transferred it to the end of the Second Volume, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the Reader.

In the preface to that part of "The Recluse," lately published under the title of "The Excursion," I have alluded to a meditated arrangement of my minor Poems, which should assist the attentive Reader in perceiving their connection with each other, and also their subordination to that Work. I shall here say a few words explanatory of this arrangement, as carried into effect in the present Volumes.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description, i.e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the Describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2dly, 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 acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface, before-mentioned.) 3dly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet’s own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, the Narrative,—including the Epocapia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which every thing primarly flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as singing from the inspiration of the Muse, "Arma virumque cano;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the Iliad or the Paradise Lost would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other Poets who belong to this class are commonly content to tell their tale;—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2ndly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the Poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending, to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the Lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of musical drama, may, without injustice, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyric,—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad, in all which, for the production of their full effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensible.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone’s Schoolmistress, The Cotter’s Saturday Night, of Burns, The Twa Dogs, of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penelope, of Milton, Beattie’s Minstrel, Goldsmith’s Deserted Village, the Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of Poets’ writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction, as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, the 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 deductible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of the Poet predominant in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are operated; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality.

My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse." This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, any thing material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader.

I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to the several requisites, both particular and general. But, as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader, that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author’s conception, predominant in the production of them; predominant in the production of them; predominant in the production of them; predominant in the production of them; predominant in the production of them, which implies the exertion of other faculties to a less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and vice versa. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of "Poems founded on the Affections;" as might this latter from those, and from the class "Proceeding from Sentiment and Reflec-
**PREFACE.**

The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

It may be proper in this place to state, that the extracts in the second Class, entitled "Juvenile Pieces," are in many places altered from the printed copy, chiefly by omission and compression. The slight alterations of another kind were for the most part made not long after the publication of the Poems from which the extracts are taken.* These extracts seem to have a title to be placed here, as they were the productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind; at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action; or as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

---"the sounding siren
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."---

I will own that I was much at a loss what to select of these descriptions; and perhaps it would have been better either to have reprinted the whole, or suppressed what I have given.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affection this has been done in modern times, I leave to the judicious to determine. For my own part I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader's charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves: the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of a voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere prose-man;

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."---

I come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems.

* These Poems are now printed entire.

"A man," says an intelligent author, "has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which images within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (μνημησεως is to cause to appear) so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced."—British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author's mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that Faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterize Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?—Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a Class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot hangs from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the Shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his Farm, thus addresses his Goats:—

"Non ego vos posthae virili projectus in antro
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe video;"

"—half way down
Hang one who gathers samphire;"

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the Cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither
the goats nor the sapphire-gatherer do literal-ly hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at sea a Fleet desired
Hang in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close-sailing from Bengal or the Isles
Of Ternate or Talolo, whence Merchants bring
Their spice draught; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, soaring nightly toward the Pole: so seemed
Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word hang, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the Fleet, an aggregate of many Ships, is represented as one mighty Person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as hanging in the clouds, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From images of sight we will pass to those of sound:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;"
of the same bird,

"His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze?"

"O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

The Stock-dove is said to coo, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor broods, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the Bird iterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of seclusion by which this Bird is marked; and characterizing its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

This concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the Cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the Cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of Spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them,

upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process, like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the Goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the Shepherd, contemplating it from the seclusion of the Cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unalike 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
Conched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same spy
By whose means it could thither come, and whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself.
Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heathen 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 vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the Cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power; it the Imagination also shapes and creates; and now? By innumerable processes; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number, alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton, When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengal."

"They," i.e. the "Merchants," representing the Fleet, resolved into a Multitude of Ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So," (referring to the word "As," in the commencement) "heemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of Ships into
one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"Mudo me Thebas, modo ponit Athenis."

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from Heaven the rebellious Angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming shone;"

the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction, "His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect." The grand store-houses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton, to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. However imuber the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of Una is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakespear are an inexhaustible source. 

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by a recollection of the insults which the Ignorant, the Incapable and the Presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (conceivable, I grant, if the vanity of the facts above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be held in undying remembrance.

This subject may be dismissed with observing—that, in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the development of this faculty. Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents, to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination. The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the tritosus sounds which he had previously excited; and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprised into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the poem describes.—The Poems next in succession, exhibit the faculty exerting itself upon various objects of the external universe; then follow others, where it is employed upon feelings, characters, and actions; and the Class is concluded with imaginative pictures of moral, political, and religious sentiments.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterized as the Power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative Power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different; or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution, from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these, are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from every thing but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming, "In shape no bigger than an agate-stone,
Or the fore-finger of an Alderman." Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits, or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or

*Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.

"I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you Kingdoms, called you Daughters!"

*In the present edition, such of these as were furnished by Scottish subjects are incorporated with a class entitled, Memorials of Tours in Scotland.
PREFACE.

Atlas"—because these, and if they were a million times as high, it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, "His stature reached the sky!" the illimitable firmament! —

When the Imagination framing a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature, than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding, than upon inherent and internal properties:—moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on, is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious subtility and the success of careful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion—the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but, if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished.—Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our Nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal.—Yet is it not the less true that Fancy, as she is an active, is also, under her own laws and in her own spirit, a creative faculty. In what manner Fancy aims at rivalry, lies at the Imaginatio, and Imagination stoops to work with the materials of Fancy, might be illustrated from the compositions of all eloquent writers, whether in prose or verse; and chiefly from those of our own Country. Scarcely a page of the impassioned parts of Bishop Taylor's Works can be opened that shall not afford examples.—Referring the Reader to those inestimable Volumes, I will content myself with placing a conceit (ascribed to Lord Chesterfield) in contrast with a passage from the Paradise Lost:—

"The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
They are the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun."

After the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising Nature, thus marks the immediate consequence,

"Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin."

The associating link is the same in each instance;—dew or rain, not distinguishable from the liquid substance of tears, are employed as indications of sorrow. A flash of surprise is the effect in the former case; a flash of surprise, and nothing more; for the nature of things does not sustain the combination. In the latter, the effects of the act, of which there is this immediate consequence and visible sign, are so momentous, that the mind acknowledges the justice and reasonableness of the sympathy in Nature so manifested; and the sky weeps drops of water as if with human eyes, as "Earth had before, trembled from her entrails, and Nature given a second groan."

Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine Poet, I scarcely dare to add, that "An Address to an Infant," which the reader will find under the Class of Fancy in the present Volumes, exhibits something of this communion and interchange of instruments and functions between the two powers; and is, accordingly, placed last in the class, as a preparation for that of Imagination which follows.

Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiaries of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied King," and yet a military Monarch,—advancing for conquest with his Army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of fanciful comparisons, which I may 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

"Of sovereign juice is cloathed 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 forms.

"'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thru the gelly'd blood of Age; Matres the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the Tainting Covent bold.
It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
 Renders our lives' misfortunes sweet; 
Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar.

While we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all time and mine,
We rather would want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall have our kindly browsers thrive;
We'll drink the wanting into Wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The Afflicted into joy; th' Oppress
Into security and rest.

The Worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again once more;
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The Brave shall triumph in success,
The Lover shall have Mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise;
And the neglected Poet, Bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we but what we are?
SUPPLEMENT TO THE PREFACE.

It remains that I should express my regret at the necessity of separation, and positions from some beautiful Poems of Mr. Coleridge, with which they have been long associated in publication. The feelings with which that joint publication was made, have been gratified; its end is answered; and the time is come when considerations of general propriety dictate the separation. Three short pieces (now first published) are the work of a Female Friend; and the Reader, to whom they may be acceptable, is indebted to me for his pleasure; if any one regard them with dislike, or be disposed to condemn them, let the censure fall upon him who, trusting in his own sense of their merit and their fitness for the place which they occupy, extorted them from the Authoress.

When I sate down to write this preface, it was my intention to have made it more comprehensive; but as all that I deem necessary is expressed, I will here detain the reader no longer:—what I have further to remark shall be introduced by way of interlude, in some other part of these Volumes. see Essay Supplementary.

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 relaxes of itself,—the thoughts being occupied in domestic cares, or the time engrossed by business. Poetry then becomes only an occasional recreation; while to those whose existence passes away in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a species of luxurious amusement. In middle and declining age, a scattered number of serious persons resort to poetry, as to religion, for a protection against the pressure of trivial employments, and as a consolation for the affictions of life. And, lastly, there are many, who, having been enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended as a study.

Into the above Classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry, (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science,) her appropriate employment, her privilege and her duty, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses and to the passions. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged principle prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason! When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common-sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts, is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if youth were incapable of being lighted with what is truly excellent; or, if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem falls in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they may profit by it, they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The book was probably taken up after an escape from the burthen of business, and with a wish to forget the
world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur and religion of its actions, which such readers are caught and excited, will, for the most part, be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the coloring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony: It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can serve (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But, as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive, that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind for which they adopt the style, are less likely to be deceived by gross errors or one nation of errors, from which they are preserved by the check of religion, who study the ancient Poets, and approve the works of the Poets of the last age. For these errors, the two classes of the Poets, the Pious and the Profane, cannot be mistaken for; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book.

To these excesses, they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemplative; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious; and at all seasons, they are under temptation to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself. For it is for them to shew that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity:—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what 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 restoring a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the admirably beautiful and poetical,—between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion,—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circum-scription, and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry,—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion, than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

 Whether then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? Our opinion is that such a union is best entrusted to those whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government. Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing any thing of its quickness and its passion is capable of answerring the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them,—associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it,—Among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the labor of the Poet, the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed,—that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trust-worthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mis-taught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those
which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained Censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end;—who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found Critics too pertinacious to be passive to a genuine Poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; Men, who take upon them to report of the course which he holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region";—Men of ruffled imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid,—who therefrom feel as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provoca-
tives;—Judges, whose censure is auspicious and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of Judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits—must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them:—it will be found, however, that when Authors have, at length, raised themselves into general admira-
tion and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigor to the enemies whom it pro-
vokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doome to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclu-
sion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country, for the greater part of the last two Centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that can now endure to read the "Creation" of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resonated with his praise; he was ca-
ressed by Kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his Country-
men, compared with that which they bestowed on those of some other writers, it must be pro-
nounced small indeed.

"The laurel, need of mighty Conquerors
And Poets sage"—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy; while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power; and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A Dramatic Author, if he write for the Stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the Audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted: but I am not suffi-
ciently wise to pause in my purpose to examine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of as many pieces of con-
temporary Authors, wholly undeserving to ap-
pear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic Writers, that Shakspeare, like his predeces-
sors, Sophocles and Euripides, would have of-
ten been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, be-
comes too probable, when we reflect that Ad-
mirers of Selle's and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as re-
spectable in point of talent, as those of Dry-
den. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is suffi-
ciently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius, is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratifi-
cation of the public?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made little impres-
sion 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 ex-
cellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general Reader a necessary service, he printed be-
tween inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their Buffon de Shakspeare, tend to be totally ignorant, and among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems
to have perceived his infinite superiority to the
first names of the French Theatre; an advan-
tage which the Parisian Critic owed to his Ger-
man blood and German education. The most
enlightened Italians, though well acquainted
with our language, are wholly incompetent to
measure the proportions of Shakespear. The
Germans only, of foreign nations, are approach-
ing towards a knowledge and feeling of what
he is. In some respects they have acquired a
superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the
Poet: for among us it is a current, I might
say, an established opinion, that Shakespear is
justly praised when he is pronounced to be "a
wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are
compensated by great beauties." How long
may it be before this misconception passes away,
and it becomes universally acknowledged
that the judgment of Shakespeare in the
selection of his materials, and in the manner
in which he has made them, heterogeneous as
they often are, constitute a unity of their own,
and contribute all to one great end, is not less
admirable than his imagination, his invention,
and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature!

There is extant a small Volume of miscella-
naneous Poems in which Shakespear expresses
his own feelings in his own Person. It is not
difficult to conceive that the Editor, George
Stevens, should have been insensitive to the
beauties of one portion of that Volume, the
Sonnets; though there is not a part of the
writings of this Poet where is found, in an
equal compass, a greater number of exquisite
feelings felicitously expressed. But, from re-
gard to the Critic's own credit, he would not
have ventured to talk of an* act of parliament
not being strong enough to compel the perusal
of these, or any production of Shakespear, if
he had not known that the people of England
were ignorant of the treasures contained in
these little pieces: and if he had not, more-
ever, shared the too common propensity of
human nature to exult over a supposed fall in
the mire of a genius whom he had been com-
peled to regard with admiration, as an inmate
of the celestial regions,—"there sitting where
he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakespear,
Milton was born; and early in life he published
ed several poems, which, though on their
first appearance they were praised by a few of
the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that
degree, that Pope in his youth, could bor-
row from them without risk of its being known.
Whether these poems are at this day justly
appreciated I will not undertake to decide: nor
would it imply a severe reflection upon the
modern taste to suppose the contrary; see ing
that a Man of the acknowledged genius of
Voss, the German Poet, could suffer their spirit
to evaporate: and could change their charac-
ter, as is done in the translation made by him
of the most popular of those pieces. At all
events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton
are now much read, and loudly praised; yet
were they little heard of till more than 150
years after their publication; and of the Son-

* This flippant inobservancy was publicly reprehended
by Mr. Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry
given by him at the Royal Institution. For the var i ous
merits of thought and language in Shakespear's Sonnet,
see Numbers 27, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 75, 86,
89, 91, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 115, 117,
129, and many others.

nets, 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 Shakespear.

About the time when the Pindaric Odes of
Cowley and his imitators, and the productions
of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr.
Johnson has strangely styled Metaphysical
Poets, were beginning to lose something of
that extravagant admiration which they had
excited, The Paradise Lost made its appearance.
"Fit audience find though few," was the peti-
tion addressed by the Poet to his inspiring
Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained
more than he asked; this I believe to be true;
but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake
when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the
work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to
it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hun-
dred Copies were sold in two years; an un-
common example, he asserts, of the prevalence
of genius in opposition to so much recent en-
ity as Milton's public conduct had excited.
But, he it remembered that, if Milton's political
and religious opinions, and the manner in
which he announced them, had raised him
many enemies, they had procured him nume-
rous friends; who, as all personal danger was
passed away at the time of publication, would
be eager to procure the master-work of a man
whom they revered, and whom they would be
proud of praising. The demand did not im-
mediately increase; "for," says Dr. Johnson,
"many more Readers" (he means Persons in
the habit of reading poetry) "than were sup-
plied at first the Nation did not afford." How
careless must a writer be who can make this
assertion in the face of so many existing tit-
les to belie it! Turning to my shelves, I find
A book near it is Flatman's Poem's, 4th Edi-
The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long
after went, I believe, through nine Editions.
What further demand there might be for these
works I do not know, but I well remember,
that in 25 years ago, the Booksellers' stalls in
London swarmed with the folios of Cowley.
This is not mentioned in disapparagization of
that able writer and publisher, who endeavored
to show—that, if Milton's work was not more
read, it was not because readers did not exist
at the time. The early Editions of the Para-
dise Lost were printed in a shape which al-
lowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only
3000 copies of the Work were sold in 11 years;
and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been
satisfied from 1623 to 1644, that is 21 years,
with the first Edition of the Works of Shakes-
pear; which probably did not exceed 5000 to
1000 Copies; facts adduced by the critic to
prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were
Readers in multitudes; but their money went
for other purposes, as their admiration was
fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to
affirm, that the reception of the Paradise Lost,
and the progress of its fame, are proofs as
striking as can be desired that the positions
which I am attempting to establish are not er-
roneous. "How amusing to shelve to one's self

* Hughes is express upon this subject; in his dedica-
tion of Spencer's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus.
"It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition
of Paradise Lost that first brought that incomparable
Poem to be generally known and esteemed."
such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellaneous or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, every where impregnated with original excellence!

So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been long before being permitted to pursue 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 most amongst the very ideas to which he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an Author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet hispaning in their Cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of these arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues by boyish inexperience, the praise, which these compositions obtained, tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues which the Author intended to be burlesque. The Instigator of the work, and his Admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." These Pastors, ludicrous to those who prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Some 30 or 40 years after the publication of the Paradise Lost appeared Thomson's Winter; which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired; those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegie, complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, his benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year; and, by undertaking to treat him in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the Poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped to his eyes, would, under the lapse of a few years, have been able to trace these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an Enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the name of a night-gown. All things are blush'd as Nature's self lay dead: The mountains seem to nod their drooping head. The little birds in dreams their Song repeat, And sleeping flowers beneath the Night-dew sweet: Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love doth Many a tear to my soul, and numbers drop to my eyes. DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.

* CORTES alone in a night-gown.
piciam of their absurdity!—If these two distinguish'd Writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a Poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder Poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time held in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to these appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in such good condition at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired Poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficience of his pupils, but he could do little more, though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy the rhapsody a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his Biographer deemed genuine admiration, must in fact have been blind wonderment,—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his Poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he wrote a vicious style; and his false ornaments are especially of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-uses Copy of the Seasons the Book generally opens itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts; and are the parts of his Work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative Poet were perceived, till the elder Writers in a year or two after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and to verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine Poem was neglected on its appearance, and in that 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 mourner himself have now passed through innumerable Editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his Poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the more so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to reply to the Bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the Edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Relics of Ancient English Poetry; collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales, which appeared not long after its publication; and which were modelled, as the Authors persuaded themselves, after the Old Ballad. The Composition was however ill suited to the then existing taste of City society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exhortations to make it an object of contempt. The Critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their illimitated models sank, in this Country, into temporary neglect; while Burger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating, or imitating these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, Poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the Persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted a resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauleine and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinct from the vaguer, the idle, the airy, the flowery, the effeminate 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 Burger (to whom Klopstock gave, in my hearing, a commendation which he denied to Gottle 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 day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep.
All save the Lady Erene,
Who aye in her bowre to wepe:

* Shewstone, in his Schoolmaster, gives still more remarkable instances of this timidity. On its first appearance, (See D'Iral's 2d Series of the Curiosities of Literature) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, as indeed some of the absurd and erroneous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions, the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

* Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the 2d Edition of his Seasons, and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which I pointed out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.
And some she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the wall,
Awake, awake, my dear Lady;
'Tis thy true-love call.

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

Als man die Nacht Gebeyg und Thal
Vernommen in Rubenschaoten,
Und Hoehnische Lampen Uber all
Schon ausgebliimt hatten,

Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Franklin innerward,
Viel Ubernacht, noch wacht,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:

Da horch! Ein euer Liebcest
Kann ich dir imon geben.

"Ho, Tracht, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Russel auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend
to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander up on a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book! I have done so at random, and the beginning of the "Epic Poem Temora," in 3 Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ulfin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Caibar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are cold. Cormac rises on his shield with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian.

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous Country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the World under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Carborne 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.—Colin Lingard has ably shown that the dictum of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his very "aity" and his "bute!" and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a conscious plagiarisim. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owned his fine feathers to them; unless we were 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 Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a Country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding Writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no Author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the Boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived that the success of that work must lie in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a Magazine with "Saxon poems,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island, is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own Country, its Poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able Writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt
of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces biographical and critical for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The Booksellers took upon themselves, and dis­covered to the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellaneous, and, un­questionably, to their Books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of Authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent, from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits, which, from the sale of his works, each had brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was limited in his discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the first name we find is that of Cowley!—What is become of the Morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan Constitution? Or, if Names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-blessed Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where is his who rights as a Poet, contradistinguished 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, as in this case before us?) Roscom­mon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates: Writers in metre utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likes and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been added 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, 17 years ago; who has also observed to what degree the Poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unmitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been treated. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains, which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impress, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of English Poets, it is this—that every Author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose Poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them; and much he will do which is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original Poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the Reader of the pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein Men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all Men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature inimitable in her bounty, have bestowed on Men and Things in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of Readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of knowledge, it does not lie here.—Taste, I would remind the Reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a passive sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence not passive,—to intellectual acts and operations. The word, IMAGINATION, has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and dishonourable,—being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word, IMAGINATION; but the word, Taste, has been stretched to the
sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is passive, and is affected what was or pleasantly as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—Taste. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies suffering; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact, that, in popular language, to be in a passion, is to be angry. But,

"Anger in hasty words or 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 soon languishes and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great Poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate power, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original Writer, at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is, the act of doing well what is naturally to be done, and what was never done before. Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honor, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised; or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but the individual Poet endeavoring to account for the Poet? Is it to be supposed that the Reader can make progress of this kind, like an Indian Prince or General—stretched on his Palanquin, and borne by his Slaves? No, he is invigorated and inspired by his Leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and there lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of animal sensation, it might seem—that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And doubtless, in the works of every true Poet will be found passages of that species of excellence, which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others—that are complex and revolutionary; and some—to mention some bly cases, which the genius 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 constrained by a spell! The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in every thing which has to send the heart and soul into a region of subdued passions, or to be made conscious of her power; wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the Poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic announcement of the remotest future, the Poet must title himself for a season to few and scattered hearers.—Grand thoughts (and Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth,) as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits, without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the Sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles
as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing—that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the individual, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly perishes; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humors of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and, their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said above—that, of good Poetry, the individual, as well as the species, survives. And how does it survive but through the People? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

"—Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge."—MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that vox populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is any thing of divine infallibility in the elanom of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factional influence, which, under the name of the Public, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the People. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to: but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the future, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, 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, evinced something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine:" and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree, to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction;—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS."

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 endeavor to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effects of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them, they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that I have pleased a greater number than I ventured to hope I should please.

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Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief, that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the multiplicity, and in the quality of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematical defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, because I knew that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because, adequately to display my opinions, and fully to enforce my arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of a Preface. For to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which I believe it susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out, in what manner language and the human mind act and
re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible, that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed, that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of assembly not committed to paper. Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol, held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucilius, and that of Staturi or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden. A Poet has no right to take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which by the act of writing in verse an Author, in the present day, makes to his reader: but I am certain it will appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope therefore the reader will not censure me, if I attempt to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also, (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons for the alteration which this work has undergone, to determine my reader: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indulgence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, which I proposed to myself in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way; and, further, and above all, to make those incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life determine from those elementary feelings; and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical, than that which has been frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

I cannot, however, be insensible of 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 Poems in the true sense will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I mean to say, I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but my habits of meditation have so formed my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If in this opinion I am mistaken, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and, as by contemplating the relations of our general representative system of nature, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of

*It is worth while here to observe, that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.
much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced, that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the being to whom we address ourselves, if he be in a healthful state of association, must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections ameliorated.

I have said that each of these poems has a purpose. I have also informed my Reader what this purpose will be found principally to be: namely, to illustrate the manner in which our feelings and ideas are associated in a state of excitement. But, since the language at present is capable of expressing somewhat more appropriate, it is to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature. This object I have endeavoured in these short essays to attain by various means: by tracing the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings, as in the poems of The Infant Boy and the Mad Mother; by accompanying the last struggles of a human being, at the approach of death, cleaving in solitude to life and society, as in the Poem of the Forsaken Indian; by showing, as in the Stanzas entitled We are Seven, the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion; or by displaying the strength of fraternal, or, to speak more philosophically, of moral attachment when early associated with the great and beautiful objects of nature, as in The Brothers; or, as in the Incident of Simon Lee, by placing my Reader in the way of receiving from ordinary moral sensations another and more salutary impression than we are accustomed to receive from them. It has also been part of my general purpose to attempt to sketch characters under the influence of less impassioned feelings, as in the Two April Morniers, The Two Thieves, &c., characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners, such as exist now, and will probably always exist, and which from their constitution may be distinctly and profitably contemplated. I will not abuse the indulgence of my Reader by dwelling longer upon this subject; but it is proper that I should mention one other circumstance which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling. My meaning will be rendered perfectly intelligible by referring my Reader to the Poems entitled Poor Susan and the Childless Father, particularly to the last Stanza of the latter Poem.

I will not suffer a sense of false modesty to prevent me from asserting, that I point my Reader's attention to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further see, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavor 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 apathy. 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 hour 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 deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble effort with which I have endeavoured to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are essentially inherent and indestructible; and did I not further add to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the eye of God will be systematically opposed, by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that I may not be accused for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes; and, I hope, are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style, and raise it above the level of nature. I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as it is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but I have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep my Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. I am, however, well aware that others who pursue
a different track may interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, I only wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; I have taken as much pains to avoid it as others ordinarily take to produce it; this I have done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men, and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart, is a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. I do not know how, without being culpably particular, I can give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which I wished these poems to be written, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope that there is in these Poems little falsehood of description, and that my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance.

Something I must have gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, which but have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, with whom it is an easy matter to dispose of these proasims, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these Volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him, that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated in innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. I have not space for much quotation; but, to illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasons, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine, And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire; The birds in vain their amorous descent join, Or eloquent fields resume their green attire. These ears, alas! for other notes repine; A different object do these eyes require: My lonely anguish needs no heart but mine; In my breast the imperfect joys expire. Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer, And never, with a measure brings our men; The fields to all their wont-ed tribute bear; To warm their little loves the birds complain. I fruitless mourner 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 evident, that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation I have shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and I have previously asserted, that a large portion of the language of every good poet is in no respect different from that of good Prose. I will go further. I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed, that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sistors: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry* sheds no tears "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial lchor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of both. If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overtops what I have been saying on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as I am recommending is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, whatever it be made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Where is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouth of his

* I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But it has been introduced into criticism by this contradiction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical or metrical and rhetorical distinction. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.
characters; it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet intervene with any foreign splendour of his own with that which they have other morally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety adorn with metaphors and figures, will have their due effect, if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems I now present to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and, as it is in itself of the highest importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, I would remind such persons, that, whatever may be the language outwardly held by men in a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets both ancient and modern will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise, and when we censure; and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, I ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common to mankind; a man possessed with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to select more useful things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events, than any thing which, from the motions of their own passions, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves: whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there can be no doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious, that while he describes and imitates passions, his situation is altogether slavish and mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, may, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle on which I have so much insisted, namely, that of selection: on this he will depend for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature; and, the more injudiciously he applies this principle, the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who deems himself justified when he substitutes excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a taste for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for Rope-dancing, or Frontinae or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that Poetry is the most philosophical of all writing; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and fanciful, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the accuracy of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that informa-
tion which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of Science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his external life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding every where objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those, which, through labour and length of time, the Man of Science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of Science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings.

The Man of Science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emotionally may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in the universe, which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employ'd, 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 familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration. The Poet, having welcomed the thought thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed, that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject. What is the portrait which applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to have such weight, that I will conclude, there are few persons of good sense, who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective, in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general, to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre,
it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring my Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities which I have enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what I have there said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to those immediate feelings and sensations produced by external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearance of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of the passions of men. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be proved that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But he must not write for others alone, but for men. Unless therefore we are advocates for that admiration which depends upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height, and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are taking. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called poetic diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which 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 I have already said, I reply, in the first place, because I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writings, whether in prose or verse, the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature, from which I am at liberty to supply myself with endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why, after all, perhaps, as far as description I have endeavoured to superadd the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are unconvinced by what I have already said, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style which with metre is connected, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre, which, as I think, might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Poems, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure sufficiently competent day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But I might point out various causes why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as is sensible of the extent of that pleasure will be desired. The end of Poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure. Now, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. But, if the words by which this excitement is produced are in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pathos connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficiency in tempering and re-
straining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true, and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of unconsciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be better endued in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose.

The metre of the old ballads is very artless; yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion, and, I hope, if the following Poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience: Impulse with which he comes to the re-reading of the distressful parts of Clarissa Harlowe, or the Gamester; while Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of powerful surprise from the metrical arrangement.

On the other hand, (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen,) if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then, (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious,) in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory upon which these poems are written, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; I mean the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not have been a useless employment to have applied this principle to the consideration of metre, and to have shown that metre is a source of pleasure, and to have pointed out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility: the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquility gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. Now, if Nature be thus cautious in preserving in a state of enjoyment a being thus employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson thus held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind is habitually averse to them, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use and would always be accompanied with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. I might, perhaps, include all which it is necessary to say upon this subject, by affirming, with the Poet, that persons will believe, that of two descriptions, either of passions mingled in a single or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. We see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the plainest common sense interesting, and even frequently to invest it with the appearance of passion. In consequence of these convictions I related in metre the Tale of Goody Blake and Harry Gill, which is one of the rudest of this collection and I wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes even in our physical nature as might almost appear miraculous. The truth is an important one; the fact (for it is a fact) is a valuable illustration of it: and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has been communicated to many hundreds of people who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a Ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in Ballads.

Having thus explained a few of the reasons why I have chosen this metre, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and it is for this reason that I request the Reader's permission to add a few words with
reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from discased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary conceptions 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 the classes of men; for where the understanding of an Author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying, that it is not probable he will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since he is so much less interested in the subject, he may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as I have detained my Reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to Poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Dbabes in the Wood."

"Three pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unpassionate conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the matter expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, This is a bad kind of poetry, or, This is not poetry; but, This wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can 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?

I have one request to make of my reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, "I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, which is so much admired by other people, it will appear mean or ludicrous!" This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: I have therefore to request, that the Reader would abide, independently, by his own feelings, and that, if he finds himself affected, he would not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and, further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduct, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, is, as Dr. Joshua Reynolds observed, an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself, (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself,) but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

I know that nothing would have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metreical composition essentially different from what we have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that he has been pleased by such composition; and what can I do more for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect, that, if I propose to furnish him with new friends, it is only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composi-
tion to which he has peculiarly attached the
endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel
an habitual gratitude, and something of an
honourable bigotry for the objects which have
long continued to please them; we not only
wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that
particular way in which we have been accu-
tomised to be pleased. There is a host of argu-
ments in these feelings; and I should be the
less able to combat them successfully, as I am
willing to allow, that, in order entirely to en-
joy the Poetry which I am recommending, it
would be necessary to give up much of what
is ordinarily enjoyed. But, would my limits
have permitted me to point out how this pleas-
ure is produced, I might have removed many
obstacles, and assisted my Reader in perceiv-
ing that the powers of language are not so lim-
ited as he may suppose; and that it is possible
for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer,
more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This
part of my subject I have not altogether neg-
lected; but it has been less my present aim
to prove, that the interest excited by some
other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less
worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, than
to offer reasons for presuming, that, if the ob-
ject which I have proposed to myself were
adequately attained, a species of poetry would
be produced, which is genuine poetry; in its
nature well adapted to interest mankind per-
manently, and likewise important in the mul-
tiplicity and quality of its moral relations.
From what has been said, and from a perusal
of the Poems, the Reader will be able
clearly to perceive the object which I have
proposed to myself: he will determine how
far I have attained this object; and, what is
a much more important question, whether it be
worth attaining; and upon the decision of
these two questions will rest my claim to the
approbation of the Public.

APPENDIX.

As, perhaps, I have no right to expect from a
Reader of an Introduction to a volume of Po-
ems that attentive perusal without which it
is impossible, imperfectly as I have been com-
pelled to express my meaning, that what is
said in the Preface should, throughout, be ful-
ly understood, I am the more anxious to give
an exact notion of the sense in which I use
the phrase poetic diction; and for this pur-
pose I will here add a few words concerning
the origin of the phraseology which I have
condemned under that name.—The earliest
poets of all nations generally wrote from pas-
sion excited by real events; they wrote natu-
urally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they
did, their language was daring, and figura-
tive. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men
ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving
the influence of such language, and desirous
of producing the same effect without having
the same animating passion, set themselves
to a mechanical adoption of these figures of
speech, and made use of them, sometimes with
propriety, but much more frequently applied
them to feelings and ideas with which they
had no natural connection whatsoever. A
language was thus insensibly produced, dif-
fering 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
mind also: in both cases he was willing that
his common judgment and understanding
should be laid asleep, and he had no instinct-
ive and infallible perception of the true to
make him reject the false; the one served as
a passport for the other. The agitation and
confusion of mind were in both cases delight-
ful, and no wonder if he confounded the one
with the other, and believed them both to be
produced by the same, or similar causes. Be-
sides the Poet spake to him in the character
of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius
and authority. Thus, and from a variety of
other causes, this distorted language was re-
cieved with admiration; and Poets, it is prob-
able, who had before contented themselves
for the most part with misapplying only ex-
pressions 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 lan-
guage of passion, yet altogether of their own
invention, and distinguished by various de-
grees of wanton deviation from good sense
and nature.

It is indeed true, that the language of the
earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from
ordinary language, because it was the lan-
guage 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 describ-
ed, or which he had heard uttered by those
around him. To this language it is probable
that metre of some sort or other was early
subordinated. This separated the genuine lan-
guage of Poetry still further from common
life, so that whoever read or heard the Poems
of those earliest Poets felt himself moved in
a way in which he had not been accustomed
to be moved in real life, and by causes mani-
 festly different from those which acted upon
him in real life. This was the great tempta-
tion to all the corruptions which have follow-
ed: under the protection of this feeling suc-
ceeding 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 conversa-
tion; that it was unusual. But the first Po-
ets, as I have said, spake a language which,
though unusual, was still the language of
men. This circumstance, however, was dis-
gregarded by their successors; they found that
they could please by easier means than they
became proud of a language which they them-
selves had invented, and which was uttered
only by themselves; and, with the spirit of a fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol of the 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 became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted; and this language was received as a natural language: and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would be highly interesting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd language; but this is not the place: it depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is b ruled of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to be stow.

The sonnet which I have quoted from Gray, in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if I might be permitted to say it is far too common in the best writers both ancient and modern. Perhaps I can in no way by positive example, more easily give my Reader a notion of what I mean by the phrase poetic diction than by referring him to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," &c. &c. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," &c. &c. See 1st Corinthians, chapter 13. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

\[\text{Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,}
\text{Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;}
\text{No stern command, no monitory voice,}
\text{Prescribes her duties or directs her choice;}
\text{Yet, timely provident, she hastens away}
\text{To snatch the blessings of a pleasant day.}
\text{When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,}
\text{She reaps the harvest and she stores the grain.}
\text{How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,}
\text{Unserve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?}
\text{While artful shades thy drowsy couch enclose,}
\text{And soft solicitation coverts your repose:}
\text{Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,}
\text{Year chases year with unremitted flight.}\]

Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of the sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done. It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk:—

"Religion! what treasure untold!

Besides in that heavenly word!

More precious than silver and gold,

Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell

These valleys and rocks never heard.

Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,

Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,

Convey 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."

I have quoted this passage as an instance of three different styles of composition. The first four lines are poorly expressed; some Critics would call the language prosaic: the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre. The epithet "church-going" applied to a bell, and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper, is an instance of the strange abuses which Poets have introduced into their language, till they and their Readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the sound," &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; that I should condemn the passage, though perhaps few Readers will agree with me, as vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is throughout admirably expressed; it would be equally good whether in prose or verse, except that the Reader has an exquisite pleasure in seeing such natural language so naturally connected with metre. The beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude with a principle which ought never to be lost sight of,—namely, that in works of imagination and sentiment, in proportion as ideas and feelings are valuable, whether the composition be in prose or in verse, they require and exact one and the same language. Metre is but adventitious to composition, and the phraseology for which that passport is necessary, even where it is graceful at all, will be little valued by the judicious.
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POEMS REFERRING TO THE PERIOD OF CHILDHOOD.

I.

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

II.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Stay near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bringest, gay Creature, as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart,
My Father's Family:
Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when, in our childish plays,
My Sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the Butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

III.

FORESIGHT,

OR THE CHARGE OF A CHILD TO HIS YOUNGER COMPANION.

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

Pull the Primrose, Sister Anne!
Pull as many as you can.
—Here are Daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the Cuckow-flower:
Of the lofty Daffodil
Make your bed, and make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the Spring may love them—
Summer knows but little of them:
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowers die;

Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.
God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.
When the months of Spring are fled
Hither let us bend our walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!

IV.

CHARACTERISTICS

OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

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

V.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD.

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

By a female Friend of the Author.

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

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum'—but, if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were cover'd with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!
As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rattle
And cracked the branches, and strewed them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

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

VI.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

By the same.

A month, sweet Little-ones, is passed
Since your dear Mother went away;
And 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; then laughed again,—
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—But, see, the evening Star comes forth!
To bed the Children must depart;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:
'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

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

VII.

LUCY GRAY:

OR, SOLITUDE.

Orr I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the Wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary Child.

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

You yet may spy the Fawn at play,
The Hare upon the Green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

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

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The Minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the Moon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;
And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the Bridge they came.
They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none:
—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a Living Child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome Wild.
O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

——

VIII.

WE ARE SEVEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

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

——

IX.

ANECDOCTE FOR FATHERS,

SHOWING HOW THE PRACTICE OF LYING MAY BE TAUGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."
"Now, little Edward, say why so; My little Edward, tell me why."—
"I cannot tell, I do not know."—
"Why, this is strange," said I;

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

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

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

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

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

X.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore, Three rosy-checked 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 all in one day, An Urchin both vigorous and hale; And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones. Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones! The Megge of Leghentwaite dale.

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

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

XI.

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!"

Great How is a single and concomitant hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Leghentwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied A snow-white mountain Lamb with a Maiden at its side.

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

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took, Seem'd to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

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

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

Towards the Lamb she looked; and from that shady place I unobserved could see the workings of her face: If Nature to her tongue could measure numbers bring, Thus thought I, to her Lamb that little maid might sing:

"What sits 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 woolen chain, This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain; For rain and mountain storms: the like thou needest not fear—The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

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

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home: A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam? A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yearn Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou knowest that twice a day I 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 cartlike a pony thou shalt plough; My Playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor Creature, can it be That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee? Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear, And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.
"Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey.
"Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"
—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.
Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the Damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

XII.
THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;
OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.*
A PASTORAL.
I.
The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The Magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain Raven's youngling brood
Have left the Mother and the Nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering Vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.
II.
Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two Boys are sitting in the sun;
Boys that have had no work to do,
Or work that now is done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas Hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,
Their rusty Hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the Day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.
III.
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 Coronals;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

* Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. Force is the word universally employed in these dialects for Waterfall.

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

V.
"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and in my footsteps tread!"
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty Block
Hath fallen, and made a Bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below;
And in a basin black and small
Receives a lofty Waterfall.

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

VII.
The Lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The Cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His Dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent turn;
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.

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

IX.
He drew it gently from the pool,
And brought it forth into the light:
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the Lamb they took,
Said they, "He's neither maimed nor scarred."
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his Mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

XIII.
To H.C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

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

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

XIV.

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.")

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought;
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,—
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
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, I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night
And by the waters, all the summer long;
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set; and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons—happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture!—Clear and loud
The village clock toiled six—and wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an united horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the Chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The Pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flow,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
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 sidewise, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a Star,
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Fleebler and fleebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

XV.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESS TO _______

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

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

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve reneweth her calm career;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the Longest of the Year.

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

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?
Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;
And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleadings,
Last fore-runner of "Good night!"

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

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

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

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

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
Th'et absorps time, space, and number;
Look towards Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing River
On whose breast are thither borne
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;
Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy Stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings.

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

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

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest Damself of the Green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine Queen;
And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of Heaven's unchanging Year!

JUVENILE PIECES.

Of the Poems in this class, "THE EVENING WALK" and "DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES" were first published in 1793. They are reprinted with some unimportant alterations that were chiefly made very soon after their publication. It would have been easy to amend them, in many passages, both as to sentiment and expression, and I have not been altogether able to resist the temptation: but attempts of this kind are made at the risk of injuring those characteristic features, which, after all, will be regarded as the principal recommendation of juvenile poems.

I.

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM COMPOSED UPON LEAVING SCHOOL.

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

Thus, from the precincts of the West,
The Sun, when sinking down to rest,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow Vale,
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

Follow thou the flowing River
On whose breast are thither borne
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;
Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
When his light returns from far.

Thus when Thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy Stream unravelled
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Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest Damself of the Green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine Queen;
And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of Heaven's unchanging Year!

II.

AN EVENING WALK,

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY.

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's Regret of his Youth passed amongst them—Short Description of Noon—Cascade Scene—Noon-tide Retreat—Precipices and sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain Farm, and the Cock—Slate Quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country, connected with that Moment—Swans—Female Baggar—Twilight Sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night Sounds—Conclusion.

Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
Where Derwent stops his course to hear the roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;
Where silver rocks the savage prospect cheer
Of giant yews that frown on Rydal's mere;
Where peace to Grassmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds;
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
Where, deep embosomed shy* Winander peeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steepes;
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! with other eyes, than once, I gaze
Upon the varying charm your round displays,
Than when, erewhile, I taught, "a happy child,"
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:

* These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.
Then did no ebb of cheerfulness demand
Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand;
In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,
The sun at morning, and the stars of night,
Alas, when heard the bitter's hollow bill,
Or the first woodcocks* roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain.
For then, even then, the little heart would beat
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
And wild Impatience, panting upward, showed [ed.
Wild, tipped with gold, the mountain summits glow-
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
With Hope Reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant Power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

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

When, in the south, the wan noon, brooding still,
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between;
When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,
Where long rails far into the lake extend,
Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
With their quick tails, and dashed their speckled sides;
When school-boys stretched their length upon the green;
And round the humbling elm, a glistening scene!
In the brown park, in herds, the troubled deer
Shook the still-tinkling tall and glancing ear;
When horses in the sunburnt intake stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,
Or tracked the Passenger, in mute distress
With forward neck the closing gate to press—
Then, while I wandered up the huddling rill
Brightening with water-breaks the sombre ghyll,†
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.

When thick above the rill the branches close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between;
Save that aloof the subtle sunbeams shine
On withered briers that o'er the crags recline,
So light admitted here, a small cascade,
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade;
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
The eye repose on a secret bridge§
Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain
Lingered behind his disappearing train.—

—Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Bandusia's praise, wild Stream, should yield to thine!
Never shall ruthless minister of Death
Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve;

* In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire, into the woods.
† The word intake is local, and signifies a mountain inclosure.
‡ Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country; Glen, ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.
§ The reader who has made the tour of this country: will recognize, in this description, the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydale.

A Mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Beholds, 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.

—Sweet rill, farewell! To-morrow's moon again
Shall hide 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, apace
Travel along the precipice's base;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens grey, and scantly moss, o'ergrown;
Where scarce the forglove peeps, or thistle's beard;
And desert stonewitch, all day long, is heard.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue;
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Soften their glare before the mellow light;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon censmuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:
Rise by yon travelling flock, a dusky cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.

Into a gradual calm the zephyra sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink:
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light,
There, waves that, hardly wetering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray,
And now the universal tides repose,
And, brightly blue, the burnished mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal barge;
The sails are dropped, the poplar's foliage sleeps,
And insects clothed, like dust, the glassy deeps.
Their panniered train a group of potters goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep road;
The peasant, from your cliff of fearful edge,
Shot, down the headlong path darts with his sledge;
Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illume,
Feeding 'mid purple heath, " green rings " and
broom;
While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,
Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly leaps along;
From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet,
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;
Sounds from the water-side the hammer boat;
And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote!

Even here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling flood,
Not un delightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the verdant door of mountain farms.

* " Vivid rings of green."
†—GREENWOOD's Poem on
Shooting.
‡—Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings. —BEATTIE.
Sweety ferocious, round his native walks, 
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalls; 
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread; 
A crest of purple tops his warrior head. 

Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurrs 
Afar, his tail close and turrets, 
Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro, 
Droops, and o'er-canopies his regal brow; 

On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion throat, 
Threatened by faintly-answering farms remote: 
Again with his shrill voice the mountain rings, 
While, flapped with conscious pride, resound his wings! 

Brightening the cliffs between, where sombreous pine 
And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline; 
I love to mark the quarry's moving trains, 
Where winds the road along a secret bay: 

By rills that tumble down the woody steeps, 
And run in transport to the dimpling deeps; 
Along the "wild meandering shore" to view 
Obsequious Grace the winding Swan pursue: 

She swells his lifted chest, and backward flings 
His briding neck between his towering wings; 
In all the majesty of ease, divides 
And, glorying, looks around the silent tide; 
On as he floats, the silvered waters grow, 

Proud of the varying arch and novel form of snow 
While tender cares and mild domestic Loves, 
With surfeit watch pursue her as she moves; 
The Female with a meeker charm succeeds, 
And her brown little-ones around her heads, 
Nibbling the water lilies as they pass, 
Or playing wanton with the floating grass. 

She, in her mother's care, her beauty's pride, 
Forgets, unwearied watching every side; 
She calls them near, and with affection sweet 
Alternately relieves their weary feet, 
Alternately they mount her back, and rest 
Close by her mantling wings' embraces press, 

Long may ye float upon these floods serene; 
Yours be these holms un trodden, still, and green, 
Whose leafy shades fencce off the blistering gale, 
Where breathes in peace the lily of the vale. 

You Islay, which feels not even the milkmaid's feet, 
Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet," 
Yon isle conceals your home, your cottage bower, 
Fresh water rushes through the verdant bowers; 

Long grass and willows form the woven wall, 
And swings above the roof the poplar tall. 
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk, 
With broad black feet ye crush your flowery walk; 

Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn 
The bound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn; 
Involves your serpent necks in changeful rings, 
Rolled wantonly between your slippery wings, 
Or, starting up with noise and rude delights, 
Force half upon the wave your cumbersome flight. 

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

I see her now, denied to lay her head, 
On cold blue nights, in hat or straw-built shed, 
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry, 
By pointing to a shooting star on high: 

I hear, while in the forest depth, he sees 
The Moon's fixed gaze between the opening trees, 
In broken sounds her elder grief demand, 
And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand, 
If, in that country, where he dwells afar, 
His father views that good, that kindly star; 
—Ah me! all light is mute amid the gloom, 
The interlunar cavern, of the tomb, 
—When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide, 
And fireless are the valleys far and wide, 
Where the brook brawls along the painful road, 
Dark with bat haunted ashes stretching broad, 
Oft has she taught them on her lap to play 
Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray 
Tossed light from hand to hand; while on the ground 
Small circles of green radiance gleam around.
Oh! when the sleet showers her path assail,
And roars between the hills the torrent gale,
—No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
Weak roof a covering form two babes to shield,
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield:
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
Thy flooded check to wet them with its tears;
No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
Thy breast their death-bed, coffined 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 sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the sunset's evening of the night;
Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
And round the West's proud lodge their shadows throw,
Like Una sitting on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;
Shedding, through paly loopholes mild and small,
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall,
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
Tracking the fitful motions of the gale.
With restless interchange at once the bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
No favoured eye was o'er allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacle in fairy days;
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wand the water's face;
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcame the vale:
On the dark earth the baffled vision falls;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black dir, forsakes the faded plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mire,
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear.
—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, who ceased, with fading light to thread
Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
Salute with boding note the rising moon,
Frosting with hoary light the peary ground,
And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound;
And pleased her solemn pomp of clouds to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

See, o'er the eastern hill, where darkness broods
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
She lifts in silence up her lovely face:
Above the gloomy valley flings her light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;
And gives, where woods the chequered bland strew,
To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn;
'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary hills, impervious, blackening near;
—Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
On daring spots remote her tempting smile.
—Even now she decks for me a distant scene
(For dark and broad the gulfs of time between)
Gilding that cottage with her fairest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!)
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
'Till our small share of hardly paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of Death.

But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And rimo without speck extend the plains;
The deepest dell the mountain's front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
The scene is wakened, yet its peace unbroke,
By silvered wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,
That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood,
Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, as the sleeping water still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
Soon followed by his hollow-parting oar,
And echoed hoof approaching the far shore;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the feeding hare through rustling corn;
The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yeil, in the deep woods, of lonely bound.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

TO

THE REV. ROBERT JONES,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy

by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of my having accompanied you amongst 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 plodding slowly along the road, side by side,
Dear is the forestrowning o'er his head,  
And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread;  
Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye?  
Upward he looks— and calls it luxury;  
Kind Nature's charities his steps attend;  
In every babbling brook he finds a friend;  
While chattering thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed  
By Wisdom, moralise his pensive road.

Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bow'er,  
To his spare meal he calls the passing poor;  
He views the Sun uplift his golden fire  
Or sink, with heart alive like Memon's lyre*;  
Blesses the Moon that comes with kindly ray,  
To light him shaken by his rugged way;  
With bashful fear no cottage children steal  
From him, a brother at the cottage meal;  
His humble looks no shy restraint impart,  
Around him plays at will the virgin heart.

While unsuspended wheels the village dance,  
The maidens eye him with enquiring glance,  
Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing Care  
Or desperate Love could lead a Wanderer there.

Me, lured by hope its sorrows to remove,  
A heart that could not much itself approve  
O'er Gallia's wastes of corn dejected led,  
Her road elms rustling high above my head,  
Or through her tranquil pathways' native charms,  
By secret villages and lonely farms,  
To where the Alps ascending white in air,  
Toy with the sun, and glitter from afar.

Even now, emerging from the forest's gloom,  
I heave a sigh at honey Charteuse's doom.  
Where now is fled that Power whose brow severe  
Tamed "sober Reason" till she crouched in fear?  
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms,  
And Blasphemy the shuddering fanes alarms;  
Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads;  
Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspread;  
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,  
And start the astonished shades at female eyes.  
That thundering tube the aged angler hears,  
And swell the groaning torrent with his tears;  
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,  
And slow the insidious eagle wheels away.  
The cross, by angels on the aérial rock  
Planted!, a flight of laughing demons mock.  
The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath  
Along the mystic streams of Life and Death;  
Swelling the outcry droll, that long resounds  
Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,  
Vatlonbire, § mid her falling fishes, deplores,  
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves  
Of Cono, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.  
No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps  
Tower, bare or styrian, from the narrow deeps.  
To towns, whose shadow of no roof spread complain,  
To ringing team unknown and grating wain,  
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,  
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,  
Or, from the bending rocks, obtusive cling,  
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows fling,  
The pathway leads, as round the steeples it twines,  
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines;  
The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees  
From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;  
* The lyre of Memon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.  
+ Alluding to crossed seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Charteuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.  
§ Names of Rivers at the Charteuse.  
§ Name of one of the alleys of the Charteuse.
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maid.
Tend the smallest-harvest of their garden glades,
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
Stretch, o'er the pictured mirror, broad and blue.
Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep,
As up the opposing hills with tortoise foot they creep.
Here, half a village shines, in gold arrayed,
Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade;
With its own darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the waves below.
Slow glides the sail along the illuminated shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

How blessed, delicious scene! the eye that greeteth
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
The unweary sweep of thy cliffs that scales
The never-ending waters of thy vale;
The cots, those dim religious groves embower,
Or, under rocks that from the water tower,
Instanted, sprinkling all the shore;
Beck, with his household boat beside the door,
Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop.
Brightening the gloom where thick the forests stoop;
—Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky,
Thy towns, that cleave like swallow nests, on high;
That plimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanting woods
Steal, and compose the ear-forgotten floods;
—Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and grey,
Gleams, streaked or dappled, bid from morning's ray
Slow travelling down the western hills, to fold
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
From thickly-glittering spires, the matin bell
Calling the woodman from his desert cell,
A summons to the sound of ears that pass
Spotting the straining deeps, to early mass;
Slow swells the service, o'er the water borne,
While fill each pause the ringing woods of morn.
Farewell those forms that in thy noon-tide shade
Rest in their little plots of wheaten gleam;
Those charms that bind the soul in powerless trance,
Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing dance.
Where sparkling eyes and breaking smiles blithe
The sylvan cabin's late-enamelled gloom
—Alas! the very murmur of the streams
Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous dreams,
While Shalvery, forcing the sunk mind to dwell
On joys that might disgrace the captive's cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's marge,
And winds, from bay to bay, the vocal barge.

Yet arts are thine that soothe the unquiet heart,
And smiles to Solitude and Want impart.
I loved by secret cottage-dwars to roam,
The far-off peasant's day-deseised home;
And once I pierced the mazes of a wood,
Where, far from public haunt, a cabin stood;
There by the door a hoary-headed sire
Touched with his withered hand an ancient lyre;
Beneath an old grey oak, as violets lie,
Stretched at his feet with studfast, upward eye,
His children's children joined the holy sound
—A Hermit with his family around!

But let us hence; for fair Locarno smiles
Embroiled in walnut slopes and citron isles;
Or seek at eve the banks of Tusa's stream,
While, 'mid dim towers and woods, her* waters gleam;
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steep, and, darkening still, aspire
* The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds and rocks, and snow;
Or, led where Via Mala's charms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o'er the abyss—the else impervious gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illume.

The Grison gipsy here her tent hath placed,
Sole human tenant of the piny waste;
Her tawny skin, dark eyes, and glossy locks,
Bend o'er the smoke that curls beneath the rocks.
—The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
O'er life's long deserts with its charge of weep.
With thankful congratulation joins the train,
Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
Move on—a mighty caravan of pain;
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffering brings,
Freshening the waste of sand with shades and springs.
She, solitary, through the desert bear
Spontaneous wander, hand in hand with Fear.

A giant man along the forest swells
Protracted, and the twilight storm foretells,
And, ruining from the cliffs, their devastating load
Tumbles,—the wildering Thunder slips abroad.
On the high summits Darkness comes and goes,
Hiding their fiery clouds, their rocks, and snows;
The forest, traversed by the howling wind,
Starts, like a horse beside the flashing road;
In the roofed bridge*, at that terrible hour,
She seeks a shelter from the battering shower.
—Pierce comes the river down; the crashing wood
Gives way, and half its pines torment the flood;
Fearful, beneath, the Water-spirits call,
And the bridge vibrates, tottering to its fall.

—Heavy, and dull, and cloudy is the night:
No star supplies the comfort of its light,
A single taper in the vale profound
Shifts, while the Alps dilated glimmer round;
And, opposite, the waning Moon hangs still
And red, above her melancholy hill.
By the deep quiet gloom appalled, she sights,
Stops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes.
She hears, upon the mountain forest's bow,
The death-dog, howling loud and long below;
On viewless fingers counts the valley-clock,
Followed by drowsy crow of midnight cock.
The dry leaves stir as with a serpent's walk,
And, far beneath, Banditti voices talk;
Behind her hill, the Moon, all crimson, rides,
And his red eyes the slinking Water hides.
—Yet still the orchard, from the play gulf
Ascending, nearer to the finisht wolf,
While through the stillness scatters wild dismay
Her babe's small cry, that leads him to his prey.

Now, passing Urezen's open vale serene,
Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green,
Punge with the Russ embrowned by terror's breath,
Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death;
By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,
Swell more gigantic on the stedfast sight;
Black drizzling crags, that, beaten by the din,
Vibrate, as if a voice complained within;
Bare steepes, where Desolation stalks, afraid,
Unsteadfast, by a blasted yew upstayed;
By cobel whose image trembling as he prays,
Ave struck, the kneeling peasant scarce surveys;

* Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered; these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.
† "Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The Angry Spirit of the water shrieked."—Horne’s Douglas.
‡ The Catholic religion prevails here; these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.
Loose-hanging rocks the Day's blessed eye that hide, And crosses* reared to Death on every side, Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near, And, bending, watered with the human tear, That faded silent from her upward eye, Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh, Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move, a softer prospect ope, Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes, While mists, suspended on the expiring gale, Moveless o'erhang the deep secluded vale, The beams of evening, slipping soft between, Gently illuminate a sober scene; Winding its dark-green wood and emerald glade, The still vale lengthens underneath the shade; While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede, Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead, On the low brown wood-huts† delighted sleep
Along the brightened gloom repose deep:
While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape pull, And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull, In solemn shapes before the admiring eye Diluted hang the misty pines on high, Huge convent dones with pinnacles and towers, And antique castles seen through drizzling showers.

From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake! Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake, Where, by the unpathwayed margin, still and dread, Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread.
Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach Far o'er the secret water dark with beech; More high, to where creation seems to end, Shade above shade, the aerial pines ascend, Yet with his infants Man undated creeps
And hangs his small wood-cabinet on the steeps. Where'er below amid the savage scene Peeps out a little speck of smiling green, A garden-plot the desert air prefigures,
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms; A zig-zag path from the domestic skin,
Thrilling the painful crag, surmounts the cliff.
—Before those hermit doors, that never 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 mutes his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's mean of human woe;
The grassy seat beneath their casement shade The pilgrim's watchful eye hath never stayed.
—There, did the iron Genius not disdain
The gentle Power that haunts the myrtle plain, There, might the love-sick maiden sit, and chide
The insurable rocks and severing tide;
There, watch at eve her lover's sun-girt sail Approaching, and uphold the tardy gale:
There, list at midnight till is heard no more, Below, the echo of his parting car.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by, Where ospreys, coromants, and herons cry, Hovering o'er rugged wastes too bleak to rear That common growth of earth, the foodful car; Where the green apple shrivels on the spray, And pines the unpriesten pear in summer's kindliest ray:
Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign With Independence, child of high Disdain. Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies, Sky as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies, And often grasps her sword, and often eyes;

Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest pine, Strange "weeds" and Alpine plants her helm entwine; And, wildly pairing, oft she hangs aghast, While thrills the "Spartan fife" between the blast.

'Tis storm; and, hid in mist from hour to hour, All day the floods a deepening murmur 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 fire-flad eagle's wheeling form;
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine The wood-crevassed cliffs that o'er the lake recline; Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold, At once to pillars turned that flame with gold:
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
The west, that burns like one dilated sun, Where, in a mighty crucible expire
The mountains, glowing hot like coals of fire.

But, lo! the Boatman, overawed, before
The pictured face of Tell suspends his oar;
Confused the Marathonian tale appears, While burn in his full eyes the glorious tears. And who that walks where men of ancient days Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise, Felt not the spirit of the place control,
Exalt, and agitate, his labouring soul?
Say, who by thinking on Canadian hills, Or wild Aosta hilled by Alpine rills,
On Zutphen's plain; or where, with softened gaze
The old grey stones the plaited chief surveys; Can guess the high resolve, the cherished pain, Of bin whom passion rives in the plain, [sigh,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest
And the last sunbeam felt on Bayard's eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired, And glad Dundee in "faint buzzes" expired?

But now with other mind I stand alone
Upon the summit of this naked cone, And watch, from pike to pike,* amid the sky,
Small as a bird the chamois-chase fly;
† Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave A break to murmur or a bough to wave, Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred keep; Three worlds where Life, and sound, and Motion sleep;
Where Silence still her death-like reign extends, Save when the startling cliff unfrequent roars; In the deep snow the mighty ruin drowned, Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.
—Tis his while wandering on, from height to height,
To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing night,
While the near Moon, that comets the vast profound, Wheels pale and silent her diminished round, And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
To him the day-star glitters small and bright, Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
And he can look beyond the sun, and view Those fast-receding depths of sable blue,
Flying till vision can no more pursue— At once bewildering mists around him close, And cold and hunger are his least of woes;
The Demon of the snow, with angry roar Descending, shuts for eye his prison door.
Then with Despair's whole weight his spirits sink, No bread to feed him, and the snow his drink,
While, ere his eyes can close upon the day, The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.

* Pike is a word very commonly used in the north of England, to signify a high mountain of the conic form, as Langdale pike, &c.
† For most of the images in the next sixteen verses I am indebted to Mr. Raymond's interesting obser- vations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.
Hence shall we turn where, heard with fear afar, Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar? Or rather stay to taste the wild delights Of pensive Underwalden’s* pastoral heights? —Is there who ‘mid these wilds wilds has seen The native Genil walk the mountain green? Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal, Soft music from the arid summit steal? While, after the desert, answer each close, Rich stean of sweetest perfume comes and goes. —And sure there is a secret Power that reigns Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes, Nought but the herds that, pasturing upward, creep, Hung dim-discovered from the dangerous steep, Or summer hamlet, flat and bare, on high Suspended, ‘mid the quiet of the sky. How still! no irreligious sound or sight Rouses the soul from her severe delight. An idle voice the solitaried region fills Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills, Broke only by the melancholy sound Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round; Faint wail of eagle melting into blue Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods’ steady sighs; The solitary herdsman’s deepened low; Or rambling, heard remote, of falling snow; Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When warm from myrtle bays and tranquil seas, Comes on, to whisper hope, the zephyr, When huns the mountain bee in May’s glad ear, And emerald isles to spot the heights appear, When shouts and loving herds the valley fill, And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill, When fragrant scents beneath the enchanted treading Spring bring his choicest wealth around him spread, The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale, To silence leaving the deserted vale; Mounts, where the verdure heads, from stage to stage, And pastures on, as in the Patriarchs’ age: O’er, lofty heights serene and still they go, And hear the rattling thunder far below; They cross the chasny torrent’s foam-lit bed, Rocked on the dizzy larch’s narrow tread; Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterred, That sigh and shudder to the herding herd. —I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps To where a scantly knot of verdure peeps, Then down the steep a pile of grass he throws, The fodder of his herds in winter snows. Far different life to what tradition hoar Transmits of days more blest in times of yore; Then Summer lengthened out his season bland, And with rock-boney flowed the happy land. Continual fountains welling cheered the waste, And pools were wholesome, now of deadly taste. Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had pilled, Unspiring where the fairest herbage smiled; Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare For scanty food the treacherous cliffs dare. Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand Three times a day the pail and welcome hand. But human vices have provoked the rod Of angry Nature to avenge her God. Thus does the father to his sons relate, On the lone mountain-top, their changed estate. Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

* The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps: this, if true, may proceed from their flying more alone.
† This picture is from the middle region of the Alps.
‡ Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

'Tis morn; with gold the verdant mountain glows
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
A solemn sea; whose vales and mountains round
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide
And bottomless, divides the midway tide;
Like leonine鲷, it strangled every shark
The peaks that near the coast their summits rear;
Of cabins, woods, and lawns, a pleasant shore
Bounds calm and clear the chaos still and hush;
Loud through that midway gulf ascending, sound
Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound;
Mount through the nearer mist the chant of birds,
And talking voices, and the low of herds;
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.
Think not, suspended from the cliff on high,
He looks below with undelightèd eye.
—No vulgar joy is his, at even-tide
Stretched on the scented mountain’s purple side;
For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,
Nought round its daring precincts can he find
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind,
While Hope, that ceaseless leans on Pleasure’s urn,
Binds her wild wraiths, and whisps her return.

Once Man entirely free, alone and wild
Was blessed as free—for he was Nature’s child.
He, all superior but his God displeased,
Walked none restraining, and by none restrained,
Confessed no law but what his reason taught,
Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.
As Man in his primeval dower arrayed
The image on earth’s most fair she即时 displayed.
Even so, by vestal Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear;
The native dignity no forms debase,
The eye sublime, and slyr lion-grace.
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,
His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword;
Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared
With this “the blessings he enjoys to guard.”

And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a wondrous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms*, innumerable foes,
When to those glorious fields his steps are led,
An unknown power connects him with the dead;
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Uncertain through his fierce uncultured soul,
Like lighted tempests, troubled transports roll;
To viewless realms his Spirit towers amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.
And oft, when passed that solemn vision by,
He holds with God himself communion high,
Where the dread peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;
Or, when upon the mountain’s silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.

* Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the hosts of Austria; and, in particular, to one fought at Nafield near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1385, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians attempting to make a stand were reputed anew.
—Great joy, by horror tamed, dilates his heart,
And the near heavens their own delights impart.
—When the Sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell,
Alps overlooking Alps their state up-swell;
Huge Pikes of Darkness named, of Fear and Storms*,
Lift, all serene, their still, illumined forms,
In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.

When downward to his winter but he goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows;
That but which false pride his eye employs
So oft, the central point of all his joys.
And as a Swift, by tender cares opprest,
Peeps often ere she dart into her nest,
So to the untroubled floor, where round him looks
His father, helpless as the babe he rocks,
Of he descends to nurse the brother pair,
Till storm and driving ice blockade him there,
There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter, calling all his Terror soud,
Rush down the living rocks with whirlwind sound.
Through Nature's vate his lonely pleasures glide,
Unstain'd by envy, discontent, and pride;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favourite Heifer's neck;
Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,
Remembered half the year and hoped the rest,
If dairy produce from his inner hoard
Of three ten summers consecrate the board.
—Alas! in every clime as flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way.

"Here," cried a thoughtful Swain, upon whose head
The "blossoms of the grave" were thinly spread,
Last night, while by his dying fire, as closed
The day, in luxury my limbs repos'd,
"Here Penury oft from Misery's mount will guide
Even to the summer door his icy tide,
And here the avalanche of Death destroy
The little cottage of domestic joy.
But, ah! the unwilling mind may more than trace
The general sorrows of the human race:
The churlish gales, that unremitting blow
Cold from necessity's continual snow,
To us the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more;—compelled by Powers which only deign
That solitary man disturb their reign,
Powers that support the changeful strife
With all the tender charities of life.
The father, as his sons of strength become
To pay the filial debt, for food to roam,
From his bare nest amid the storms of heaven
Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven;
His last dread pleasure watches to the plain—
And never, eagle-like, beholds again!"

When the poor heart has all its joys resigned,
Why does their sad remembrance cleave behind?
Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,
Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
Soft o'er the waters mournful measures swell,
Unlocking tender thought's "memorial cell;"
Past pleasures are transform'd to mortal pains,
While poison spreads along the listener's veins,
Poison, which not a frame of steel so brave,
Bows his high head with sorrow to the grave.†

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

—Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine
Between interminable tracts of pine,
A Temple stands, which holds an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute Image and the troubled waves;
Pale, dreadful faces round the Shrine appear,
Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear;
While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,
Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.

Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views undimmed Einsiedlen's* wretched fame,
'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torrent meet,
Dre claps of hands, distracted chafe of feet;
While, loud and dull, ascends the weeping ery,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there!
—The tall Sun, on his Alp's expanse,
Flies o'er the wilderness a stream of fire;
Now let us meet the Pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way;
While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where the charmed worm of pain shall grieve no more,
How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains roar'd for them amid the waste!
There some with tearful kiss each other greet,
And some, with reverence, wash their toil-worn feet.
Yes, I will see you when ye first behold
Those holy turetipe with evening gold,
In that glad moment when the hands are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast.

Last let us turn to where Chamouny* shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
Five streams of ice mildlier goss descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
A scene more fair than what the Grecian soigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
Here all the Seasons revel hand in hand.
—Red stream the cottage-lights; the landscape fades
Erroneous wavering 'mid the twilight shades.
Alone ascends that Hill of matchless height;†
That holds no commerce with the summer Night;
From age to age, amid his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Mysterious havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers 'mid perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below:
At such an hour I heaved a pensive sigh,
When roared the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, delicious Vale! 
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;
That thou, the slave of slaves, art doomed to pine;
Hard lot—for no Italian arts are thine,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

Beloved Freedom! were it mine to stray,
With shrill winds roaring round my lonely way,

*As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, &c. &c.
† The effect of the famous air called in French Ranz des Vaches upon the Swiss troops.
‡ This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labowring under mental or bodily afflictions.
§ It is only from the higher part of the valley of Chamouny that Mont Blanc is visible.
O'er the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,
Or where the dank sea-weed lashed Scotland's shores;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,
And orange gale that o'er Logano blows;
In the wide range of many a varied round,
Fleet as my passage was, I still have found
That where despotic courts their arms display,
The ligies of domestic joy decay,
While the remotest hamlets blessings share,
In thy dear presence known, and only there!
The casement's shed more lascivious woodbine binds,
And to the door a neater pathway winds;
At early morn, the careful housewife, led
To curl her dinner from its garden bed,
O'er fields, looks a hearth in her respect sees,
While bim with busier joy her happy lees;
In brighter rows her table wealth aspires,
And laugh with merrier blaze her evening fires;
Her infants' cheeks with fresher roses glow,
And wilder graces sport around their brow;
By clearer taper lit, a cleaner board
Receives at supper hour her tempting board;
The chamber hearth with fresher boughs is spread,
And whiter is the hospitable bed.
And oh, fair France! though now along the shade,
Where erst at will the grey-clad peasant strayed,
Glenam war's discordant vestments through the trees,
And the red banner fluctuates in the breeze;
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,
And nightingales forsake the village grove,
Scared by the fire and rumbling drum's alarms,
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;
While, as Night bids the startling uproar die,
Solo sound, the Sound* renew his mournful cry!—
Yet, I, I, how I shun that Freedom spreads her power
Beyond the cottage hearth, the cottage door:
All natur sole, and owns beneath her eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I rambled where Loiret's waters glide
Through rustling aspen heard from side to side,
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell, where the blue flood rippled into white,
Methought I saw every cot the watchful bird
Crowded 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 long, long dreams, the falling leaf
Awoke a fainter pang of moral grief;
The measured echo of the distant fall
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;
A more majestic scene the water rolled,
And gloved the sun-gilt groves in richer gold.
—Though Liberty shall soon, indignant, raise
Red on the hills his beacon's comet blaze;
Bid from on high his lonely cannon sound,
And on ten thousand heart's his shout resound;
His harum-seal from village-tower to tower
Swing on the astonishment car its dallying roar;
Yet, yet rejoice, though Pride's perverted ire
Rouse Hell's own aid, and wrap thy hills in fire!—
Lo! from the innocuous flames, a lovely birth,
With its own Virtues springs another earth:
Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train;
While, with a pulseless hand, and speechless gaze,
Unbarring Justice her still beam surveys.

On give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride;
To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark Oppression builds her thick ribbed towers.

An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy sound at the close of the summer evenings,
On the banks of the Loire.

The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water earring, were obliged to transport their goods by land.

—Give them, beneath their breast while gladness springs,
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred Child of clay,
Who cries, presumptuous, "Here their tides shall stay!"
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
With all his creatures sink—to rise no more!

To-night my friend, within this humble cot
Be the dead load of mortal ills forgot
In timely sleep; and, when at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
With lighter heart our course we may renew,
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

IV.

THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

My Father was a good and pious man,
An honest man by honest parents bred;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lip, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

Can I forget what charms old once adorn
My garden stored with pews, and mint, and thyme,
And rose, and lily, for the summer worn
The Sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;
The gamboles and wild freaks at shearing time
My ben's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans, that, when I sought the water-side,
From far to meet me came, spreading their swanowy plait.

The staff I yet remember which upborne
The bending body of my active Sire;
His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the next attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;
My watchful dog, whose stars of curious lore,
When stranger pass, so often I have checked;
The red-brass, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

The suns of twenty summers danced along.—
Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away,
But through severe melancholy, and cruel wrong,
My father's substance fell into decay:
We toiled, and struggled—hoping for a day
When Fortune should put on a kinder look;
But vain were wishes—efforts vain as they;
He his old hereditary nook [look.
Must part,—the summons came,—our final leave we
It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my sire 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,
Close by 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!

There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I could not 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 repaired to ply the artist's 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 said:
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.
Three lovely infants lay upon my breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died,
When and distress reduced the children's meal:
Thrice happy; that for him the grave did hide
The empty room, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience could
not bear.

'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 sweep the streets of want and pain.
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew;
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

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

But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains-high before the howling blast;
And many perished in the whirlwind deep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap.
That we the mercy of the waves should rest:
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 thy brain unseal even to hear.
All perished — all, in one remorseless year,
Husband and Children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board.
A British ship (I think), as from a trance restored

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

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

Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke
To countless 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 wave deserted,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curbed:
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me — farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

And oft I thought (my fancy was so strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
"Here will I dwell," said I, "my whole life long,
Roaming the limpid waters round:
Here will I live, — of every friend disowned,
And end my days upon the ocean floor." —
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound:
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food.

By grief enfeebled, was I turned adrift,
Helpless as sailor cast on desert rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor dared my hand at any shore to touch.
I lay where, with his drowsy lolls the Cock
From the cross timber of an out-house hung:
Dissipately, 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 another day, and so the third;
Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort,
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined Fort;
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall,
And after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl;
Unsought for was the help that did my life recall.

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

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

They, with their panniered Asses, semblance made
Of Potters wandering on from door to door;
But life of happier sort to me portrayed,
And other joys my fancy to allure;
The log-pipe, dimming on the midnight morn,
In barn uplifted; and companions soon
Well met from far with reverence sure;
Among the forest glades, when Jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial noon.
But ill they suited me — those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

I.

THE BROTHERS.*

'Twas in Tourist, Heaven preserve us! needs must live
A possible life: some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting craig,
Pencilled in hand and took 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 younger?—In our church-yard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name—only the turf we tread
And a few natural graves." To Jane, his wife,
Thus spoke the homely Priest of Emersdale.
It was a July evening; and he said
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the caves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone
His Wife sat near him, teasing matted wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with glittering wire,
He fe'd the spindle of his youngest child,
Who turned her large round wheel in the open air
With back and forward steps. Towards the field
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girl round with a bare ring of mossy wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent
Many a long look of wonder: and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge
Of carded wool which the old man had piled
He told his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked; and, down the path
That from his cottage to the church-yard led.
He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.

"Twas one well known to him in former days,
A Shepherd-lad,—who ere his sixteenth year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And pernicious waters,—with the mariners
A fellow mariner,—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart

I led a wandering life among the fields;
Once only, yet sometimes self-accused,
I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
Now cobly 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,
Forgone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so grizzled in fearless youth.
Three years thus wandering, often have I viewed,
In tears, the sun towards that country tend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude;
And now across this moor my steps I bend—
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I.——She ceased, and weeping turned away;—
As if because her tale was at an end.
She wept,—because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

POEMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

* This Poem was intended to conclude a series of pastoral, the scene of which was laid among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I mention this to apologize for the abruptness with which the poem begins.

* This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of The Hurricane.
And oh what joy the recollection now
Sent to his heart! He lifted up his eyes,
And, looking round, imagined that he saw
Strange alteration wrought on every side
Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks,
And everlasting hills themselves were changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had come,
Unseen by Leonard, at the church-yard gate
Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure, limb by limb
Perused him with a gay complacency.
Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
’Tis one of those who needs must leave the path
Of the world’s business to go wild alone:
His arms have a perpetual holiday;
The happy man will creep about the fields,
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write 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 recognized the Priest at once,
And, after greetings interchanged, and given
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

**Leonard.**
You live, Sir, in these days, a quiet life:
Your years make up one peaceful family;
And who would grieve and fret, if welcome come
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,
They cannot be remembered! Scarce a funeral
Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months;
And yet, some changes must take place among you:
And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,
Can trace the finger of mortality,
And see, that with our threescore years and ten
We are not all that perish,—I remember,
(For many years ago I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the brook-side—’tis gone—and that dark cleft!
To me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had.

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

**Leonard.**
But, surely; yonder—

**Priest.**
Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend
That does not play you false.—On that tall pike
(It is the loneliest place of all these lines)
There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,
As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.*
For accidents and changes such as these,
We want not store of them;—a water-spout
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre’s breadth of that wild 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,
* This actually took place upon Kidstow Pike at the head of Haweswater.
The old House clock is decked with a new face;
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries,—one saving, Sir,
For the whole day, and one for each 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 orphans could not find his mother’s grave;
Here’s neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,
Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly state
Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man’s home
Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

**Priest.**
Why, there, Sir, is a thought that’s new to me!
The Stone-cutters, ’tis true, might lay 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 firesides.
And then, for our immortal part: we want
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale:
The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

**Leonard.**
Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other’s thoughts
Possess a kind of second life: no doubt
You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these Graves?

**Priest.**
For 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 sent at my chimney’s look,
By turning o’er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round;
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.
Now there’s a grave—your foot is half upon it,—
It looks just like the rest; and yet that Man
Died broken-hearted.

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

**Priest.**
The’s Walter Ewbank.
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.
Through live long generations had the heart
Of Walter’s forefathers overflowed the bounds
Of their inheritance, that single cottage:
You see it yonder,—and those few green fields.
They toiled and wrought, and still, from Sire to Son,
Each struggled, and each yielded as before
A little,—yet a little,—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and land
With other burdens than the crop it bore.
Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and bullied with bond, interest, and mortgages; at last he sank,
And went into his grave before his time.
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurred him
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Enderdale:
His pace was never that of an old man:
I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two Grandsons after him:—but You,
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,
Have far to travel,—and on these rough paths
Even in the longest day of midsummer—
LEONARD.

But those two Orphans!

PRIEST.

Orphans!—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived,—for though their parents
Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old Man was a father to the boys,
Two fathers in one father: and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they were not,
And hauntings from the intimacy of love,
Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,
This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep, Sir,
To hear a Stranger talking about Strangers,
Heaven bless you when you are among your kindred!
Ay—you may turn that way—it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.

LEONARD.

These Boys—I hope
They loved this good old Man!—

PRIEST.

They did—and truly:
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other. For,
Though from their cradles they had lived with Walter,
The only Kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to them by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar tenderness,
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller; 'twas a joy to see,
To hear them meet him.—From their house the School
Is distant three short miles—and in the time
Of storm and thaw, when every water-course
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swollen into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys perhaps
Remained at home, go stagg'ring through the ford,
Bearing his Brother on his back. I have seen him,
On rainy days, in one of those stray brooks,
Ay, more than once I have seen him, mid-leg deep,
Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side: and once I said,
As I remember looking round those rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the world
Would bless such pietà—

LEONARD.

It may be then—

PRIEST.

Never did worthier lads break English bread;
The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw
With all its nectar clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from church,
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
Where foot could come, to one or both of them
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
Like Roe-bucks they were bounding o'er the hills;
They played like two young Ravens on the crags:
Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well
As many of their betters—and for Leonard!—
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field
That, if he is alive, he has it yet.

LEONARD.

It seems, those Brothers have not lived to be
A comfort to each other—

PRIEST.

That they might
Live to such end, is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard—

LEONARD.

Then James still is left among you?

PRIEST.

'Tis of the elder Brother I am speaking:
They had an Uncle;—he was at that time
A thriving man, and traffick'd on the seas.
And, but for that same Uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:
For the Boy loved the life which we lead here;
And though of unripe years, a stripling only,
His soul was knit to this his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,
The Estate and House were sold; and all their Sheep,
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,
Had clothed the Ewbank's for a thousand years:—
Well—all was gone, and they were destitute.
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,
Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.

Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.
If there were one among us who had heard
That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,
From the great Gavel*, down by Leeza's Banks,
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a very festival;
And those two bells of ours, which there you see—
Hanging in the open air—but, 0 good Sir!
This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—
Living or dead.—When last we heard of him,
He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Earby Coast.—'Twas not a little
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,
Before it ended in his death, the Youth
Was sadly crossed—Poor Leonard! when we parted,
He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If 'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his Father's Land,
And lay his bones among us.

LEONARD.

If that day
Should come, 't would need be a glad day for him;
He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

PRIEST.

Happy! Sir—

LEONARD.

You said his kindred all were in their graves,
And that he had one Brother—

PRIEST.

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

* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the Crib end of a hulk, one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wasdale, and Borrowdale.

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

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

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

But this Youth,

How did he die at last?

PRIEST.

One sweet May morning,
(It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)
He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,
With two or three Companions, whom their course
Of occupation led from height to height
Under a cloudless sun, till he, at length,
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
The humour of the moment, lagged behind.
You see you precipice; — it wears the shape
Of a vast building made of many crags;
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called The Pillar.

Upon its acry summit crowned with heath,
The Loiterer, not unnoticed by his Comrades,
Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place
On their return, they found that he was gone.
No ill was feared; but one of them by chance
Entering, when evening was far spent, the house
Which at that time was James's home, there learned
That nobody had seen him all that day:
The morning came, and still he was unheard of:
The neighbours were alarmed, and to the Brook
Some hastened, some towards 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 lies he!

LEONARD.

And that then is his grave? — Before his death
You say that he saw many happy years?

PRIEST.

Ay, that he did—

LEONARD.

And all went well with him?—

PRIEST.

If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

Yes, long before he died, he found that time
Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,
He talked about him with a cheerful love.

LEONARD.

He could not come to an unshaken 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, he had lain down
Upon the grass, — 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: at the time,

We guess, that in his hand he must have held
His Shepherd's staff; for midway in the cliff
It had been caught; and there for many years
It hung— and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—
The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt
A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence;
And Leonard, when they reached the church-yard gate,
As the Priest lifted up the latch turned round,
And, looking at the grave, he said, "my Brother!
The Vicar did not hear the words: and now,
Pointing towards the Cottage, he entreated
That Leonard would partake his homely fare:
The Other thanked him with a fervent voice;
But added, that, the evening being calm,
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.
It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove
That overhung the road: he there stopped short,
And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed
All that the Priest had said: his early years
Were with him in his heart: his cherished hopes,
And thoughts which had been his an hour before,
All pressed on him with such a weight, that now,
This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed
A place in which he could not bear to live;
So he relinquished all his purposes.
He travelled on to Egremont: and thence,
That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,
Reminding him of what had passed between them;
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
That it was from the weakness of his heart
He had not dared to tell him who he was.

This done, he went on shipboard, and is now
A Seaman, a grey-headed Mariner.

II.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDUR.

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

Nathless, a British record (long concealed,
In old Armorica whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The wondrous current of forgotten things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled—
A brood whom no civility could melt,
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."
By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land induced
With godly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,
And Pleaure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,
Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impose!
But, intermingled with the generous seed,
Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fared 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 waged
By Guendolen against her faithless lord;
Till she, in jealous fury unsuaged,
Had slain his Paramour with ruthless sword:

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

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his eldest gift,
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser’s fairy themes,
And how the Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin’s subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword
Which yet he wields in subterranean war,
Shall lift his country’s fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and hapy some weeds be;
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A King more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gordinian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighboring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The Oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the gods with reverence due,
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of such sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspicious began,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior’s tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.

Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook,
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look.

Yet fair the wished-for wind—the voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
"Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
To Calaterium’s forest he repaired.

How changed from him who, born to highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet defied,
In Troyovant, his seat by silver Thames’s side!

From that wild region where the crownless king
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
She flung her blamless child,
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the amount of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chance to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tyrant’s heart leaped in fear;
And, scowling toward him o’er the grasy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Eidure, who leads the chase,
 Hath checked his former course,—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,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.

Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Eidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

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

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed—"To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power!—me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter scorn!
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy desire."

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

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

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only sought,
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
POEMS FOUNDED ON THE AFFECTIONS.

I.

Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
Art pitifully blind;
Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst rue,
When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?
But thou—I know not how inspired, how led—
Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, which may hate:
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord.

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

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

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

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

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

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until King Eldure, with full consent
Of all his Peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,
Did place upon his Brother's head the Crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your Lord,
Gorbonian's first-born Son, your rightful King restored!"

The People answered with a loud acclamation:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed
Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a Crown (temptation that hath set
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And, from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "pious Eldure!"

III.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's House, in wet or dry,
My Sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.
She looked at it as if she feared it;
Still wishing, dreading, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattier among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a Boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

IV.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

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

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

V.

A FAREWELL.

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1802.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent Temple which doth bound
One side of our whole Vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet Garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that Man hath ever found,
Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.
Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And safely will she ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that decorate our door
Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chanzles we have none:  
These narrow bounds contain our private store  
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;  
Here are they in our sight—we have no more.  

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

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;  
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,  
Our own contrivance, Building without peer!  
—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
With joyfulness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
Will come to you,—to you herself will wed,  
And love the blessed life that we lead here.  

Dear Spot! which we have watched with tender heed,  
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown  
Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,  
Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,  
Making all kindness registered and known;  
Then for our sakes, though Nature’s Child indeed,  
Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.  

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

Help us to tell her tales of years gone by,  
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best;  
Joy will be flown in its mortality;  
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.  
Here, throned with primroses, the steep rock’s breast  
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;  
And in this Bush our Sparrow built her nest,  
Of which I sang one song that will not die.  

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

VI.  

STANZAS  
W RITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON’S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.  

Within our happy Castle there dwelt One  
Whom without blame I may not overlook;  
For never sun on living creature shone  
Who more devout enjoyment with us took:  
Here on his hours he hung as on a hook;  
On his own time here would he float away,  
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;  
But go tomorrow—or to-morrow—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 did we see him driving full in view  
At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;  
What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.  

Ah! 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 bower,  
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;  
And, like a naked, Indian slept himself away.  

Great wonder to our gentle Tribe it was  
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;  
For happier soul no living creature has  
Than he had, being here the long day through.  
Some thought he was a lover, and did woe:  
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;  
But Verse was what he had been wedded to;  
And his own mind did like a tempest strong  
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along.  

With him there often walked in friendly guise,  
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
A noticeable man with large grey eyes,  
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly  
As if a blooming face it ought to be;  
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear  
Dearest by weight of musing Thantasy;  
Profound his forehead was, though not severe;  
Yet some did think that he had little business here:  
Sweet heaven forfend! his was a lawful right!  
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;  
His limbs would toss about with delight  
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy,  
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy  
To banish listlessness and irksome care;  
He would have taught you how you might employ  
Yourself; and many did to him repair,—  
And certes not in vain; he had inventions rare.  

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:  
Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,  
Made—to his ear attentively applied—  
A pipe on which the wind would deistry play;  
Glasses he had, that little things display,  
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,  
A mailed angel on a battle day;  
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,  
And all the gorgeous sights which fairyland behold.  

He would entice that other Man to hear  
His music, and to view his imagery:  
And, sooth, these two did love each other dear,  
As far as love in such a place could be;  
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,  
As happy spirits as were ever seen;  
If but a bird, to keep them company,  
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,  
As pleased as if the same had been a Milden Queen  

VII.  

LOUISA.  

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

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;  
Smiles, that with motion of their own
FORMS FOUND ON THE AFFECTIONS.

Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
That come and go with endless play,  
And ever, as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

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

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

——

VIII.

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

Upon the Moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide sea;  
My Horse trudged on—and we drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

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

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

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

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

——

IX.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

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

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

——

X.

I travelled among unknown Men,  
In Lands beyond the Sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

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

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

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

——

XI.

 Ere with cold beads of midnight dew  
Had mingled tears of thine,  
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst sue  
To haughty Geraldine.

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

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

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

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

——

XII.

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

If human Life do pass away,  
Perishing yet more swiftly than the Flower,  
Whose frail existence is but of a day:  
What space hath Virgin's Beauty to disclose  
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing Rose?  
Not even an hour!

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

Then shall Love teach some virtuous Youth  
"To draw, out of the Object of his eyes."  
The whilst 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.

——

XIII.

'Tis said, that some have died for love:  
And here and there a church-yard grave is found
In the cold North's untravelled ground,
Because the wretched Man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known;
He dwells alone
Upon Hevelyn's side:
He loved—she pretty Barbara died,
And then he makes his moan;
Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid
When thus his moan he made:

"Oh, more, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree upright be,
That in some other way you smoke
Like mount into the sky!
The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart:
I look—the sky is empty space;
I knew not what I traced;
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

"O! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,
When will that dying murmure be suppriet!
Your sound my heart of peace bereaves,
It robs my heart of rest.
Then Thrush, that singest loud—and loud and free,
Into you row of willows sit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! 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 ragged bough
Hendefug you waterfall musi come,
Oh let it then be dumb!—
Beany thing, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now!

"Thou Egantine, whose arch so proudly towers
(Ever like a rainbow spanning half the vale)
Thou one fair shrub, oh! staid thy flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,—
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish 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 Emont's voice, or know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond Heart, hath made me poor.

—

XV.

Ta ——.

Let other Bards of Angels sing,
Bright Suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect Thing:
Reject why thou art not!
Such if thou wert in all men's view,
A universal show,
What would my Fancy have to do?
My Feelings to bestow?

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

True Beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unrenewed
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the Lover is beloved.

—

XVI.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that Heaven-directed glance!
—Walt her to Glory, winged Powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!
So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station;
So looked—not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration!

But hand and voice alike are still;
No sound here sweeps away the will
That gave it birth;—in service meek
One upright arm sustains the cheek,
And one across the bosom lies—
That rose, and now forgets to rise,
Subdued by breathless harmonies
Of meditative feeling;
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing!

—

XVII.

To ———

O dearer far than light and life are dear,
Fall oft our human foresight I deplore;
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more

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

If a faint sigh, not meant for human ear,
Tell that those words thy humbleness afford,
Cerish me still— else disturbing in the rear
Of a steep March, uphold me to the end.
Peace settle where the Intellect is meek,
And love is datifull in thought and deed;
Through Thee communion with that Love I seek;
The Faith Heaven strengthens where he moulds the creed.
XVII.

LAMENT

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

"Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From Her whom drooping Captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Then that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprieve!

"Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas!
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering thus Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

"And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck per chance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

"To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festal peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the west
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 flowers of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

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

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

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the beat
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me—doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feekest for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

"Farewell desire of human aid,
Which object mourns vanity court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burden to support.

"Hark! the death-note of the year
Sound out by the church-tower bell!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
 Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block.

XIX.

THE COMPLAINT.

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with Deer-skin, and supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the Desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other Tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still worse, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the high Northern Latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the Northern Lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.]

Before I see another day,
On let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars were mingled with my dreams;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!

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

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

My Child! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my Babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look?
Through his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see;
—As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the stedge for me;
And then he stretched his arms, how wild!
Oh mercy! like a helpless child.

My little joy! my little pride!
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me;
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
Then sway my Friends their course did bend,
I should not feel the pain of dying,
Could I with thee a message send;
Too soon, my Friends, ye went away;
For I had many things to say.
I'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow;
In spite of all my weary pain
I'll look upon your tents again.
—My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood;
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
Forever left alone am I,
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

XX.

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
Woop in the public roads alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet:
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide:
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, "My Friend,
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"
"Oh! shame on me, Sir: this lusty Lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

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

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

Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need;
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the mountain fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
"Do this: how can we give to you,"
They cried, "what to the poor is due?"

I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away
For me it was a woeful day.

Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped.
Thrice thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last.
Were but the bitter struggle past.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies cross'd 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 case, within doors or without;
And crazily and wearily,
I went my work about,
Bent oftentimes to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

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

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

XXI.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

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

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

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
We could do what we chose with the land, it was ours;
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.
But now we are strangers, go early or late;
And often, like one overburthened with sin,
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,
I look at the fields—but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,
"What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad;
Our comfort was near if we ever were cast;
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,
We slighted them all—and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son
Who must now be a wanderer—but peace to that strain!
Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,
The Sabbath's return—and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep
That besprinkled the field—twas like youth in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail;
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,
That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!

XXII.

THE AFFLICTION
OF MARGARET.

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

Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despaired, and have believed,
And be for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:
If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the Young-one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his Mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Yeats to a Mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong:
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:" and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of Heaven have wings,
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The Wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a Desert thrown
Inheritest the Lion's Den;
Or hast been summoned to the Deep,
Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Gnosis; but none will force
Their way to me:—'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of Him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the skies
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unknown.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief;
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!

XXIII.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

Two days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a dolorous 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 see, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?
Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'Tis but the moon that shineth so bright
On the window pane bedropp'd with rain;
Then, little Darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

XXIV.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

One morning (raw it was and wet
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron was her mien and gait.
The ancient Spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Fond was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.
When from those lofty thoughts I woke,
"What treasure," said I, "do you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from the cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burden, Sir, a little Singing-bird."
And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away;
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.
"The Bird and Cage they both were his:
"Twas my Son’s Bird; and neat and trim
He kept it: many voyages
This Singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the Bird behind;
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.
"He to a Fellow-lodger’s care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my Son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
I bear it with me, Sir, he took so much delight in it."

XXV.
THE CHILDLESS FATHER.
"Up, Timothy, up with your Staff and away!
Not a soul in the village this morning will stay;
The Hare has just started from Hamilton’s grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."
—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and green,
On the slopes of the pastures all 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 bark! bark 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.

XXVI.
THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.
Once in a lonely Hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France did dwell;
The big and lesser griefs with which she mourned,
In friendship she to me would often tell.

*In several parts of the North of England when a funeral takes place, a bush 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.

This Lady, dwelling upon English 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 take with fond embrace,
This Infant to herself, I framed a lay,
Endeavouring, in my native tongue, to trace
Such things as she unto the Child might say;
And thus, from what I knew, had heard, and guessed
My song the workings of her heart expressed.

"Dear Babe, thou Daughter of another,
One moment let me be thy Mother!
An Infant's face and looks are thine;
And sure a Mother's heart is mine:
Thy own dear Mother's far away,
At labour in the harvest-field:
Thy little Sister is at play;—
What warmth, what comfort would it yield
To my poor heart, if Thou wouldst be
One little hour a Child to me?
Across the waters I can come,
And I have left a Babe at home:
A long, long way of land and sea!
Come to me—I'm no enemy:
I am the same who at thy side
Sate yesterday, and made a nest.
For thee, sweet Baby,—then hast tried,
Thou knowest the pillow of my breast;
Good, good art thou;—alas! to me
Far more than I can be to thee.

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie;
An Infant Thou, a Mother I!
Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;
Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.
Alas! before I left the spot,
My Baby and its dwelling-place;
The Nurse said to me, 'Tears should not
Be shed upon an Infant's face,
It was unlucky'—no, no, no!
No truth is in them who say so.
My own dear Little-one will sigh,
Sweet Babe: and they will let him die.
'He pines, they'll say,' 1t is his doom,
And you may see his hour is come.'
Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
Linns stout as thine, and lips as gay,
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him—and then
I should behold his face again?

'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two—yet—yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Then troubdest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast Thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms,
By those bewildering glances cast
In which the light of his is lost.
Oft! 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;
My Darling, she is not to me
What thou art! though I love her well;
Rest, little Stranger, rest there love!
Never was any Child more dear!

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

While then art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and Mother’s glee,
I seem to find them all in thee.
Here’s grass to play with, here are flowers;
I’ll call thee by my Darling’s name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Tiny 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."

XXVII.
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

The following tale was written as an Episode, in a
work from which its length may perhaps exclude it.
The facts are true; no invention as to these has
been exercised, as none was needed.
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 faster than the fairest star in heaven!
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years
Whose progress had a little overstepped
His striking 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 soft
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honours sprung:—
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurred the thought
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other’s advocate, each other’s stay;
And strangers to content if long apart,
Or more divided than a sportive pair.
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other’s sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth;
But whatsoever of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction, or to disturb the love
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the mearest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit rank,
Surcharged, within him,—overliest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

So passed the time, till, whether through effect
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtuous restraint—all, speak B—think it not!
Decem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw
So many bars between his present state
And the dear haven where he wished to be
In honourable wedlock with his Love,
Was in his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause
To nature for a happy end of all;
Decem that by wild bent the Youth was swayed.
And bear with their transgressions, when I add
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
Carried about her for a secret grief,
The promise of a mother.

To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid
Found means to hurry her away by night,
And unforewarned, that in some distant spot
She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning came,
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,
And all uncertain whether he should turn,
Chafed like a wild beast in the slith; but soon
Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid’s retreat.
The sequel may be easily divined—
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 pendant nest, did thus enjoin
Her Lover—thence a stolen interview,
Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the Fair;—such theme
Is, by innumerable poets, touched
In more delightful verse than skill of mine
Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lurk’s note betwixt before its time,
And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds
In the unreeling cast.—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 ponies beat
Aflot;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting’s slender filament:

They parted; and the generous Vaudracour
Reached speedily the native threshold, bent
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)
A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his Father’s hand;
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee
To some remote and solitary place,
Sandy as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to behold
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
But woe of this no whisper; not the less,
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
Touching the matter of his passion, still,
In his stern Father’s hearing, Vaudracour
Persisted openly that death alone
Should abrogate his human privilege
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.
"You shall be baffled in your mad intent
If there be justice in the Court of France,"
Muttered the Father.—From these words the Youth
Conceived a terror,—and, by night or day,
Stirred nowhere without weapons—that full soon
Found dreadful provocation: for at night
When to his chamber he retired, attempt
Was made to seize him by three armed men,
Acting, in furtherance of the Father's will,
Under a private signet of the State.
One, did the Youth's ungovernable hand
Assault and slay; and to a second, gave
A perilous wound,—he shuddered to behold
The heartless curse; then peacefully resigned
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,
And wore the fetters of a criminal.

Have you beheld a tuft of winged seed
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro
Through the wide element? or have you marked
The heavier substance of a leafy bough,
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
Tormented? by such aid may you conceive
The perturbation of each mind,—ah, not!
Desperate the Maid,—the Youth is stained with blood;
But as the troubled seed and tortured bough
Is Man, subjected to despotv sway.

For him, by private influence with the Court,
Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
But not without exactation of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.
He flew to her from whom they would divide him—
He clove to her who could not give him peace—
Yea, his first word of greeting was,—"All right
Is gone from me; my lately-increasing hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,
Are withered;—thou no longer canst be mine,
I thine—the Conscience-stricken must not woo
The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!!"

"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden—"One,
For innocence and youth, for weal and woe!"

Then with the Father's name she coupled words
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought
Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising
Of my own censure, modelled in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
Find place within his bosom.—Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation;—and once more
Were they united,—to be yet again
Disparted—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
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,
And what, through strong compunction for the past,
He suffered—breaking down in heart and mind!

Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. "You shall return,
Julia," said he, "and to your Father's house
Go with the Child.—You have been wretched, yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burst may weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.

Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
Go!—'tis a Town where both of us were born;
None will reproach you, for our truth is known;
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.

With ornaments—the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck your Boy
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks
The Child can not resist him.—Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My Father from the window sees him too;
Startled, as if some new-created Thing
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods
Bounded before him;—but the unweeting Child
Shall by his beauty win his Grand sire's heart
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily—as they began!!" These gleams
Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen
Preparing a pale and melancholy scene
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, white from the other
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.

—That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unveiled Julia, terror-smitten, tears
The sentence, by her Mother's lip pronounced,
That dooms her to a Convent.—Who shall tell,
Who bears the report, the tidings to the Lord
Of her affections? So they blindly asked
Who knew not what to quiet depths a weight
Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down;—
The word, by others dashed, he can hear
Composed and silent, without visible sign
Of even the least emotion. Noting this,
When the impatient Object of his love
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned
No answer, only took the Mother's hand
And kissed it—seemingly devoid of pain,
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,
Was a dependent on the obdurate heart
Of One who came to disunite their lives
For ever—sad alternative! preferred,
By the unhending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'spouls amain disavowed.
—So be it!!

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, departs—
Who with him?—even the senseless Little-one!
With that sole Charge he passed the city-gates,
For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
That rose a brief league distant from the town,
The Dwellers in that house where he had lodged
Accompanied his steps, by anxious love
Impelled,—they parted from him there, and stood
Watching below, till he had disappeared
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Shake-moving ark of all his hopes) that veiled
The tender Infant: and at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the Beavers halted or repose,
Laid him with tender care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,
Upon the Nursling which his arms embraced.
—This was the manner in which Vaudracour
Departed with his Infant; and thus reached
His Father's house, where to the innocent Child
Admiration was denied. The young Man spake
No words of indignation or reproof,
But of his Father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
With such allowance as his wants required;
For wishes he had none. To a Lodge that stood
Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age
Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew;
And thither took with him his infant Babe,
And one Domestic for their common needs,
An aged Woman. It consolated him here
To attend upon the Orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious Child,
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—
The tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which:
Theirs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine:

From this time forth he never shared a smile
With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same Town, in which the Pair had left
So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the Matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown away,
For that her Master never uttered word
To Living Thing—not even to her.—Behold!
While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;
But, seeing some one near, even as his hand
Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk—
And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place
The Visitor retired.

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

XXVIII.

THE IDIOT BOY.

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

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

There's scarce a soul that's out of bed;
Good Betty, put him down again;
His lips with joy they burn at you;
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent;
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
As if her very life would fall.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's Husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale;
What must be done? what will beside?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good,
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane;
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has up upon the saddle set
(The like was never heard of yet)
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down;
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand;
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a 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, whatever befall,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand;
And proudly shook the bridle too;
And then: his words were not a few,
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry,
She gently pats the Pony's side,
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,
Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs;
In Johnny's left hand you may see
The green bough motionless and dead:
The Moon that shines above his head
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,
That till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship,
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

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

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
Her Messenger's in merry tune;
The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As on he goes beneath the Moon.

His Steed and He right well agree;
For of this Pony there's a rumour,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a Horse that thinks!
And when he thinks his pace is slack;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What comfort soon her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so hurried:
Demure with porridge and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate,
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good Woman! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

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

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

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

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

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

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late!"

The Doctor he has made him wait,
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The bridge is past—far in the dale;
And now the thought torments her sere,
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

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

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

"Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfall."
At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posts away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare;
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

And now she's got into the town,
And to the Doctor's door she 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 doze!
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"
"I'm here, what is't you want with me?"
"Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear boy,
You know him—him you often see."

"He's not so wise as some folks be."
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

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

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

Then up along the town she flies,
No wonder if her senses fail,
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"Oh cruel! I'm almost therecore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

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

The Owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite nob nob,
They lengthen out the tumultuous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Leat she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!"
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 strike;
No doubt too he the Moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a Traveller bold,
"His very words I give to you,
"The Cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold."
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

XXIX.

MICHAEL,

A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral Mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for around that boisterous Brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unheawn stones;
And to that place a story appertains,
Which, though it be unvarnished with events,
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these Hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength; his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Poems Founded on the Affections.

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Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills, The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock Bethought him, and he to himself would say, "The winds are now devising work for me!" And, truly, at all times, the storm—that drives The Traveller to a shelter—summoned him Up to the mountains: he had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists, That came to him and left him on the heights. So lived he till his eightieth year was past. And grossly that man errs, who should suppose That the green Valleys, and the Streams and Rocks, Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts. Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed The common air; the hills, which he so oft Had climbed with vigorous steps; which had impressed So many incidents upon his mind Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear; Which, like a book, preserved the memory Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved, Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts, The certainty of honourable gain, Those fields, those hills—what could they less? had laid Strong hold on his affections, were to him A pleasurable feeling of blind love, The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness. His Helpmate was a comely Matron, old— Though younger than himself full twenty years. She was a woman of a stirring life, Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had Of antique form, this large for spinning wool, That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest, It was because the other was at work. The Fair had but one inmate in their house, An only Child, who had been born to them When Michael, telling o'er his years, began To deem that he was old,—in Shepherd's phrase, With one foot in the grave. This only Son, With two brave Sheep-dogs tried in many a storm, The one of an inestimable worth, Made all their Household. I may truly say, That they were as a proverb in the vale For endless industry. When day was gone, And from their occupations out of doors The Son and Father were come home, even then, Their labour did not cease; unless when all Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and there, Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes, And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal Was ended, LUKE (for so the Son was named) And his old Father both betook themselves To such convenient work as might employ Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe, Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, That in our ancient uncouth country style Did with a huge projection overhang Large space beneath, as duly as the light Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a Lamp; An aged utensil, which had performed Service beyond all others of its kind. Early at evening did it burn and late, Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours, Which, going by from year to year, had found, And left the couple neither gay perhaps Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes, Living a life of easier industry. And now, when LUKE had reached his eighteenth year, There by the light of this old Lamp they sat, Father and Son, while late into the night The Housewife plied her own peculiar work, Making the cottage through the silent hours Murmur as with the sound of summer flies. This Light was famous in its neighbourhood, And was a public Symbol of the life That thrifty Fair had lived. For, as it chanced, Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground Stood single, with large prospect, North and South, High Into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise, And Westward to the village near the Lake; And from this constant light, so regular And so far seen, the House itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale, Both old and young, was named The Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of years, The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must Needs Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart This Son of his old age was yet more dear— Less from instinctive tenderness, the same Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all— Than that a child, more than all other gifts, Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts, And stirrings of inestimable, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His Heart and his Heart's joy! For oftentimes Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms, Had done him female service, not alone For pastime and delight, as is the use Of Fathers, but with patient mind enforced To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy Had put on Boy's attire, old Michael love, albeit of a stern unbounding mind, To have the Younger in his sight, when he Had work by his own door, or when he sat With sheep before him on his Shepherd's stool, Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door Stood,—and, from its enormous breadth of shade Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun, Thence in our rustic dialect was called The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it bears, There, while they two were sitting in the shade, With others round them, earnest all and bittre, Would Michael exercise his heart's 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 copple cut With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped With iron, making it throughout in all Due requisites a perfect Shepherd's Staff, And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; And, to his office prematurely called, There stood the Urchin, as you will divine, Something between a hinderance and a help; And for this cause not always, I believe, Receiving from his Father hire of praise; Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice, Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform. But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights, Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways, He with his Father daily went, and they

* Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.
Were as companions, why should I relist:
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the Old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up:
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year,
he was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple Householder lived
From day to day, to Michael's car there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In secrecy for his Brother's Son, a man
Of industrious life, and ample means,—
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him,—and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had gathered so much strength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Surely, he was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a Stranger's hand, I think
That I could not 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 loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies, and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall have us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another Kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
May come again to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?" At this the Old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateuman, thought she to herself,
He was a Parish-boy—at the Church-door
They made a gathering for his fatherless, and
Halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A Basket, which they filled with Pedlar's wares;
And, with this Basket on his arm, the Lad
Went up to London, found a Master there,
Who, out of many, chose the trusty Boy
To go and overlook his merchandise.
Beyond the seas: where he grew wonderous rich,
And at his birth-place, built a Chapel floored
With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,
And hasten promised:—"Well, Isabel!" this scheme,
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.
—Make ready Luke's heat garments, of the best
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth.
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
—If he could go, the Boy should go to-night."
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
Was restless morn and night, and all day long
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son.
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came.
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
By Michael's side, she through the two last nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep;
And when they rose at morning she could see
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:
We have no other Child but thee to lose,
None to remember—do not go away,
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
The Youth made answer with a jocond voice;
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered her heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house appeared
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
The expected letter from their Kinsman came,
With kind assurances that he would do
Himself the utmost he could for his Brother's Son.
To which, requests were added, that forthwith
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;
Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel
Had to her house returned, the Old Man said,
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Glyr,
In that deep Valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For the same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.

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

Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.

—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.

I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gath from three-score years.
These fields were buried when thou came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more.

Half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.

—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou shouldst go." At this the Old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the Stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one Stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope:—we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and bale;—do thou thy part;
I will do mine.—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
When I without thee go, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes.—It should be so—Yes—yes
I know: thou couldst never have a wish
To leave me, Luke; thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us?—But, I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, thinking of me, my Son,
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Restir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou returnest, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us—But, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooded down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
The Old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.

—Hushed was that house in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public Way, he put on a bold face;
And all the Neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wonderous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: assurance again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fall on him so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the Old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up towards the sun,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his Sheep,
And for the land his small inheritance.
And to that hollow Dell from time to time
Did he repair, to Build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart.
For the Old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog;
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this sheep-fold 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 Ghyll.
THE WAGGONER.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the Tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why The Waggoner was not added?"—To say the truth,—from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended, this little Piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, The Waggoner was read to you in manuscript; and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which it partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which I am

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, May 20, 1819.

THE WAGGONER.

CANTO FIRST.

'Tis spent,—this burning day of June!
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;
The daw-hawk, solitary bird,
Round the dim crags on heavy pinions wheeling,
Buzzes incessantly, a tiresome tune;
That constant voice is all that can be heard
In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!

Confiding Glow-worms! 'tis a night Propitious to your earth-born light;
But where the scattered stars are seen
In hazy straits the clouds between,
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Secures changed into a pallid spot.
The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot;—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease;
The mountains rise to wondrous height,
And in the heavens there hangs a weight;
But the dewy alay the heat,
And the silence makes it sweet.

Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
Companion of the night and day.
That far-off twinkling drowsy cheer,
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound
In a moment lost and found,
The Wain announces,—by whose side,
Along the banks of Rydal Mere,
He paces on, a trusty Guide,—
Listen! you can scarcely hear:
Either be his course is bending;—
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the craggy hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—
Steep the way and wearisome,
Yet all the while his whisp is dumb!

The Horses have worked with right good-will,
And now have gained the top of the hill,
He was patient—they were strong—
And now they smoothly glide along,
Gathering breath, and pleased to win
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Could he shield him from mishap and snare?
But why so early with this prayer?
Is it for threatenings in the sky?
Or for some other danger nigh?
No, none is near him yet, though he
Be one of much infirmity;
For at the bottom of the Brow,
Where once the Dove and Olive-bough
Offered a greeting of good ale
To all who entered Grassmere Vale;
And called on him who must depart
To leave it with a jovial heart:
There, where the Dove and Olive-bough
Once hung, a Poet harbours now,—
A simple water-drinking Bard;
Why need our Hero then (though frail)
His best resolves be on his guard?—
He marches by, secure and bold,—
Yet while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;
He shrugs his shoulders—shakes his head—
And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!

Here is no danger,—none at all!
Beyond his wish is he secure;
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—
Then for the pride of self denial;
If he resist that tempting door,
Which with such friendly voice will call,
If he resist those casement panes,
And that bright gleam which thence will fall
Upon his Leaders' bells and manson,
Inviting him with cheerful lure;
For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
Some shining notice will be there,
Of open house and ready fare.

The place to Benjamin full well
Is known, and by as strong a spell
As used to be that sign of love
And hope—the Olive-bough and Dove;
He knows it to his cost, good Man!
Who does not know the famous Swan?
Uncouth although the object be,
An image of perplexity;
Yet not the less it is our boast,
For it was painted by the Host;
His own conceit the figure planned,
'T was coloured all by his own hand
And that frail Child of thistly clay,
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
Quaint stories of the Bird's attraction!

Well! that is past—and in despite
Of open door and shining light.
And now the Conqueror essays
The long ascent of Dunnmail-raise;
And with his Team is gentle here
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;
His whip they do not dread,—his voice
They only hear it to rejoice.
To stand or go is at their pleasure;

* This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been unphalutled by a professional production.
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.
Save just:

Now am I fairly safe to-night—
And never was my heart more light,
I trespassed lately worse than ever—
But Heaven will bless a good endeavour;
And, to my soul's delight, I find
The evil One is left behind.
Yes, let my master fume and fret,
Here am I—with my Horses yet!
My jolly Team, he finds that ye
Will work for nobody but me!
Good product of our country gained,
One day, when ye were vexed and strained—
Entrusted to another's care,
And forced unworthy stripes to bear.
Here was it—on this rugged spot
Which now, contented with our lot,
We climb—that, piteously abused,
Ye plunged in anger and confused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in your might and main—
A word from me was like a charm—
The ranks were taken with one mind!
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind:
—Yes, without me, up hills so high
'Tis vain to strive for mastery,
Then grieve not, jolly Team! though tough
The road we travel, steep and rough,
Through Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow Banks and Braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death.
But soon large drops upon his head
Fell with the weight of droops of lead;—
He starts—and, at the admonition,
Takes a survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes,
Glimmering faintly where it lies;
Black is the sky—and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still—
A huge and melancholy room,
Hung round and 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 Astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzled on high his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ancient woman,
Cowering beside her rifted cell;
As if intent on magic spell;—

Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!

The Astrologer 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 sounded through the trees
Had sought of sylvan growth been there)
Was felt throughout the region 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 them.
He is astounded,—wonder not,—
With such a charge in such a spot;
Astounded in the mountain gap
By peals of thunder, clap on clap!
And many a terror-striking flash;—
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash,
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A reading o'er his head begins the fray again.

Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault;
And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;
He who had once supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his Power,
Shall here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow strait,
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one near,
A female voice:—"Who'er you be,
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me,"
And, less in pity than in wonder,
Among the darkness and the thunder,
The Waggoner, with prompt command,
Summons his horses to a stand.

The voice, to move commiseration,
Prolonged its earnest supplication:—
"This storm that beats so furiously—
This dreadful place: oh pity me!"

While this was said, with sobs between,
And many tears by one unseen;
There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!
"It's not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin without further question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and set you under cover!"

Another voice, in tone as harsh
As a sown brook with rugged course,
Cried out, "Good brother why so fast?
I've had a glimpse of you—anest?
Or, since it calls you to be civil,
Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"It is my Husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid:
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin;
She and her Babe, which to her breast
With thankfulness the Mother pressed
And now the same strong voice more near
Said cordially, "My Friend, what cheer?
Rough doings these! as God's my judge,
The shop owns somebody a grudge;
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can:
The Sailor, Sailor now no more,
But such he had been heretofore,
To courteous Benjamin replied,
"Go you your way, and mind not me;
For I must have, whate'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside,—
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and with its load
Descends along the sloping road;
And to a little tent hard by
Turns the Sailor instantly;
For when at closing-in of day,
The Family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air
Had tempted them to settle there.—
Green is the grass for beast to graze,
Around the stones of Dunmall-raine!—
The Sailor-gathers up his bed,
Takes down the canvas overhead;
And, after farewell to the place,
A parting word—though not of grace,
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,
The way the Waggon went before.

CANTO SECOND.

If Wytheburn's modest House of Prayer,
As lowly as the lowest Dwelling,
Had, with its bylery humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock,
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)
Twelve strokes that Clock would have been telling
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
Its head-roll of midnight
Then, when the Hero of my tale
Was passing by, and down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween
As if a storm had never been)
Proceeding with an easy mind;
While he, who had been left behind,
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,
And gives another busy cheer;
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear;—
It is a fiddle in its glee
Dinning from the Cherry Tree!

Thence the sound—the light is there—
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,
Had almost reached the festive door,
When, started by the Sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees the light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village Merry-night!*

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His eyes are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rs which he's yearning,
Look fairely like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
"For," cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That blow us bither! Let him chance
Who can or will;—my honest Soul,
Our treat shall be a friendly Bowl!"

He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin;
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!
Gave the word,—the horses heard
And halted though reluctantly.

"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,
Feasting at the Cherry Tree!"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation;
What bustling—jostling—high and low!
A universal overflow!
What tankards foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What wont, the grasse—stomping—overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy;
With such a sir, you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy!
"Tis who can dance with greatest vigour—
"Tis what can be most prompt and eager;—
As if it heard the fiddle's call
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!
A steaming Bowl—a blazing fire—
What greater good can heart desire?
'Twere worth a wise man's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky?
To seek for thoughts of painful cast,
If such be the amends at last.
Now should you think I judge amiss,
The Cherry Tree shows proof of this;
For soon, of all the happy there,
Our Travellers are the happiest pair.
All care with Benjamin is gone—
A Caesar past the Rubicon!
He thinks not of his long, long strife—
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
Hath no resolutes to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his Wife,
Hath quite forgotten her—or may be
Deems that she is happier, inid
Within that warm and peaceful bed;
Under cover,
Terror o'er,
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.
With bowl in hand,
(It may not stand)
Gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear—when every dance is done—
They hear—when every fit is o'er—
The fiddle's squeak—that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!

While thus our jovial Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair—
Limpis (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor—
Is gone—returns—and with a prize;

* 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.

* At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his Partner.
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 rabs his eyes,  
Not knowing that he had befriended  
A Man so gloriously attended!

"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is—  
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!  
This was the Flag-Ship at the Nile,  
The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile,  
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,  
You'll find you've much in little here!  
A nobler Ship did never swim,  
And you shall see her in full trim:  
I'll set my Friends, to do you honour,  
Set every inch of sail upon her!"

So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,  
He names them all; and interlards  
His speech with uncouth terms of art,  
Accomplished in the Showman's part;  
And then, as from a sudden check,  
Cries out—"'Tis there, the Quarter-deck  
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood—  
A sight that would have roused your blood!  
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,  
Burnt like a fire among his men;  
Let this be Land, and that be Sea,  
Here lay the French—and thus came we!"

Hushed was by this the sadder sound,  
The Dancers all were gathered round,  
And, such the stillness of the house,  
You might have heard a humming mouse;  
While, borrowing helps where'er he may,  
The Sailor through the story runs  
Of Ships to Ships and guns to guns;  
And does his utmost to display  
The dismal conflict, and the might  
And terror of that wondrous night;  
"A Bowl, a Bowl of double measure,"  
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,  
To Nelson, England's pride and treasure,  
Her bulwark and her tower of strength!  
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,  
The Mastiff, from beneath the waggon,  
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,  
Routed his chain—was all in vain,  
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!  
He heard the monitory growl;—  
Heard—and in opposition quarter  
A deep, determined, desperate draught!  
Nor did the battered Tar forget,  
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:  
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,  
Back to her place the ship he led;  
Wheeled her back in full apparel;  
And so, flag flying at mast head,  
Re-yoked her to the Ass—noon,  
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."  
Thus, after two hours' heavy stay,  
Again behold them on their way:"

CANTO THIRD.

Right gladly had the horses stirred,  
When they the wished-for greeting heard,  
The whip's loud notice from the door,  
The ship's gone to move one more.  
You think, these doings must have bred  
In them disheartening doubts and dread;  
No, not a horse of all the eight,  
Although it be a moonless night,  
Pears either for himself or freight;  
For this they know (and let it hide,  
In part, the offences of their Guide)

That Benjamin, with clouded brains,  
Is worth the best with all their pains;  
And, if they had a prayer to make,  
The prayer would be that they may take  
With him whatever comes in course,  
The better fortune or the worse;  
That no one else may have business near them,  
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.  

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,  
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,  
The triumph of your late devotion!  
Can aught on earth impede delight,  
Still mounting to a higher height;  
And higher still—a greedy flight!  
Can any low-born care pursue her,  
Can any mortal hog come to her?  
No notion have they—not a thought,  
That is from joyless regions brought!  
And, while they coast the silent lake,  
Their inspiration I partake;  
Share their empyreal spirits—ya!  
With their enraptured vision, see—  
O fancy—what a jubilee!  
What shifting pictures—lad 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, interfacing,  
As if they'd fall asleep embraeching!  
Then, in the turbulence of glee,  
And in the excess of mirth,  
Says Benjamin, "That ass of thine,  
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine;  
If he were tethered to the Waggon,  
He'd drag as well what he is dragging;  
And we, as brother should with brother,  
Might trudge it alongside each other!"

Forthwith, obedient to command,  
The horses made a quiet stand;  
And to the Waggon's skirts was tied  
The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,  
(The Mastiff not well pleased to be  
So very near such company.)  
This new arrangement made, the Wain  
Through the still night proceeds again;  
No Moon hath risen her light to lend;  
But indistinctly 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 bully Creature  
Of which I have the steering—this  
Seen fairly, is not much amiss;  
We want your streamers, Friend, you know;  
But, altogether, as we go,  
We make a kind of handsome show!  
Among these hills, from first to last,  
We've weathered many a furious blast;  
Hard passage forcing on, with head  
Against the storm, and canvass spread.  
I hate a boaster—but to thee  
Will say, who knowest both land and sea,  
The unluckiest Hulk that sails the brine  
Is hardly worse beset than mine,
THE WAGGONER.

When cross winds on her quarter beat;
And, fairly lifted from my feet,
I stagger onward—Heaven knows how—
But not so pleasantly as now—
Poor Pilot 1, by storms confounded,
And many a readbound pit surrounded!
Yet here we are, by night and day
Grinding through rough and smooth our way,
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling;
And long shall be so yet—God willing!"—

"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—
But save us from you sreeching Owl!"

That instant was begun a fray
Which called their thoughts another way:
The Mastiff, ill-conditioned cat!
What must he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrades at his side!
Till, not incensed though put to proof,
The Ass, uplifting a bird hoof,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quieted.

"You Screech-owl," says the Sailor, 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 Watton's noisy station,
I know him and his occupation;
The jolly Bird hath learned his cheer
On the banks of Windermere;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the Ferry;
Hallooing from an open throat,
Like Travellers shouting for a Boat.
—The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant Owl is playing here—
That is the worst of his employment;
He's in the height of his enjoyment!"

This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the foreboding like a charm;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice;
His heart is up—he fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil;
He wheeled—and, making many stops,
Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops;
And, while he talked of blows and tears,
Benjamin, among the stars,
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing;
Such retreat and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars:

CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,
Regale the remnant of the night;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind along;
While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply—
But the sage Muse the recit veilds
No further than her story needs;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end.—Blithe Spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported Pair
A brief and unreproved farewell;

To quit the slow-paced Wagon's side,
And wander down you Hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Grena for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-clang—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale;
And Gimmer-clang*, his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other:
And, while she roves through St. John's Vale
Along the smooth unpaved way,
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 Fairies in array,
Whose party-coloured garments gay
The silent company betray;
Red, green, and blue; a moment's sight;
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the band take flight.
—Fly also, Muse! and from the dell
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell;
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn
Here with the frost-like dew of dawn
Across ye meadowy bottom look,
Where close fogs hide their parent brook;
And see, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made.
There, at Blencathra's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford; from amoy
Conducted the persecuted Boy,
Well pleased in rustic grubs to feed
His flock; and pipe on Shepherd's reed;
Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;
Which soon the morning shall enfold,
From east to west, in ample Veet
Of mazy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the Stremslet's bed
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;
Even while I speak, their skirts of grey
Are smitten by a silver ray;
And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep
Along—and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
The stately Wagon is ascending;
With faithful Benjamin attending,
Apparant now beside his team—
Now lost amid a glittering steam.
And with him goes his Sailor Friend,
By this time near their journey's end,
And, after their high-minded riot,
Sickenning into thoughtful quiet;
As if the morning's pleasant hour
Had for their joys a killing power.

They are drooping, weak, and dull;
But the horses stretch and pull;
With increasing vigour climb,
Eager to repair lost time;
Whether, by their own desert,
Knowing there is cause for shame,
They are labouring to avert
At least a portion of the blame,
Which full surely will allight
Upon his head, whom, in despite
Of all his faults, they love the best;
Whether for him they are discreet;
Or, by length of fasting roused,

* The crag of the ewe lamb.
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 inspiration
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 Venus or Apollo,
Pleased a favourite chief to follow
Through accidents of peace or war,
In a time of peril threw,
Round the object of his care,
Veil of such celestial hue;
Interposed so bright a screen
Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it—who can hide
When the malicious Fates are bent
On working out an ill intent?
Can destiny he turned aside?
No—sad progress of my story!
Benjamin, this outward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
Or to hear what thou canst say;
If, as needs he must forebode,
Thou hast loitered on the road?
His doubts—his fears may now take flight—
The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
Which he stifies, 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 Waggons gain the top;
But stop he cannot—must advance:
Him Benjamin, with shady glance,
Espies—and instantly is ready,
Self-collected, poised, and steady;
And, to be the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attending cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
Erect his port, and firm his going;
So struts yon Cock that now is crowing;
And the morning light in grace
Strikes upon his lifted face,
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his trepasses betray.
But what can all avail to clear him,
Or what need of explanation,
Parley or interrogation?
For the Master seen, alas!
That unhappy Figure near him,
Limping o'er the dewy grass,
Where the road it fringes, sweet,
Soft and cool to way-worn feet;
And, O indignity! an Ass,
By his noble Mastiff's side,
Tethered to the Waggons' tail:
And the Ship, in all her pride,
Following after in full skill!
Not to speak of Babe and Mother;
Who, accompanied 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—tilt at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound—where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do!
But drop the rest—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A board of grievances unsanked;
All past forsworn it repeated—
And thus, and through distempered blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his team and Wagon parted;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip—and served no more.—
Nor could the Wagon long survive
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:
It lingered on—; Guide after Guide
Ambitiously the office tried;
But each unmanageable hill
Called for his patience and his skill;—
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two losses had we had we to sustain,
We lost both Waggoner and Wain!

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scruples checked me long;
They checked me—and I left the theme
Untouched—in spite of many a gleam
Of fancy which thereof was shed,
Like pleasant sunbeams shining still
Upon the side of a distant hill:
But Nature might not be gainsaid;
For what I have and what I miss
I sing of these—it makes my bliss!
Nor is it I who play the part,
But a shy spirit in my heart,
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
From hiding-places ten years' deep;
Or haunts me with familiar face—
Returning, like a ghost un laid,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living Almanack had we;
We had a speaking Diary,
That, in this uneventful place,
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.
—Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and Slow:
Or, with milder grace adorning
The Landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grassmere smoothed her liquid plain
The moving lunge to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirred,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm;
While yet the Valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright,
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.—
But most of all, thou lovely Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,  
And all is dismal out of doors;  
And, sitting by my fire, I see  
Eight sorry Carts, no less a train:  
Unworthy Successors of thee,  
Come straggling through the wind and rain:  
And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
Beneath my window—on by one—  
See, perched upon the naked height  
The summit of a cumbersome freight,  
A single Traveller—and there  
Another—then perhaps a Pair—  

The lame, the sickly, and the old;  
Men, Women, heartless with the cold;  
And Babes in wet and starveling plight;  
Which once, be weather as it might,  
Had still a nest within a nest,  
Thy shelter—and their Mother's breast!  
Then most of all, then far the most,  
Do I regret what we have lost:  
And 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!

---

**FANCY.**

A MORNING EXERCISE.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw;  
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe:  
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
Becomes an echo of Man's misery.

Blithe Ravens croak of death; and when the Owl  
Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—  
_Tu-whit—Tu-whoo!_ the unsuspecting fowl  
Forbodes 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,  
Myrinds of notes attest her subtle skill;  
A feathered Task-master cries, "_Work 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  
Steeped in dire griefs the voice of Philomel;  
And that fleet Messenger of summer days,  
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;  
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark  
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;  
But _He_ is risen, a later star of dawn,  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;  
The happiest Bird that sprang out of the Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilful  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
_Thou_ lovest the Halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show;  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leavest 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-weared voice!

How would it please old Ocean to partake  
With Sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony that thou best lovest to make  
Where earth resembles most his blank domain!  
_Urania's_ self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

---

_II._

TO THE DAISY.

_Her_ divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight:  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's 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. WITHERS._

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

When Winter decks his few grey hairs,  
_Thee_ in the scantly wreath he wears;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun _Thee_;  
Whole summer fields are thine by right;  
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!  
Both in thy crimson head delight  
When rains are on _Thee_.

In shonys and bands, a morrice train,  
_Thee_ gatest the Traveller in the lane;  
If welcome once thou countest it gain;  
_Thou_ art not daunted,  
Nor carest if thou be set at nought;  
And oft alone in nooks remote  
We meet _Thee_, like a pleasant thought,  
When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mows  
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;  
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dew  
_Thee_ head impairing;  

* His muse.
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The Poet's darling.

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

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension;  
Some steady love; some brief delight;  
Some memory that had taken flight;  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;  
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure;  
The homely sympathy that seeds  
The common life, our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness:  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing;  
An instinct call it, a blind sense;  
A happy, genial influence,  
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run  
Thy course, bold leader of the sun,  
And cheerful when the day's begun  
As morning Leveret,  
Thy long-lost praise* thou shalt regain;  
Dear shalt thou be to future men  
As in old time;—thou not in vain  
Art Nature's favourite.

Yet here, and there, and every where  
Along the floor, beneath the shade  
By those embowering holies made,  
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
As if with pipes and music rare  
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
And all those leaves, in vestive gleam,  
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

IV.

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my Orchard-seat!  
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's Friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest Guest  
In all this covert of the best:  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion,  
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
And this is thy dominion.

While Birds, and Butterflies, and Flowers,  
Make all one Band of Paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment;  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair,  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
Yet seeming still to hover;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight the Bird deceives,  
A Brother of the dancing Leaves;  
Then flits, and from the Cottage eaves  
Pours forth his song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes.

V.

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

I.

Within her gilded cage confined,  
I saw a dazzling Belle,  
A Parrot of that famous kind  
Whose name is Non-pareil.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;  
And, smooth'd by Nature's skill,  
With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plump Mantle's living hues  
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbu
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian Bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven!
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive Bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired!

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unenforced
She never tried; the very best
In which this Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, tho' winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain;
That tells the Hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Sly, Dora! tell me by your 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,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's Darling of this money Shed?

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

PANSIES, Lillies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are Violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a great Astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the Thrush

Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton Woosers;
But the thrifty Cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Bill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours;
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine;
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,
I will sing, as doth behave,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but her
Whoseoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Worksman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking kerchief-plots of mound
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold;
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;

* Common Pilewort.
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blisthe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient Primrose sits
Like a Beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slippst into thy sheltering hold;
Bright as any of the train
When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath Our shoon."
Let the bold Adventurer thrid
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

VIII.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

"EGLANTINE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"
Exclaimed a thundering Voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small Cascade fresh swoon with snows
Thus threatened Briar—Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or puny Thing!
I'll 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 bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When Spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The Linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when You
Had little voice or none.

"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's day,
A happy Eglantine!"

What more he said I cannot tell,
The Torrent thundered down the dell
With agitated base;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

IX.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were scented round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told:

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its foot.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed:

Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay;
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and day
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a Thing as you!
You are preparing, as before,
To deck your slender* hape;
And yet, just three years back—no more—
You had a strange escape.
Down from you clift 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!
The Thing had better been asleep,
Whatever thing it were,
Or Breeze, or Bird, or Dog, or Sheep,
That first did plant you there.
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little wistful Shepherd boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!
Will perish in one hour.
From me this friendly warning take!—
The Broom began to doze,
And thus, to keep herself awake,
Did gently interpose:

*My thanks for your discourse are due;
That more than what you say is true,
I know, and I have known it long;
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being, whether young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
For me why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My Father many a happy year,
Here spread his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favoured plant?
On me such bounty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers; And, when the Frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This Plant can never die.

The Butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my Blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe
Lies with her infant Lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy, which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

Her voice was blithe, her heart was light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the Oak
Two Ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling Bees
To rest, or murmur there.

One night, my Children! from the North
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the Cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little carded Broom was left
To live for many a day."

X.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

SPUN UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from sibyl power:
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—

Fly the pleasant labour, fly!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

XI.

THE REDBREAST AND BUTTERFLY.

Art thou the Bird whom Man loves best,
The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin;
The Bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thoms in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The Bird, who by some name or other
All men who know thee call their Brother,
The Darling of Children and men?
Could Father Adam* open his eyes
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.

If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree:
In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the Bird, to man so good,
That, after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue
A beautiful Creature,
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The Cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
He is the Friend of our summer gladness:
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together?
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own:
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,
O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
Love him or leave him alone!

XII.

THE KITTEN.

AND

THE FALLING LEAVES.

That way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby show!
See the Kitten on the Wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty Elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,

* See Paradise Lost, Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two Birds of gayest plumage," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.
EDDYING round and round they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts:
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many paws—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Let's it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian Conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand Standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the Crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty Baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmute;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other Play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revelings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings
Made this Orchard's narrow space,
And this Vale so blythe a place;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in Bands
Travelled into distant Lands;
Others shun to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood;
And, among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
—Where is he that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung with head towards the ground,
Plumed, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
LIdest, gaudiest Harlequin?
Prettisest Tumbler ever seen!-
Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of Him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring Rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.

Vainly glitters hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy;
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweter even than gaiety?

Yet, what'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every Creature;
Whatso' er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could replace
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness.
—Pleased by any random toy;
By a Kitten's busy joy,
Or an Infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought;
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leave.

XIII.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-staying Hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?

Say, when the waving Creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still Growths that prosper here?
Did wanton Fawn and Kid forebear
The half-blown Rose, the Lily spare?
Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A blosom to the Sun endear'd?
If such their harms untimely doom,
It falls not here on bud or bloom.

All Summer long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she craves, to find
That love for little Things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.
Yet, where the guardian Fence is wound
So subtly is the eye beguiled
It sees not nor suspects a Bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
Free as the light in semblance—crown
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be preest,
And feeds on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the West,
With all the ministers of Hope,
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throughs of Birds resort;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While Hare and Leveret, seen at play
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Memento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age
When Fancy was Truth’s willing Page;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy’s Shade.

XIV.

TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! I oft I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of Things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a food and title name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A Nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly Maiden, of Love’s Court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A Queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclop, with one eye
Starting to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is o’er,
The shape will vanish, and behold
A silver Shield with boss 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 fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seemest rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprieve thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature!
That breath’st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

XV.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

Bright flower, whose home is every where!
A Pilgrim bold in Nature’s care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other Flower I see
The forest thorough!

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
But Thou would’st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

XVI.

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 ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There’s madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scoriing;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would’st be loth
To be such a Traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy! and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life’s day is done.
XXVII.

TO A SEXTON.

Let thy wheal-barrow alone— Wherefore, Sexton, piling still In thy Bone-house barrow 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 fingernail: Andrew's whole fire-side is there. Here, alone, before thine eyes, Simon's sickly daughter lies, From weakness now, and pain defended, Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride— How he glories, when he sees Roses, Lilies, side by side, Violets in families! By the heart of Man, his tears, By his hopes and by his fears, Thou, old Grey-beard! art the Warden Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear, Let them all in quiet lie, Andrew there, and Susan here, Neighbours in Mortality.

And, should I live through sun and rain Seven widowed years without my Jane, O Sexton, do not then remove her. Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

—

XVIII.

Who fancied what a pretty sight This Rock would be if edged around With living Snow-drops? circlet bright How glorious to this Orchard-ground! Who loved the little Rock, and set Upon its head this Coronet?

Was it the humour of a Child? Or rather of some love-sick Maid, Whose brows, the day that she was styled The Shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed? Of Man mature, or Matron sage? Or Old-man toying with his age?

I asked—"twas whispered, The device To each and all might well belong: It is the Spirit of Paradise That prompts such work, a Spirit strong, That gives to all the same bent Where life is wise and innocent.

—

XIX.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

Though the torrents from their fountains Roar down many a craggy steep, Yet they find among the mountains Resting-places calm and deep. Clouds that love through air to hasten, Ere the storm its fury stills, Helmet-like themselves will fasten On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre Of the Alps the Chamois bound, Yet he has a home to enter In some nook of chosen ground.

If on windy days the Raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less she loves her haven In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the Sea-horse in the Ocean Own no dear domestic cave, Yet he slumber—by the motion Rocked of many a gentle wave.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes, Vagrant over Desert sands, Brooding on her eggs reposes When chill night that care demands.

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

—

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

or,

THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald, All Children of one Mother: I could not say in one short day What love they bore each other. A Garland of Seven Lilies wrought! Seven Sisters that together dwell; But he, bold Knight as ever fought, Their Father, took of them no thought, He loved the Wars so well. Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully, The Solitude of Binnie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind, And from the shores of Erin, Across the wave, a Rover brave To Binnieorie is steering: Right onward to the Scottish strand The galant ship is borne; The Warriors leap upon the land, And hark! the Leader of the Band Hath blown his bugle horn.

Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully, The Solitude of Binnie.

Beside a Grotto of their own, With boughs above them closing, The Seven are laid, and in the shade They lie like Fawns reposning. But now, upstarting with affright At noise of man and steed, Away they fly to left, to right— Of your fair household, Father Knight, Methinks you take small heed! Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully, The Solitude of Binnie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly, And, over Hill and Hollow, With menace proud, and insult loud, The youthful Rovera follow. Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam Enough for him to find The empty House when he comes home For us your yellow ringlets comb, For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binmore.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together!"
A Lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep.
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing mournfully; oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binmore.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone.
For seven lovely Campbell's.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The Fishers say, those Sisters fair,
By Fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binmore.

XXI.

A FRAGMENT.

Between two sister moorland hills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree.
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a cottage hut;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The Shadow of a Danish Boy.*

In clouds above, the Lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest;
Within this lonesome nook the Bird
Did never build her nest.
No Beast, no Bird hath here his home;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above these fragrant bolls
To other flowers;—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear;
The Danish Boy walks here alone:
The lovely dell is all his own.

A Spirit of noon-day is he;
He seems a form of flesh and blood;
Nor piping Shepherd shall he be,
Nor Herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue.
As budding pines in Spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
He rests the harp upon his knee;
And there, in a forgotten tongue,
He warbles melody.

* Three Stanzas were designed to introduce the Ballad
upon the Story of a Danish Prince who had fled from
Battles and, for the sake of the valuables about him,
was murdered by the Inhabitant of a Cottage in which
he had taken refuge. The House fell under a curse,
and the Spirit of the Youth, it was believed, haunted
the Valley where the crime had been committed.

Of flocks upon the neighbourhood hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain ponies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sits alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

There sits he: in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove;
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

XXII.

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 Warder scorned;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copese might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along: and, pensively,
Hasting 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 shumbrous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds
He recognised the earth-born Star,
And That which glittered from afar;
And (strange to witness!) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the Humber Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth—fast closing weary eyes,
A very Reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalry with One
Who sate a Ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less unwise lustre shine;
Thou shrink'st as momently thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in Heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glory.—No!
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
What favours do attend me here,
Thy, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."
When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for augurs but sleep unfruit!
Hills quaked—the rivers backward ran—
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged,—and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream brought forth:
And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode,
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open sea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

---

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDER.

"Who but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As your Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!"

Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as scenes, and blazes
With uninjured plumage!"—

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 't is no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the Nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations,
Like you Tuff of Fern;
Such it is:—the aspiring Creature
Sonning on unainted wing,
(As you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless Thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!"

---

STRAY PLEASURES.

"—Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find!"

By their floating Mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold you prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the
Thames!
The Platform is small, but gives room for them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their Mill where it floats,
To their House and their Mill tethered fast;
To the small wooden Isle where, their work to beguile,
They from morning to even take whatever is given;—
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the Spires,
All alive with the fire
Of the Sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jovial as free,
While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,
They themselves make the Reel,
And their Music's a prey which they seize;
It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered their 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, redundant 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!

---

ON SEEING A

NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,
Reproaches from their lips are sent,
That mimicry should thus disgrace
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
Needles for strings in apt gradation!
Minerva's self would stigmatize
The uncritical profanation.

Even her own Needle that subdued
Arachne's rival spirit,
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
Like station could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
A living Lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
To the refined indignity?

I spoke, when whispered a low voice,
"Bard! moderate your ire;"
" Spirits of all degrees rejoice
In presence of the Lyre.

"The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
"Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
"Have shells to fit their tiny hands
"And suit their slender lays.

"Some, still more delicate of ear,
"Have lutes (believe my words)"
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By persons resident in the country and attached to rural objects, many places will be found unnamed or of unknown names, where little Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record to such Incidents, or renew the gratification of such feelings, Names have been given to Places by the Author and some of his Friends, and the following Poems written in consequence.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

I.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,

Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's love,
Nor less than Mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm and warmly housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Both all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest Coevals, amid wilds
Where Fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Hapless, or happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Remembrances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a Father's thoughts,
Thee and thy Mate and Sister of the sky.
And first;—thy sinless progress, through a world
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed;
Apt likenesses bears to hers, through gathered clouds,
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain:
But thou, how leisurely thou fillest thy horn
With brightness!—leaving her to post along,
And range about—indisguised 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 foreknowledge that such task is thine;
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleepest
In such a heartless peace. Alas! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sufficed o'er
By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and 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 unstirred world, and to prepare thy way
Through a strait passage intricate and dim?
Such are they,—and the same are takers, signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves appeared as if in haste
To spur the steps of June; as if their shades
Of various green were hinderances that stood
Between them and their object: yet, meanwhile,
There was such deep contentment in the air,
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leaves, seemed as though 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,
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower, 
That intermixture of delicious hues, 
Along so vast a surface, all at once, 
In one impression, by connecting force 
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.

When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space, 
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld 
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.

The Rock, like something starting from a sleep, 
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again; 
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag 
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar, 
And the tall Steep of Silver-How, sent forth 
A noise of laughter; southern Longrigg heard
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone 
That bellevly far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew 
His speaking trumpet,—back out of the clouds 
Of Glaramara southward came the voice; 
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head. 
—Now whether (said I to our cordial friend, 
Who in the hey-day of astonishment 
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth 
A work accomplished by the brotherhood 
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched 
With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am 
That there was a loud uproar in the hills: 
And, while we both were listening, to my side 
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished 
To shelter from some object of her fear. 
—And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons 
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone 
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm 
And silent morning. I sat down, and there, 
In memory of affections old and true, 
I chiselled out in those rude characters 
Joanna's name upon the living stone. 
And I, and all who dwell by my fire-side, 
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's Rock." 

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmorland are several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of Time, and the rudeness of the Workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.

The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wynder. On Helm-Crag, that impressive single Mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an Old Woman covering. Close by this rock is one of those Pictures or Caverns, which in the language of the country are called Dungeons. Most of the Mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III.

There is an Eminence,—of these our hills 
The last that pass my eyes with the evening sun. 
We can behold it from our Orchard seat; 
And, when at evening we pursue our walk 
Along the public way, this Cliff, so high 
Above us, and so distant in its height, 
Is visible; and often seems to send 
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make it a favourite haunt: 
The star of Love, so beautiful and large 
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair 
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth 
The loneliest place we have among the clouds. 
And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
With such communion, that no place on earth

Poems on the Naming of Places.

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 islands of resplendent furze:

And on a summit, distant a short space, 
By any who should look beyond the dell, 
A single mountain Cottage might be seen. 
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said, 
"Our thoughts at least are ours; and this wild nook

My Emma, I will dedicate to thee." "—Soon did the spot become my other home, 
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.

And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there, 
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk

Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,

Years after we are gone and in our graves, 
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,
May call it by the name of Emma's Dell.

II.

To Joanna.

Amid the smoke of cities did you pass 
The time of early youth; and there you learned, 
From years of quiet industry, to love

The living Beings by your own fire-side, 
With such a strong devotion, that your heart

Is slow toward 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 chance are taught 
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk

Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past, 
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop

Their ancient neighbour, the old Steeple tower, 
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by 
Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked, 
"How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!

And when will she return to us?" I was paused;

And, after short exchange of village news, 
He with grave looks demanded, for what cause

Reviving obsolete Idolatry,

I, like a Runic Priest, in characters

Of formidable size had chiselled out

Some uncouth name upon the native rock,

Above the Rotha, by the forest side.

—Now, by those dear immunities of heart

Engendered betwixt malice and true love,

I was not loth to be catechised,

And this was my reply—"As it befel,

One summer morning we had walked abroad 
At break of day, Joanna and myself.

—"Twas that delightful season when the broom,

Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,

Along the copses runs in veins of gold.

Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;

And when we came in front of that tall rock

Which looks toward the East, I there stopped short,

And traced the lofty barrier with my eye

From base to summit; such delight I found

57
Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.

IV.
A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed
Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
Of Grassmere safe in its own privacy:
And there, myself and two beloved Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.
—ill suited the road with one in haste, but we
Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,
It wafted our intemperate to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore,
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak as sudden;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
Its playmate, rather say its moving soul.
—And often, trifling with a privilege
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
And now the other, to point out, perchance
To pluck, some flower or waterweed, too fair
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there are,
Fair Ferns and Flowers, and chiefly that tall Fern,
So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named;
Plant loyerell, in its own retired abode
On Grassmere's beach, than Nahad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Side-sitting by the shadow of old Romance.
—So far we that bright morning : from the fields,
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy ninth
Of Reapers, Men and Women, Boys and Girls.
Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen
Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake.
Improv'd and reckless, we exclaimed,
The Man must be, who thus can lose a day
Of the mild harvest, when the labourer's hire
Is ample, and some little might be stored
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time.
Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached
Close to the spot where with his rod and line
He stood alone; whereat he turned his head
To greet us— and we saw a Man worn down
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
That for my single self I looked at them,
Forfeited of the body they sustained.—
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to gain
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
That know not of his wants. I will not say
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how
The happy Idleness of that sweet morn,
With all its lovely images, was changed
To serious musings and to self-reproach.

Nur did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
—Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
My Friend, Myself, and she who then received
The same admonishment, have called the place
By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
As e'the by Mariner was given to Bay
Or Foreland, on a new-discovered coast;
And Point Rash-Judgment is the Name it bears.

V.
TO M. H.
Our walk was far among the ancient trees;
There was no road, nor any woodman's path;
But the thick umbrage, checking the wild growth
Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
Beneath the branches, of itself had made
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
And a small bed of water in the woods.
All round this pool both flocks and herds might drink
On its firm margin, even as from a Well,
Or some stone-basin which the Herdsman's hand
Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did sun,
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
But as a blessing, to this calm recess,
This glide of water and this one green field.
The spot was made by Nature for herself;
The traveler may know it not, who will remain
Unknown to them it; but it is beautiful;
And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meat,
He would so love it, that in his death hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts:
And therefore, my sweet Mary, this still Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named from You.

VI.
WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season follow'd of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged
With frequent showers of snow. Upon a hill
At a short distance from my Cottage, stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
Of that perennial shade, a cloistered place
Of refuge, with an unnumbeden floor.
Here the bare covert, on the fawnish snow,
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,
The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I loth
To sympathise with vulgar coppice Birds
That, for protection from the nipping blast,
Hither repaired. A single beech-tree grew
Within this grove of firs; and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's nest;
A last year's nest, consciously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that house
Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,
Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,
From the remotest outskirts of the grove—
Some nook where they had made their final stand,
Huddling together from two fears—the fear
Of me and of the storm. Full many an hour
Here did I lose. But in this grove the trees
Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven In such perplexed and intricate array, That vainly did I seek, between their stems, A length of open space, where to and fro My feet might move without concern or care; And, baffled thus, before the storm relaxed, I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and prized, Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess.

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned To clothe the fields with verdure. Other haunts Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April day, By chance retiring from the glare of noon To this forsaken covert, there I found A hoary path-way traced between the trees, And winding on with such an easy line Along a natural opening, that I stood Much wondering how I could have sought in vain For what was now so obvious. To abide, For an allotted interval of ease, Beneath my cottage roof, had newly come From the wild sea a cherished visitant; And with the sight of this same path—began, Begun and ended, in the shady grove, Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind That, to this opportune recess allured, He had surveyed it with a finer eye, A heart more wakeful; and had worn the track By pacing here, unwearied and alone, In that habitual restlessness of foot With which the Sailor measures o'er and o'er His short domain upon the vessel's deck, While she is travelling through the dreary sea.

When thou hast quitted Ethwaite'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, know little in what would Each other's mind's were fashioned; and at length, When once again we met in Grasmere Vale, Between us there was little other bond Than common feelings of fraternal love. But thou, a school-boy to the sea hadst carried Undying recollections; Nature there Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still Was with thee; and even so didst thou become A silent Poet; from the solitude Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart Still courteous, an inevitable ear, And an eye practised like a blind man's touch. —Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone; Nor from this vestige of thy missing hours Could I withhold thy honoured name, and now I love the fir-grove with a perfect love. Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong; And there I sit at evening, when the steep Of Silver-How, and Grasmere's peaceful Lake, And one green Island, gleams between the stems Of the dark firs, a visionary scene! And, while I gaze upon the spectacle Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee, My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost. Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou, Muttering the Vessels 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 sea-like sound, Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know, Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store Of undistinguishable sympathies, Minglest most earnest wishes for the day When we, and others whom we love, shall meet A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

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

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLCORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

The embowering Rose, the Acatia, 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 wood the silent Art with studious pains,— These Groves have heard the Other's pensive strains Devoured 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 days, Some future Poet meditate his lays; Not mindless of that distant age renowned When Inspiration hover'd o'er this ground, The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield In civil combat met on Bosworth Field; And of that famous Youth, full soon removed From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self-approved, Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

II.

IN A GARDEN OF THE SAME.

Ort 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 Mansion and the flowery trim Of this fair Garden, and its allies dim, And all its stately trees, are passed away, This little Niche, unconscious of decay, Perchance may still survive.—And be it known That it was scooped within the living stone,— Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains Of labourer plodding for his daily gains, But by an industry that wrought in love; With help from female hands, that proudly strove 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 URN, PLACED BY HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS.

Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn, Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return; And be not show a stately growth to rear Of Pillars, branching off from year to year, Till they have learned to frame a darksome Aisle;— That may recall to mind that awful Pile Where Reynolds, 'mid our Country's noblest Aisle, In the last sanctuary of fame is laid.
—There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep
Where Death and glory a joint sabbath keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would bold 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 GROTES OF COLETON.

Beneath you eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground,
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn Grace Dixie;
First a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
To honourable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a Steanulet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager Child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,
Sang youthful tides of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the busked Stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish—but the Intelect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

V.
WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE, IN THE WALL
OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE) ON THE ISLAND
AT GRASMERE.

Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proporions more harmonious, and approached
To somewhat of a closer fellowship
With the ideal grace. Yet, as it is,
Do take it in good part:—alas! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City; never, on the leaves
Of red Morocco folio saw displayed
The skeletal and pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn, the rustic Box,
Snug Cot, with Coach-house, Stiel, and Hermitage.
Thou seest a homely Pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His Pinnace, a small vagrant Barge, up-piled
With plentiful store of heath and withered fern,
(A leading which he with his sickle cuts;)
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,
Paunting beneath the burden of their wool,
Lie round him, even as if they were a part
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed
He through that door-place locks toward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, does he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep,
Fair sights—and visions of romantic joy!

VI.
WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE
SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COGS.

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitants
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference, unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
That on the summit wherther thou art bound,
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and distance; lonely task,
Week after week pursued:—To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he pined his studious work
Within that canvas Dwelling, suddenly
The many-coloured map before his eyes
Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

See p. 65.

VII.
WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE
LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED
QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

 Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
Is not a Ruin of the ancient time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn
Of some old British chief: 'tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the Knight forthwith
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.—
The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone
Of the intended Pile, which would have been
Some quaint old plaything of elaborate skill,
So that, I guess, the flint and the thresh,
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 apprentained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised
Entire forgiveness.—But if thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast heen
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 crumble and the rose;
There let the verbal Snow-worn sun himself,
And let the Redbreast hop from stone to stone.
VIII.

INSCRIPTIONS SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR
A HERMIT'S CELL.

1.
Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Tilt the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—In the rocket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride?—A whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—Do not trust her,
Nor the vowels which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a paley-shaken head.

What is truth?—A staff rejected;
Duty!—An unwelcome clog:
Joy?—A moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—A dancing bilow,
(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!

IX.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

2.
Pause, Traveller! whoseoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the feeble straggler's beat;

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,
Upheld a Monument as fair
As Church or Abbey furnished.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble white, like either pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on Earth.

But Frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which fortune builds;
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!

X.

3.
Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Body 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!

XI.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE.

4.
Troubled long with warring notions,
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What availeth the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit tos and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each hill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine Tranquillity!

XII.

5.

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 unbrave Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone
But faith sublimed to ecstacy!
XIII.

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON
ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou knowest what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger: not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left
A Pious-Bourher, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle and thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Most that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he— as our Chronicles report,
Through here the Hermit numbered his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

THE PRIORESS'S TALE.

(from Chaucer.)

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem I have allowed myself no further deviation from the original than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible.

The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as, also and alway, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine 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)

"The name in this large world is spread abroad!
For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!
Thy goodness is set forth, they when they lie
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-dover
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for age,
To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour's dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul's best boot.

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that didst alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory's might,
Conceived was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

"Lady, thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;

But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That 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 unbarked 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 also,
As little children in their childhood do.

"Among these children was a Widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto 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 simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

"This little Child, while in the school he sat
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat
The Alma Redemptoris did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his 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.

"His Schoolfellow, who elder than he,
Answered him thus:—This song, I have heard say
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day.
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got.

"And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother? said this Innocent;
Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be silent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

"His Schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
As they went homeward taught him privily;
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note:
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before said I)
This little Child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jesu's heart unravelled—'O woe,
O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a boy whereto his lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!

"From that day forward have the Jews conspired
Out of the world this Innocent to chase;
And to this end a Homicide they hired,
That in an Alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child 'gan to the School to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whereby 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.

"O Martyr 'established in virginiety!
Now mayest thou sing for aye before the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial,' quoth she,
Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.'

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the School and elsewhere him hath sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

"With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little Son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursed Jews she sought.

"She asketh, and she pitiously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said, Nay; but Jesu of his grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her Son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy baud
By mouths of innocents, lo! here thy might;
This gem of chastity, this earneul,
And eke of Martyrdom this ruby bright.
There, where with wrangled throat he lay upright,
The Alma Redemptoris 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
Came to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the Provost sent;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind:
Which done, he kast that they the Jews should bind.

"This Child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men
To the next Abbey him they bare away;
His Mother swooning by the Bier lay:
And scarcely could the people that were near
Remove 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 wist, and that anon:
Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear.
Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,
And after that he hung them by the law.

"Upon his Bier this Innocent doth lie
Before the Altar while the Mass doth last;
The Abbot with his Convent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
And, when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was the water,
And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the Child began
Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon thee
In virtue of the holy Trinity
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

"'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'
Said this young Child, and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, O Alma! long and clear.

"This well of mercy Jesu's Mother sweet
After my knowledge I have loved alway,
And in the hour when my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
"Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

"Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me,
'My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take:
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake.'

"This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I.

THERE WAS A BOY: ye knew him well, ye Cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him. —And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled;—concourse wild
Of mirth and joyous din! – And, when it chanced
That pause of deep silence mocked his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his Mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the Vale
Where he was born: the grassy Church-yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school;
And, through that Church-yard when my way has led
At evening, I believe, that oftentimes
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute,—looking at the grave in which he lies!

II.

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a mountain Dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!
Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether’s arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.
Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!
And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield;
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 not long since was dealt the cruel blow,
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

III.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air’s space,
As loud far off as near.

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

A NIGHT-PIECE.


The sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracled circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Checking the ground—from rock, plant, tree, or tower
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the passive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
Aamunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives;—how fast they wended away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant;—and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unapproachable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feets,
Which slowly settles into peacefull calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

V.

WATER-FOWL.

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the
evolutions which these visitants sometimes per-
form, 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
Interior to vague, profound,
Their curious pastime! sloping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending;—they approach—I hear their wings
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image;—is themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a rally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

VI.

YEW-TREES.

There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,
Not loth to furnish weapons for the Bands
Of Uniflave or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's Heaths; or those that crossed the Sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crevy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree:—a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pilled shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbra tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With un rejoicing berries, ghostly Shapes
May meet at noon tide—Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose,
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Garamara's lowest caves.

VII.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF
BLACK COMB.

This Height a ministering Angel might select:
For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amallest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—how dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian Hills
To the south-west, a multitudeous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,
The hoary Peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's Stream, to Annun, Tweed, and Clyde:—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic Mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial Station's western base,
Main Ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale:—
And visibly engaging Monn's Isle
That, as we left the Plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty Mount, uplifting slowly
(above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores; but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the Spectator's feet.—Yon azure Ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud! Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's Coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swan
(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 August of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumber-
land. Its base covers a much greater extent of ground
than any other mountain in these parts; and, from its
situation, the summit commands a more extensive view
than any other point in Britain.
VIII.

KUTTING.

—It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days which cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our Cottage-threshold, sauntering forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
Toward the distant woods, a Figure quaint,
Tripped out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal Dame;
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! Among the woods,
And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way
Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
Unvisible, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
A virgin scene—A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, cried;
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played:
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
Perhaps it was a bow'er beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease: and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
crash
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bow'er I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—
Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

IX.

Sun 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 heaunt, 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 concomitance 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 stily, and bright
With something of an angel light.

X.

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A Creature of a fiery heart—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tremulous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent Night;
And steady lines, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful Groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze,
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooded:
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee;
That was the Song—the Song for me!

XI.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;"
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the Fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating Clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bond;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maidens 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.

XII.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees!

XIII.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

When the Brothers reached the gateway,
Eustace pointed with his lance
To the Horn which there was hanging;
Horn of the inheritance.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains, and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had claimed the Lordship
By the proof upon the Horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he,
"What I speak this Horn thall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not:
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back, straightway,
Hubert if alive that day;
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left, in thee!"

"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert;
"As I am thy Father's son,
What thou askest, noble Brother,
With God's favour shall be done."
So were both right well content:
From the Castle forth they went.

And at the head of their Array
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.
Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed)
And where'er their strikes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's lie, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his Castle Hubert sped;
He has nothing now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.
None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
For the sound was heard by no one
Of the proclamation-horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:
Ancient Castle, Woods, and Mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are dumm'd, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living Man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a Postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of;
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a Brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a Convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from Murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honour on his lands.
POEMS

Sons he had, saw Sons of theirs:
And through ages, Heirs of Heirs,
A long postority renowned,
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

XIV.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.
A TRUE STORY.

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

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His checks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling.
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltering village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean
And heary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Damas, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor Woman! housed alone.

'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, ligthouse summer-day,
Then at her door the canty Dame
Would sit, as any lunet gay.

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

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,

She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

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

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

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

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

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"

The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

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

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, "tis plain,
That, live as long as he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
A-bed or up, by night or day;
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill:

XV.

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  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when 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 ascending through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the date,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pall;  
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 eyes.

POWERS 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 oppressed.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,  
So he, where he stands, is a centre of light;  
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—  
What matter? he's caught—and his time runs to waste—  
The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,  
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's in the nest!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;  
The Laos with her narrow wheels ridder 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 din;  
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 Bond;  
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the while  
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his Crutch; like a Tower  
That long has leaned forward, leaning hour after hour:—  
That Mother, whose Spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots! roar on like a stream;  
Here are twenty souls happy as Souls in a dream:  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,  
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

STAR-GAZERS.

What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by;  
A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:  
Long is it as a Barber's Pole, or Mast of little Boat,  
Some little Pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames' waters float.

The Show-man chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy Square;  
And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and fair;  
Calm, though impatient, is the Crowd; each stands ready with the fee,  
Impatient till his moment comes—what an insight must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause? Shall thy Implement have blame,  
A Boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame?  
Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?  
Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is you resplendent Vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?  
Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear?  
The silver moon with all her Vales, and Hills of mightiest fame,  
Doth she betray us when they're seen? or are they but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong  
And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do her wrong?  
Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had  
And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these Spectators rude,  
Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,
Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore
prostrate lie?
No, no, this cannot be—Men thirst for power and ma-
jesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind
employ
Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady
joy,
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward
sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry and
pore
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than
before:
One after One they take their turn, nor have I one es-
pied
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

XIX.
THE HAUNTED TREE.

To:

Those silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less
To overshadow than multiply his beams
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our human sense
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismounted Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as o'er for earthly use
Was fashioned; whether by the hand of Art,
That Eastern Sultan, amid flowers envrought
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of penting Wood-nymph, weary'd by the chase.
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual Creature of the groves,
Approach—and, thus invited, crowned with rest
The noon-tide hour:—though truly some there are
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound
(Above the general roar of woods and crags)
Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note!
As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)
The Hamadryad, peat within, bewailed
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,
By ruder fancy, that a troubled Ghost
Haunts this old Trunk; lamenting deeds of which
The flowery ground is conscious. But no wind
Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
Not even a zephyr stirs;—the obnoxious Tree
Is mute,—and, in his silence, would look down,
O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
On thy reclining form with more delight
Than his Coevals, in the sheltered vale
Seem to participate, the whilst they view
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads
Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
That, for a brief space, checks the hurried stream!

XX.
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—ann-naan:
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!

XXI.
GIPSYES.

Yet are they here the same unbroken knot
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
Men, Women, Children, yea the frame
Of the whole Spectacle the same!

Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
Now deep and red, the colouring of night;
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.

—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone
while I
Have been a Traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!

The weary Sun betook himself to rest.
—Then issued Vesper from the folgent 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,
(Blf by nature transient) than such torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprove.
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
In scorn I speak not;—they are what their birth
And breeding suffers them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!

XXII.
BEGGARS.

Before my eyes a Wanderer stood;
Her face from summer's noon-day heat
Nor bonnet shaded, nor the hood
Of that blue cloak which to her feet
Depended with a graceful flow;
Only she wore 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 head those ancient Amazonian files;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian Isles.

She begged an alms; no scraped checked
The current of her ready plea,
Words that could challenge no respect
But from a blind credulity;
And yet a boon I gave her; for the Creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature!
I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me didst expiry
A pair of little Boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the
land.

The Other wore a rimless crown
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both followed up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet they, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might fly
Precursors of Aurora's Car,
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had ams of mine."
"That cannot be," one answered—"she is dead!"
I looked reproof—they saw—but neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
"Sweet Boys! Heaven hears that rash reply;
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! come!" cried one, and without more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew!


XXIV.

RUTH.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted Child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughts free from all bold.

And she had made a Pipe of straw,
And from that eaten pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a Bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An Infant of the woods.

Beneath her Father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the long-day long,
She grew to Woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
A military Casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant, crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung;
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From Battle and from Jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
—While he was yet a Boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear.
Such tales as told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
. To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the Magnolia,* spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues;† and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green Savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

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

"What days and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
Pond thoughts about a Father's love:
"For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!"

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.
The wakful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife."
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green Savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Striding, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vibrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The benificent forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and deceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead.
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When first, in confidence and pride,
I crossed the Atlantic Main.

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

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

Full soon that purer mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one;—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.
Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

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

Yet, sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor want, nor rain; nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell;
And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone, 
There did she rest; and dwell alone
Under the Greenwood tree.

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

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

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

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

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

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned
A young and happy Child!

*The Tone is a River of Somersetshire, at no great distance from the Quantock Hills. These Hills, which are alluded to in a few Stanzas below, are extremely beautiful, and in most places richly covered with coppice woods.

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall be buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

—

XXV.

LAODAMIA.

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

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

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—tis He!
And a God lends him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
Again that consuption she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp;
As often as that eager grasp was made;
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protestabas, la! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the Vision with thy voice:
This is our Palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed
This precious boon,—and blest a sad Abode."

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

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

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

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restored thee, hath decreed
That thou should'st cheat the malice of the grave;
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enrich'd Thessalian air.

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parce threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
Those raptures duty—Zebusus disdain'd:
Calm pleasures there abide—unlivable pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not un governed love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the Tomb
Acestis, a reanimated Cerce,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Jason stood a Youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow!—" Peace!" he said—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unweigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursu'd;

Of all that is most beauteous—imag'd there
In happier beauty; more pelucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields investing with purpureal gleams;
Climbs which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

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

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes
(Each Hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay encamped.

The wished-for wind was given.—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea:
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost pro in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan and.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—
flowers;

My new-planned Cities, and unfinished Towers.
But should suspense prevent the Foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!"

In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties thus recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathis'd;
Be thy affections raised and solemnis'd.

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

A loud she shriek'd! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—visit:
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay:

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

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and overthrown
Are mourn'd by man, and not by man alone,
As sad he believes.—'Opon thee
Of Hellepont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she di'd;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilissus' walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits wither'd at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight."

THE TRIAD.

Snow me the noblest Youth of present time,
Whose trembling fancy would to love give birth;
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully.

I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—longing lacks not neither power
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower;

* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Natural History, Lh. xvi. cap. 44; and for the features in the character of Prometheus (page 45) see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

—His Laodamia.

It Comes.—
Mere Mortalsbolded forth in vision still,  
Shall with Mount Ida’s triple lustre fill  
The chaster coverts of a British hill.

“Appear!—obey my lyre’s command!  
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!  
For ye, though not by birth allied,  
Are Sisters in the bond of love;  
And not the boldest tongue of envious pride  
In you those interweavings could reprove  
Which They, the progeny of Jove,  
Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide  
In endless union earth and sea above.”—  
—I speak in vain,— the pines have hushed their wa-  
v—ing:  
A peerless Youth expectant at my side,  
Breatheless as they, with unabated craving  
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;  
And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,  
Asks of the clouds what Occupants they hide:  
But why solicit more than sight could bear,  
By casting on a moment all we dare?  
Invoke we those bright Belugas one by one,  
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.

“Fear not this constraining measure!  
Drawn by a poetic spell,  
Lucidat from domes of pleasure,  
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,  
Come to regions solitary,  
Where the eagle builds her aery,  
Above the hermit’s long-forsaken cell!”—  
—She comes!—behold  
That Figure, like a ship with silver sail!  
Nearer she draws—a breeze uplifts her veil—  
Upon her coming wait  
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale  
As ever, on herbage covering earthy mould,  
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold  
His richest splendour, when its veering gait  
And every motion of his starry train  
Seem governed by a strain  
Of music, audible to him alone.—  
O Lady, worthy of earth’s proudest throne!  
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit  
Beside an unambitious heart to sit  
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;  
What living man could fear  
The worst of Fortune’s malice, wet thou near,  
Humbling that lily stem, thy sceptre meek,  
That its fair flowers may blush from off his cheek  
The too, too happy tear?  
—Queen and handmaid lowly!  
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,  
And banish melancholy  
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;  
O thou, against whose lip, without its smile,  
And in its silence even, no heart is proof;  
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile  
The safest Nurturing of a gorgeous palace  
To the bare life beareth the hawthorn roof  
Of Sherwood’s archer, or in caves of Wallace—  
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content  
His soul with but a glimpse of heavenly day?  
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay  
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent  
To take thee in thy Majesty away?  
—Pass onward (even the glancing deer  
Till we depart intrude not here;)  
That mossy slope, o’er which the woodbine throws  
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!  
Glad moment is it when the throng  
Of warblers in full concert strong  
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout  
The lagging shower, and force coy Phoebus out,  
Met by the rainbow’s form divine,  
Issuing from her cloudy shrine:—  
So may the thrillings of the lyre  
Prevail to further our desire.

While to these shades a Nymph I call,  
The youngest of the lovely Three.—  
"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,  
Submissive to the might of verse,  
By none more deeply felt than thee!"  
—1 sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal  
She hastens to the tents  
Of nature, and the lovely elements.  
Air sparkles round her with a dazzling sheen,  
And mark her glowing cheek, her ventre bright!  
And, as if wishful to dism  
Or to repay the potent charm,  
She bears the stringed lute of old romance,  
That cheered the trellised arbour’s privacy,  
And soothes war-wearied knights in rafterd hall.  
How light her air! how delicate her glee:  
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;  
So, truant in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!  
But the ringlets of that head  
Why are they ungarlanded?  
Why bedeck her temples less  
Than the simplest shepherdess?  
Is it not a brow inviting  
Choicest flowers that ever breathed,  
Which the myrtle would delight in  
With Italian rose enwreathed?  
But her humility is well content  
With one wild floweret (call it not forlorn)  
FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn;  
Yet is it more for love than ornament.

Open, ye thickets! let her fly,  
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o’er field and height!  
For She, to all but those who love Her shy,  
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger’s sight;  
Though where she is beloved, and loves, as free  
As bird that rives 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 dewy rays;  
A face o’er which a thousand shadowy 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 birth-place in the rocky cleft  
She bends) at leisure may be seen  
Features to old ideal grace allied,  
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—  
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth,  
The bland composure of eternal youth;  
What more changeful than the sea?  
But over his great tides  
Fidelity preserves;  
And this light hearted Maiden constant is as he.—  
High is her aim as heaven above,  
And wide as ether her good-will,  
And, like the lowly reed, her love  
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill;  
Insight as keen as frosty star  
Is to her charity no bar,  
Nor interrupts her frolic graces  
When she is, far from these wild places,  
Encircled by familiar faces.  
O the charm that manners draw,  
Nature, from thy genuine law!  
If from what her hand would do,  
Her voice would utter, there ensue  
Aught unkind or unif;  
She, in benign affections pure,  
In self-forgetfulness secure,
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely Baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But, safe, as in a cradle, here,
My lovely Baby! thou shalt be:
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy:
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little Boy,
My little Boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

Suck, little Babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, Baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree;
It comes to cool my Babe and me.

Oh! love me, love me, little Boy!
Thou art thy Mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The Babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie, for blest am I;
Without me my sweet Babe would die.

Then do not fear, my Boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed;
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead.
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

Thy Father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet Baby, there to rest;
'Tis all thine own,—and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view;
'Tis fair enough for thee, my love!
My beauty, little Child, is blown,
But thou wilt live with me in love;
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy Father's wedded Wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet Boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my Babe can take,
But he, poor Man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

I'll teach my Boy the sweetest things;
I'll teach him how the 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.

"Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear Mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried:
I've sought thy Father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade,
I know the earth-nuts fit for food;
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

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**XXVII.**

**RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.**

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The Hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the Hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a Boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy!

But, as it sometimes chancedeth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our delusion do we sink as low;
Doth that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
Could name.

I heard the Sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I betoodh 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—
Solicitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

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 comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with those untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a Pool bare to the eye of Heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest Man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.
As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endured with sense:
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;
Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent down, his feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage:
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast,
Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Molossous as a Cloud the Old-man stood;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond
Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly 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, to 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 lonesome place for one like you."
He answered, while a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.
His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest—
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.
He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather Lecches, being old and poor;
Employment hazardous and wearisome;
And he had many hardships to endure:
From pond to pond he wand'red, 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 kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew.

"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"
He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said, that, gathering Lecches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet.
The waters of the Ponts where they abide,
"Once I could meet with them on every side
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old-man's shape, and speech, all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weedy moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.
And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeannour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Lecch-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

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**XXVIII.**

**THE THORN.**

"There is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no thorny points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens it is overgrown.
Like rock or stone; it is o'ergrown,
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy creep,
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they were bent
To plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground;
And all had joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor Thorn for ever.
High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where o'er the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left esp'y;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy Pond
Of water—never dry,
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.
And, close beside this aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a Hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;
And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.
Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.  

They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,  
And there was often seen.  
Aside! her lumentant state  
Even to a careless eye was plain;  
She was with child, and she was mad;  
Yet often she was sober sad  
From her exceeding pain.  
O guilty Father—would that death  
Had saved him from that breach of faith!  
Sad case for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child!  
Sad case, as you may think, for one  
Who had a brain so wild!  
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
And 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.  
More know I not, I wish I did,  
And it should all be told to you;  
For what became of this poor Child  
No Mortal ever knew;  
Nay—if a Child to her was born  
No earthly tongue could ever tell;  
And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
Far less could this with proof be said;  
But some remember well,  
That Martha Ray about this time  
Would up the mountain often climb.  
And all that winter, when at night  
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,  
The churchyard path to seek:  
For many a time and oft were heard  
Cries coming from the mountain-head:  
Some plainly living voices were;  
And others, I've heard many swear,  
Were voices of the dead:  
I cannot think, what'er they say,  
They had to do with Martha Ray.  
But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
The Thorn which I described to you,  
And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
I will be sworn is true.  
For one day with my telescope,  
To view the ocean wide and bright,  
When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
I climbed the mountain's height:  
A storm came on, and I could see  
No object higher than my knee.  
'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain;  
No screen, no fence could I discover;  
And then the wind! in faith, it was  
A wind full ten times over.  
I looked around, I thought I saw  
A jutting crag—and off I ran,  
Head foremost, through the driving rain,  
The shelter of the crag to gain;  
And, as I am a man  
Instead of jutting crag, I found  
A Woman seated on the ground.  
I did not speak—I saw her face;  
Her face!—it was enough for me;  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!'  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through half the clear blue sky will go;  
And, when the little breezes make  
The waters of the Pond to shake,  
As all the country know,  
She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!'"  

"But what's the Thorn? and what the Pond?  
And what the Hill of moss to her?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little Pond so stir?"  
"I cannot tell; but some will say  
She hanged her Baby on the tree;  
Some say she drowned it in the Pond,  
Which is a little step beyond:  
But all and each agree,  
The little Babe was buried there,  
Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.  
I've heard, the moss is spotted red  
With drops of that poor infant's blood;  
But kill a new-born infant thus,  
I do not think she could!  
Some say, if to the pond you go,  
And fix on it a steady view,  
The shadow of a babe you trace,  
A baby and a baby's face,  
And that it looks at you;  
Where'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
The baby looks at you again.  
And some had sworn an oath that she  
Should be to public justice brought;  
And for the little Infant's bones  
With spades they would have sought.  
But then the beauteous Hill of moss  
Before their eyes began to stir!  
And, for full fifty yards around,  
The grass—it shook upon the ground!  
Yet all did still aver  
The little Babe is buried there,  
Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.  
I cannot tell how this may be:  
But plain it is, the Thorn is bound  
With heavy tufts of moss that strive  
To drag it to the ground;  
And this I know, full many a time,  
When she was on the mountain high,  
By day, and in the silent night,  
When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
That I have heard her cry,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!  
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"  

XXIX.  

HART-LEAP WELL.  

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.  

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud;  
He turned aside towards a Vassal's door,  
And "Bring another horse!" he cried aloud.  

"Another Horse!"—That shout the Vassal heard  
And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;  
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third  
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.
The joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes;
The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar:
But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight halted, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The Dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throne, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This Chase it looks not like an earthy Chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

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

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

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small Arbour, made for rural joy;
'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

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

And, gallant Stage! to make thy praises known,
Another monument shall here be raised:
Three severall Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
I will come hither with my Paramour;
And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail
My Mansion with its Arbour shall endure;—
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure.

Then home he went, and left the Hunt, stone-dead
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring:
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said
And far and wide the flame thereof did ring.
Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,
A Cup of stone received the living Well;
Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
And built a House of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

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

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

PART SECOND.

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

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

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

The trees were 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 facies 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 cursed.

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beechers, others oaks;
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,
POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain have past?
Even from the topmost Stone, upon the Steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—
—O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by the Fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier Hollow never shone;
So well he be, as I have often told,
Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain, all are gone.

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

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

XXX.

SONG.

AT THE FEAST OF BROCHGILL CASTLE.*

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Horn in the breathless Halt the Minstral sate,
And Emoust's murmur mingled with the Song—

The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal Strain that hath been silent long.

"From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower.
Her thirty years of Winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both Roses flourish, Red and White.
In love and beauty might
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.
—Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the Flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
ther so bad as represented; "If for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (say the Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke,) who was fancifully 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 of King Edward the Third, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance between his Children, see Austin Vinctus, in his Book of Reliquiae, page 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading Monarch 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 Pembroke was entitled to mercy from his youth. But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York; so that after the Battle of Towton, there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lanecot Threlkild) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to parliament, he behaved well with his Laws, and was of the great ornaments of the House." He was next a Member of the Commons, and it is said, that in his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffs had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than thirty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the looks of Isaiah, who had written, 'They shall forget the law, they shall not observe the statutes, they shall not sit in judgment, they shall corrupt the judgment of the rest of the earth.' Yet how fearfully the inscriptions, sunk deep in the bases of the towers, threaten the reader:—"And they shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt call the repairing of the breach, the remembrance of years to dwell in.″ The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestor, 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."
From every corner of the Hall;
But, chiefly from above the Board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored:

"They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood."* St. George was for us, and the might of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful North:
Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring,
Our Streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our Strong-abordes and Castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

"How glad is Skipston at this hour—
Though she is but a lonely Tower!
To vacancy and silence left;
Of all her guardian sons bereft—
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page or Groom:—
We have them at the feast of Brough’m.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble Stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden’s course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Emont’s side,
This day distinguished without peer
To see her Blaster and to cheer—
Him, and his Lady Mother dear!

"Oh! it was a time forlorn—
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a Man in sight—
Yonder is a House—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the Caves, and to the Brooks,
To the Clouds of Heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!

"Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock’s side, a Shepherd Boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who bitter came,
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O’er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor Man’s bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady’s words, when forced away
The last she to her Babe did say,
My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest

* This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony; and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers’s Collection of English Poets.

I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly Shepherd’s life is best!"

"Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale’s Groves,
And leave Blencathara’s rugged Coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin’s lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threhold praise!
Hear it, good Man, old in days!
Thou Tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

"A recranted 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 and again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a Flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne’er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the Shepherd-grooms no Mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state?
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways;
And comforted his private days.
To his side the Fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The Eagle, Lord of land and sea,
Stood down to pay him fealty:
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him;
The Fair were servants of his eye
In their immortality:
They moved about in open sight,
To and fro, for his delight.
He knew the Rocks which Angels haunt
On the Mountains visitor;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And the Caves where Fairies sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the Heavens his eye can see
Face of thing that is to be;
And, if Men report him right,
He could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his Crook,
And hath buried deep his Book;
Armour rusting in his Halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:
Quell the Scot," exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—

* 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 Threlkold—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddle-bacK.

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that those sides several others who perished in the same manner, he four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken, all died in the Field.
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groom thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and harnessed, with lance and sword,
To his Ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the Flock of War!"

Alas! the fervent Harper did not know
That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor Men lie;
His daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottage heard;
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The Good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

XXXI.
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 soant;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures?
Slaves of Folly, Love or Strife,
Voices of two different Natures?

Have not We two?—yes, we have Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware,—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are.

XXXII.
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:

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring Warbler! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All indepen cent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never mourn;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

XXXIII.
It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown,
And is descending on his embassy;
Nor Traveller gone from Earth the Heavens to esp'y!
'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,
First admonition that the sun is down,
For yet it is broad daylight: clouds pass by;
A few are near him still—and now the sky,
He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.

O most ambitious Star! thy Presence brought
A startling recollection to my mind
Of the distinguished few among mankind,
Who dare to step beyond their natural race,
As thou seemst now to do:—nor was a thought Denied—that even I might one day trace
Some ground not mine; and, strong her strength above
My Soul, and Apparition in the place,
Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove!

XXXIV.

FRENCH REVOLUTION,
AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.* REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the Auxiliars, which then stood
Upon our side, who were strong in love!
Bills was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance!

When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name:
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which 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 wako
To happiness unthought of? Th e inert
Were roused, and lively Natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtility 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 Utopia, subterranean Fields,
Or some secreted Island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

* This, and the Extract, page 6, and the first Piece of this Class, are from the unpublished Poem of which some account is given in the Preface to the EXCERPT.
XXXV.

O DE.

THE PASS OF FIRESTONE.

1.
Within the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
As I pass along the walk
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind;
Nor hint of man, if stone or rock
Seemed not his handy-work to mock
By something cegovizably shaped;
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewed,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Alters for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worn to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or horsey tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be raised;
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 to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
Lawnes, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shield;
Wages of folly—boots of crime—
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eye awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time:
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

3.
List to these thrilling notes—that march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed:
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and you, whose Church like frame
Gives to the savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Read! that lovet't to hide
Thy daring in a vaporous bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my Guide:
And I (as often we find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And we have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of Constraint;
Whence oft invigorating flows
That Choice lacked courage tobestow!

4.
My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Tati pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears, and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can be guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured Plain,
Carols like a shepherd Boy;
And who is she?—Can that be Joy?
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wick'd dare,
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion fair!"

XXXVI.

EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

1.
Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And exactly one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is?—sh no, but what can be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vesper in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audible repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

2.
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 potence
Of beauty radiance, that imbues
Whatever it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine:
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

3.
And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
You hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
—Wings at my shoulder seem to play;*
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
Their practicable way.

Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some Traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii: to his covert speed;
And wake him with thy gentle head
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Restored on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial urn
Were wont to stream before my eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From thee if I would swerve,
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Purl 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;
—"Thy past, the visionary splendour fades;
And night approaches with her shades.

Note.—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, de-
scribed, at the commencement of the third Stanza of this ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Hea-
ven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny base;—in the present instance, by the latter cause.
Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intrusions of Immor-
tality," at the conclusion of the fourth volume, per-
vade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

***

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

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur;—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and corpses, nor disturb

* In these lines I am under obligation to the ex-
quise picture of Jacob's Dream, by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public ac-
knowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.
† The river is not affected by the tides a few miles
above Tintern.

The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farns,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notion, as might seem
Of vagrant Dwellers in the homeless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These heautious Forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the benthon of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, are we 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 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wandrer through the woods, how
often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasant thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lovely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The common pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,*
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perceiving,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; "tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgements, nor the snarcs of selfish men,
Nor greetings where so kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild essences shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearyed in that service: rather say
With warmer love; oh! with far deeper zeal
Of tender 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!

* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What's in a Name?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. P. L.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to
to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Mæssayate state, nearly survived its minorify—for it
first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this
long interval, pains have been taken at different times
to make the production less unworthy of a favorable
reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling permanently
a station, however humble, in the Literature of my Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my
endeavours in Poetry, which, you know, have been
sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not
tightly 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 impuis.

The Poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show,
was composed under a belief that the Imagination not
only does not require for its exercise the intervention
of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency
be excluded, the Faculty may be called forth as
imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by
incidents, within the compass of poetical probability, in
the humblest departments of daily life. Since that
Poem 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 pro-
vince of the art, the following Tale, whether from
contrast or congruity, is not an unappropriate offering.
Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate
admiration from one with whose name yours has been
often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for
good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that
life and health may be granted you to complete the
many important works in which you are engaged, and
with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

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

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

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring;
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger fills your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire—
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distressed,
Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail 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?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the Bull—
We pry among them all—have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them;
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them!

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth;
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I've left my heart at home.

And there it is, the matchless Earth!
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!
Old Andes thrusts you craggy spear
Through the grey clouds—the Alpks are here,
Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
That silver thread the river Duleper—
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!
Around those happy fields we span
In boyish gambols—I was lost
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never,—
How tunefully the forests ring!
To hear the earth's soft murmuring
Thus could I lingers for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,
"Was ever such a homesick Loon,
Within a living Boat to sit,
And make no better use of it,—
A Boat twin-ister of the crescent moon!

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
Fluttered so faint a heart before—
Was it the music of the spheres
That overpowered your mortal ears?
—Such din shall trouble them no more.

These nether precincts do not lack
Charms of their own;—then come with me—
I want a Comrade, and for you
There's nothing that I would not do;
Nought is there that you shall not see.

Haste! and above Siberian snows
We'll sport amid the boreal morning,
Will mingle with her lustres, gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool,—though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Fairy,
Among the lovely shades of things;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and lades fair,
The shades of palaces and kings!

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore!"

"My little fragrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces—then adieu!

Temptation lurks among your words;
But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
Without impediment or let,
My radiant Pinnacle, you forget
What on the earth is doing.

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

Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)
Take with you some ambitious Youth;
For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lovely way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
To stir—to soothe—or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty fear?
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.
But grant my wishes,—let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippoegriff,
And be thy own delight!

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

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

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

Off flew his sparkling boat in scorn,
Spurning her freight with indignation!
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, t'w'rd my stone-table
Limped on with some vexation.

"O, here he is!" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden door,
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—
Be thankful we again have met;—
Resume, my Friends! within the shade
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised tale.

PART FIRST.

All by the moonlight river side
Grown the poor Beast—alas! in vain
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weight
As Peter struck—and struck again.

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

"A Potter, Sir, he was by trade,"
Said I, becoming quite collected;
"And wheresoe'er he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.

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

* In the dialect of the North, a hawkew of earthenware is thus designated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vermal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart,—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky:

On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all
He had a dozen wedded wives.
Nay, start not—wedded wives—and twive!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Hath Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That ruts along the hawthorn fence;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his acres and cows;
And half, by knitting of his brow;
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

One night, (and now my little Bess!) We've reached at last the promised Vale:;) One beautiful November night, When the full moon was shining bright Upon the rapid river Swale,
Along the river's windling banks Peter was travelling all alone:— Whether to buy or sell, or led By pleasure running in his head, To me was never known.
He trudged along through cope and brake, He trudged along o'er hill and dale; Nor for the moon cared he a tittle, And for the stars he cared as little, And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to esp'y a path That promised in cut short the way; As many a wiser man hath done, He left a trusty guide for one That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought Where cheerfully his course he weaves, And whistling loud may yet be heard, Though often buried, like a bird, Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed, And on he drives with cheeks that burn:

In downright fury and in wrath— There's little sign the treacherous path Will to the road return:
The path grows dim, and dimmer still; Now up—now down—the Rover wanders, 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, Many and black, before him lay; But through the dark, and through the cold, And through the yawning fissures old, Did Peter boldly press his way
Right through the quarry—and behold A scene of soft and lovely hue! Where blue and 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 ground; But field or meadow name it not; Call it of earth a small green plot, With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks, But he flowed quiet and unseen;— You need a strong and stormy gale To bring the noises of the Swale To that green spot, so calm and green!

And is there no one dwelling here, No hermit with his beads and glass! And does no little cottage look Upon this soft and fertile nook? Does no one live near this green grass?

Across the deep and quiet spot Is Peter driving through the grass— And now he is among the trees; When, turning round his head, he sees A solitary Ass.

"A prize," cried Peter, stepping back To spy about him far and near; There's not a single house in sight, No woodman's hut, no cottage light— Peter, you need not fear! There's nothing to be seen but woods, And rocks that spread a hoary gleam, And this one beast, that from the bed Of the green meadow hangs his head Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound; The halter seizing, Peter leapt Upon the Creature's back, and plied With ready heel his shaggy side; But still the Ass his station kept.

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

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk, A jerk that from a dungeon floor Would have pulled up an iron ring; But still the heavy-headed Thing Stood just as he had stood before!

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat, "There is some plot against me laid;" Once more the little meadow ground And all the hoary cliffs around He cautiously surveyed.
All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near!
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here!
Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

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

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

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

Upon the breast the sapling rings,—
His tank side’s heaved, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan—and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

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

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay:—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter’s tongue;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death—
And Peter’s lips with fury quiver—
Quoth he, “You little mulish dog,
I’ll fling your carcass like a log
Head foremost down the river!”

An impious oath confirmed the threat:
That instant, while outstretched he lay,
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A loud and pitious bray!

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by daemoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.—

Among the rocks and winding crags—
Among the mountains far away—
Once more the Ass did lengthen out

More ruefully an endless shout,
The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray!

What is there now in Peter’s heart!
Or whence the might of this strange sound?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter’s hand the sapling dropped!
Threat has he none to execute—
“If any one should come and see
That I am here, they’ll think,” quoth he,
“I’m helping this poor dying brute.”

He scans the Ass from limb to limb;
And Peter now uplifts his eyes;
Steady the moon doth look, and clear,
And like themselves the rocks appear,
And quiet are the skies.

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

Is it the moon’s distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it the gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?
Or imp from witch’s lap let fall?
Or a gay ring of shining fairies,
Such as pursue their brisk vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Or in his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yeild
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look;
Like one intent upon a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Foe!
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles—and whitens in the moon:

He looks—he ponders—looks again;
He sees a motion—hears a groan;—
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And drops, a senseless weight, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND.

We left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;
The Ass is by the river side,
And, where the feeble moonbeams glider,
Upon the stream the moonbeams glimmer.

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

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

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glossy 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 stinging bones all shake with joy—
And close by Peter's side he stands;
While Peter o'er the river bends,
The little Ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes—
Such life is in his limbs and ears—
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The veriest coward ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again;
And whom the poor Ass had lost,
The Man who had been four days dead,
Head foremost from the river's bed
Uprises—like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter pass
Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

The mcague Shadow all this while—
What aim is his? what is he doing?
His sudden fit of joy is flown—
He on his knees hath laid him down,
As if he were his grief renewing.

But no—his purpose and his wish
The Suppliant shows, well as he can;
Thought Peter, when he had betide,
I'll go, and he my way will guide
To the cottage of the drowned man.

This hoping, Peter boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away,
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past;
A sweeter meadow never was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast.

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart;
The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is reached—but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turned aside,
And takes his way towards the south:

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

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

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

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

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

Holding a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps—
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
What seeks the boy?—the silent dead—

His father!—Him doth he require,
Whom he hath sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees,
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distrest
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous mourn.

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible;

But Peter, when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable noise to chase,
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befel.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still,
And now at last it dies away!

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footstep true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along a narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern.
The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
And castles all with ivy green!

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

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

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

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

When Peter spies the withered leaf,
It yields no care to his distress;
"Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness!"

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan—
Ha! why this comfortless despair?
He knows not how the blood comes there,
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Creature's head;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled;

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass!
And once again those darings pains,
As meteors shoot through heaven's wide plains,
Pass through his bosom—and repass!

PART THIRD.

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room;

Bending as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pleasant book,

When sudden blackness overspread

The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again;
—The light had left the good man's taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A word—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, full plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light!

Out of the bottom of his heart,

I know you, potent Spirit! well,
How, with the feeling and the sense
Playing, ye govern foes or friends,
Yoked to your will, for fearful ends—

And this I speak in reverence!

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well,
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence I have often felt,
In darkness and the stormy night;
And well I know, it 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 word which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell?

—O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labour might prevent!
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument.

I've played and danced with my narration—
I loitered long ere I began:
Ye waited then on my good pleasure,—
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can!

Our travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;
And Peter many tricks is trying
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;
And finding that he can account
So clearly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet," quoth he,
"This poor man never, but for me,
Could have had Christian burial."
And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,
That here hath been some wicked dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds—
Whose cunning eye can see the wind—
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head—and grinned.

Appalling process!—I have marked
The like on heath—in lonely wood,
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous—yet
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed—
When, to confound his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road,
Rolled audibly—'tis swept along—
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!
'Twas by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

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

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

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

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

Deep-sighing as he passed along,
Quoth Peter, "In the shire of Fife,
"Mid such a ruin, following still
"From land to land a lawless will,
"I married my sixth wife!"

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found:—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
And a confusing darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,

But a few hours ago had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.
Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild:
A lonely house her dwelling was,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life;
For he, with tongue not used to fakir,
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 sufforn;
From Scripture she a name did borrow;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurp, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play);
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway:

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
"My mother! oh my mother!"

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
So grievous is his heart's contrition;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision:
Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence betrayed;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Is from that tabernacle—List!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!
"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
While yet ye may find mercy;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,
Towards a gate in open view,
Turns up a narrow lane; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed,
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
No ghost more softly ever trod;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Had gone two hundred yards, not more;
When to a lonely house he came;
He turned aside towards the same,
And stopped before the door.

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

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hope some tidings there to gather;—
No glimpse, it is—no doubtful gleam—
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
"My father! here's my father!"

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright:
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;

At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.
As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused;
But, though to such demands unused
And helpless almost as the blind,
He raised her up; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at ease—
For he is dead—I know it well!"
—At this she wept a bitter flood;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death—
His voice is weak with perturbation—
He turns aside his head—he pauses;
Poor Peter from a thousand causes;
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow ground;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that lost river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Sufferer cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
She calls the poor Ass by his name;
And wings, and winging her hands.

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

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

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

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

Away goes a Rachel weeping loud:—
An Infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
"Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,  
And up the cottage stairs she hies,  
And to the pillow gives her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside  
Into a shade of darksome trees,  
Where he sits down, he know's not how,  
With his hands pressed against his brow,  
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit  
Until no sign of life he makes,  
As if his mind were sinking deep  
Through years that have been long asleep!  
The trance is past—away he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass  
Yet standing in the clear moonshine;  
"When shall I be as good as thou?"  
"Oh, would, poor beast, that I had now  
A heart but half as good as thine!"

—but He—who deviously hath sought  
His Father through the lonesome woods,  
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear  
Of night his inward grief and fear—  
He comes—escaped from fields and floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—  
He sees the Ass—and nothing living  
Had ever such a fit of joy

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

PART FIRST.

I.

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 wanting air;  
Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,  
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
Which for the loss of that moist gem alone  
That tempted first to gather it. O chief  
Of Friends! such feelings if I here present,  
Such thoughts, with others mixed less fortunate;  
Then smile into my heart a fond belief  
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
Receivest the gift for more than mild content!

II.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
And Hermits are contented with their cells;  
And Students with their pensive citadels:  
Maids at the wheel, the Weaver at his boon,  
Sit bittie and happy; Bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest Peak of furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,  
In sunry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

III.—WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.  
The Kine are couched upon the dewy grass;  
As hath this little orphan Boy,  
For he has no misgiving!

Towards the gentle Ass he springs,  
And up about his neck he clings;  
In loving words he talks to him,  
The 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 rightful 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 shrub of Leming-Lane,  
Help by his labour to maintain  
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,  
And, after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.

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

IV.—ADMONITION.

Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who  
may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful  
Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!  
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,  
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!  
But covet not the Abode;—forbear to sigh,  
As many do, repining while they look;  
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book  
This precious leaf, with harsh impertiety,  
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,  
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Rooft, window, door.  
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
The roses to the Porch which they entwine:  
Yea, all, that now enchant thee, from the day  
On which it should be touched, would melt, and melt away.

V.

"BElOVED Vale!" I said, "when I shall con  
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my peers
Will press me down: to think of what is gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one."
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost,
I stood of simple shame the blushing Thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small.
A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

VI.
Pelion and Oss flourished side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetical radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muse's glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is fairer far; he shouds
His double front from among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

VII.
There is a little unperturbning Rill
Of limpid water, babbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name,—It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its swallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scantly Stream is brought
Often than Ganzees or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still:
Months perish with their moons; year treads on year;
But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they,
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

VIII.
Her only Pilot the soft breeze, the Boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along; regardless who shall chide
If the Heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial care. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded, this small Bark with you
And others of your kind, Ideal Crew?
While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood; no Goddess from above,
No Reeting Spirit, but my own true Love?

IX.
The fairest, brightest hues of other fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture* the Genius played

* See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.

In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high
He who stood visible to Mirzah's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
From which I have been lifted on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

X.—UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,
PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.
Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon Cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
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! which Morning, Noon-tide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

XI.
"Why, Minstrel, these untuneeful murmurs—
Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar!"
"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
From its own Country, and forget the strings."
A simple Answer: but even so forth springs,
From the austral fountain of the heart,
The Poetry of Life, and all that Art
Divine of words quickening insensate Things.
From the submissive necks of guileless Men
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils;
Sun, Moon, and Stars, all struggle in the toils
Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then
If the poor Harp disconsol'd music yields
To its sad Lord, far from his native Fields?

XII.
Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my sight;
When I step forth to hail the morning light;
Or quit the stars with lingering farewell—how
Shall Fancy paint to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest
By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers, and catch a gleam
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die!

XIII.—TO SLEEP.
O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
A Captive never wishing to be free.
This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me
A Fly, that up and down himself doth above
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above,
Now on the water, vexed with mockery.
i have no path that calls for patience, no;  
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:  
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:  
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,  
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

XXVII.—TO THE POET, JOHN Dyer.

Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip bank and shady willow-tree,  
And the fresh mends; where flowed, from every nook  
Of his full bosom, gladness! Piety!

BARD OF THE FLEECE, whose skilful genius made  
That work a living landscape fair and bright;  
Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
Than those soft scenes through which thy Childhood strayed,

Dame of thine, with thy head ungraced,  
Yet pure and powerful minds, hortis meek and still,  
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,  
Long as the Shepherd's blunting flock shall stray  
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;  
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS. 97

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

While flowing Rivers yield a blameless sport,  
Shall live the name of Walton!—Sage benign!  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverend watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine—  
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pantime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawfoot brook!

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;  
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie  
Sleenless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,

DEAR mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

XV. —TO SLEEP.

A young, as he might be called, "Tetrachordon."  
A Book came forth of late, called "Peter Bell;"  
Not negligent the style;—the matter?—good  
As sought that song records of Robina Hood;  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell:

But some (who brook these hackneyed themes full well,  
Nor heat, at Tom O'Shanter's name, their blood)  
Waxed wroth, and with foul clavv's, a harpy brood,  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,  
Who madest at length the better life thy choice,  
Heed not such onst! may, 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!

XX.—TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream:  
Thou, near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,  
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
Where thy deep voice could lull me!—Faint the beam  
Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
On mortal notice.—Glory of the Vale,  
Such thy meek outset, with a crown though frail  
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wrath entwined  
Nemesian Victor's brow; less bright was worn,  
Medc of some Roman Chief—in triumph borne  
With captives chained; and shedding from his car  
The sunset splendours of a finished war,  
Upon the proud enslave of mankind!

XXI.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND,  
ON EASTER SUNDAY.

With each recurrence of this glorious morn  
That saw the Saviour in his human frame  
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame  
Put on fresh raincoat—till that hour unvorn:  
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,  
And she who span it curled the damnest fleece,  
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.  
A blest estate when piety sublime  
These humble props disdained not: O green dales!  
And 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.

Gains, thou hast lost an ever-ready Friend  
Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is mute;  
And Care—a Comforter that best could suit  
Her forward mood, and softest 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 truce and rest  
From her own overflow, what power sedate  
On those revolving motions did await  
Assiduously, to soothe her aching breast—  
And—to a point of just relief—achate  
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

XXIII.—TO E. H.

Excuse is needless when with love sincere  
Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread;  
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—the' near,  
Soft as the Dorchaw's to a distant ear.  
When twilight shades bedim the mountain's head.  
She who was feigned to spin our vital thread  
Might smile. O Lady! on a task once dear  
To household virtues, Venerable Art,  
Turn from the Poor! yet will kind Heaven protect  
In vain, not left without a guiding chart,  
If Rulers, trusting with undue respect  
Proud discoveries of the intellect,  
Sanction the pilage of man's ancient heart.

XXIV.—DECEIT OF PIETY.

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,  
Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call  
Of their loved Church, on Fast or Festival  
Through the long year the House of Prayer would seek;  
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
Of Easter winds, unscarred, 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 won  
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

XXV.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE VALLE OF GRASSMORE.

What need of clamorous bells, or rhapsods gay,  
These humble Nuptials to proclaim or grace?  
Angels of Love, look down upon the place,  
Shed on the chosen Vale a sun-bright day!  
Yet not 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.

XXVI.—FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeceived, unbetrayed;  
For if of our affections none find grace  
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such Divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.  
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
With beauty, which is varying every hour;  
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
That breaks on earth the air of paradise.

XXVII.—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 bold;  
Beyond the visible world She soars to seek  
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
Ideal Form, the universal mould.  
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
In that which perishes: nor will he lend  
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.  
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
That kills the soul: love better what is best,  
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

XXVIII.—FROM THE SAME.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed:  
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,  
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may:  
Unless thou shew to us thine own true way  
No man can find it: Father! thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread:  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

XXIX.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent Tomb,  
That spot which no visciduct 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 grievances loss?—That thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
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 every thing, we are out of time;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

XXXVI.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flatterer Zephyrs round them play,
On "colgnes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;
How quickly from that aery hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trust the Mind that builds for aye;
Convinced that there, there only she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

XXXVII.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to sammer through a wood:
An old place, full of many a lovely brook,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-tope upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

XXXVIII.—PERSONAL TALK.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of Friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, Ladies bright,
Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint under song.

XXXIX.—Continued.

"Yet life?" you say, "is life; we have seen and seen,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fuses of sprightly malice do but brio
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Wardings, rank not me!
Children are best, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet!

XL.—Continued.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

XLII.—Concluded.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-sparking; rancour never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little Boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them,—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler Cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

XLII.

I watch, and long have watch'd, with calm regret
You slowly-sinking star—immortal fire
(As might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles,—and, the appointed debt
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.

Angels and gods! we struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, fitfully decline,
Depressed and then extinguished; and our state,
In this, how different, lost star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

XLIII.—To R. B. Haydon, Esq.

High is our calling; Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hue;) Denies the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infused
Faith in the whisperers of the lonely, Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to deject.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
And through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

XLIV.

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, Gillies, rise: the gates of youth shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guardian waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heaven-ward they direct.—Then droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove;
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

XLV.

Fair Prime of life: were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
These might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Aft show that worrier honours are thy due;
Fair Prime of Life! arouse the deeper heart;
Confirm the Spirit glorifying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
And, if there be a joy that slighteth the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

XLVI.

I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been received
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on droop'ry billows beased,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as she inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial hollow
Of the dull earth partsakes not, nor desires?

* See the Photo of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.

XLVI.—Retirement.

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weed
Of our own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which They cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss;
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
And started only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered mind,
By some weak aims at services assigned
To guide Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

XLVIII.

To the Memory of Raisley Calvert.

CALVERT! It must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did condemn
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem:
That 1, if frugal and severe, might stray
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 augit 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 thy praise.

PART SECOND.

I.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this Key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small Lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this Pipe did Tasso sound;
Camões soothed with it an Exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle Leaf;
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary bow: a glow-worm Lamp,
It cheered mild Spencer, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—all, too few!

II.

Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange,
Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the blue smoke of the claye grange,
Skyward ascending from the twinkling dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,
Diaphanous, because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

III.—September, 1815.

While not a leaf seems faded,—while the fields,
With reaping harvest prodigiously fair,
In brightest sunshine bask,—this nipping air,
Sent from some distant ingle where Winter yields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change—and bids the Flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent Birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening Foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and you crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And colder cares than listless summer knew.

IV.—November 1.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effusion from you distant mountain's head,
Which, strewed with snow smooth as the heaven can shed,
Shines like another Sun,—an mortal sight
Uprisin, as if to check approaching night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, you mountain's glittering head—
Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unawed, unstartled? Nor shall the aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring
Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

V.—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 prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in fretzied numbers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten—for, that instant, did appear
Large space, mid dreadful clouds, of purest sky,
An azure orb—shield of "tranquillity,
Invisible unlooked-for minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!"

VI.—To a snow-drop.

 Lone Flower, hewn in with snows and white as they
 But harder far, once more I see thee bend
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
 Like an unseen guest. Though day by day,
 Storms, sullying from the mountain-tops, way-lay
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
 Whose zeal outruns his promise: Blue-eyed May
 Shall soon behold this border thicket set
 With bright jonquils, their colours lavishing
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, ventures harbinger of Spring,
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

VII.—Composed a few days after the foregoing.

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Of shall the lowly weak, 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.
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand
The ethian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

VIII.
The Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand;
The Sun is peopled; and with Spirits blest:
Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossess'd?
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A Habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fort, erected at her sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring,
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

IX.—To the Lady Beaumont.
Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading bowers,
And shrubs to hang upon the warm alcoyle,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended powers,
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shall rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebly shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom
Or of high gladness you shall lither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

X.—To the Lady Mary Lowther,
With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Coun-
Tess of Winchelsea; and extracts of similar
Character from other Writers; transcribed
By a Female Friend.
Lady! I rife a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
And cull'd, from sundry beds, a lucid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks where Dian joys to rave
Her spotless limbs, and venturing to explore
Dian shades—for reliques, upon Lutho's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were resigned;
And to this Work—a grotto bright and clear
From stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be incited
To holy musings, it may enter here.

XI.
There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—"Twas rightly said;
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains?
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,
As the Star that crowns the brow of Morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the Virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed Thorn.

XII.
The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little Cloud, in ether spread,
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered;—dazzling the Beholder's sight
As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
Meanwhile that Veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went, floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Who meekly yields, and is obscured;—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

XIII.
Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here in the wild, he laid his head to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power: brought forth:
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

XIV.
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the sky,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
Where art thou? Thou whom I have seen on high
Running among the clouds a wood-nymph's race;
Unhappy Nuna, whose common breath's a sigh
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,
Must blow to-night his hagge horn. Had I
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be:
And the keen Stars, fast as the clouds were riven,
Should only forth, an ensuious Company.
All hurrying with thee through the clear blue heaven
But, y'neath! should to thee the palm be given,
Queene both for beauty and for majesty.

XV.
Even as a draggon's eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimning sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly burning through sepulchral damp,
So burns von Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
* From a Sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney
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 for 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.

XVI.

Mark the concentrated Hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noonday 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 root, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye Trees!
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 condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

XVII.—Ccapitivity.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burden lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late!—
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind!"

XVIII.

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee,—and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naïad shouldst thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a better good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

XIX.—COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

Doomed Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home,—or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing burt;
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam—these arrowy gleams,
That o'er the pavemnt of the surging streams
Welter and flash—a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

XX.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED
BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC.
IN YORKSHIRE.

Pure element of waters: whereso'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine.*

XXI.—GORDALE.

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eva
Is busiest to confer and to bereave,
Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chaos, terrible as the lair
Where the young lions couch—for so, by leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozy hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the dotle waters how to turn;
Or, if need be, impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea tides!*

XXII.—THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A weight of awe not easy to be borne†
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast

* Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.
† The Daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards. In diameter, are seventy-two in
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that Sisterhood forgot;
And Her, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart—to overlook the circle vast.

Speak, Giant mother! tell it to the Morn;
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the Moon hear emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest uprose on British ground
Thy Progeny; in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite,
The inviolable God, that tames the proud!

XXIV.—COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE
HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

Dare and more dark the shades of evening fell;
The wished-for point was reached, but late the hour;
And little could be gained from all that dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west in all its power
Salute us;—there stood Indian Citadel,
Temples 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 steadfast! objects all for the eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

—XXV.

"they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away."

These words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life’s unspiritual pleasures daily wound!
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
it is unstable as a dream of night;
Nor will I praise a Cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man’s gifts, and proper food.

Grove, Isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home;
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

—XXVI.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3. 1833.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

number, and their height is from three feet to so many yards above ground: a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single Stone, eighteen feet high. When the Author first saw this Monument, as he came upon it by surprise, he might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, he must say, he has not seen any other Relic of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
In this deep knoll—silent for three-score years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

XXXI.—JUNE, 1820.

FAUNE tells of Groves—from England far away—
Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay:
Such bold report I venture to gainsay:
For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill
Chantling, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day:
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Pired stealthily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-soiled Poet of the Seasons stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

XXXII.—A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, whereas-'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that Domain where Kindred, Friends,
And Neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Wait fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while these lathy 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.

XXXIII.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footstep oft betrayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though He, gentlest among the Thralls
Of Death, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the Towers and Walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time loves Thee! at his call the Seasons twine
Laxaria that wreaths around thy forehead hear;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is Thine.

XXXIV.—TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS F.

COMPOSED IN THE GROUNDS OF PLESS NEWIOM,
NEAR LLANGOLLIN, 1824.

A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
Along the Vale of Meditation flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious Hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of Heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

Glyn Cafällgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue,
* Wallachia is the country alluded to.
† Glyn Myfyr.

In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
On Derva's banks, ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love—a love allowed to climb,
Even on this Earth, above the reach of Time!

XXXV.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES.

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 Foundus fed Thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites the thrashing rocks
Of Viamata! There I seem to stand,
As in Life's Morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods;
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose;
Such power possess the Family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

XXXVI.

"gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Though narrow be that Old Man's cares, and near,
The poor Old Man is greater than he seems:
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,
Saw the Seven Wonders in their nightly rounds,
And counted them; and oftentimes will start—
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

XXXVII.

STRANGE visitation! at Jemina's lip
Thus hadst thou pecked, wild Redbreast! Love might
say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dew; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought—one motion—slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no swallow falters to the ground?
Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor forbear
To trust a Poet in still vision bound.

XXXVIII.

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle
Lay couched:—upon that breathless Monument,
On him, or on his fearful bow unbent,
Some wild bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Stanching the pains of ruthless banishment
From home affections, and heroic toil.
MISCELLANEOUS

Nor doubt that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay that Reason cannot heal;
And very Reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered Wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though Man for Brother Man has ceased to feel.

XXXIX.

While they, who once were Annus's Playmates, trend
The mountain turf and river's flowery marge;
Or float with music in the festive barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some Charge
May sent, the gentle, will stretch his wings at large,
And Friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet Genius is no feeble comforter:
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time: sending her fancy out
To ived castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a phume, nor shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

XL.—TO THE CUCKOO.

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summer's Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The Captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lovelly Eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The Truthless shall hear the Lion roar;
But, long as Cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy errant voice be faithful to the Spring!

XLII.—THE INFANT M.

Unquiet Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
And nought unites that Infant's voice; a trace
Of fretful temper suiteth not her cheek;
Prompt,hevral, self-suffering, yet so meek
That one exult with gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence of Death
Could scarcely make more placid, Heaven more bright)
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
The Virgin, as she stote with kindred light;
A Nurseling couched upon her Mother's knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

XLIII.—TO THEQU.

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood;
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
For stedfast 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 murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
Many thus spoke:
* The River Rotha, that flows into Windermere from its lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

After her thrones, 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.

XLIII.—TO —, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal liniments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whence'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blended unwithered cheek,
Thy temples yet fringed with locks of gleaming while,
And head that droops because the soul is sick,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That Child of Winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

XLIV.

A GRAVE-STONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS
OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"In Memoriam!" and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone;
Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word—toseparate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Whose childhood was beneath the Epitaph?
Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;
Nor doubt that He marked also for his own
Close to these cloister steps a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vilenes, Stranger, pass
Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus blest.

XLV.—A TRADITION OF DARLEY DALE, DERBEYSHIRE.

'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 fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions thus it lay
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or bight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those Brothers upon Earth's wide plain
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all——Eternity.

XLVI.—FILIAL PIETY.

Untouched through all severity of cold,
Involute, what'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth,
That Pile of turf is half a century old:
Yes, Traveller; fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth;
Thence by his Son more prized than aught which gold
Could purchase—watched, preserved by his own hands,
That, faithful to the Structure, still repair
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each breath of air,
In that annual renovation thus it still
Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.
XLVII.

TO R. B. HAYDON, ESQ. ON SEEING HIS PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill Here by thy pencil shown in truthful lines And charm of colours; I applaud those signs Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill! That unencumbered whole of blank and still, Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave; And the one Man that laboured to enslave The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill— Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place With light reflected from the invisible sun Set like his fortunes; but not set for aye Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way; And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

XLVII.—ConClUSION.

To—

If these brief Records, by the Muse's art Produced as lonely Nature or the strife That animates the scenes of public life Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;

And if these Transcripts of the private heart Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears, Then I repent not: but my soul hath fears Breathed from eternity; for as a dart Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel Of the revolving week. Away, away, All pitiful cares, all transitory zeal; So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

XLIX.

In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud Slowly surmounting some invisid hill, Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still, And might of its own beauty have been proud, But it was fashioned 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 spire Star-high, and pointing still to something higher; Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said, Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

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 overlap At will the crystal battlements, and peep Into some other region, though less fair, To see how things are made and managed there: Change for the worse might please, incursion bold Into the tracts of darkness and of cold; O'er Limbo lake with airy flight to steer, And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear. Such animation often do I find, Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind, Then, when some rock or hill is overpast, Perchance without one look behind me cast, Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth. O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to reign Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine; Not like an outcast with himself at strife; The slave of business, time, or care for life, But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart; To call contentment upon wildest shores, And luxuries extract from bleakest moors; With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold, And having rights in all that we behold. —Then why these lingering steps? A bright adieu, For a brief absence, proves that love is true; Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn That winds into itself for sweet return.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803.

II.

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 recollections, 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 panting up life's hill, And more than common strength and skill Must ye display, If ye would give the better will Its lawful sway. Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear Intemperance with less harm, beware! But if the Poet's wit ye share, Like him can speed The social hour—for tenfold care There will be need. Even honest Men delight will take To spare your failings for his sake, Will flatter you,—and fool and rake Your steps pursue; And of your Father's name will make A snare for you.
Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the suire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service sweet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit greet;
Or where, mid "lonely heights and bows,"
He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;
His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
Is light from Heaven."
Let no mean hope your souls ensnare;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your Father such example gave,
And such reverence;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!

III.
ELLEN IRWIN;
or,
THE BRAES OF KIRTL.

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 boding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,
And what are Gordon's crosses,
To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes
Upon the verdant mosses?
Alas! that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,—
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin!—
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And, stopping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.

* The Kirtle is a River in the Southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place.
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea: and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father, any thing to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory; feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from Thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

V.

GLEN-ALMAIN;
or,

THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek Streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And every thing unrecconcil'd;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A Convent, even a Hermitt's Cell
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of surer
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.

VI.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by
the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after
sunset, in our road to a Hut where in the course
of our Tour we had been hospitably entertained
some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest
parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Wo-
men, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting,
"What, you are stepping westward?"

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

"Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a Sky to lead him on?
The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

VII.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian Sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened—motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

VIII.

ADDRESS
TO

KILCHURN-CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene
opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an
Island at some distance from the shore, backed by
a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which
came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied
every foot of the Island that was visible to us,
apparent to rise out of the Water,—rocks rested
upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine;
there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a
solem grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle
was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of Towers—
nor the walls broken down, though obviously a
"ruin."

Extract from the Journal of my Companion.

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in nodes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of; what art Thou, from care
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to thy sovereign Lord,
Cruachan, (a thing that meaner Hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm;) Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he has in common with the Stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Viceregent 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,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The Chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infancy!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as Ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic File,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy three beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character; the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!:

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

IX.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his
grave is near the head of Loch Kutterine, in one of
those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neg-
lected and desolate appearance, which the Travel-
ler meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS Man is Robin Hood,
The English Ballad-singer's joy?
And Scotland has a Thiefe as good,
An Outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave Rob Roy;
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing Stuve,
In honour of that Hero brave!

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
Nor craved he more to quell his Poes,
Or keep his Friends from harm.
Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave;
For give me if the phrase be strong;—
A Foot worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.
Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, 'What need of Books?
Burn all the Statutes and their shelves;
They stir us up against our Kind;
And worse, against Ourselves.
We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.
And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart;
That tells me what to do.
The Creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind:
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.
For why?—because the good old Rule
Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,
That they should take, who have the power
And they should keep who can.
A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see:
Thus nothing here provokes the Strong
To wanton cruelty.
All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.
All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway
And who is to submit.
Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way,"
And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow
The Eagle, he was Lord above,
And Rob was Lord below.
So was it—would, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For Polity was then too strong;
He came an age too late,
Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold Man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough?
Then rent and Factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paflry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined;
But thought how wide the world, the times,
How fairly to his mind!
And to his Sword he would have said,
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth!
Judge thou of law and fact!"
'Tis fit that we should do our part;
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are ever old,
Of good things none are good enough—
We'll shew that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.
I, too, will have my Kings that take
From me the sign of life and death;
Kingsdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."
And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As might have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present Boast;
And we our own Rob Roy!
Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy Grave.
For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chief-tain of a Savage Clan!
Hast this to boast of; thou didst love
The liberty of Man.
And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.
For thou wert still the poor Man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Along upon Loch Voyle's Heights,
And by Loch Lomond's Braes!
And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

And love of hance (for with such disease
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient Dome, and Towers like these,
Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplor'd
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
The Traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XI.

YARROW UNVISITED.
(See the various Poems the Scene of which is laid
upon the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the
exquisite Ballad of Hamilton, beginning
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!"

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er beside, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."
"Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each Maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.
There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed's
The Lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land
Made bleith with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?
What's Yarrow but a River bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow.
Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's Holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing;
Fine hangs the apple tree, the rock*
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow.
Let beavers and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow.
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;

* See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

X.

COMPOSED AT —— CASTLE.

DEGENERATE Douglas: oh, the unworthy Lord!
When mere despite of heart could so far please,
"Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.
Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Yarrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

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

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY,
AN INVASION EXING EXPECTED, OCTOBER 1803.

Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,
Tried Men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal Host that wore the Phaid,
Shepherds and Herdsman.—Like a whirlwind came
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 conquest would the Men of England see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH
AND HER HUSBAND.

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private
Lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses
were called forth by the character and domestic situation
of our Hostess.

Age! twine thy brows with freshest 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 Jedborough Tower,
A Matron dwells, who though she bears
Our mortal complement of years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.
Nay! start not at that Figure—there!
Him who is rooted to his chair!
Look at him—look again! for He
Hath long been of thy Family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye;
A Sight to make a Stranger sigh!
Drear, drooping, that is now his doom:
His world is in this single room;
Is this a place for mirthful cheer?
Can merry-making enter here?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate!
He breathes a subterraneous damp;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp;
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower;
She jocund as it was of yore,
With all its bravery on; in times
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the Vale to Holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy duo
Is praise, heroic praise, and true!
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unshaken and bold;
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present.
The picture of a life well spent:
This do I see; and something more,
A strength unthought of heretofore!
Delighted am I for thy sake;
And yet a higher joy partake.
Our human-nature throws away
Its second Twilight, and looks gay;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead: yet in the guise
Of Little Infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
Her buoyant Spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail;
She strikes upon him with the beat
Of July Sun; he feels it sweet;
An animal delight though dim!
'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
A moment gave me to espy
A trouble in her strong black eye;
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright;
Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts—she told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
Ill health of body: and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind:

So be it!—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and Friend!
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second Spring;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

Fare, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasmere-dale,
Say that we come, and come by this day's light;
Glad tidings!—spread them over field and height;
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The happy Kitten bound with frolic might,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not fail;—
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yes, let our Mary's one Companion Child,
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and wild,
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XV.
THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.
A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING
TO THE VALE OF GRASMEME.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy!
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest;
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly;
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A Highland Boy!—why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
In land where many a mountain towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bow'er,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing knew.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other Children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the buzzer pipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way

Through long, long windings of the hills
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:
Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the Tide,
Come Boats and Ships that safely ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the Shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, what'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share;
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In Sailor's ship, or Fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: "My Son,
What'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 bilaap leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He in a vessel of his own,
On the swift flood is hurrying down
Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human Creature leave the shore!
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's Bow, his arrows keen;
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that Haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
And to the Boy they all were known;
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle Shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
A Shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly Car of Amphitrite,
That sportive Dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that Braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This Shell upon the deep would swim,
And gallantly lift its chariot trim
Above the tossing surge.
And this the little blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange yet true
Had heard, how in a Shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
Had stouly launched from shore;
Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian Isles, where lay
His Father's ship, and had sailed far,
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That Story flashed upon his mind:—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The Shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it on his head.

He launched his Vessel—and in pride
Of Spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into—it's thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the Adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;
He felt the motion—took his seat;
Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery!
For many saw; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the righteoss Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest Traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay!
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A Boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running Lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the bowler chase
On Grassmore's clear unmarred breast
A Youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily Sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)

The hapless Creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing Shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near;
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

"Lei-gha—Lei-gha!"—then did he cry
"Lei-gha—Lei-gha!"—most eagerly;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, "Keep away,
And leave me to myself!"

Aha! and when he felt their hands—
You've often heard of magic Wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright,
All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice,
With which the very hills rejoice:
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Had watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little Dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had tasted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept 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 bared
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell
Still do they keep the Turtle Shell;
And long the Story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

Note.—It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, the Son of a Captain of a Man of War, rested himself in a Tortoise Shell, and started it from the shore to his Father's ship which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant Vessel in which my Blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.
MEMORIALS.

OF

A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1814.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RIM 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, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose loftv umbrage met;
World-weary Men withdrew of yore,—
(Penance their trust, and Prayer their store;)
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found;
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised.

High lodged the Warrior, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely Isle
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung
For them whose thalid Spirits sung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

Upon those servants of another world
When maddening Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook—it fell,
And perish’d—save one narrow Cell;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired;
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied;
Still tempering, from the ungully forge
Of vain conceit an iron scourge!

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills:—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare’s bourn, its travel’s belt!

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who hooved the head
Beneath the change, who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So deemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him—from all malicious taint,
And guided, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwarred—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan!

Sun’s through blood their western harbor sought,
And dearest that in their courses fought,—
Towers rent, winds combating with woods—
Lands deluged by unbridled floods,
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible,—
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day!

How disappeared He?—ask the Newt and Toad,
Inhabitants of his abode;
The Otter crouching undisturbed,
In her dank cleft:—but be thou curbed,
O froward Foe! I hold a scene
Of aspect winning and serene;
For those offensive creatures slain
The inquisition of the sun;
And in this region flowers delight,
And all is lovely to the sight.

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
When she applies her annual test
To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the withered heath:—
Nor flaunting summer—when he throws
His soul into the biar-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is walking near the Brownie’s Den.

Wild Relique! bounteous as the chosen spot
In Nysa’s Isle, the embellished Grot;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Baccus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea’s eye;
Where bad, and boona, and fruitage, glowed,
Close-crowding round the Infant God;
All colours, and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE’S TOWER

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river Banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty."—MS.

Lord of the Vale! surrounding Flood!
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy sheltering rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the Patriot-warrior’s Stude,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!
Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the Moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the Stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untridden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show,
That never will they design to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human woe and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain;
Or thrill the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with ear or sail
Beneath the pity wood,
Where Tell once dwelt, by Ur's lake,
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
Their thirst in Tyrant's blood.

III.

EFFUSION,

In the Pleasure-ground on the Banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld.

The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when
We must expect it. We were first, however, con-
ducted into a small apartment where the gardener
desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which,
while he was telling the history of the young Artist
who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the
middle—flying adown as by the touch of magic—
and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid apart-
ment, which was almost dizzy and alive with wa-
terfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great
cascade, opposite the window, which faced us,
being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the
ceiling and against the walls."—Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.

What He—who, mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Dost yet frequent the hill of storms,
The Stara dim-twinkling through their forms?
What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish, by mysterious art;
Head, Harp, and Body, split adown,
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 done,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the Mirrors,

That catch the pageant from the Flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood:
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a Maniac dizzy,
When disenchantment from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature, in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions,
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime,
Ever averse to Pantomine,
These neither do they know nor us
The Servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that 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 Bard from such indignity!"
And touch from rising Suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend:
Vain Pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affections interchanged,
And all the perishing gauds
That heaven-deserted Man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the eternal youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflows—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatrical taste,
O'ershoots the Torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers,
An stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the old
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I musèd; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV.
YARROW VISITED,
SEPTEMBER, 1814.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!
Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings. And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.
A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale, Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise: that excludes
All profitless dejection; Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.
Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?

His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 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.
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

PART FIRST.

I.

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

FAIR Star of Evening, Splendour of the West,
Sun of my country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, dress
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, it is England; there it lies.
Blessings be on you both: one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory! I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among Men who do not love her, linger here.

II.—CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,
Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crow to bend the kens
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 sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

III.—TO A FRIEND.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDOIS, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! while from Calais southward you and I
Urged our accordant steps, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day*
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:
A homeless sound of joy was in the Sky;
The antiquated Earth, as one might say,
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, play,
Bonners, 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 spake it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a Bird
Whose vernal covert winter half laid bare.

IV.—1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief; for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as he could never gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we 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

* 14th July, 1790.

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 those.

V.—CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names:
This is young Buonaparte's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established sway,
And the life. With worship France proclaims
Her approbation, and with pompous games.
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my way
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames
His business as he likes. Far other show
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!
Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

VI.—ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fove;
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 Maidens City, bright and free;
No guise seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espoise the everlasting Sea:
And what if she had seen those glories fade
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay?
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

VII.—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 unbending Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand, or fall,
If faith they must. Now, whither doth it tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can appal
Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be: He stands 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.

VIII.—TO TOUSSAINT L'OUPERTURE.

TROUBAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men!
Whither the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den:—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Power, 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.
IX.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of Tyranny that disgraced these times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the Government: we had a Feli-

low-passenger who was one of the expelled.

DRIVEN from the soil of France, a Female came

From Calmis with us, brilliant in array,—

A Negro Woman, like a Lady gay,

Yet downcast as a Woman fearing blame;

Meth, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim

She sate, from notice turning not away,

But on all proffered intercourse did lay

A weight of languid speech, or at the same

Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.

Meanwhile those eyes retained their trope fire,

Which, burning independent of the wind,

Join'd with the lustre of her rich attire

To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind!

And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicting Race!

X.—COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER, ON THE

DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more.

The Cock that crowes, the Smoke that curls, that sound

Of Bells,—those Boys who in your meadow-ground

In white-sleeved shirts are playing,—and the roar

Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,—

All, all are English. Oft have I looked round

With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found

Myself so satisfied in heart before.

Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,

Thought for another moment. Thou art free,

My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride

For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass

Of England once again, and hear and see,

With such a dear Companion at my side.

XI.—SEPTEMBER, 1802.

ISLAND, within a hollow Vale, I stood;

And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,

The Coast of France, the Coast of France how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.

I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood

Was like a Lake, or River Bright and fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is there?

What mightiness for evil and for good?

Even do both God or us; if we be

Veracious and wise. Winds blow, and Waters roll,

Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree

Spake laws to them, and said that by the Soul

Only the Nations shall be great and free.

XII.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION

OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,

One of the Mountains; each a mighty Voice:

In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,

They were thy chosen Music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against Him; but the army striven

Thou from the Alpine Halls at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:

Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;

For, high-soulted Maid, what sorrow would it be

That mountain Floods should thunder as before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,

And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

XIII.—WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look

For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,

To think that now our Life is only drear

For show: mean handi-works of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a Brook

In the open sunshine, or we are unbelest:

The wealthiest man among us is the best:

No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,

This is idolatry; and these we adore:

Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the old cause

Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws.

XIV.—LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee; she is a fen

Of stagnant waters: alar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English power

Of inward happiness. We are solid 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.

XV.

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 splendour: what strength was, that would not bend

But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,

Had 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!

XVI.

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, unwithitood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood

Which spurns the check of salutary bands,

That this most famous Stream in Bogs and Sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good

Be lost 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 sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

XVII.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed

Great Nations, how enmilbling thoughts depart
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
The Student's bowre for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of Thee, and what Thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfailing fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled;
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child!

XVIII.—October, 1803.

One might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land
Unfit for Men; and that in one great Band
Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze
Shed gentle favours; rural works are there;
And ordinary business without care!
Spot rich in all things that can smooth and please!
How pitiful then that there should be such dearth
Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite
To work against themselves such fell desire?
Should come in phrenzy 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,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach which he must share
With Human nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble Feelings, many Powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

XX.—October, 1803.

These times touch mov'd Worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affair,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untitled are given,
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May,
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital—and that riches are skin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

XXI.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should'st wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food;
The truth should now be better understood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,

If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, Thou would'st step 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 great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
I measure back the steps which I have trod;
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
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 hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their Fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent—
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore—
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!

XXIV.—Anticipation. October, 1803.

Short, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again!—the work is done.
Come forth, ye Old Men, now in peaceful show
And greet your Sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!
Make merry! Wives! ye little Children, stun
Your Grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise!
Chap, Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our Brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys:—In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

XXV.—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 unpropped, or be laid low.
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if They who rule the hand
FOONETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

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Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile Band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

__ODE.__

1.

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And bids 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 morn;
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now, an armed Creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having wrought its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

2.

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My soul, a sorrowful Interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty Beam, in scorn upheild,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orb'd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting Sun, and through the fiery West.

3.

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy:
And, where'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure.
And Hope was madded by the drops that fell
From shades, her chosen piece of short-lived rest:
 Shame followed shame—and were supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens,
how long?
—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

4.

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The Lion's snivels, or the Eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lovely 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 rear,—and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish,
The same weak with returns, that had before deceived him.

5.

But Thou, Supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
The course of things, and change the creed,
Which hath been held aloft before Men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as Bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft sediment harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong!

__SONNETS__

DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

PART SECOND.

I.—ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the Concourse of the Isthmian games
He, by his Herald's voice, aloud proclaims
The LIBERTY of GREECE:—the words resounded
Until all voices in one voice were drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
—A melancholy Echo of that noise.
Doth sometimes hang on musick Fancy's ear:
Ahe! that a Conqueror's word should be so dear!
Ahe! that a boon could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven:

II.—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 Corinthians smitt'd 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 won
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the Brave who fought at Marathon!
Your feeble Spirits. Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of Liberty throned
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

III.

TO THOMAS CLARREON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Mrach, 1807.

CLARREON! It was an obstinate Hill to climb:
How toisse—how, dire it was, by Thee
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;
But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent pride,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee.—O true yeke-fellow of Time
With unabating effort, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
The bloody Writing is forever torn,
And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,
A great Man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind!

IV.—A PROPHESY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!
Thus in your Books the record shall be found,
"A Watchword was pronounced, a potent sound,
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

ARMINIUS:—all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze—they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself—the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame.
—Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who did first advance
His banner in a cursed league with France,
First open Traitor to a sacred name!

V.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! there waters, steeted
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Joye—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,
Amid his fellows buoyantly revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror—or the nether sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which it feeds
Its own calm fires?—But liest! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquility is here!"

VI.

Go back to antique Ages, if thine eyes
The genuine men and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the World's audacious vanities.
See, at her call, the Tower of Babel rise;
The Pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspistant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize.
There, too, cre wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime, high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

VII.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN
WRITING A TRACT, OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, 1868.

Now mid the World's vain objects! that enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose vaned skill
In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave;
Not there: but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still:
Here, mighty Nature! in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain:
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way,
And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

VIII.

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 vossels 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 come with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past,
And to the attendant promise will give heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
Tell's also of bright calms that shall succeed.

IX.—HÖFFER.

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 morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited:
Yet mark his modest state: upon his head,
That simple crest, a hero's plume, is worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock;
The Murderers are aghast; they strive to flee,
And half their Host is buried—rock on rock
Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see:
Hills, Torrents, Woods, embossed to bemoak
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

X.

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolese 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-lawn,
Cliffs, woods, and caves, her viewless steps resound
And babble of her pastime:—On, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the Heidman's bower,
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

XI.—FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

The Land we from our Fathers had in trust,
And to our Children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our ploy;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we would perform in arms—we must!
We read the dictate in the Infant's eye:
In the Wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us,—Sing aloud
Old Songs, the precious music of the heart;
Give, Herds and Flocks, your voices to the wind:
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd.
With weapons in the fearless hand, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

XII.

ALAS! what boas the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword? Her haughty Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say,
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

XIII.

And is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true?
And, rising to repute or to sublime,
Is it by rocks and woods that Man prevails?
Any, not though Nature's dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the soul.
This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza sunk to the gates
Of fiercely-breathing war.
The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave Compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By Ladies, meek-eyed Women without fear;
And Wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

XIV.

O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal Pan,
But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

XV. ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

It was a moral end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, or enlivening thought?
Nor hath that moral good been vainly sought;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! amonf your hills repose;
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul.
And, when impatient of her gait and woes
Europe breaks forth, then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

Halt, Zaragoza! If with unsat eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate Remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
The matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force;
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And Law was from necessity received.

XVII.

SAY, what is Honour?—"Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disdain,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done.
When lawless violence
A Kingdom doth assuage, and in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation—whence
Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered Sates may yield to terms unjust,
Scoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust,—
A Poe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infancy doth kill.

XVIII.

The martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortune be wanting to sustain,
Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
A weight of hostile cores: drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain,
Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Mourished like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Mourished without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XIX.

Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the Islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A meteor wept thou in a darksome night;
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Ahas! 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 sternest
Temptation; and whose kingly name and state
Have 'persisted by his choice, and not his fate!'
Hence lives He, to his inner self-endured;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sit a more exalted Potency,
Throne'd in the hearts of men. Shoul'd Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain  
In thankful joy and gratulation pure.*

XXI.  
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid  
His vows to Fortune; who, in crad slight  
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made  
By the blind Goddess;—ruthless, undissembled;  
And so hath gained at length a prosperous Height,  
Round which the Elements of worldly might  
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.  
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!  
Curses are his dire portion, scorn, and hate,  
Internal darkness and unquiet breath;  
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,  
Him from that HEIGHT shall Heaven precipitate  
By violent and ignominious death.

XXII.  
Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer  
The captive Chief, by a Tyrant's doom,  
Forced to descend alive into his tomb,  
A dungeon dark! where he must waste the year,  
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;  
What time his injured Country is a stage  
Whereon deliberate Valour and the Rage  
Of righteous vengeance side by side appear,  
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene  
With deeds of hope and everlastimg praise:  
Say can he think of this with mind serene  
And silent letters? Yes, if visions bright  
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
When he himself was tried in open light.

XXXIII.—1810.  
An! where is Pallas? 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 battle that imperial Slave,  
And through all Europe cheer desponding men  
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might  
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.  
Dark, 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.  
Is due observance of an ancient rite,  
The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie  
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;  
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,  
* In this and a former Sonnet, in honour of the same Subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles avowed in his manifestos; a laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of opposing moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous; and well, if fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot is placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

They bind the unoffending Creature's brows  
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:  
This done, a festal Company unite  
In choral song; and, while the uplifted Cross  
Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne  
Uncovered to his grave. Her pious loss  
The lonesome Mother cannot choose but mourn;  
Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,  
And joy attends upon her fortitude.

XXV.—FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF  
THESE FUNERALS. 1810.

Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes  
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain  
Our ancient freedom; else they were worse than vain  
To gather round the Bier these festal shows.  
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
Becomes not one whose Father is a slave:  
Oh, hear the Infant covered to his Grave!  
These venerable mountains now enclose  
A People sunk in apathy and fear.  
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!  
The awful light of heavenly Innocence  
Will fall to Illuminate the Infant's bier;  
And guilt and shame, from which no defence,  
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

XXVI.  
THE OAK OF GUERNICA.  
The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laboide in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinandu and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the Church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their fueros (privileges.) What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this People will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS OF THE SAME. 1810.  
OAK of Guernica! Tree of hoarier power  
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine  
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine,  
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower,  
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?  
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,  
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic wa,  
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?  
Strove meriful and welcome would that be  
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,  
If never more within their shady round  
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,  
Peasant and Lord, in their appointed seat,  
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

XXVII.  
INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD. 1810.  
We can endure that He should waste our lands,  
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame  
Return us to the dust from which we came;  
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;  
And we can brook the thought that by his hands  
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,  
Where all the Brave lie dead. But, when of bands  
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,  
Of benefit, and of a future day  
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,  
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare  
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.
AVANT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence:
I better like a blunt indifference.
And self-respecting showyness, disembled,
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. Such Men of old
Were England’s native growth; and, throughout Spain,
Forests of such do at this day remain:
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold:
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

—

XXIX.—1819.
OVERWEARING Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
But from within proceeds a Nation’s health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged City, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood;
Who to their Country’s cause have bound a life,
Erewhile by solemn consecration given
To labour, and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven.*

—

XXX.—THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.
Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast;
From bleak hill-top, and length of March by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height,
These hardships ’d sustained, these dangers past,
The roaring Spanish Bands are reached at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do return,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled,
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead;
Where now?—Their sword is at the Freeman’s heart!
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed.

—

XXXI.—SPANISH GUERRILLAS, 1811.
They seek, are sought; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their foes,
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim War; and at their head
Are Captains such as erst their Country bred
Of fostered, self-supported Chiefs,—like those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.
In one who lived unknown a Shepherd’s life
Redoubled Virtus breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader’s eyes, who, sick of strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be haid
In some green Island of the western main.

* See Laborde’s Character of the Spanish People: from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken.
† Bertorius

XXXII.—1811.
The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for Freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Spings this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can find,
Bing like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

—

XXXIII.—1811.
HERE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man’s suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an assured thing it is to gaze
On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor, touched with due adoration of their guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity,
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched Man, the throne of Tyranny!

—

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Rush painted Winter like a Traveller—old,
Propped on a staff,—and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o’er the Pain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain;
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infinitely 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 beest,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host,—when from the regions of the Pole
They shrank, insane ambition’s barren goal,
That Host, as huge and strong as e’er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He carried on Frost’s inconstant crook
Life to consume in mankind’s foremost hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feedly runs;
For why, unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home, n’t why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar’s restless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink,—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,  
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

—

XXXV.—ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!  
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,  
Midway on some high hill, while Father Time  
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,  
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!  
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits and flowers,  
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleetly showers,  
And the dire flapping of his horrid wing!  
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;  
With feet, hands, eyes, books, lips, report your gain;  
'Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
And to the aerial rephysis as they pass,  
That old decrepit Winter—He hath slain  
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

—

XXXVI.

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;  
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our human-nature of just praise  
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure  
Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways  
Of Providence. But now did the Most High  
Exalt his still small Voice—to quell that Host  
Gathered his Power, a manifest Ally;  
He whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast  
Of Pharaoh, said to Phine, Snow, and Frost,  
Finish the strife by deadliest Victory!

—

XXXVII.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCKHEIM.*

Abruptly paused the Strife;—the field throughout  
Resting upon his arms each Warrior stood,  
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,  
With breath suspended, like a listening Scout.  
O Silence! thou wast Mother of a shout  
That through the texture of yon azure dome  
Cleaves his glad way, a cry of of harvest home  
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!  
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,  
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,  
As if all Germany had felt the shock!  
Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew  
Who have seen (themselves delivered from the yoke)  
The unconquerable Stream his course pursu'd.

—

XXXVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,  
Our aged sovereign sits; to the ebh and flow  
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,  
Inensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
And inanently wrapt in twofold night,  
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind ensured,  

* The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Heilheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly 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."

Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.  
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine  
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine.  
Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
(Though it were only for a moment's space)  
The triumphs of this hour; for they are Thine!

—

XXXIX.—ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF  
THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould  
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings  
And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old  
In a blind worship; men persevered as bold  
Even to this hour; yet at this hour they quake;  
And some their monstrous Idol shall forsake,  
If, to the living, truth was ever told  
By aught surrendered from the hollow grave:  
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!  
The power of retribution once was given:  
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow-bands  
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

—

XL.—OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.  
(THE LAST SIX LINES INTENDED FOR AN INSRIPTION.)  
FEBRUARY, 1816.

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
Is life despaired; ah no, the spacious earth  
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
So many objects to which love is due:  
Ye slight not life—to God and nature true;  
But death, becoming, death is dearer far,  
When duty bids you bled in open war:  
Hence hath your prowess qualified that impious crew.  
Heroes! for instant sacrifice prepared,  
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent  
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident,  
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared,  
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,  
Your Country rears this sacred Monument!

—

XL.†—FEBRUARY, 1816.

O, for a kindling touch of that pure flame  
Which taught the offering of song to rise  
From thy lone bower, beneath Italian skies,  
Great Felicita! with celestial aim  
It rose—thy saintly rapture to proclaim,  
Then, when the imperial City stood released  
From bondage threatened by the embattled East,  
And Christendom inspir'd; from guilt and shame  
Redeemed, from miserable fear set free  
By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
—Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!  
The cross shall spread, the crescent hath wax'd dim,  
He conquering, as in Earth and Heaven was sung,  
He conquering through God, and God by him.
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

XLI.
Occasioned by the same battle. February, 1816.

The Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe;
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognising one Almighty away:
He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away:
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,*
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
And worthily rearise the hideous rout,
Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

XLI.

Emperors and Kings, how oft have Temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the Good and Wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctued Victory Peace is sprung:
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! but, conscious that the nerve
Of popular Reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers! from duty fear to swerve;
Be just, be grateful; nor, the Oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced upvicted hearts to bleed.

XLII.

O DE

Composed in January, 1816.

——Carmina possessum
Donae et pretium dicerre muneris
Non incisa nostis marmora publicis,
Per quem spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus — clarius indicant
Luades, quam — Pierides: neque,
Si claris silent quod bene seceris,
Mercedem tuleris. — Hor. Car. 8. Lib. 4.

I.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unrelenting watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pour of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,
The azure sea upswept on the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britons 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
Brightener than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye,

* "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assail." — Spenser.

Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant may be;
And, ere a thought could ask on what intent
He sought the regions of humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—ah! 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;
In the Guardian of this Land,
Speak not now of toilsome duty—
Well obeyed was that command,
Hance bright days of festive beauty;"

"Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which summer gave
Have perished in the field;
But the green thickets plentifully shall yield
Fit garlands for the Brave,
That will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Haste, Virgins, haste!—and ye Matrons grave,
Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
And gather what ye find
Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs,
To deck your stern defenders' modest brow!
Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier meed;
and in due time shall share
Those palus and amaranthine wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
In realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

II.

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons immaculately gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train,
Maids and Matrons—dight
In robes of dazzling white,—
While from the crowd burst forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted—
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys,—
And grey-haired Sires, on staffs supported,
Look round—and by their smiling seem to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III.

Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendid to endure:
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The Heaven of sable light
With starry lustre, and had power to throw
Sollem effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely Copany below,
While the Vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymphs—haunted Grot beneath the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge,
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of 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,
SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

Albeit of effect profound,
It was—and it is gone;
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Redeem, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
These high achievements, even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon,
Upon Athenian walls:
So may she labour for thy civic halls;
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture’s patient toil
And let imperishable structures grow
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torch breast of daily life;
Records on which the morning sun may shine,
As changeful ages flow,
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprang from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long detailed
From your first missions,—exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye went to rove,
Chanting for patriot heros the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, ye live and move,
And exercise unblamed a generous sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of un molested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet my soul’s desires!
That I, or some more favoured bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Muses! have of ten sung
Of Britain’s acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our !rliec tongue;
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not evenous but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in Man’s heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortune had held
Its even tenour, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to begin
The boastful purpose of wide-wasting Time;
That not in vain they laboured to seme,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame, as largely spread as land and sea,
By works of spirit high and passion pure!

THANKSGIVING ODE.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Post-be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpolate a sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe; and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they could, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a new satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their magacy allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price; and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers to the inhabitants of the several countries with whose relations were carried on, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatevert be the temper of the public mind) through a scurpulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which resounds the exploits of his countrymen, with a confection-ness, at times overpowering the effort, that the particular sentiment, thus irresponsibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which either 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 same application of the word, without martial propensities and an audacious cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own libraries "have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities be virtues will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by avoiding possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities be virtues will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by avoiding
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 tramspiled upon, courage may every where continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving, by least enthusiastic athletic exercises and many sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support Institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

The author has only to add, that he should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts* to celebrate the virtues of his country, if he did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within his province to treat in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to persons as well as to things.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, March, 18. 1816.

XLV.

ODE.


I.

Hail, universal Source of pure delight!
That thou canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy orient visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
—Not unrescued I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace
Submitted to the chains
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 eternal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pump and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord,
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon yon snow-clad Heights hast poured
Mead splendid, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wept not unadored
By pl尤 men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail;
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

II.

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in bliss succession from the throats
Of birds in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant but a short-lived flame,
That burns for Poets in the Dawning East;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But he who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress,
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a hollow altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whom doth rise
The current of this main song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the tickle skies.

III.

Have we not conquered?—By the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curbed the lasier passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord,
Clear-sighted Honour—and his staid Compeers,
Along a track of most unnatural years,
In execution of heroic deeds;
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
—Who to the nurseries of an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of one whose spirit no reverse could quell
Of One that mid the failing never failed;
Who paints how Britain struggled and 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 flight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV.

And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
The very humdest are too proud of heart;
And one brief day is rightly set apart
To him who lifeth up and layeth low;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

V.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
Why should the song be tardy to proclain
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That soul of Evil—which, from Hell let loose,
Had filled the associated world with such abuse
As boundless patience only could endure?
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapped in flame—
Who sees, and feels, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven,—who never saw, may heave a sigh;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the whole forest of civality
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree!

VI.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hopes that baffled upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to celerities of lawless force;
Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
What could they pain but shadows of redress?
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.*

Widen the fatal web, its lines extend,
And decidely poison in the chalice blend—
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

VII.

No more—the guilt is banished,
And, with the Guilt the Shame is fled;
And, with the Guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
—No more—these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What rube can Gratitude employ
So scarcely as the radiant vest of Joy?
What step so suitable as the shores
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory—and felicity—and love.

Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

VIII.

Land of our fathers! precious unto me
Since the first joys of thinking infancy:
When of thy gallant chivalry I read,
And hugged the volume on my steelless bed:
O England! dearer far than life is dear,
If I forget thy prowess, never more
Be thy ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rise, or thy torrents roar!
But how can He be faithful to the past,
Whose soul, intolerant of base decline,
Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign,
That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!

The matics swoon with pusillanmce;—at length
Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast,
With all her living strength,
With all her armed Powers,
Upon the hose of one man:

The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art not to meet in the field:—there stand:
Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand:
All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.

Dread mark of approbation justly gained!
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

IX.

Imagination, never before content,
But soaring, restless in her pride,
From all that man's performance could present,
Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,
And with the eminence is satisfied.
—Ply, minstrels of Famine,
Whatever your means, whate'er help ye claim,
Bear through the world these fillings of delight!
—Hours, Days, and months, have borne them, in the sight
Of mortals, travelling faster than the shower,
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour;
But this appearance scattered early,
And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing power.

* "A discipline the rule whereof is Passion."—Lord Brook.

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 wherever
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—
The unrec'd arrow hath pursued its flight!

The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed!

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty seats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders
This messenger of good was launch'd in air,
France, conquered France amid her wild disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England's name with sadly-plausible voice.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!

Lodge it within us:—as the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!

What offering, what transcendant monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but troubles that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the inward victories of each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
—Yet might it well become that City now,
Into whose breast the tide of granteur flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple let her votive brow
Upon the shore of silver Thames—to greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the distant Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen—and beautiful within:—there meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
—A Pile that Grace approves, that Time can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust!

XI.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand
That all observance, due to them, be paid,
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, long ages;
Be it not unmindful that solemn rite,
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,—
Widely visual song, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempest coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness:
While the white-robed choir attendant,
Under mouldering banniers pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unshelt, 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 in hope was plunged
His drought consumes, his mellow taints with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine;
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink;
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—"Tis Thou—the work is Thine!
—The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and for our errors
And sins, that point that terror,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we land
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And by thy just permission they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight;
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battle, Lord of Hosts!

XIII.
To Thee—To Thee—
On this appointed day shall thanks ascend,
That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!
Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be;
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!

Oh, 'tis a godly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;
Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one capture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For Thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored:

XIV.
But hark—the rummous—to down the placid Lake
Floats the soft cadence of the Church-tower bell;
Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams might waké
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
The drops that tip the melting fitches.
O, enter now his 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 zealous passion sung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Towards the empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humble ceremonies now await,
But in the bosom, with devout respect,
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim:—
Awake! the majesty of God revere!
Go—and with foreheads weekly 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 feed 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 unrecalled,—
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:
II.—BRUGES.

BRUGES I saw attire with golden light (Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power:
'Tis past; and now the grave and sunless hour,
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future War. Advance not—spare to hide,
O gentle Power of Darkness! these mild hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion, glide:

III.—BRUGES.*

The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song,
In Picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind:

Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined;

As if the Streets were consecrated ground,

* This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful City. Mr. Southee, in the "Poet’s Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy.
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When Mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and man-led beast.

"But for the scars in that unhappy race
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

"When I may read of, titles in days of old,
Grand tombs, grace by Chietrains of renown,
Fair dances, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would portray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this City are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a reminiscence of the Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave department of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnishes an odd instance. In the passages, 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 sweeping 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 bower, looking ineffably tender upon
his mistress, and enchanting her. A living duck
flattered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternate
ly tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours
to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we
chanced to copy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. There was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein, her symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendant from her porty waist.
In Bruges, the modern taste in costume, architecture, &c, has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle; but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled City is impressively soothing; a passive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—Extract from Journal.

The City one vast Temple—dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions freed;
A nobler peace than that in deserts found!

IV.—AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A winged Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was bold,
Whose overthrown heart could scarcely hold
That crown, whose garlands and garlanded which it brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished—leaving prospect blank and cold
Of wind swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must disappear:
Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men should feel
With such vast boards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

V.—SCENERY BETWEEN NAUM AND LIEGE.

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War’s favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains
To tend their slipt boats and ringing winches,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VI.—AIX-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 puny Church present to view
Its feeble columns? and that scanty Chair?
This Sword that One of our weak times might wear
Objects of, has been, torn down by
If in a Traveller’s fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Beach
Which Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky Crescent bleach.

VII.—IN THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

O for the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
How gloriously pursued by daring Man,
Studios that He might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat

* * * Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms; let us suppose the face of this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide, has been baten down by the famous Roland, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'Breche de Roland.'
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous
wings
And splendid aspect ye embalzamings.
But faintly picture, twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empurpled ground
Immortal fabrics—rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

VIII.—IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

Amid this dance of objects sauciness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while swepting by,
As in a fit of Theban jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reaks:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloister arch, through trees replied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
Pedestrian liberty shall yet be mine:
To morn, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze:
Freedom which youth with copious hand supplied,
May in its measure bless my later days.

IX.
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 threatening—let them not
Drown the music of a Song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, in thy image, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now!
Hither, like you ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the Dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy Sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!
Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Misere Domine:!”

X.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

Not, like his great compaes, indignantly
Both Dancube spring to life!† "The wandering Stream
* See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy
OF THE REPOSE." Why is the Quantoct silent.
† Before this quarter of the Black Forest was in-
bibated, the source of the Danube might have suggest-
some of those sublime images which Armstrong has
so finely described; at present, the contrast is most
striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone

(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glees
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,
The vast Encampment of that gloomy sea.
Whose waves the Orphane lyre forbid to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars—
To waft the herculean progeny of Greece,
When the first Ship sailed for the golden Fleece,
Aroo, exalted for that daring feat
To bear in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

XI.

MEMORIAL,
NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUM.

"D.E.
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDERS
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCLXVII.

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 Reding.

Well judged the friend who placed it there
For silence and protection,
And happy with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West,
Sinking in summer glory;
And, while he sinks, affords a type
Of that pathetic story.

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XII.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS OF
SWITZERLAND.

O 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?

Yet are we doomed our native dust
To wet with many a fruitless shower,
And ill it suits us to disdain
The Altar, to dedice the Fame,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

Basis upon the front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-
ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement,
takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigo-
rous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a
child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the
Garret, it joins, after a course of a few hundred
yards, a Stream much more considerable than itself.
The copiousness of the Stream at Doncekingen must
have procured for it the honour of being named the
Source of the Danube.
I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze;  
Hail to the firm unweaving Cross,  
Aloft, where plumes their branching toss!  
And to the Chapel far withdrawn,  
That lurks by lonely ways!  
Where'er we roam—along the brink  
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,  
Through Alpine vale, or forest plains wide,  
What'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity!—to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUD-BACH, LAUTERBRENNEN.

Tracks let me follow far from human-kind  
Whose illustrious greetings may not reach,  
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach  
Careless pursuits, and captures unconfined.  
No Mermaid warbles (to alloy the wind  
That drives some vessel toward a dangerous bend)  
More thrilling melodies: no caverned Witch,  
Chanting a love spell, ever intertained.  
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!  
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want  
And idleness in tatters mendicant  
The strain should flow—free fancy to enthrall,  
And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this pure, this sky-born Waterfall!* 

THE FALL OF THE AIR—HANDIC.

From the fierce aspect of this River throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:  
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espé beside the torrent growing;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a crevice and chink,  
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress glowing:  
They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy  
Is more benign than the dewy eye,  
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,  
There humberl adorations will receive.

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BREINTZ.

"What know we of the Best above  
But that they sing and that they love?"* 

Yet, if they ever did inspire  
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
Now, where those harvests Danseis float  
Homeward in their ragged Boat,  
(While all the ruffling winds are fled,  
Each slumbering on some mountain's head,)  
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
 Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
The rustic Maidens, every hand  
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—  
To chant, as glides the boat along,  
A simple, but a touching Song;  
To chant, as Angels do above,  
The melodies of Peace in love!  

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.*

For gentlesse uses, oft-times Nature takes  
The work of fancy from her willing hands  
And such a beautiful creation makes  
As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
And for the boldest tale belief commands.  
Wh'n first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill  
The sacred Engelsberg, celestial Bands,  
With intermingling motions soft and still,  
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues as will.  
Clouds do not force those Visitants; they were  
The very Angels whose authentic lays  
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,  
Made known the spot where piety should raise  
A holy Structure to he Almighty's praise.  
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain  
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze:  
And watch the slow departure of the train,  
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain:  

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign  
Than fairest Star, upon the height  
Of thy own mountain, set to keep  
Lonely vigil through the hours of sleep,  
What eye can look upon thy shrine  
Untroubled at the sight?  
These crowded Offerings as they hang  
In sign of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despair,  
Of many a deep and careless pang  
And confidence deceived.  
To Thee, in this aerial cleft,  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferings that no longer rest  
On mortal succour, all disrest  
That pine of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.  
And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of Winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled  
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

* The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The Architecture of the Building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.  
† Mount Right!
Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irrigous valley, 

The very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,
A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To Summer gladsomeness unkind!
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While o'er the flower-emanuelling 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.

XVIII.
EFFUSION,

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TEIL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower is said to stand upon the spot where grew
the Linden Tree against which his Son was placed,
when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss History.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thus happy, Burghers, Peasants, Warriors old,
Infants in arms, and Ye, that as ye go
Home-ward or School-ward, aps what ye behold;
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy hold!

But when that calm Spectatrice from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Bowered into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy Apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the Linden tree;
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

XIX.
THE TOWN OF SCHWITZ.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWITZ! are seen
The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equity by Prudence governed,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green
In unambitious compass round thee spread.

Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,
Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble Body's Head;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,
Its Heart; and ever may the heroic Land
Tiny name, O SCHWITZ, in happy freedom keep!*

XX.

ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP
OF THE PARS OF ST. GOTBIARD.

I listen—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die: his sweet-breathed kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous—Here while I recline
Mindful how others love this simple Strain,
Even here, upon this glorious Mountain (named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed.
Yield to the Music's touching influence,
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

XXI.
"THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR, SEEN FROM THE
LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the Altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded.—Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plains folding into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconceivable an elevation, commands.

Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep Mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofoare,
To sulphurous boils a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?
—That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomp of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek.

* Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion,) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors.
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills:

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.*

XXII.

FORT FUENTES.

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately-sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth gree turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but every where something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill-tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a stave of a Child in pure white marble, unjarded by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden?"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

Extract from Journal.

Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone;
To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck:
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twin round his neck.

* Arnold Winkelreid, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

Where haply (kind service to Pity due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
Some Bird (like our own honoured Redbreast) may strew
The desolate Shambler 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 fies thru' the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless Ascent—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strife passed away—

XXIII.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT, AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

1.
Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide
Hope be thy guide, adventorous 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
Cf Images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk white steed,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our haunts thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world;
Hope be thy guide, adventorous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

2.
But thou, perhaps, (alert and free)
Though serving sage philosophy
Wit ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Sable
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,
Though robbed of many a cherished dream,
And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can chase,
Recall a Sister's last embrace
His Mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That would have loved the bright-haired Boy!

3.
My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophecy a golden lot;
Due recompense, and safe return
To Cosso's steeps—his happy bower!
Where he, aloft in garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the treliss roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's peudent grapes.
Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings! him whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled,
As with a rapture rare caught from heaven,
For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

1.
Within nodding pines, and lightly drest
Like Foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetic Mountainiers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood—to claim
The reward of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle gun's report,
A startling thunder quick and short!
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolong'd a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
And, if there be a favoured hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The Tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace,
This was the hour, and that the place.

2.
But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
That drove Astraea from the earth.
—A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
As noble as the heart endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised,
Even by the sun and air unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender check)
Heart-dead to those rebounding notes,
Sate watching by his silent Goats,
Apart within a forest shed,
Pale, rag'd, with bare feet and head;
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still,
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence—
Father of All! though wifful Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

XXIV.

THE LAST SUPPER, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE
REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA
GRAZIA—MILAN.

Two searching lamps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work*, the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness have not failed to save
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth

* This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but parts are said to have been painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs—I speak of as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Hogarth, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utter's, while the unguiltv seek
Unquestionable meaning—still bespeak
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

XXV.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1829.

High on her speculative Tower
Stood Science waiting for the Hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superscription strove to chase;
Erewhile, with rites impioe.
Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlook'd-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.
Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue;
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noon tide from unbrumageous walls
That screen the morning dew.
No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid:
Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curved shore,
Where gaz'd the Peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.
It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
Lugano! on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.
But Fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's holiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine;—
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

"Sang with the voice, and this the argument," MILTON.

† The Statures ranged round the Spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan, have been found fault with by Persoons 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 Statures appear diminutive. But the coup d'oeil, from the best point of view, which is half up the Spire, must strike an unprejudiced Person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the Country in the imaginations and feelings of the Spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several Children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and 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 Apennines, with the Pith of Lombardy between!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

A WEN-TRENCHER she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees that night from Heaven have flown,
And Virgin-saints—who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beauteous crown;

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each,—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height,*
All stooped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throng of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glud deliverance has begun:
The Cypress waves her sambre plume
More cheerily; and Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,
Their instro 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?
Do clouds surcharged with irksome rain,
Blackening the Eclipse take hill and plain
From your benthghted view?

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive though not cold,
Of gay Winandermere?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour:
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling Power.

XXVI.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

1.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beauteous! 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 needs not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

2.

SUCH; (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfaithful eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, von ITALIAN MAID;

Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend,
A Sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

3.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN GIRL—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep
—Say whence that modulated shout?
From Wood-nymph of Diana's thron'?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Barcannahs belong?
Jubilant outcry!—rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obey'd
The breath of an Helvetic Maid.

4.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic green-award meets
Returning reluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
E'thie 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 prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The Patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares.

5.

** Sweet HIGHLAND GIRL! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst flit before my eyes,
Gay Vision under sulen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough Falls of Inversned;
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of Immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lungano's side:
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep, dearsed!

XXVII.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDICIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAIST IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION, following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions praise of KIngdoms to be won,
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone;
Momento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown,
Vanity's hieroglyphic: a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great AVENGER's hand provokes,
Hears constants whispering O'er the ensanguined earth:
What groans! what shrieks! what quiescence in death!

* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metal Embossed with the emblems of all the States of Italy.

* See Address to a Highland Girl, p. 108.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820.

XXVIII.
STANZAS,
COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLORONDA! I longed in thy shadest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,
To listen to Ario's precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar:
To range through the temples of PESTUM, to muse
In Pompeii preserved by her burial in earth;
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues;
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth:

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret?
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,
Which never may discharge the magnificent debt?
Thou fortunate Region! whose greatness learned
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamnois retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,
Tow'd the missis that hang over the land of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented I go.
My thoughts become bright like you edging of Pines,
How black was the hue in the region of air!
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

Though the burthen of toil with dear friends we divide,
Though by the same zephyr our temples are fanned
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand:
Each step hath its value while homeward we move;
—O joy when the girdle of England appears!
What moment in life is so conscious of love,
So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears?

XXIX.
ECHO, UPON THE GEMINI.

What Beast of Chase hath broken from the covert?
As multitudinous a harmony
As e'er did ring the heights of Latmos over.
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,
Upstarting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain-dew
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
Through the bleat concave, wakes this wondrous chime
Of airy voices locked in union—of state
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime!
So, from the body of one guilty deed,
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed!

XXX.
PROCESSIONS.
SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOY.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments;
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls—solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.
The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyous state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the Altar—to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsake,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low:
Green boughs were borne, while for the blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
These short hosannas—those the startling trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred Grove
Fed in the Libyan Waste by gushing wells,
The Priests and Damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
While, in a Ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his Altar bore the horned God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Alioth, yet in a titling Vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomp? the haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune—and the Cercl Gamers,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
The dancing Salii on the shields of Mars
Smiling with fury; and the deeper drear
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jaws
Of Corbytian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybèle was seen, sublime tertured!

At length a Spirit more subduced and soft
Appeared, to govern Christian paeanists:
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
Enwapt—and winding, between Alpine trees,
Spry and dark, around their House of Prayer
Below the icy bed of bright And齐erire.

Still, in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
Still, with these white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,
The gladiator Pictans join in solemn guise*
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird with motion slow,
A product of that awful Mountain seem,
Poured from his vats of everlasting snow;
Not virgin-illies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the steady tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret fountains
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith joined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

* This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month, in the Valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the Grand Festivel of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 Persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered Valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery;) it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accomplishment of the Glacier columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.
XXXI.

ELEGiac STANZASt.
The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Solleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Right together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those whose devoted friendship would not part. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Arth. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overcast in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (Mr. Kettler) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor G. was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the church of Küssnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen*
Of Mountains through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy Chapel, dwells
'Our Lady of the Snow.'

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had ever shone
A countenance that sweetly smiled,
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—
Our path that struggled here and there,
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze,
Of Winter—but a name.

—If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on Zurich's shore!

* Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

Oh GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise;
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep Lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised Slave,
A sea-green River, proud to rave,
With current swift and undeviled,
The towers of old Lucerne.

We parted upon solemn ground
Ear-listened towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were then of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That promised even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strow,
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 opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss!—what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Bithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised—or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GODDARD's* ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
On Righi's silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And pity shall guard the stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their prey,
And that which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smoother;

XXXII.

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning West, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant Cloud mimics a Lion's shape;
There, combats a huge Crocodile—scape

* One of the villagers desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And mossy Grove, so near you blazing Town,
Stirs—and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless as the Elyian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose,
Silently disappears, or quickly fades;
Mark Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the vanities of Earth!

XXXIII.
ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE.

Why cast ye back upon the Gallie shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
His project crown'd, his pleasant travel o'er!
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;—
That saw the Corsican his cap and bell
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror! Enough;
My Country's Cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the murmuring sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny control'd,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cl SHADE
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXIV.
AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER.—NOV. 1820.

Where be the noisy followers of the game
Which Faction breeds; the tumult where I pass?
Through Europe, echoing from the Newman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame!
Peace greets us;—rambling on without an aim
We mark majestic herds of Cattle free
To runimine—encouraged on the grassy lea,
And heart for off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder sound
Stirs not;—enrapt I gaze with strange delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the Spirit to a calmer height,
And makes the rural stillness more profound.

XXXV.
DESCRIPTIVE STANZAS.
UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

1. Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read—

* Near the Town of Boulogne, and overhanging the
Beach, are the remains of a Tower which bears the
name of Caligula, who here terminated his Western
Expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted
Spoils. And at no great distance from these Ruins,
St. Bonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued
his "Army of England," reminding them of the
exploits of Caesar, and pointing towards the white cliffs,
upon which their standards were to float. He recom-
ended 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.
† This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman
returning to his native land. Every where one misses,
in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and
soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and select-
ing their own food at will.

How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more—unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts—slighted objects rise—
My Spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

2. All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Boiled—and wings alone could travel—there
I move at ease, and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the mower
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities—plains—forests—and mighty
streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenteous sublimes.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that here rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—there on frailer stone
Of secondary birth—the Jungfrau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage tossed with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forca,
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grove,
For my enjoyment muse in vision strange;
Snows—torrents—to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange;
But list! the avalanche—the bush profound
That follows, yet more awful than that awful sound!

Is not the Chamois suited to his place?
The Eagle worthy of his ancestry?
—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, Ye that occupy
Your Council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Saren's Mount, there judge of right and wrong,
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough browe—the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

* Les Fourches, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that enclose the Valais, which terminates at St. Maurice.
† Saren, one of the two Capitals of the Canton of Unterwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenburg, from the
name of the same; whose chateau formerly stood there.
On the Ist of January, 1809, the great day which the
confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of
their Country, all the Castles of the Governors were
taken by force or treachery; and the Tyrants them-
sele conducted, with their creatures, to the frontier,
hauling the destruction of their Strongholds.
From that time the Landenburg has been the
place where the Legislators of this division of the
Canton assemble. The site, which is well described
by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.
7.

From this appropriate Court, renowned Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—"that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
An uncounted Chroicle 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 bears
The form and motion of a Stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a snake.

8.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its Tables, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tossing of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, One was born Mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

9.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These Simple Efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The S.ae.—the Country's desire 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!

(Perchance the pages that relate
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future
Lay.

XXXVI.

TO ENTERPRISE.†

Keep for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on a chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
A tender Volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

† 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 210. Subjects from the Old Testament face the Passengers 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.

† This poem having risen out of the "Italian Itinerant" &c. It is here annexed.

1.

Blest Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the stary courts of Jove,
And oft in splendid dust 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 defied
The Grove, and smained the turf with gore;
Thee winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or where the mighty Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And, from the first tossing of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, One was born Mankind to free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deeds to deed
As thon from clime to clime distold lead,
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the rushed overthrow of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infinitude betrays,
I prove that thy heaven-descended way
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinest impulse,
The Striding seeks the tented field
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whispering shrubs a toy
And of the Ocean's dismal breath,
A play-ground and a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Chamois chaser swed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide serene
From cloud to cloud, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they in bays of crystal dive,
Where winds and waters cease to strive,
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep,
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep!
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slaeking voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, sailing sails and scowling oars,
Keep faith with Time on distant shores.
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste,—
Egyptian Tombs unlock their Dead, 
Nile trembles at his fountain head; 
Thou speak'st—and lo! the polar Seas 
Unbosom their last mysteries. 
—But oh! what transports, what sublime reward, 
Wen from the world of mind, dost thou prepare 
For philosophic Sage, or high-souled Bard, 
Who, in thy service unshod in lonely woods, 
Hath fed on pageants floating through the air, 
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods; 
Nor grieves—tho' doomed thro' silent night to bear 
The domination of his glorious themes, 
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams! 

3. 
If there be movements in the Patriot's soul, 
From source still deeper, and of higher worth, 
'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control, 
And in due season send the mandate forth; 
Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore, 
When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more. 

4. 
Dread Minister of wrath! 
Who to their destined punishment dost urge 
The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart! 
Not unassisted by the flattering stars, 
Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path 
When they in pomp depart, 
With trampling horses and refugial cars— 
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge; 
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands 
Stiffled under weight of desert sands— 
An Army now, and now a living hill! 
Heaving with convulsive throes,— 
It quivers—and is still; 
Or to forget their madness and their woes, 
Wrape in a winding-sheet of spotless snows! 

5. 
Back flows the willing current of my Song 
If to provoke such deep the Impious dare, 
Why should it dunt a blameless prayer! 
—Bold Goddess! range our Youth among; 

Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat 
In hearts no longer young; 
Still may a veteran Few have pride 
In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet; 
In fixed resolves by Reason justified; 
That to their object cleave like steel 
Whitening a tall pine's northern side, 
While fields are naked far and wide, 
And withered leaves, from Earth's cold breast 
Upcaught in whirlwinds, no where can find rest. 

6. 
But, if such homage thou disdain 
As doth with mellowing years agree, 
One rarely absent from thy train 
More humble favours may obtain 
For thy contented Votary. 
She, who incites the frolic lambs 
In presence of their heedless dams, 
And to the solitary fawn 
Vouchsafes her lessons—bounteous Nymph 
That wakes the breeze—the sparkling lymph 
Both hurry to the lawn; 
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy 
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy, 
Pourz forth in shady groves, shall plead for me; 
And vernal mornings opening bright 
With views of undefined delight, 
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine 
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine. 

7. 
But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle 
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt, 
The wide Earth's store-house fence about 
With breakers roaring to the gales 
That stretch a thousand thousand sails) 
Quicken the Sthiful, and exalt the Vile! 
Thy impulse is the life of Fame; 
Give Hope would almost cease to be 
If torn from thy society; 
And L ve, when worthless of the name, 
Is proud to walk the Earth with thee!

THE RIVER DUDDON. 

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wynnsre Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, sweeps the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lornship of Millom. 

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH. 

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION.)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune 
To-night beneath my cottage eaves; 
While, written 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 valeey every breeze 
Had sunk to rest with folded wings: 
Even was the air, but could not freeze 
Nor check the music of the strings; 
So stout and hardy were the band 
That scroged the chords with strenuous hand. 

And who but listened?—till was paid 
Respect to every inmate's claim; 
The greeting given, the music played, 
In honour of each household name, 
Duly pronounced with lusty call, 
And "merry Christmas" wished to all! 
O Brother! I recure the choice 
That took thee from thy native hills; 
And it is given thee to rejoice: 
Though public care fall oft en tillis 
(Heaven only witness of the toil) 
A barren and ungrateful soil. 
Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 
Hadst heard this never-failing rite; 
And seen on other faces shine 
A true revival of the light 
Which Nature and these rustic Powers, 
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 
For pleasure hath not ceased to wait 
On these expected annual rounds, 
Whether the right man's sumptuous gate 
Call forth the unelaborate 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!

Dr. Darwin.
THE RIVER DUDDON.

I.

Not envying shades which haply yet may throw
A grateful coolness round that rocky spring,
Bandusia, once responsive to the string
Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow;
Careless of flowers that in peremptory blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
Headless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through icy portals radiant as heaven's bow;
I seek the birth-place of a native Stream.—
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!
Better to breathe upon this airy height
Than pass in needless sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

II.

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of worldy industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handwritten Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks:—to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint:
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once theohon's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy hair?
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen?

III.

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked 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 fables not one
Outruns his fellows, so bath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

IV.

Take, cradled Nursing of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistering snake,
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
Thuddling with sinuous tape the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Hill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
Else let the Dastard backward wend, and roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

V.

Solo listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wasted o'er sullen moss and raggy mound,
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch trees risen in silvery colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
' Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI.—flowers.

Ere yet our course was grace with social trees
It lacked not old remains of Hawthorn 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,
Pientently yielded to the rampant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue;

* The deer alluded to is the Leugh, a gigantic species long since extinct.
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even; 
And, if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

— VII. 
"Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
The love-sick Strifiling fancifully sighs,
The envied flowing being, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose.
Or he would pass into her Bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows,
And what the little careless Innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an unculled floweret of the Glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe: or darkening wren,
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

— VIII. 
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path?—His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed?—Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies,—the earth, the air is mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yealds not more
Than a soft record that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

— IX. —THE STEPPING-STONES.
The struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank and arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament; stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint.—How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding!—Here the Child
Plots, when the high-swoon Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof;—and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infinity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

— X. — THE SAME SUBJECT.
Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion chocks the Shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause—
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
She sus for help with piteous utterance!
Childen she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel when he reneweth the wished-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves who, from you high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI. — THE FAIRY CHASM.
No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed,—on that smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—happily after theft
Of some sweet babe, flower stol'n, and coarse weed left
For the distracted mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might,—But where, oh! where
That is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in character?
—Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal goisoner?

XII. — MINTS FOR THE FANCY.
On, lottering Muse,—The swift Stream chides us—on!
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immune
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!
Niagara, and Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Nalada, calm absurds pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad Oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and Tower, are crumbled into dust:
—The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
Shall find such toys of Fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must:
And, if thou canst, leave them without regret:

XIII. — OPEN PROSPECT.
Hail to the fields with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,—
And one small hamlet, under a green hill,
Clustered with barn and bye, and spouting mill!
A glance suffices,—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us; but when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore.
By wasteful steel unsitten, 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!

XIV. 
O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine,—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this content thee not.
Thou hast some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

XV. 
From this deep chasm—where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes behold
A gloomy Niche, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray, 
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old 
For tutelary service, thence had roiled, 
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday! 
Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary slaves 
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast 
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast 
Tempestuously let loose from central caves? 
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves, 
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed? 

XVI.—AMERICAN TRADITION.

From fruitless questions may not long beguile 
Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculptured stones 
Conspicuous yet where Oronoko flows; 
There would the Indian answer with a smile 
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance the while, 
Of the Great Waters telling how they rose, 
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose, 
Mounted through every intricate defile, 
Triumphant.—Inundation wide and deep, 
O'er which his Fathers urged, to rid and steep 
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way; 
And carved, on mural cliff their unheaded side, 
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey; 
Whatever they sought, shunned, loved, or defiled! 

XVII.—RETURN.

A dark plume fetch me from you blasted few, 
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks; 
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes 
Departed ages, shedding where he saw 
Loose fragments of wild walling, that bestrew 
The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the rocks, 
And into silence hush the timorous flocks, 
That, calmly crouching while the nightly dew 
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars. 
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknott's height; 
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars: 
Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame 
Tardily sinking by its proper weight 
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it shone!

XVIII.—BEATRICE CHAPEL.

Sacred Religion, "mother of form and fear," 
Dread Arbitress of mutable respect, 
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked, 
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper; 
If one strong wish may be embosomed here, 
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect 
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect, 
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere 
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days, 
When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew, 
Whose good works formed an endless retrieve: 
Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays; 
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert 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 pure waters, from their lofty height 
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite; 
Who, "wild a world of images imparted 
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,

Appear to cherish most that Torrent white, 
The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all! 
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune 
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon, 
Swoon by that voice,—whose murmurs musical 
Announces to the thristy fields a boon 
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall. 

XX.—THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

The old inventive Poets, had they seen, 
Or rather felt, the encirchantment that detains 
Thy waters, Duddon! mid these flowery plains, 
The still repose, the liquid tape serene, 
Transferred to bowers imperishably green, 
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains 
Will soon be broken,—a rough course remains, 
Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien, 
Immaculate as a trailing of the flock, 
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky, 
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock 
Given and received in mutual jealousy, 
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock, 
Tossing her frantic thyrus wide and high! 

XXI.

Whence 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 afar 
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite, 
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light; 
And smothered joys into new being start. 
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall 
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory; 
Her glistening treasuries bound, yet light and free; 
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall 
On gales that breathe too gently to recall 
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII.—TRADITION.

A love-born Maid, at some far-distant time, 
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass 
In crystal clearness Diana's looking-glass; 
And, seeing, saw that Rose, which from the prime 
Derives its name, reflected as the chime 
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound: 
The starry treasure from the blue profound 
She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb 
The humid precipice, and seize the guest 
Of April, smiling high in upper air? 
Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare 
To prompt me thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast 
The lovely Primrose yet renewed its bloom, 
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII.—SHEEP WASHING.

Sad thoughts, arrest!—the fervour of the year, 
Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites 
To loving currents for preservative rites 
Duly performed before the Dale-men shear 
Their panting charge. The distant Mountains hear, 
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites 
Clamour of boys with innocent despairs 
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear. 
Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive 
Unwelcome mixtures as the unought noise
XXIV.—THE RESTING-PLACE.

Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes; no cloud its shadow throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vigilant reed!
This Nook, with woodbine hung and straggling weed,
Tempest recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbour, profers 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,
There wants not stealthily prospect, that may tempt
Loose Idleness to forego her wily mask.

XXV.

Methinks '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
Atween his downy wings be furnished, 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 which she partakes not some distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong:
Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste
Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
Through tangled woods, impeding rocks between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood,
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green,
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and Tristan joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stain:
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impeccuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep
Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold;—
There dwells the gay, the bountiful, the bold,
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds—though winds were silent, struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
Its line of warriors fled;—they shrunk when tried
By ghostly power;—but Time's unsparing hand
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII.—JOURNEY RENEWED.

I rook while yet the cattle, heat-oppress,
Crowded together under rustling trees,
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
And for their sakes, and love of all that rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
For all the startled scaly tribes that link
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay;
Glad meetings—tender partings—that upstay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
In his pure presence near the trusty thorn;
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pain,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurped with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

XXX.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend,
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side!—
Through the rough cope, thou, with hasty stride,
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain.
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI.

The Kirk of Ulpha to the Pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a Star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er, half the sky;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a bountiful 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 moon lit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII.

Nor hurried precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingered no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
Held;—but in radiant progress to'd the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget their nature:—now expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands,
Glimping in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath anampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish Downs,
With Commerce freighted, or triumphant War.

XXXIII.—Conclusion.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour; lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread the sail;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free,
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance, to advance like Thee,
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

XXXIV.—After Thought.

I Thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being cast away.—Pain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish:—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as too'rd the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we knew.*

POSTSCRIPT.

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

and ends thus—

"The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between you towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem,
"Lovewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day.

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that these Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the Reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credulity. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth

"And feel that I am happier than I know."—

Milton.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

of many years:—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground preoccupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject, cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one: and I have been further induced from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one callcth to another;" and, I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that these verses must indeed be lift-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages:—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque ingloria" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong; and the simple ejaculation of Burns, (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embro "Brook,")

"The Muse nse Poet ever band her,
Till by himself he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And sa' thine lang."

NOTES.

Sonnet vi.—Note 1.

"There bloomed the strawberry of the wildernes.
The trembling eyebrow shone her sapphire blue!"

These two lines are in a great measure taken from
"The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson, author of "The Vision of Alfred," &c. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grassmere, and at Hawkshead school; his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animating. In describing the motions of the Syphils, that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

"Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumines.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glores of the Boreal morn.
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bottnis's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread,
Where the lone native as he homeward glides,
On polished sandsal o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he sees;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."
He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Sonnets—Note 2.

The Eagle requires a large domain for its support; but several pairs, not many years ago, took up permanent quarters, and built their nests in the steep of Borrowdale, Wasdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard angels speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the caves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal Lake, and remaining some hours near its banks, the constellation which it occupied, I could not fathom from a distance. At dawn, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle. There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-rupe, and of Hardknott and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal Lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately. — The Roman fort here alluded to, called by the country people "Hardknott Castle," is most impressively situated half way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknott into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons. — The Decudens circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "Sunken Church.”

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets, which together may be considered as a Poem, will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green’s comprehensive Guide to the Lakes, lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Brough ton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon, which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and vale; wooded grounds and buildings amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising above the remaining features of the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the highlands between Kirkby and Ulverstone. The road from Broughton to Seatwath is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is on an amusing crawl, and at times appearing beautiful and tranquil over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—Vide Green’s Guide to the Lakes, vol. 1. pp. 98—100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this Beautiful Scenery with constant over its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a colletary compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recession, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instantly halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks, like leaflets in the branches of a tree. A place has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, has given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consumption of beauty, which would have been marred had aim of purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glister in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator with a glee from gledomeness. Looking from our church station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-mores" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light glooms from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming Brook; then, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the Brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seatwath. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 29th inclusive. From the point where the Seatwath Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the River makes its way into the Plain of Dunnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of Tew pen; the one opposite is called Walla-barrow Cave, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way had he been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is finished!"—

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls," (or rather water breaks, for none of them are high,) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequencing these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had lingered the day before. The concession," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event, (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril,) "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seatwath Church-yard: it contains the following inscription.

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who
died the 23d of June, 1822, in the 93d year of his age, and 57th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

42. Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age.

In his parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel, is this notice:

43. Buried, June 28, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was born at Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity.

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the eighteenth Sonnet, as a worthy coexploer of the Country Parson of Chaucer, &c. In the Seventh Book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given beginning—

"A Priest hides before whose life such doubts Fall to the ground —" and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-Crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-Crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this Memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to breed him a scholar; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these Dales were furnished with schoolhouses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Lower-water; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Tover in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds per annum: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person upon whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1725 or 1726, he entered upon his curacy; and nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1769, from which the following is extracted:

To Mr.——

Sir,

Coniston, July 26, 1754.

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 by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them, (what we call clogs in these parts,) with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast: his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teazing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is minded to make it for sale, will lay it in, sixteen or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the sincerity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman himself, his wife, and more so, at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself.

Then follows a letter, from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given.

Sir,

Yeats, of the 20th instant was communicated to me by—— C—— and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence then lying heavy upon a amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pessively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all beautiful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, five years; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst. January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of 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 17l. 10s., of which is paid in cash viz. 5l. from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 3l. from W. P. Esg. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3l. from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the parsonage as a rent-charg; the house and garden are valued at 4s. yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplus fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3s;
"May it please your grace,

Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your grace the present trouble.

The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years: he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has lived with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to:

Your grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant,

Robert Walker.

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday, were served, upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own house-hold. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification as the treat could only be procured by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons: he requests that half-a-guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the nasty stings of old age which trouble us daily at our door, and threateningly telling us, we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours; let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately;

Robert Walker."
He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching schools, though as he could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000l.; and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of wonderful is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details. To begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit or exercise, the small wheel, on which he had sat, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less enter. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scribe, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c. with punctuality, 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 the object of his toil; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was of the simplest and most 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 webs 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, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woolen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommoda-

The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the moors; bent upon secular concerns, without gripping injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in general were turned to the advantage. He was remarkably, 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 afflictions 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 visit-
ed; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise 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 his care, contributed much to the general estimability and respectability of his name. He was a man of a very religious cast of mind, and much interested in those duties of his profession, which are peculiarly connected with the religious views of the Established Church. He was a man of principle, and was the friend of all that were friends of that Church; and his good will and kind intentions towards his fellow men were such as would often give way before the blandishments 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 neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Birkett's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exerted, along with those of his family, in pursuing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work; some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum preserved in one of his descendants, which he was tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the gardener's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years, one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same vulnerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention, that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the Church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a secker of peace, he was afraid of the unconforming 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 any tithes due under the title of Church-stock; a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was misplaced need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments: and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties. It would be hard to instance a man better to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the Partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "she was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one 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, poorly-repaired Church man, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of a consecrated ground, in which this venerable pair interred. The surrounding brook, that rolls close by the church-yard without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some sately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girde of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn, it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair, is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Pentingon, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies.

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the Parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momented ground wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances: had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting: the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects.

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from his parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering reed Of eartly grandeur, and become as great.
Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age."

"This Curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne’s bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9. h of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

In another place he records, that the sycamore-trees were planted in the church-yard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classic studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part.

"Invulgite viri, tacito nam tempora gressu Diffuictant, miloque sono convertitur annus; Utendum est atque, cito pate praterit atas."

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, Extracts from a Paper in the Christian Remembrancer, October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopthorpe, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. So bristly, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion, were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter’s night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing, till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no school-house. 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 mountains’ side.

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of nature; she was his mother, and he a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slid behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were watching the emergence and sending him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seathwaite. 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 calums, the force, the peracuity of his sermon, sanctified and adored by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker.

"He allowed no dissent 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 dissentor of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had severed to his appearance the reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history, and ancient times, without thinking, that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality; and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

"Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife’s death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about 12 o’clock the night before his death. 'Is his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter’s arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. ‘How clear the moon shines to night!’ He said those 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."
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISMENT.

During the Summer of 1807, the Author visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the White Doe, founded upon a Tradition connected with the place, was composed at the close of the same year.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

CANTO FIRST.

From Bolton's old monastic tower*

The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lonely,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of billie company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force by their way,
Like cattle through the bucked brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too hardly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remained one protected part;
A rural Chapel, neatly drest;
In covert like a little nest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Saunabath-day, for praise and prayer.

O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earwax will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
APRIL 20, 1815.

* They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility:
for certainly Man is of kinsm to the Beasts by his Body:
and if he be not of kinsm 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 Mellar Nature. 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 assueth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain.

LORD BACON.
Fast the church-yard falls,—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak;*—
And scarcely have they disappeared
For the prutting brook is heard.—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For tis the sunrise now of zeal,
And faith and hope are in their prime
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft,—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through you gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God;
—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lies silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lies quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
*Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit, for one day given,
A gift of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Fall upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath;
Now some gloomy nook partsake
O the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,

That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
To the open day gives bliss-dowers.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or born to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing,—
For altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament,—
Or dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
And sapling ash, whose place of birth
Is that lordly chamber's hearth?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cheering humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,`
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
Methinks she passeth by the sight,
As a common creature might;
If she be doomed to inward care;
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fared, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gently 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,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the river in its flowing—
Can there be a softer sound?
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—When now again the people rear
A voice of praise, with awful cheer!
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng—
And quickly spread themselves abroad—
While each pursues his several road.
But some, a variegated band,
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung,
Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,
Towards the spot, where, full in view,
The lovely Doe of whitest hue,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graces divide
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw near
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm;"—but still the Boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled, and flushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath-day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

This whisper soft repeats what he
Had known from early infancy.
Bright is the Creature—as in dreams
The Boy had seen her—yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insurce delight,
And of himself—and unremembred still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she doubly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
Is such perplexity confin'd:
For, spite of sober truth, that sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong,
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire,
(Who in his youth hath often fed
Full cheerily on convent bread,
And beard old tales by the convent-fire,
And lately hath brought home the scars
Gathered in long and distant wars)
That Old Man—studious to expound
The spectacle—hath he moved high
To days of dim antiquity;
When Lady Adélaïs mourned* Her Son, and felt in her despair,
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Whatev's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Ewemund
From which affliction, when God's grace
At length had in her heart found place,
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up—this stately Priory!
The Lady's work,—but now laid low;
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 soffred remembrance of sorrow and pain,

* The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem in the Third Volume of this Collection, " The Force of Prayer," &c.

Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.
Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;*
And, through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a grievously sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread,
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
Lock down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Prying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent—
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a crownet edged with gold.
Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she
Num'ers among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!
That slender youth, a echo pale,
From Oxford came to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet!
In his wanderings solitary:

" At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to the Cathedral Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Clap hams" (who inherited this estate, by the name line from the Mauleverers) were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this generous act is recorded, was a man of great note in this time, he was a veneration partizan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffsounds, seems to survive.

In the preceding pages of these Poems, will be found one, entitled, " Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford the Shepherd to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors."
To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn's and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmorland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says, " He retired to the solitude of Barden, which he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here alone entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

" His early habits, and the want of these 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 be prepared, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science."

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company."

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which from the character, spelling, &c., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally destined with the MS. of the Clifford's, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with."

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1523, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had nev-
Wild notes she in his burning song,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holy bowers.
'Twas said that she all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dawns, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A Shepherd clad in homely grey,
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The final end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worship's might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's humble quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Persuad, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pray
For other lore,—through strong desire
Searching the earth with chemic fire:
But they and their good works are fled—
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead!
Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone beside that grassy heap!

Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto zone impart
An undisturbed repose of heart,
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
By bony dreams, and fancies wild;
To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast at will thy murmurers;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and other peace:
But, harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
Thou hast breeze-like visitings;
For a Spirit with angel wings
Hath touched thee and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

Canto Second.

The Harp in lowliness obeyed;
And first we sang of the green-wood shade
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The Friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unex困ished light;
Her last companion in a death
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was,—this Maid, who wrought
Mostly with foreboding thought,
In vermeil colours and in gold
An unbest work: which, standing by,
Her Father did with joy behold,—
Exulting in the imagery;
A Banner, one that did fulfill
Too perfectly his headstrong will:
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such was the command)
The Sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in ruf,eful 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 hea!;
But now the inlay-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassallage, to fight
In Percy's and in Nevile's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rise of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the dread justice of the sword!
And that same Banner, whose breast
The blameless Lady had expres,
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
That Banner, waiting for the call,
Stood quietly in Ryestone Hall.

It came,—and Frances Norton said,
"O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hair are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!
Bethink you of your own good name:
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn,—
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for to dispirit or for land,
My Father, do I chesp your knees—
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,—
This multitude of men distressed,
And live at home in blameless ease;
For these my brethren's sake, for me;
And, most of all, for Emily!"

Loud noise was in the crowded hall,
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—which had a dying fall,
The name of his only Daughter dear,—
And on the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,
And his moist eyes were glorified;
Then seized the staff, and thus did say:

"Then, Richard, hear'st thy father's name,
Keep thou this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same:
Thy place be on my better hand;—
And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and me."

He spoke, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band!

Forth when Sire and Sons appeared
A gratulating shout was reared,
With din of arms and ministrancy,
From all his warlike train,
All horsed and harnessed with him to ride;
—A shout to which the hills replied!

But Frances, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under daily wight,—
A phantom, in whose roof and wall
Shook—tattered—swam before his sight;
A phantom like a dream of night:
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he walked at length, his eye
Was on the calm and silent sky;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,—
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly 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?
Oh! hide them from each other, hide,
Kind Heaven, this pair severely tried!

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew,—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling;
How could he choose but shrink or sigh?
He shrank, and muttered inwardly,
"Might ever son command a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said,
"Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I wish thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."

He paused her silence to partake,
And long it was before he spake:
Then, all at once, 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;
Undried our Brothers were beloved,
And now their faithfulness is proved:
For faithful we must call them beaing
That soul of conscientious daring
—There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless hall,
And those bright Twins were side by side;
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet holds the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower:
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's face,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their plav face to face;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
To my Father knelt and prayed,
And one, the passive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each, and all, forgiven!
There, chiefly thee, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs: are registered in heaven,
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Merk filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unshalled Banner grew
Beneath a loving old man's view.
Thy part is done—thy peaceful 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 forsweaer;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked wilt I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe:
On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty hand;"—
Therewith he throw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance,
Spurned it,—like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or Man;—such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well;—
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee a woman, and thence weak;
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss:
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon.
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.

* See the Old Ballad,—"The Rising of the North."
For we must fall, both we and ours,—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young Horse, must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The Hawk forget his perch—the Hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away,
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature? which words saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair Creature, and more white than snow!
"Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came,—
For she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rydalton Hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf which by Heaven's decrees
Must hang upon a blasted tree;
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith—
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
Not seldom foremost in the way—
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read—
If, when at home our private weal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance and self-sacrifice—
If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared—
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all truth—
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!"
He ended,—or she heard no more;
He led her from the Yew-tree shade,
And at the Mansion's silent door,
He kissed the consecrated Maid;
And down the Valley he pursued,
 Alone, the armed Multitude.

CASTO THIRD.

Now joy for you and sudden cheer,
Ye Watchmen upon Brancepeth Towers;*
Looking forth in doubt and fear,
Telling melancholy hours!
Froebian it, let your masters hear
That Norton with his Band is war!
The Watchmen from their station high
Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry
Forthwith the armed Company
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the Pair
Gone forth to hail him on the Plain—
"This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
I bring with me a goodly train;
Their hearts are with you:—hail and dale
Have helped us:—Ure we crossed, and Swale,
And Horse and Harness followed—see
The best part of their Yeomanry!"

* Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

—Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,
Whom to this service I command;
Which way soe'er our fate incline,
These will be faithful to the end;
They are my all!—voice failed him here,
"My all save one, a Daughter dear;
Whom I have left, the mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride:
The time is ripe—with festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry 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 garb;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms;
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
"Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said, "The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England's Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bairt
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still holder 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
Wan's 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 heathen,
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafe'd in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued;"
"Uplift the Standard!" was the cry
From all the Listeners that stood round,
"Plant it,—by this we live or die"—
The Norton ceased not for that sound,
But said, "The prayer which ye have heard,
Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly;"
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued.
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude,
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread ensigns,
With tumult and indignant rout
A voice of uttermost joy break out:
The transport was rolled down the river of Were, And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear, And the Towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne, At Percy's voice: and Neville sees His followers gathering in from Tees, From Were, and all the little Rills Concealed among the forked Hills— Seven Hundred Knights, Retainers all Of Neville, at their Master's call Had sate together in Baby Hall! Such strength that Earthom held of yore; Nor wanted at this time rich store Of well-appointed Chivalry. —Not loft the sleepy lance to wield, And greet the old paternal shield, They heard the summons:—and, furthermore, Horsemen and Foot of each degree, Unbound by pledge of fealty, Appeared, with free and open hate Of novelties in Church and State; Knight, Burgler, Yeoman, and Esquire; And Romish Priest, in Priest's attire. And thus, in arms, a zealous Band Proceeding under joint command, To Durham first their course they bear; And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat Sang Mass,—and tore the book of Prayer,— And trod the Bible beneath their feet. Thence marching southward smooth and free, "They mustered their Host at Wetherby, Full sixteen thousand fair to see:"

The choicest Warriors of the North! But none for beauty and for worth Like those eight Sons—embosoming Determined thoughts—who, in a ring Each with a lance, erect and tall, A falchion, and a buckler small, Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor, To guard the Standard which he bore. —With feet that firmly pressed the ground They stood, and girt their Father round; Such was his choice,—no Steed will he Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly He stood upon the grayes sod, Trusting himself to the earth, and God. Rare sight to embolden and inspire! Proud was the field of Sons and Sire, Of him the most! and, sooth to say, No shape of Man in all the array So graced the sunshine of that day. The monumental pomp of age Was with this goodly Personage; A stature undepressed in size, Unbent, which rather seemed to rise, In open victory o'er the weight Of seventy years, to higher height; Magnificent limbs of withered state,— A face to fear and venerate,— Eyes dark and strong, and on his head Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread, Which a brown morn half-concealed, Light as a hunter's of the field; And thus, with girdle round his waist, Whereon the Banner-staff might rest At need, he stood, advancing high The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—many see, and One With unparticipated gaze; Who 'mong these thousands Friend hath none, And treads in solitary ways.

* From the old Ballad.

He, following wheresoe'er he might, Hath watched the Banner from afar, As Shepherds watch a lonely star, Or Mariner's the distant light That guides them on a stormy night. And now, upon a chosen plot Of rising ground, you heathy spot! He takes this day his far-off stand, With breast unmarred, unweaponed hand. —Bold is his aspect; but his eye Is pregnant with anxiety, While, like a tutelary Power, He there stands fixed, from hour to hour! Yet sometimes, in more humble guise, Stretched out upon the ground he lies; As if it were his only task Like Herdsman in the sun to bask, Or by his mansite's help to find A shelter from the nipping wind: And thus, with short oblivion blest, His weary spirits gather rest. Again he lifts his eyes; and lo! The pageant glancing to and fro; And hope is wakened by the sight, He thence may learn, ere full of night, Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains sent; But what avails the bold intent? A Royal army is gone forth To quell the Rising of the North; They march with Dudley at their head, And, in seven days' space, will to York be led! Can such a mighty Host be raised Thus suddenly, and brought so near? The Earls upon each other gazed; And Neville was oppressed with fear; For, though he bore a valiant name, His heart was of a timid frame, And bold if both had been, yet they "Against so many may not stay,"— And therefore will retreat to seize A strong Hold on the banks of Tees; There wait a favourable hour, Until Lord Dacre with his power From Naworth comes; and Howard's aid Be with them; openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man, A rumour of this purpose ran, The Standard giving to the care Of him who heretofore did bear That charge, impatient Norton sought The Chieftains to unfold his thought, And thus abruptly spoke,—" We yield (And can it be?) an unfought field! —How often hath the strength of heaven To few triumphantly been given! Still do our very children boast Of mitred Thurston, what a Host He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain, (And flying shall behold again) Where faith was proved!—while to battle moved The Standard on the Sacred Wain On which the grey-haired Barons stood, And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood, Beneath the saintly ensigns three, Stood confident of victory! Shall Percy blush, then, for his Name? Must Westmoreland be asked with shame?

* From the old Ballad.

† See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross?

They were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross.

When, as the Vision gave command,
The Prior of Durham with holy hand
Saw Cuthbert's Relic did appear
Upon the point of a holy spear,
And God descended in his power,
White the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower.

Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue;
—The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to change;
White, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold.—

—The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,
But word was given—and the trumpet sounded;
Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.

Aha! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised so joyfully,
This hope of all posterity,

* In the night before the battle of Durham was struck; and began, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporal-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice which he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relic like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower went to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which he, the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy, by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the Red Hills, and there most devoutly handle and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and fighting by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any vice one under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relic.) And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the Englishmen and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots and their enmity. And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevill, and John Nevill his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles, marched, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and holy St. Cuthbert for the victory obtained that day.

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone-work was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Neville's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevill, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle. The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length,) "and in the midst of the same banner cloth was the said holy relic and corporal-cloth enclosed, &c. &c. and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve, and never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by the same, did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly relics."

—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 Fledden Field.

Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the frail clouds a mocking play.

"Yet here these poor eight of mine would stem;"

Half to himself, and half to them
He spake, "would stem, or quell a force
Ten times their number, man and horse;
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day
Would breed us thousands brave as they."

—Speaking, he his reverend head
Raised towards that imagery once more;
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She did in passiveness of view,
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 hatchorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesus' sake,
This Cross in tears:—by her, and One
Unworthy far, we are undone—
Her Brother was it who answered,
Her tender spirit and prevailed.
Her other Parent, too, whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid,
From reason's earliest dawn beguiled
The docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe.—
While thus he brooded, music sweet
Was played to cheer them in retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear:
Thought followed thought—and ere the last
Of that unhappy train was past,
Before him Francis did appear.

"Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,"

Saith he, "in open field your Ears;
Now that from this decisive day
Your multitude must melt away,
An unarmed Man may come unblamed:—
To ask a grace, that was not claimed
Long as your hopes were high, he now
May hither bring a fearless brow:
When his discouragement can do
No injury—may come to you.
Though in your cause no part I bear,
Your indignation I can share;
Am griev'd this backward march to see,
How careless and disorderly!
I scorn your Chieftains, men who lead,
And yet want courage at their need;
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserted, they were never carried!
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remains behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind."
"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!—
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
Against all good!"—but why declare,
At length, the issue of this prayer?
Or how, from his depression raised,
The Father on his Son had gazed;
Suffice it that the Son gave way,
Nor strove that passion to allay,
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
The like endeavours to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH.

From cloudless ether looking down,
The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
And southward far, with moors between,
Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pilastered chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
—The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
The Grey-hounds to their kennel creep;
The Peacock in the broad ash-tree
Altoft is rooted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still above the bower,
Where he is perched, from you lone Tower
The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.
—Ah! who could think that sadness here
Hath any sway?—or pain, or fear?
A soft and hushing sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day;
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen;—and lo!—
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe:
The same fair Creature who was nigh
Feeding in tranquillity,
When Francis uttered to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade:—
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now, within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array,—
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide,
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,
The consecrated Emily?

Even while I speak, behold the Maid
Emerging from the cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
Like a patch of April snow,
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingerling in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen;
Easily relit: which, if seen
By the Shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
—Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe!

Yet the meek Creature was not free,
Erewhile from some perplexity:
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily;
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
Some smile or look of love to gain,—
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
Have all been slighted or gainsaid.
Yet is she soothed: the viewless breeze
Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:
Ere she had reached you rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead;
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revives a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote Alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly anxious mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
—Yes, she is soothed:—an Image faint—
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her;—'tis that blest Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence:
"But oh! thou Angel from above,
Thou Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than Ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis:—through the air
Of this sad earth to him repair,
Speak to him with a voice, and say,
'That he must cast despair away!""

Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues.—She will go;
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her father's knees:—ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The 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
'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
She knows, she feels it, and is cheered;  
At least her present pans are checked.
—But now an ancient Man appeared,  
Approaching her with grave respect.
Down the smooth walk which then she trod  
He paced along the silent sod,
And greeting her thus gently spake,
"An old Man's privilege I take;  
Dark is the time—a useful day!  
Dear daughter of affliction, say  
How can I serve you I point the way.

Rights have you, and may well be bold:  
You with my Father have grown old  
In friendship;—go—from him—from me—  
Strive to avert this misery.
This would I beg; but on my mind  
A passive stillness is enjoined.  
—If prudence offer help or aid,  
On you is no restriction laid;  
You not forbidden to recline  
With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the Sufferer's zealous Friend,  
"Must not forsake till end. —  
In Craven's wilds is many a den,  
To shelter persecuted men:  
Far under ground is many a cave,  
Where they might lie as in the grave,  
Until this storm hath ceased to rave;  
Or let them cross the river Tweed,  
And be at once from peril freed!"

"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;  
"I will not counsel nor exhort,—  
With my condition satisfied;  
But you, at least, may make report  
Of what befalls;—be this your task—  
This may be done;—'tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight  
The Sire, unconscious of his age,  
Departed promptly as a Page  
Bound on some errand of delight.  
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,  
Thought he, may have the skill to save;  
With hopes in tenderness concealed,  
Unarmed he followed to the field.  
Him will I seek: the insurgent Towers  
Are now besieg'd Barnard's Towers,—  
"Grant that the Moon which shines this night  
May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change.  
And knowledge has a narrow range:  
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,  
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—  
Their flight the fair Moon may not see;  
For, from mid-heaven, already she  
Hath witnessed their captivity.  
She saw the desperate assault  
Upon that hostile castle made:—  
But dark and dismal is the Vault  
Where Norton and his sons are laid!  
Disastrous issue"—he had said  
"This night you haughty Towers must yield,  
Or we for ever quit the field.  
—Neville is utterly dismayed,  
For promise fails of Howard's aid;  
And Dacre to our call replies  
That he is unprepared to rise.  
My heart is sick;—this weary pause  
Must needs be fatal to the cause.  
The breach is open—on the Wall,  
This night, the Banner shall be planted!"—  
"Twas done—his Sons were with him—all;—  
They beth him round with hearts undaunted
And others follow,—Sire and Son  
Leap down into the court—"'Tis won"—  
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed  
Another close  
To that brave deed  
Which struck with terror friends and foes:  
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils  
From Norton and his blind hand;  
But they, now caught within the toils,  
Against a thousand cannot stand:—  
The foe from numbers courage drew,  
And overpowered that gallant few.  
"A rescue for the Standard!" cried  
The Father from within the walls;  
But, see, the sacred Standard fails—  
Confusion through the Camp spread wide:  
Some fled—and some their fears detained;  
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest,  
In her pale chambers of the West,  
Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO FIFTH.

Here on a point of rugged ground  
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,  
Above the loftiest ridge or mound  
Where Foresters or Shepherds dwell,  
An Edifice of warlike frame  
Stands single (Norton Tower its name):  
It fronts all quarters, and looks round  
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,  
Dark moor, and glean of pool and stream;  
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent,  
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free  
As Pendle-hill or Pennygnett  
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet,  
Had often heard the sound of glee  
When there the youthful Nortons met,  
To practise games and archery:  
How proud and happy they! the crowd  
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!  
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,  
From showers, or when the prize was won  
They to the Watch-tower did repair,  
Commodious Pleasure-house! and there  
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;  
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,  
He was the proudest of them all!  
But now, his Child, with anguish pale,  
Upon the height walks to and fro;  
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,  
Reconciled the bitterness of woes:  
For she had hoped, had hoped and feared,  
Such rights did feeble nature claim;  
And oft her steps had hither steered,  
Though not unconscious of self-blame;  
For she her brother's charge revered,  
His farewell words; and by the same,  
Yea by her brother's very name,  
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

* It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker.—Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Clifford's. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout work, about four feet thick, but seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, (two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were the sites for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch-tower."
She turned to him, who with his eye
Was watching her while on the height
She sate, or wandered restlessly,
O'errubricened by her sorrow's weight;
To him who this dire news had told,
And now beside the Munner stood;
(That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship, rival Hunters they,
And fellow Warriors in their day)
To Rylstone be the tidings brought;
Then on this place the Maid had sought:
And told, as gently as could be,
The end of that sad Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said
That Francis lives, he is not dead?"

"Your noble Brother hath been spared,
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—
What, lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But, marks of infancy and shame,
These were their triumph, these their pride,
Nor wanting 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free'
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
For sake of natural Piety;
He rose not in this quarrel, but
His Father and his Brothers woe'd,
Both for their own and Country's good,
To rest in peace—he did divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unwinking—
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!"

"And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, I made bold—
And entrance gained to that strong-hold.

"Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned—
He was commanding and entreating,
And said, 'We need not stop, my Son!'
But I will end what is begun;
'Tis matter which I do not fear
To entrust to any living ear;
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

"Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome Altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,

Once more the thread had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then, had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed;
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Glad offering of gladdened victory!

"A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

"Hear then,' said he, while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart
—The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour be not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine,—
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying Sanctuary:
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea offered up this beauteous Brood
This fair unrivalled Brothertcy,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed,—
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"

"Then Francis answered fervently,
'If God so will, the same shall be.'

Immediately, this solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the Prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! therefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth:
They met, when they had reached the door,
The Banner, which a Soldier bore,
One marshalled thus with base intent
That he in scorn might go before,
And, holding up this monument,
Conduct them to their punishment;
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the Soldier's hand;
And all the people that were round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led
Led on, and yielded up their breath,
Together died, a happy death!
But Francis, soon as he had brav'd
This insult, and the Banner saved,
CANTO SIXTH.

Why comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer
In that parental gratulation,
And glow of righteous indignation,
Went with him from the doleful City:
He fled—yet in his flight could hear
The death-sound of the Minster-bell;
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With motion fleet as a winged Dove;
Yea, like a heavenly Messenger,
An Angel-guest, should he appear.
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
The Banner-staff was in his hand,
The Imagery concealed from sight,
And cross the expance, in open flight,
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on:—nor heeds
The sorrow through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force,
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not as he fled;
All but the suffering heart was dead
For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along,—
It was the banner in his hand!
He felt, and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Beareer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find any where, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight?
No, will not all Men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it,—but how, when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this pious object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain
Within himself, and found no rest;
Calm liberty he could not gain;
And yet the service was unblest.
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong,
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how, unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will intelligibly shown,
Finde he the banner in his hand,
Without a thought to such intent,
Or conscious effort of his own;
And no obstruction to prevent,
His Father's wish, and last command!
And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;
Remembering his own prophecy
Of utter desolation, made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting to the power,
The might of that prophetic hour.
"No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine;"

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued;—and, on the second day,
He reached a summit whence his eyes
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—"Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:
They come, by cruel Surset sent:
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of Death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis had the Banner claimed,
And wish that charge had disappeared;
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even the bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcomming light)! Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
That to what place seover fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
They hem him round—"Behold the proof,
Behold the Ensign in his hand!"
He did not arm, he walked aloof;
For why?—to save his Father's Land:
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!"—

"I am no Traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
It weakens me, my heart hath bled
Till it is weak—but you, beware,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
Which like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now:
He from a soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and with his eyes he watched
Their motions, turning round and round:—
His weaker hand the Banner held;  
And straight, by savage zeal impelled,  
Forth raised a Pikeman, as if he,  
Not without harsh indignity,  
Would seize the same:—instinctively—  
To smite the Offender—with his lance  
Did Francis from the brake advance;  
But, from behind, a treacherous wound  
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground,  
A mortal stroke:—oh grief to tell!  
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell:  
Thus did he lie of breath forsaken;  
The Banner from his grasp was taken,  
And borne exulting away;  
And the body was left on the ground where it lay.

Two days, as many nights, he slept  
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;  
For at that time distress and fear  
Possessed the Country far and near;  
The third day, One, who chanced to pass,  
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.  
A gentle Forester was he,  
And of the Norton Tenantry;  
And he had heard that by a Train  
Of Horsemen Francis had been slain.  
Much was he troubled—for the Man  
Hath recognised his pallid face;  
And to the nearest Huts he ran,  
And called the People to the place.  
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!  
Such was the instant thought of all;  
And if the lonely Lady there  
Should be, this sight she cannot bear!  
Such thought the Forester expressed;  
And all were swayed, and deemed it best  
That, if the Priest should yield assent  
And join himself to their intent,  
Then, they, for Christian pity’s sake,  
In holy ground a grave would make  
That straightway buried he should be  
In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made  
The grave where Francis must be laid.  
In no confusion or neglect  
This did they,—but in pure respect  
That he was born of gentle Blood;  
And that there was no neighbourhood  
Of kindred for him in that ground:  
So to the Church-yard they are bound,  
Bearing the Body on a bier  
In decency and humble cheer;  
And psalms are sung with holy sound.

But Emily hath raised her head,  
And is again disquieted;  
She must behold,—so many gone,  
Where is the solitary One?  
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—  
To seek her Brother forth she went,  
And tremulously her course she bent  
Tow’rd Bolton’s ruined Priory.  
She comes, and in the Vale hath heard  
The Funeral dirge,—she sees the knot  
Of people, sees them in one spot—  
And darting like a wounded Bird  
She reached the grave, and with her breast  
Upon the ground received the rest,—  
The consummation, the whole ruth  
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.  
Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand  
Was to the Harp a strong command,  
Called the submissive strings to wake  
In glory for this Maiden’s sake,  
Say, Spirit:—whither hath she fled  
To hide her poor afflicted head?  
What mighty forest in its gloom  
Enfolds her?—is a ritten tomb  
Within the wilderness her seat?  
Some island which the wild waves beat,  
Is that the Sufferer’s last retreat?  
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds  
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?  
High-climbing rock—low sunless vale—  
Sea—desert—what do these avail?  
Oh take her anguish and her fears  
Into a deep recess of years!

"Tis done:—despoil and desolation  
O’er Rylstone’s fair domain have blown:—*  
The walks and pools neglect hath sown  
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,  
Or have given way to slow mutation,  
While, in their ancient habitation  
The Norton name hath been unknown.  
The lordly Mansion of its pride  
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide,  
Through park and field, a perishing  
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!  
And with this silent gloom agreeing  
There is a joyless human Being,  
Of aspect such as if the waste  
Were under her Dominions placed:  
Upon a primrose bank, her throne  
Of quietness, she sits alone;  
There seated, may this Maid be seen,  
Among the ruins of a wood,  
Erewhile a covert bright and green,  
And where full many a brave Tree stood:  
That used to spread its boughs, and ring  
With the sweet Bird’s carolling;  
Behold her, like a Virgin Queen,  
Neglecting In imperial state  
These outward images of fate,  
And carrying inward a serene  
And perfect sway, through many a thought  
Of chance and change, that hath been brought  
To the subjection of a holy,  
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy:  
The like authority, with grace  
Of awfuines, is in her face.—  
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems  
To o’ershadow by no native right  
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,  
Lose utterly the tender gleams  
Of gentleness and meek delight,  
And loving-kindness ever bright:  
Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress

* "After the attainder of Richard Norton, his es-
tates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained  
till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to  
Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate sur-
vey made at that time, several particulars have been  
extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the mansion-
house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a  
close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from  
the French Vivier or modern Lavo Vivarium; for  
there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-
ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of  
Elizabeth’s time, with pastry works, fish-ponds, an  
island, &c. The whole township was ranged by an  
hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord,  
which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder  
of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tem-
pest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to de-
predations, before which time it appears that the neigh-
bhourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan  
scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is men-
tioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who  
rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at  
Ripon.
(A vest with woolen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely.—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she hath wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief;
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea like a Ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's Roof,
And put her fortune to proof;
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly born:
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past
And strength of Reason; held above
The infirmities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.

And, o—beneath a mounted tree,
A self-surviving leafless Oak,
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately Flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of Deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For, of that band of rushing Deer,
A single One in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed his large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily,
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant Creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her—and more near
Stopped once again;—but, as no trace
Was found of any thing to fear,
Even to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory;
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very Doe of other years!
The pleader look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair!
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's choicest care,
This was for you a precious greeting,
For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting.
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forgo,
The Lady, once her playfellow Peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely Chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face,
And take this gift of Heaven with grace?

That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion;
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from the sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her Dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habituation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A Hut, by tufted Trees defounded,
Where Rylstone Brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe was there in sight.
She shrank:—with one frail shock of pain,
Received and followed by a prayer,
Did she behold—saw once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground.
So doth the sufferer deem it good
Even once again this neighbourhood
To leave.—Unw-o-d, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the Vale,
Up to another Cottage—hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale;*
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
Why tell of messy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed,
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes:
Who with a power like human Reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire,
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wrenched
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindly intercourse ensue.
—Oh! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glances espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing;
Or in the meadow wandered wide;
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
That like a nested Pair reposèd?
Fair Vision: when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high,
Floating through an azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the Shepherd's pipe was playing;

* "At the extremity of the parish of Burnest, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale, to the source of the river: the other is usually called Littondale, but more antecity and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N. W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—Dr. Whitaker.
And with a deeper peace ensued
The hour of midnight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
And, wandering through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old Loves,
Undisturbed and undistressed,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, delicious, melancholy:
Not sunless gloom or unlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the Bells of Rylstone played
Their Salisbury music—*God us ayde!**
That was the sound they seemed to speak:
Inscriptive legend which I mean
May on those holy Bells be seen,
That legend and her Grand sire's name;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her Childhood read the same,
Words which she slighted at that day;
But now, when such sad change was wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought,
The Bells of Rylstone seemed to say
While she sat listening in the shade,
With vocal music, "*God us ayde!*
And all the Hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up doth she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence looks round her far and wide;
Her fate there measure—all is still—
The Feeble hath subdued her heart;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
But here her Brother's words have failed;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left;
This single Creature that disproves
His words, remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot!
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The rocky rock-encircled Pound;
In which the Creature first was found.

*On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, J. N. for John Norton, and the motto, *God us ayde.***

† Which is thus described by Dr Whitaker:—"*On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall, starting from the S. W. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the side of the hill, where the glen is very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground."

*From the Ministers of the Scottish Border, it appears that such ponds for deer, sheep, &c. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mousetrap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the side face on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite di-

So beautiful the spotless Thrall
(A lovely Youngling white as foam)
That it was brought to Rylstone-hall:
Her youngest Brother led it home,
The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
Brought home the prize—and with what joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go:
There ranced 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 and long
She sate in meditation strong:
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned:
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her faith Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
That recognition! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the Inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we frame, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wing
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude awhile,
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes:
Distress and demolition spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on Earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity!
From fair to fairer; day by day
A more divine and loftier way!
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod;
By sorrow lifted to ward's her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lovely Friend,—
There stopped—her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied—
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more;
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfdale Peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.

section. 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 equisitarious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, an herd would folloiw."*

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery—Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place, by working with an inviable hand of art in the very spirit of nature.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,  
Maid of the blasted family,  
Rose to the God from whom it came!  
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame  
Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray  
Survives—the twilight of this day—  
In that fair Creature whom the fields  
Support, and whom the forest shields;  
Who, having filled a holy place,  
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;  
And bears a memory and a mind  
Raised far above the law of kind;  
Haunting the spots with lovely cheer  
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:  
Leaves what Emily loved most—  
The enclosure of this Church-yard ground;  
Here wanders like a gladling Ghost,  
And every Sabbath here is found;  
Comes with the People when the Bells  
Are heard among the moorland dells,  
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 floors encumbered with rich show  
Of fret-work imagery laid low;  
Faces so'ty, or makes hail,  
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,  
By plate of monumental brass  
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,  
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave;  
But chiefly by that single grave,  
That one sequestered hillock green,  
The pensive Visitant is seen.  
There doth the gentle Creature lie  
With most vulnerable unmoved;  
Calm Spectacle, by earth and sky  
In their benignity approved;  
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,  
Subdued by outrage and decay,  
Looks down upon her with a smile,  
A gracious smile, that seems to say,  
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,  
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"
ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES, IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

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 Traces, and by a blest surprise Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

ADVERTISEMENT.

During the month of December, 1829, I accompanied a much-loved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his Estate, with a view to fix upon the Site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this Series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of 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, was engaged, with similar views, in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my Friend will partake.

W. WORDSWORTH.

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 hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

PART I.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

I, who accompanied with faithful pace
Clement Duddon from his clouded spring,
And loved with Spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain quiet and born nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plenteous 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;
Where, for delight of him who tracks its course
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.—CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred Well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the West,
Did holy Paul* a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven, who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III.—TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the Seanewt[*]
white
As Men's foam: and 'twas the mystic ring
Where Angurs stand the future questioning,
Slowly the Coromant a'mis her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard:—can these meek doctrines blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled:—the Julian spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV.—DRUIDICAL ECACOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off by accursed lore,
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 whence Wisdom flowed,
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with powerful Hand the rocky storm,
That inspiration when the stars were shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.—UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,
Or where the solitary Shepherd roves
Along the Plain of Sarum, by the Ghost
Of Time and Shadows of Tradition, crest;
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles.

* Stillingsfleet adds many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Catholic Writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude Church at Glastonbury; added to hereafter, in a passage upon the Disappearance of Monasteries.

This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Coromant was a bird of bad omen.
ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast,
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
Nor Taliessin's unfor gotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman name,
To an unquestionable Source have led;
Enough—if eyes that sought the fountain-head,
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.—PERSECUTION.

LAMENT: For Dioclesian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning: but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
If rages—some are snubbed in the field—
Some pierced beneath the intellectual shield
Of sacred home,—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Albhan tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake:
Self-offer'd Victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

VII.—RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceas'd, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrum
Their nests, or chant a gratefulst hymn
To the blue other and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed face,
Have the Survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonies they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,
That persecution, blind with rage extem'd
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance
Even in her own despite, both fond and cheer:
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.—TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

Watch, and be firm: for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await;
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice.
Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and alate
Your love of Him upon whose head rest
The crown of thorns: whose life-blood flowed, the price,
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreadful from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters:—these, though fondly viewed
As humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX.—DISCLOSURES.

That heretics should strike if truth be scanned
Presumptuously (their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! discord at the Altar dare to stand
* This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Varis herbarum floribus depictis inque susquejatis vestimentis, in quo nihil repertum arduum, nihil praebens, nihil abruptum quem hinc et aliis lataque delucens in modum sequitur natura complanit, dignum videlicet eum pro insita in specie vannatae jam olivis radicibus, qui healt martyris praebent discursur."

Uplifting tow'r'd high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptiz'd!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the emervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are supplicant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell.
For she returns not.—Abed by her own will,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

STUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

Rise!—they have risen: of brave Anuirn ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The spirit of Caractacus defends
The Patriots, animates their glorious task:—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:
Stretched in the sunny fight of victory bask
The Host that followed Urian as he stride
O'er heaps of slain:—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI.—SAXON CONQUEST.

Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of malletulius* test from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a record and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Reics 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 BANOR.*

The oppression of the tumult—wretched scowl—
The tribulation—and the greaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
* Alluding to the victory gained under Germans.—
See Bede.
† The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel: and here I will stay (though to the full amount in which this Poem will truly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other Prose Writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courteing, it would have been pre
sumtuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicelife and in other in
stances. And upon the acquisition of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively de
scription of that event in the Memoirs of the first Lord Loundale.
‡ "Ethelberth reached the convent of Eanigor, he perceived the monks, twelve hundred in number, of
fering prayers for the success of their counsels; 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us; and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed: and, appalled by their fate, the rouage of Brocmun wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelberth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Banor itself
The song of Taliesen. —Ours shall mourn
The unnamed Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor’s walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn.
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things sverve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy stream
And some indugent Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII.—Causal Incitement.
A bright-haired company of youthful Slaves,
Beautiful Strangers, stand within the Pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Thine stream the lonely rule.
Angst by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing which seemed loveller in Heaven’s eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory:
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels in slender ties
Of chiming sound commanding sympathies;
Drummers a-who would slay them from God’s ire;
Subjects of Saxons, all—thou shalt sing
God Hallubujahs to the eternal King!

XIV.—Glads Things.
For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
First be the glorious shore of which ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour! —By Augustus led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free;
Rich conquest waits them—the tempests we sea
Of Insurrection, that ran so rough and high.
And bowed not the voice of inspiration,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God’s divinity.

XV.—Paulinus.
But, to remote Northumbria’s royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutor of the school
Of Sacred Truth, still maintains a haven
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and mien cheery,
His prominent feature like an eagle’s brack;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appeal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
To wind the pure truths this Delegiate propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
Soon fell into his hands, and was demolished;
The noble monastery was leveled to the ground; its li-
hey, which is mentioned as a large one, the collec-
tion of ages, the repository of the most precious mon-
uments of the ancient Britons, was consumed: half-
rubed walls, gates, and rabbles, were all that re-
mained of this magnificent edifice. —See Turner’s valu-
able History of the Anglo Saxons.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, assumes a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

’Tis Lebanon at the battle which preceded
this desolation.

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede,
From the memory of an eye-witness:—“Longe sta-
turnum, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie maci-
ato, naso adnasa, pertenui, venerabilis simul et ter-
rribilis aspectu.”

With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Counsellors:—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI.—Persuasion.
“Man’s life is like a Sparrow; mighty King!
That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing
Plies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goeth. Even such that transient Thing,
The human Soul:—not utterly unknown
While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
But from what world She came, what woe or weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
‘His be a welcome cordially 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 Flame which heretofore
He served in folly.—Waden 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 streamets,—and thousands, who rejoice
In the new Rice—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.—Apology.
Nor scorn the old which Fancy oft doth lend
The Souls eternal interest to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation: let their odours float

* See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Con-
version of Edwin, as related by him, is highly inter-
esting—and the breaking up of this Council accompa-
nied with an event so striking and characteristic,
that I am tempted to give it at length in a transla-
tion.

Who, explained the King, when the Council was
ended, shall first desecrate the Altars and the
Temples? I, an-owed the Chief Priest; for who
more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the
true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good ex-
ample of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? I
immediately, casting away vain superstition, he be-
sought the King to grant him, what the laws did not
allow to a Priest, arms and a courser (equum emisar-
ium); which mounting, and furnished with a
sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the idols.
The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he how-
ever hailed not, but, approaching, he profaned the
Temple, casting against it the lance which he had
held in his hand, and, existing in acknowledged
ment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his com-
paigns to pull down the Temple, with all its en-
closures. The place is shown where those idols for-
merly stood, not far from York, at a source of the
river Derwent, and is at this day called Comandu Ga-
ham, ubi pontificis ille, insinuante Duro vero, pollutae
destruetur eae, quae late suraeant arma.” The last
expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable
Monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of
Vigil.

The early propagators of Christianity were acce-
sored to preach near rivers, for the convenience of
baptism.
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooding Owl
My night-watch: nor should e'er the created Fowl
From thorp or vill his mournful sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.
ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

Might range the starry ether for a crown Equal to his deserts, who, like the year, Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer, And sways like light with milky-tempered frown. Ease from this noble Miser of his time No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.* Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem, Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem, And Christain India, through her wide-spread clime, In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.—HIS DESCENDANTS.

Can aught survive to linger in the veins Of kindred bodies—an essential power That may not vanish in one fatal hour, And wholly cast away terrestrial chains? The race of Alfred covet glorious pains When dangers threaten, dangers ever new! Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view! But manly sovereignty is hold retained; The root sincere, the branches b'ard to strive With the fierce tempest, while, within the round Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive; As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground, Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom, The fostered hyacinth spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII.—INFLUENCE ABUSED.

Urged by Ambition, who with subtext—kill Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe Shalt soar, and as a hypocrite can swoop, And turn the instruments of good to ill, Moulding the credulous People to his will. Such Dunstan:—from his Benedictine coop Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop The chaste affections tremble to fulfil Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified, The Might of spiritual sway: his thoughts, his dreams, Do in the supernatural world abide: So vaunt a thong of Followers, filled with pride In shows of virtue pushed to its extremes, And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.—DANISH CONQUESTS.

Was to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey?† Discourse checks the arms that would restrain The incessant Rovers of the Northern Main; And widely spreads once more a Pagan sway: But Gospel-truth is potent to alay Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign, His native superstitions melt away. Thus, often, when thick gloom the cast o'ershrouds, The full-ordred Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear Silent to consume the heavy clouds; How no one can resolve: I saw every eye Around her seas, whilst air is rushed, a clear And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.—CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere, From Monk in Ely chanting service high, While as Canute the King is rowing by: "My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near, Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.† The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions.—See Thurare.

"That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!" He listens (all past conquests and all schemes Of future vanishing like empty dreams) Heart-touched, and hapy not without a tear. The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still, While his free Barge swims the smooth flood along, Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.* O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest cline And rudest age are subject to the thrill Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

XXXI.—THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares The vanquishance of the Saxon line. Harf: 'lis is the tolling Curlew! the stars shine, But of the lights that cherish household cares And festive gladness, burns not one that dares To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine, Emblem and instrument, from Thomas to Tyne, Of force that shants, and cunning that ensnare! Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell, That quench, from butt to palace, lamps and fires, Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires, Even so a thraldom studious to expel Old laws and ancient customs to derange, Brings to Religion no injurious change.

XXXII.—THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow From Nazareth—source of Christian Piety, From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go, With prayers and blessings we your path will sow; Like Moses held our hands erect, till yea Have chased far off by righteous victory Those sons of Amalec, or laid them low!" "God willith it," the whole assembly cry; Show which the enwrapped multitude astounds! The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply:— "God willith it," from hill to hill rebounds, And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh, Through "Nature's hollow arch" the voice resounds.†

XXXIII.—CRUSADES.

The turbed Race are poured in thickening swarms Along the West; though driven from Aquitaine, The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain; And soft Italia feels renewed alarms; The scimitar, that yields not to the charms Of case, the narrow Boshorus will disdain; Nor long (that crossed) would Grecaan hills detain Their tents, and check the current of their arm. Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever Known to the moral world, Imagination, Uplieve (so seems it) from her natural station All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never So huge a host!) to tear from the Unbeliever The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXIV.—RICHARD I.

REDOXTE King, of courage lionine, I mark thee, Richard: urgent to equip Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip; I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine; In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip, * Which is still extant.† The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

注释:
* "That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
† The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions. See Thurare.

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And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song (a fearless Homong) would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend,
Through gilder heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

XXXV.—AN INTERDICT.

Reals quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sin and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seamy garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb;
Bitches are graves—funeral rites denied;
And in the Church-yard he must take his Bride
Who dares he wedded? Fangles thickly come
Into the penive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despair the soul demands.

XXXVI.—PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue;
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident;
Unearth proximities of old and new;
And boid transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.

Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?—
Lo! John selfstripped of his insignia—crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line
Baronial Hallo, the opprobrious insult feel,
And angry Ocean rears a vain appeal.

XXXVII.—SCENE IN VENICE.

Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck
Levelled with Earth this foot of mine may tread."

Then, he who to the Altar had been led,
His, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Sudan at his beck,
Stood, of all glory disdained,
And even the common dignity of man!
Amazement strikes the crowd—while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others turn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature: but the sense of most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXVIII.—PAPAL DOMINION.

Unless to Peter's Clair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love 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 unbend?
Rest—the thunder quails thee—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are staff

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.

I.—CISTERCIAN MONASTRY.

*Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall, 
*More promptly rises, walks with nier load,
*More safely rests, daies happier, is freed 
*Earliest from cleansing fires, and gains withal 
*A brighter crown."—On you Cistercian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A greater fire spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the syvar waste renews,
And airy harvests crown the fertile lea.

II.—MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hallowed Cenobites there are,
Who in their private Cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong;
How patiently the foye of thought they bear;
How subtily glides its finest threads along;
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With many boundaries, as the Astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

III.—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 pumps on Windsor's height,
Down to the humble altar, which the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domed oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when flows are plastered round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place,
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perils wound,
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

IV.—CONTINUED.

And what melodious sounds at times prevail?
And, ever and anon, how bright a g'eam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream?
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That sweeps the bosom of our passing sail?
For where, but on this River's margin, bow
Those flowers of Chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?

* "Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit parvis, 
cadit rarus, surgit velocius, incurrit catus, quasi securus, 
mortuis felicissim, purgante citius, proximal 
copiosis," Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. 
Whitaker, "is usually inscribed on some conspicuous 
part of the Cistercian houses."
V. — CRUSAADERS.

Nor can imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance
Given to those dream-like scenes—that Romance
Of many-coloured life which Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unites
Her innmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how Good, and Brave, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted?

VI. — TRANSFIGURATION.

Eternal! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame: the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe a d supernatural horror breeds,
And all the People how their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in loving adoration.
This Vales broke not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till perseverance chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor were his Followers loth to seek defence,
Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

VII. — WILDERNESS.

Those who gave earliest notice, as the Lark
Springs from the ground the moon to gratulate;
Who rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark—
These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate
In vain endeavoured to exterminate,
Fell Obiobquy pursues with hideous bark; 9
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dews and savage woods
Moves onward with ever-crumbling care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er lurid floods;
Nor lacks this sea-girt isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

* The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious; — and, in so, alas! too natural, many of the opprobrious apppellations are drawn

Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the Pine
And green Oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foil their Eriny's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
Our and the same through practices malign.

VIII. — ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V.

What Beast in wilderness or cultured field
The lively beauty of the Leopard shows?
What Flower in meadow-ground or garden grows?
That to the towering Lily does 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;—then hast a sword to wield.
And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas.
For, soon to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful Heroes, is no sullen fire.
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

IX. — WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

Thus is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church; whose power hath recently been checked;
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitou.
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 ever endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this useful strife,
Gathers unlighted strength from hour to hour.

X. — WILLCIF.

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wiclif discomfited.
Yet, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear,
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind),
"As those these waters, little Brook! with bear
Into the Avon; Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main Ocean they, this Deed accurate
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By Truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed.

XI. — CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

Woe to you, Prelates! nothing in case
And curious wealth—the summe of your estate?
You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for either lost in vanities.
Ye have no skill to teach; or if ye know
And speak the word—"Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the People's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginations;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XII. — ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thoug
Mortification with the shrift of hair.
Wan cheek, and knees interlaced with prayer;
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long.
If cloistered Avracle scruple not to wrong
The plente, humble, useful Jecular,
And rob the People of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
Inversion strange: that unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The simplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk aloof, in the esteem
Of God and Man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own?

XIII.—monastic VOLUPTUOUSNESS.
Yet more—round many a Convent blazing fire
Unbowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits dishevel'd like a Nun,—
While Bachelors, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicer beverage high and higher
Snaking, until it cannot cease 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 Tputation of the spirituall juice
Spreads high conceits to maddling Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with revolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose vortuous burden is—"Our kingdom's here!"

XIV.—Dissolution of the monasteries.
Threats come, which no submission may assuage;
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroast'd by selfish rage,
The waiving wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding brambling hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unumber'd lives, and die of age.*
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pump displaced, as story tells,
Arimanath Joseph's wattled cells.

xv.—the same subject.
The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through sanctity habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly her cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Courant gate to open view
Easily she glides, another home toseek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An apparition more divinity bright:
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery globes, on the stormy brine
Pour'd forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hush'd in sober light!

XVI.—continued.
Yet come, Novicats of the cloister shade,
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee
The warrant hall—exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
& These two lines are adopted from a MS., written
about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession.
The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuounes is taken from the same source
as the verse, "Where Venus sits," &c.

In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlook'd-for outlet to an open sea.
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whether shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alms (alas!)
Alms may be needed which that House bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XVII.—SAINTS.
Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourn'd!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned.
Let not your radiant Shakes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your demand.
The fond heart proferr'd—t'errile heart
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quell'd; and valiant Margaret
Whose royal sword a like Opponent slew:
And capt Cicilia, serpent-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalen,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blow!

XVIII.—THE VIRGIN.
Mother! whose virous bosome w'e a uncorst
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all woman glorifyed,
Our tainted nature's solitary beast;
Pureer than foam on central Ocean vast;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak crowned
With fancy roses, than the unblemish'd moon
Before her name begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I w'en,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconcil'd in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrine!

XIX.—APOLOGY.
Not utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold: and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold scene—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
"Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
Upon his throne: unsnared, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played
With the indiffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XX.—IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.
Deep is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind,
But from the ghostly Tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers:—and Nile, recollected
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell groan
Renews.—Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned,
Mid phantom lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And staking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXI.—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 Irish display,—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cows black, white, and grey,
Upwirlind— and flying o'er the etheiral plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake.—And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting hand,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXII.—Translation of the Bible.

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequesteration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! nobler that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall trend the Offering Beneath their feet—detested and defiled.

XXIII.—The Point at Issue.

For what contend the wise? for nothing less
Than that the Soul, stored from the bonds of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen—drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;
For Faith which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;
For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to tell
The temples of their hearts—who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXIV.—EDWARD VI.

"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed the lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hast thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, Child, and Seraph, blended in the vision
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom hath thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
(Of great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The fluidrob of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXV.—EDWARD SINGING THE WARRANT FOR THE
EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

The tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some— from clefts of woe
Some with unoverruling impulse rush;
And some, coeval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathizing heart: Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration shown,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXVI.—Revival of Popery.

The saniest Youth has ceased to rule, discerned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen?)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathens served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXVII.—LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unravelled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the night
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight.
One (like those Prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured*, from this kindling hath forscold
A torch of irresistible light:
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penit instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitre'd pair
Of sancti Friends* the Martyrer's chain partake,
"Tended, and burning at the social lythe,
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXVIII.—Cranmer.

Outstretching flame-ward his unbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly seat
Of judgment such presumptions deem repeat!)
Amid the shuddering thro' both Cranmer stand;

*: M. Latimer very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to make unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas, as in his clothes he appeared a slender and crooked slylfe (weak) old man, he now stood bold upright, as come a father as one might lightly behold. * * * Then brought they a faroite, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at doctor Ridley's feet. To whom M. Latimer spoke in this manner, 'Dear of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man wee shall this day in such a cæmer 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 department of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in a humble Welsh fisherman.
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head, the victory complete;
The shrouded Body, to the Soul’s command,
Answering with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her sobs with tear-sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
Then, ‘mid the ghostly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation!  

———

XXIX.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

And, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven’s decrees are just:
Which few can hold committed to a flight
That shows, ev’n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
Mid clouds enveloped of polemical dust,
Which sleepers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. —Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test
Of Truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarian flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at Friends—the flying shall pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

———

XXX.—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,
For hope declines; their union is bested
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-spouting growth of poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their passions seceds
That master them. How evitably best
Is he who can, by help of grace, entrench
The peace of God within his single breast!

———

XXXI.—ELIZABETH.

Hail, Virgin Queen! o’er many an envious bar
Triumphant—snatched from many a treacherous wile
All hail, Sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath kist, respiring from that dismal war
Still’d by thy voice! But quickly from afar
Dread sounds breathe with more malignant aim;
And alien storms with home-bred tempests claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver ear,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced main
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright;
For, whereas’er she moves, the clouds anon
Disperse; or, under a divine constraint
Reflect some portion of her glorious light.

———

XXXII.—EMINENT REFORMERS.

Methinks that I could trip o’er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant Bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty Staff that Jewell gave
To youthful Hooker, in familiar style
* For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary historians.

The gift exalting, and with playful smile,*
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor’s farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein
they rest.

———

XXXIII.—THE SAME.

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Soulless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their new-born Church! Inhabits Richard’s earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church—the unperverted Gospel’s seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!
The Truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man’s ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

———

XXXIV.—DISTRACTIONS.

Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
Their Forefathers; —lost Sects are found—and split
With morbid restlessness,—the eccentric fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by angst that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exists; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion—craftily incites
The overweening—personates the mad —
To heap disgust upon the worshiper’s Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new born Church is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

———

XXXV.—GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Not idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be.

* "On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposefully to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Boker boasted of with much joy and gratitude; when he saw his uncles and friends; and at the Bishop’s parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a Servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard’s return, the Bishop said to him, Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a Horse which Hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease, and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten guineas to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten guineas 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 guineas more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard." —See Walton’s Life of Richard Hooker.

† A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strange in support of this instance.
Whose heart stillutters, 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! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often to convey
(What time a Siane with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that seals
All wounds, all perturbations doth alay?

XXXIX.—AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast
Caught from the hand of Moses as it past
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd King,
Early awake, by Sion's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, 'n' mercy cast
Of to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways,
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I.

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome Tree,
Whose fondly overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
Substance she seemed (and that my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly;) but while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence, form, and face,
Remaining still distinct, grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist; at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other, in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.—PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

Last night, without a voice, this Vision spake
Fear to my Spirit—passion that might seem
Wholly discovered from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved country, I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that morning is awake.
If such impairs thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.—CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes with rapture greeted, and caress'd
With frantic love—his kingdom to repair?

Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves again,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantoness—Away, Circean revels!
Already stands our Country on the brink
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Foes loathed; from which Historians shrink:

IV.—LATTUDINIARISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piecy confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there who builds immortal bays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary wave,
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind:
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
And thoughts: for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nigh to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—"that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

V.—CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming: whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to what—as if by tempest wrecked
On a wild coast: bow destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect?
Their Altars they forgo, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-sacrificing wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VI.—PERSECRATION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

When Alpine Vales thrust 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 books that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Then cannot testify.
For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils scathes as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the Soul, tips with a straw
Against a Champion cadenced in adamant.

VII.—ACQUITTL OF THE BISHOPS.

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire—
For Justice hath absolved the Innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the bare Thames, as rapid as fire
Courting a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.

The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain!
Yea, many, happy went to entertain
Small reverence for the Mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

VIII.—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
(But constant impulse of religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Swarves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with righteous hope,
Conqueror beloved: expected anxiously
The vacillating Donor of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.

IX.—OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled:
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But Those had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The Star of Liberty to rise.
Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual thongs
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy lumber franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear
What came from Heaven to Heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissembled thence, its course is short.

X.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeples, or on the horizon
Striding with shattered crests the eye athwart—
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
Thatleckens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing both a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
Features that else had vanished like a dream.

XI.—WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of Faith and purest Charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far their fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.
A sudden conflict rises from the swall
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'tarun bell,
Stands at the Bar—absolved by female eyes,
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
Lavished on Him—that England may rebel
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 opposities and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love;
As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-born native falls
Of roving tied or desultory war;
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Parchmented, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knee
Fand solace which a busy world disdain'd.

Among the benefits rising, 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 butt-mark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered Peninsulas 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 Earls of Carlisle, with a style of Garden and Architecture, which, if the Place had belonged to a wealthy Layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A Parsonage-house generally stands not far from the Church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and morality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the Residence of an old and much valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The House and Church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the Dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the Church. From the front of this Dwelling, no part of the Burial-ground is seen; but, as you wind by the side of the Shrubs towards the Steeple-end of the Church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards, the earth. Advance, and the Church-yard, poplars and gay with glittering Tombs, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful Parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see Vol. II. page 191.
Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her conformation, phantom-like, did re-appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill required by this heart-felt sigh.

XIX.—CONFIRMATION.

The Young-ones ga hered 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; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,
While on each head his law-robbed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omniscient will raise
Their feeble Souls; and hear with his regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XX.—CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely beat
Upon a Maiden trembling as she kneelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judged of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration in the Mother went
That tears burst forth again. Did griefs appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given
Far of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus she knelt, and ere
The Summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXI.—SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, memorial Sacrament!
The Offspring, happy at the Parent's side;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for Sinners died.
Here must my Song in timid reverence pause:
But shrink not, ye, whoso to the saving rite
The Altar calls: come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXII.—RURAL CEREMONY.*

Content with calmer scenes around as spread
And humbler objects, 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 Garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head

* This is still continued in many Churches in Westmorland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the South aisle is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Of the proud Beamer. To the While Church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their Fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time.
The innocent procession softly moves—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in Heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

XXIII.—REGRETS.

Would that our Scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving the Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope! I dread the boasted ligile
That all too often are but flimsy flakes,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows o'er-come the brings,
The counter Spirit found in sunny gay Church
Green with fresh folly, every pew a patch
In which the intellect or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud, and safe from prying search,
Stal'n offered only to the genial Spring.

XXIV.—MUTABILITY.

From low to high, doth dissolution climb,
And sinks from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care,
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more: drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royalty did wear
Its crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXV.—OLD ABBEYS.

Monastic Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgment temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others, candidly as he may
Tow'rd our own even the mild inward deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charioteal seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

XXVI.—EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From Altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consoumance
Of Faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where Priest and Layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and text
Vanish before the unreserved embrace

* This is borrowed from an affecting passage in M. George Dyer's History of Cambridge.
Of Catholic humanity—distress
They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a dreadful resting-place.

XXVII.—CONGRATULATION.
Thus all things lead to Charity—secured
By them who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured
Some stress of apprehension,* with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured.
How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen:
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXVIII.—NEW CHURCHES.
By liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled Armies—not to be withstood,
What serve they if, on transitory good
Intent and redolous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)
Froward to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred Truth may enter—still it brood
Over the wide realm, as e'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 bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies!

XXIX.—CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.
Be this the chosen site,—the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear—and grateful earth receive
The corner stone from hands that build to God.
You reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
These forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, Shepherds' site of yore and wove
May-cardals, let the holy Altar stand
For kneeling adoration; white—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from Blasphemy the Land.

XXX.—CONTINUED.
Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread host was bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church preparest not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued!
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross
Like Men-as ashamed; 'tis the Sun with his first smile

* See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject: the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

† The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their Churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
And the fresh air of "incense breathing morn"
Shall woosingly embrace it; and green moss
Crep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XXXI.—NEW CHURCH-YARD.
The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to patronizing Heaven;
And where the rugged Cots their gambols played,
And wild Deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Enunciate small,
But infinite in grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow,
The spousal trembling—and the "dust to dust"—
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XXXII.—CATHEDRALS, ETC.
Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the Spiritual Church which God hath reared;
Not loth we quit the newly-battened tower
And humblc altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel—or thrd your intricate deities—
Or down the wave to pace in motion slow;
Watching with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your Gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XXXIII.—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 pilasters, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingerling—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XXXIV.—THE SAME.
What awful perspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraiture, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremita,
Who'er ye be, that thus—youseves unseen—
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life:

The notes Luxuriant—every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in many strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of rcaly.
XXXV.—CONTINUED.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or prevailing thought, to seek a refuge there;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops; or let my path
Lead to that younger Ple, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath also seen her breast
Filled with memen; satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XXXVI. — EXPOSTULATION.

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
In final 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 resolute hues, far kenned at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven

"Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away ?"

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
To beings else forborn and blind?
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spoke,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, we'ret they be,
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

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 brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain may we grow more bright:
From unimpeared commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XXXVII.—CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enroiled,
'toil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggish shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth! that Stream beheld,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death 'as 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, brighter as they roll,
Till they have reached the Eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

I.

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 meadow
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 moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
III.
WRITTEN IN GERMANY,
ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.
The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping Horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse! Let me have the song of the Kettle; And the tongues and the poker, instead of that Horse. That gallops away with such fury and force On his dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature! perhaps A child of the field or the grove: And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat, And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Aha! how he fumbles about the domains Which this comfortless oven environs! He cannot find out in what track he must crawl, Now back to the tiles, and now back to the wall, And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed: The best of his skill he has tried; His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth To the East and the West, to the South and the North; But he finds neither Guide-post nor Guide.

How his splendid sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh! His eyesight and hearing are lost; Between life and death his blood freezes and thawes; And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No Brother, no Mate has he near him—while I Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love; As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom, As if green summer grass were the floor of my room And woodlines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing! Thy life I would gladly sustain Till summer comes up from the South, and with crowds Of thy brethren a March thou shouldst sound through the clouds, And back to the forests again!

IV.
LINES
Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near The Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate Part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect.

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands Far from all human dwelling: what if here No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb? What if 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 impulsive saved from vacancy.

Who was he who pined
That pined those stones, and with the mossy sod First covered o'er and taught this aged Tree With its dark arms to form a circling bower, I well remember.—He was one who owned No common soul. In youth by science nursed, And led by nature into a wild scene Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth A favoured Being, knowing no desire Which Genius did not hallow,—gainst the taint Of desolute 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 fool of pride sustained his soul In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit, His only visitants a struggling sheep, The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper: And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath, And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er, Fixing his downward eye, he many an hour A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here An emblem of his own unfruitful life: And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain The beauty, still more beautiful! 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 With mournful joy, to think that others felt What he must never feel: and so, lost Man! On visionary views would fancy feed, Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale He died,—this sent 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, How'er disguised in its own majesty, Is littleness; that he who feels contempt For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used; that thought with him Is in its infancy. The man whose eye Is ever on himself doth look on one, The least of Nature's works, one who might move The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou! Instructed that true knowledge leads to love, True dignity abides with him alone. Who, in the silent hour of inward thought, Can still suspect, and still revere himself, In lowliness of heart.

V.
CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he That every Man in arms should wish to be? —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought: Whose high endeavours are an inward light That makes the paths before him always bright: Who, with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn; Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care; Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human race's highest dower: Controls them and subdues, transmutes, becauses Of their bad influence, and their good receivers; By objects, which might force the soul to abate Her feeling, rendered more compassionate; Is placable—because occasions rise So often that demand such sacrifice; More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure, As tempted more; more able to endure,
VI.
A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near;
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou One of gallant pride,
A Soldier, and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrape closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII.
TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND,
(AN AGRICULTURIST,)
COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER
IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND.

Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his Lands,
And shaped these p'asant 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 toiling many and the resting few;
Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As Nature is,—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with his River murmuring by;
Or in some silent field, while timid Spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
Low in the darks—some Cell thine own dear Lord?
That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade!
A trophy nobler than a Conqueror’s sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or greater from the less,
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,
His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate!
And, when thou art past service, worn away,
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His spirit thy usefulness will never scorn;
An Heir-loom in his cottage wilt thou be:—
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

VIII.
TO MY SISTER.
WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE FROM MY HOUSE,
AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The Redbreast sings from the tall Larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My Sister! (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 an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
With which they shall obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We’ll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be turned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
—and bring no book: for this one day
We’ll give to idleness.

IX.
TO A YOUNG LADY,
WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
—There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold,
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shall see
Thy own delightful days and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a Shepherd-boy,
And treading among flowers of joy,
That at no season fade,
Thou, while thy Babes around thee cling,
Shalt shew 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.

X.
LINES
WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And ‘tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature’s holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

XI.
SIMON LEE,
THE OLD HUNSTMAN,
WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An Old Man dwells, a little man,
’Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A warrior Huntsman's mercy;
And still the centre of his check
Is blooming as a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo hollowed, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.

In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He receded and was stone-blind.

And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chirring hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change—hereafter
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.

His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoon and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.

One prop he has, and only one,
His Wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.

This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what avails it now, the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scatty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.

And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little—all
Which they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! lend you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.

What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.

The Mattock tumbled in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtaxed, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.

I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor Old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.

—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

XII.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the 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 favour-
able issue.

Hope rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear:
Points she to aught—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

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

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

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

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

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknown and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Belov'd—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disdain?
The local Genius ne'er befriended
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.
Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrecoverable past,
Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No 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 both such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And yearn for insight to alay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

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

XIII.
INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

On his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare;
Sashets pasture pasturage, pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started!
—Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:
And the hare whom they pursue,
Hath an instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the River was, and trusted
Thinly by a one night's frost:
But the nimble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely cross;
She hath cross, and without heed,
All are following at full speed,
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music has no heart to follow,
Little Music, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving Creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And affliction means she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.

For herself she hath no fears—
Him alone she sees and hears—
Makes efforts and complaining, nor gives o'er
Until her Fellow sank, and re-appeared no more.

XIV.
TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth:
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but this Man gives to Man,
Brother to Brother, this is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hast lived till every thing that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble 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 were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hast thy share;
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely any where in like degree:
For love, that comes to all—the holy sense,
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw
The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law:
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!
Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.
The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

XVI.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, I e looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village Schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought!"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"You cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above you slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, coming to the church, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang—she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard Yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white;
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
—And did not wish her mine."

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

XVII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of Friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat,
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old Border-song, or Catch,
That suits a summer's noon;

Or of the Church-clock, and the chimes
Sing here nearest the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

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

"Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes:
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this Fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears;
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.
But we are pressed by heavy laws:
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there be one who need bemeen
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved.

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

And, Matthew, for thy Children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Ains! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

XVIII.

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING.

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

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deemed their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb;
And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

XIX.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS,

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

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

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene:

Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later* ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

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

XX.

If Thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content!
The Star that from the zenith darts its beams,
Visible though it be to half the Earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness;
Is yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the One that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

XXI.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN;

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul:
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that won
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that Heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Renaio!
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 inbound
In language thou mayst yet be found,
If aught (instructed to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Although shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignify to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name,
That cleaves to rock or pilled cave,
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern Arbitress of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;
Authentic words be given, or none!
Time is not blind:—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the Stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poet's ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse

* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.
XXII.

VERNAL ODE.


1.

Beneath the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green were dight,
Appeared, in presence of that spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our greater sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,
Where oft the venturesous heifer 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; and firm as some old Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower!

2.

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rented a golden Harp—he touched the strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

"No wintry desolations,
"Scorching blight or noxious dew,
"Affect my native habitations;
"Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
"Of man's inquiring gaze, but image to his hope
"(Alas! how faintly!) in the hue
"Profound of night's ethereal blue;
"And in the aspect of each radiant orb:—
"Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb;
"But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,
"Blended in absolute serenity,
"And free from semblance of decline:—
"Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour:
"Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power,
"To testify of Love and Grace divine.—
"And though to every draught of vital breath
"Renewed throughout the bords of earth or ocean
"The melancholy gates of Death
"Respond with sympathetic motion;—
"Though all that feeds on neither air,
"How'er magnificent or fair,
"Grows but to perish, and intrust
"Its ruins to their kindred dust;—
"Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
"Her procerant vigils Nature keeps
"Aimid the unfathomable deeps;—
"And saves the peopled fields of earth
"From dread of eminence or death.
"Thus, in their stations, lifting to'rd the sky
"The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
"The shadow-casting race of Trees survive;
"Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
"Sweet Flowers,—what living eye hath viewed
"Their myriads!—endlessly renewed,
"Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
"Where'er the subtle waters stray;
"Where'er sportive zephyrs bend
"Their course, or genial showers descend!
"Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
"Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
"Aimid your pleasant bowers to sit,
"And through your sweet vicissitudes to range!"

3.

O, nursed at happy distance from the cares
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse!
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreathe,
Preferr'd a garland culled from purple heath,
Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews;
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?
And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented Votary
Such melody to hear!

Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tamed fuge hangs on the hawthorn tree,
To lie and listen, till o'er-drowed sense
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
—A slender sound; yet hoary Timae
Doth to the Soul exalt it with the chime
Of all his years:—a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping.)
But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bolls,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She, a statist prudent to confer
Upon the public weal; a warrior bold,—
Radiant all over with unburthened gold,
And armed with living spear for mortal fight;
A cunning forager
That spreads no waste:—a social builder; one
In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight,
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

4.
And is She brought within the power
Of vision?—o'er this tempting flower
Hovering until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away:—
Observe each wing!—a tiny van—
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile!—yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man,
The rosetee bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curved beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles.—Humming Bee!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown;
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor anguish strayed from her Tartarian den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified, though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow,—then
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

XXIII.

ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

1.
As age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence
Who then, if Dion's crescent gleamed,
Or Cripid's sparkling arrow streemed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?

—Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a Bard of erring time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this benumbed bay:
Whose amorous water multiplies
The fitting helione's vivid dyes;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow.
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of Heaven, when Venus held the reins!

2.
In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owl's wing:
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name befit
Then, trace my life's celestial sign)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;

Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
Pleased when the sulen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

3.
But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an art
To which our souls must bend:
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Frank greeting, then, to that blithe Guest
Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea
To aid the vernal Deity
Whose home is in the breast?
May pensive Autumn no'er present
A claim to her disparagement:
While blossoms and the building spray
Inspire us in our own decay:
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
Here, as midibusier scenes, ground steep and rough,
Or slippery even to peril; and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompense
Mount tow'r d' the empire of the fickle clouds,
Each wavy step, dwarfing the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!
—Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The unbramose woods are left—how far beneath! But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth Of your wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed With facced threads of ivy, in the still,
And suiting air, depending motionless.
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered (As whose enters shall ere long perceive) By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian Gods,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish, He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
Or need, of council breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave Protect us, there deciilering 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 tow'r d' the centre whence those sighs creep forth To aye the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself, There let me see thee sink into a moad Of gender thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone.
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!  
We two have known so many happy hours together,  
That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
From out the passionate shadows where they lie)  
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet  
Are the domains of tender memory!

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**XXV.**

**FIDELITY.**

A **barking sound the Shepherd hears,**  
A *cry as of a Dog or Fox;*  
He halts—and searches with his *eyes*  
Among the scattered rocks:  
And now at distance can discern  
A *stirring in a brake of fern;*  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.  
The Dog is *not of mountain breed,*  
Its motions, too, are *wild and sly;*  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its *cry:*  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in *hollow or on height;*  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
What is the Creature doing here?  
It was a *cove, a huge recess,*  
That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn* below!*  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land;  
From trace of human foot or hand.  
There sometimes doth a leaping *fish*  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
In symphony austere:  
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams: and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past;  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.  
Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The Shepherd stood: then makes his way  
Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground;  
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round, to learn the history.  
From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!  
At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear:  
He instantly recalled the Name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the Traveller passed this way.  
But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable Tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog, had been through three months space  
A dweller in that savage place.

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

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**XXVI.**

**THE GLEANER.**

(Suggested by a Picture.)

That happy gleam of vernial eyes,  
Those locks from summer's golden skies,  
That o'er thy brow are shed;  
That check—a kindling of the morn,  
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,  
I saw:—and Fancy spelt  
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,  
Of bliss that grows without a care,  
Of happiness that never flies—  
How can it where love never dies?  
Of promise whispering, where no blight  
Can reach the innocent delight;  
Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
That Time, unwrinkled Grand sire, flings  
From his smoothly gliding wings.  
What mortal form, what earthly face,  
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
And mingle colours, that should breed  
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;  
For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
Fair Damon, o'er my captive mind,  
To truth and sober reason blind,  
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,  
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.  
—Thanks to this tell tale sheaf of corn,  
That touchingly bespeaks the born  
Life's daily tasks with them to share  
Who, whether from their lowly bed  
They rise, or rest the weary head,  
Ponder the blessing they entreat  
From Heaven, and feel what they repent,  
While they give utterance to the prayer  
That asks for daily bread.

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**XXVII.**

**TO THE LADY ——,**

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF —— CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

Blest is this Isle—our native Land;  
Where battlement and moated gate  
Are objects only for the hand  
Of hoary Time to decorate;  
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
Its busy smoke in social wreathes,  
No rampart's stern defence require,  
Nought but the heaven-directed Spire,  
And steelie Tower (with pealing bells  
Far heard)—our only Citadel.  
O lady! from a noble line  
Of Chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
The spear, yet gave to works divine  
A bounteous help in days of yore,  
(As records mouldering in the D-ll  
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 sooth 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 hinderance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild-wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their Sabbath-day.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy created—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of Time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the take 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 slight?
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 pitibly forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride,
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-barred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and Christian hope;
Yet, strives for others to bedim
The glorious Light too pure for him.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground:
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

But turn we from these "bald bad" men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of his song
Who means to Charity no wrong;

Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word.

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fail,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!

——

XXVIII.
ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perfidious must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his Sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand cast and west,
But why is few persons exactly known;
or, that the degree of deviation from due east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our Ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following stanzas.

When in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came Ministre's peace, intent to rear
The mother Church in ye sequestered vale;
Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,
Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun arose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine command,
They who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand
To the high Altar its determined place;
Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,
And who, from out the regions of the Morn,
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge Mankind.

So taught their creed:—nor failed the eastern sky,
Wild these more awe-some feelings, to infuse
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,
Long as the Sun his gladsome course renews.

For us hath such prevalent vigil ceased;
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,
Our Christian Altar faithful to the East,
Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays;
That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the dayspring from on high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

——

XXIX.
THE FORCE OF PRAYER:*

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"What is good for a bootless bane?"
With these dark words begins my Tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When Prayer is of no avail?

* See the White Doe of Ryldstone, ante.
"What is good for a bootless bene?"
The Falconer to the Lady said;
And she made answer "endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
And from the look of the Falconer's eye:
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a Greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The Pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestroy!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This Striding-place is called The Strid,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?
—But the Greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless Corse.

Now there is stillness in the Vale,
And deep, unspeaking, sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitting hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death;—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a Mother's sorrow.

He was a Tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the Root of this delightful Tree
Was in her Husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the Field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To Matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at Even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief;
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend!

XXX.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

or,

CANUTE AND ALFRED,

ON THE BEACHORE.

The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Mustered a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching waters of the deep, that share
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
Your Master's throne is set!"—Absurd decree!
A mandate uttered to the foaming sea,
Is to its motion less than wanton air.
—Then Canute, rising from the invaded Throne,
Said to his servile Courtiers, "Poor the reach,
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway:
He only is a king, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the bilows preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven obey.
This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew, from the influx of the Main,
For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (truth more worthy to be known)
From that time forth did for his brows disown
The ostentatious symbol of a Crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible and vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
Her darling Alfred, might have spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but wit mind unbroken:
"My faithful Folowers, lo! the tide is spent;
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's will
Among the mazy streams that backward went,
And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
And now, its task performed, the Flood stands still
At the green base of many an inland hill,
In placid beauty and sublime content!
Such the repose that Sage and Hero find;
Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood
Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withheld,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

XXXI.

"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To those dark steps, a little farther on!"
—What trick of memory to my voice hath brought
This mournful iteration? For though Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
Planting his favourite silver diadem.
Nor he, nor minister of his intents
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmasked, among those who lean
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my Antigone, beloved child!
Should that day come—bark! the birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;
For me, thy natural Leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering Infant, with complaint stoop
From flower to flower supported: but to curb
Thy nymph-like step swift-boundiug o'er the lawn,
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrent.—From thy orisons
Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

TRANSPARENT AS THE SOUL OF INNOCENT YOUTH.

Let me, thy happy Guide, now point thy way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands,
Is seized with strong inclination to push forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread thought
For passing plunge—into the "abrupt abyss."

Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at ease!
And yet more gladly thou wouldst 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 in every breeze its high-arched roof,
And storms the pillar 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
Tranquilly gliding through the dust recall
To mind the living presences ofNames;
A gentle, penive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

XXXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun.
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie,
The Mountains looking on.

And, south to say, you vocal Grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For that from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In Nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient lie;
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These Choristers confide.

XXXIII.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumined,
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 will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, happy, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasy,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
In whom the Muse smiles;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To entertain and edify.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale;
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of Nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong:
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from thy lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparks dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By winged Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Αρωη lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simoniades.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of Genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!

XXXIV.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

WHERE TOWERS are crushed, and unforbidden weeds
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change, unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old;
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive Column, spared by fire and flood:
And, though the passions of Man's fretful race
Have never ceased to eddy round its base,
Not injured more by touch of modding hands
Than a lone Obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
Or caught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the Good and Brave.
Histrionic figures round the shaft embossed
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed Spectator sees
Group wending after group with dream-like ease;
Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,
Or softly stealing into modest shade.
—So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine
Some lofty elm tree, mounts the dashing vine;
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes
Wide-spread ing odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds' ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,
I gladly commune with the mind and heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his men,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen:
Behold how fought the chief whose conquering sword
Stretched far as Earth might own a single lord;
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled;
Best of the good—in Peace faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.

Memorial Pillar: 'mid the wrecks of Time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime—
The exultations, pomp, and cares of Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received its dour;
Things that recoil from language; that, if shown
By aper pencil, from the light had flown.
A Pontiff, Trajan here the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;
Lo! he harranges his cohorts—thence the storm
Of battle meets him in authentie form:
Unharnessed, nacked, troops of Moorish horse
Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,
To hoist and finger mailed—yet, high or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
Is Roman dignity inviolate—
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent State
From honoured Instruments that round him wait;
Rise as he may, his grandsire 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 dropped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagle 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 sweep of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, tow'd 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.

* Here and infra, see Forsyth.

XXXV.

DION.

(See Plutarch.)

1.

FAIR is the Swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a godly curve;
An arch thrown back between hard-feathered wings
Of whitest gallanture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some untruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heavens
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

2.

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from his lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere;
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endured,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

3.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear
and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on? The anxious People see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corset clad!
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The Gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those Strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immorals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seemly order stand.
On tables set, as if for rites divine;
—And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on sexual ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

4.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Illyssus, bending o'er thy classic urn
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walk 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 delight;
But he hath overlapped the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civic power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations, sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go;
But whence that sudden check? that fearful start?
He hears an uncomly sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's arm the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boras when he scoursthe snow
That skims the plains of Thysaly,
Or when aloft on Menalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

5.
So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed
"Avant, inexplicable Guest!—avant,"
Exclaimed the Chieftrain—"Let me rather see
The coronal that curling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid glare,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

6.
But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary Eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!—
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no Philosophy can brook!

7.
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,
Fame thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusean low in dust!
Shudderd the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity.

Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his Fate,
"'Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.'"

XXXVI.
MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.
As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;
That smooths foregone distress, the lineé
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues:
Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.
O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!
Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steel to his allotted nodd,
Contented and serene;
With heart as calm as Lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glinting,
Or mountain Rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

XXXVII.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!
There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!
Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed:
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.
I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Two blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Alas this uncharted freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing trends;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

POEMS REFERING TO THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.

I.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received sums, 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 led their horses down the steep rough road
Might thence remount at ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills.
He sat, and ate his food in solitude;
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal.
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman traveller does not throw
With careless hand his arms 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
Eidolon—and half-received. 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'er take
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
The old Man does not change his course, the Boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,
And passes gently by,—without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
'They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is at his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Through his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In looks and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and Girls,
The vacant and the busy, Maids and Youths,
And Urchins newly breathed—all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced Waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless,—Sistermen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broum still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances: ye proud,
Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
A burlen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist.
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
From door to door, the Villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-worn half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after day
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpurposed,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed

...
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are, who in their good works exalted, lofty minds, and meditative, authors of delight, and happiness, which to the end of time will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds in childhood, from this solitary Being. Or from like Wanderer, happily have received (A thing more precious far than all that books or the solicitudes of love can do.) That first mild touch of sympathy and thought, in which they found their kindred with a world, where want and sorrow were. The easy Man who sits at his own door, and, like the peer, that overhangs his head from the green wall, feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young, the prosperous and unthinking, who live sheltered, and flourish in a little grove of their own kindred;—all behold in him a silent monitor, which on their minds must needs impress a transitory thought of self-congratulation, to the heart of each recalling his peculiar boons, his charters and exemptions; and, perchance, though he has no one give the fortitude and circumpection needful to preserve his present blessings, and to husband up the respite of the season, he, at least, and 'tis no vulgar service, makes them feel.

Yet further—Many, I believe, there are who live a life of virtuous decency, who can hear the Dorothys and feel no self-reproach: who of the moral law established in the land where they abide are strict observers: and not negligent, in acts of love to those with whom they dwell, their kindred, and the children of their blood. Praise be to such, and to their slumbering peace!—But of the poor man ask, the afflicted poor: go, and demand it of him, if there be here in this cold abstinence from evil deeds, and these inevitable charities.

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?—No; Man is dear to Man; the poorest poor long for some moments in a weary life when they can know and feel that they have been themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out of some small blessings; have been kind to such as needed kindness, for this single cause, that we have all of us one human heart.

—Such pleasure is to one kind Being known, Mr Neighbour, who with punctual care, each week, duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself by her own wants, she from her store of meal takes one unsparing handful for the scrib, or old Mendicant, and, from her door returning with exhilarated heart, sets 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 about him: and, while life is his, still let him prompt the unlettered Villagers to tender offices and pensive thoughts. Then let him pass, a blessing on his head! And, long as he can wander, let him breathe the freshness of the valleys; let his blood struggle with frosty air and winter snows; and let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath beat his gray locks against his withered face. Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness gives the last human interest to his heart.

May never House, misnamed of Industry, make him a captive! for that pent-up din, those life-consuming sounds that clog the air, be his the natural silence of old age! Let him be free of mountain solitude; and have around him, whether heard or not, the pleasant melody of woodland birds. Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now been doomed so long to settle on the earth, the countenance of the horizontal sun, the rising or setting, let the light at least find a free entrance to their languid orbs. And let him, where and when he will, sit down beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank of highway side, and with the little bird 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!

II.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

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

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town; his staff is a sceptre—his gray hairs a crown; erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak of the unfa'd rose still enlivens his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of noon,—'mid the joy of the fields, he collected that at on, when a Bo; there fashioned that countenance, which, in spite of a stain that his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A Farmer he was; and his house far and near was the boast of the County for excellent cheer. How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale! Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin, his fields seemed to know what their Master was doing and turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and tea, all caught the infection—as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bow,—the fields better suited the case of his Soul; he strayed through the fields like an indolent Wight, the quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the Poor, familiar with him, made an inn of his door: he gave them the best that he had; or, to say what less may mistend you, they took it away.

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

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their money; for his hive had so long been replenished with honey, that they dance not of dearth. He continued his round, knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with this ill-gotten pelf, and something, it might be, reserved for himself. Then, (what is too true) without hinting a word, turned his back on the Country—and off like a Bird, you lift up your eyes—but I guess that you frame a judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art,
For this he did all in the ease of his heart.

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

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume,—
Served as Stable-Boy, Errand-boy, Porter, and Groom;
But nature is gracius, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, in green and is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,
Like one whose own Country's far over the sea;
And Nature, white through the great City he flies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue;
Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve Teares at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hear-frost, spreads her fruit and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

Mid coaches and chariots, a Wagon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in the Wagon, and smells at the hay;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight was his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair—
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there:
The breath of the Cows you may see inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoe'er it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
And recognised it, though an altered Form,
Now standing forth an offering to the Blast,
And buffeted at will by Rain and Storm.

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

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

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Penitent—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

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 itself, 'tis out again!

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

But this year, not to our grief, it shone
And was the first of spring's sweet carols blown;
And, consecrated to its sweetest note,
The hand of man could bring it to the rose.

O happy spring! the confidence,
By which the fern adorns the forest green;
The warmth of sun and wind, the smiles of earth,
The blessings of the great Creator brought!
Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side:  
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

V.

ANIMAL TRAQUILLITY AND DECAY.  
A SKETCH.

The little hedgerow birds,  
That peck along the road, regard him not.

EPITAPHS AND ELEGIAIC POEMS.

I.

EPITAPHS.  
TRANSLATED FROM CHIAERERA.

I.  
Perhaps some needful service of the State  
Drew Titus from the depths of studious bowers,  
And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,  
And his pure native genius, lead him back  
To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,  
Whom he had early loved. And not in vain  
Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools  
Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung  
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts  
A resicate fragrance breathed.—O human life,  
That never art secure from dolorous change!  
Behold a high injunction suddenly  
To Arno's side conduces him, and he charmed  
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called  
To the perpetual silence of the grave.  
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
A Champion steadfast and invincible,  
To quell the rage of literary War!

II.  
O Thor who movest onward with a mind  
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
'Twll be no fruitless moment. I was born  
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.  
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd  
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous Flock.  
Mach did I watch, much laboured, nor had power  
To escape from many and strange indigualies;  
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 kindler fortune then invite  
To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,  
And in his bands I saw a high reward  
Stretched out for my acceptance—but Death came.  
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate—how false,  
How treacherous to her promise, is the World,  
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of Earth.

*I vivae gioendo e i suoi pensieri  
Eran0 tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

III.

There never breathed a man who, when his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard.—The Warrior will report  
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed  
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,  
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
From intrigue cabals of treacherous friends.  
I, who on Shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
Could represent the countenance horrible  
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
Of Auster and Boers. Forty years  
Over the well-steered Galleys did I rule:—  
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;  
And the broad guls I traversed oft—and oft:  
Of every cloud which in the Heavens might stir  
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's 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 learnt that one poor moment can suffice  
To equalize the lofty and the low.  
We sail the sea of life—a Calm One finds,  
And One a Tempest—; and, the voyage o'er,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all.  
If more of my condition ye would know,  
Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang  
Of noble parents: sixty years and three  
Lived I then yielded to a slow disease.

IV.

Destined to war from very infancy  
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross.  
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
Hazard or toil; among the Sands was seen  
Of Libya, and not seldom, on the Banks  
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot  
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.  
So lived I, and repined not at such fate;  
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
That stripped of arms I to my end am brought  
On the soft down of my paternal home,  
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
In thy appointed way, and hear in mind  
How fleeting and how frail is human life!
V.

5.

Not without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The Father sojourned in a distant Land)
Deposit in the hollow of this Tomb
A Brother's Child, most tenderly beloved:
Francesco was the name the Youth had borne,
Pozzobonelli his illustrious House;
And, when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
Alas! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his Country: to his Kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering thoughts
His Friends had in their fondness entertained,*
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring: in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners, quietly exhaled.

VI.

6.

Pause, courteous Spirit:—Baibi supplicates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
Thus to the Dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen Friend, nor did he leave
Those laureats whose unhallowed which the Nymphs
Twine on the top of Pindus.—Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the Song
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;
And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousand do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did He live his life.—Urbino,
Take pride in him:—O Passenger, farewell!

VII.

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.

Lorn is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty Unison of streams!
Of all her Voices, one!

Lond is the Vale:—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea;
Yet star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

* In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:—
Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load:*
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;
And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the 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 abyss;
But when the Mighty pass away
What is it more than this,
That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Dost yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

VIII.

LINES

WRITTEN, NOVEMBER 13, 1814, ON A BLANK LEAF IN A
COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCURSION,"
UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR
OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished song;
Yet for one happy issue:—and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learned Murfitt saw and read;—
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He coned 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.

IX.

ELEGIAIC STANZAS.

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

I was thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee;
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whenever I looked, thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A Picture had it been of lasting case,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

* Importuna e grave salma
MiiAhAe ANGELO
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 faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—’tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath unmanned my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will never be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend.
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This Work of thine I blanch 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 Hulk which labour in the deadly swell,
This rudest sky, this pageantry of fear!

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 pitted; for ’tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

X.
TO THE DAISY.

Sweet Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet’s grave,
I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea,
’My Brother, too, in loving thee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

A! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood’s prime
And free for life, these hills to climb,
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen,
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers,
A starry multitude.

But hark the word:—the Ship is gone;—
From her long course returns:—anon
Sails sail:—in season due,

Once more on English earth they stand:
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his Crew.

Ill-fated Vessel! ghastly shock:
At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained;
And through the stormy night they steer;
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,
Towards a safer shore—how near,
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander cried;
To that calm word a shrill reply,
It was the last death-shriek.
—A few appear by morning light,
Preserved upon the tall mast’s height;
Oft in my Soul I see that sight;
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.*

XI.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi’ the zul moone in hir arme.”

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy’s Reliques.

Once I could hail (how’e ever serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memono of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor’s Ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to One
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian’s when it threw
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;
But not a hint from under-ground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian’s self that seemed to move
Before me?—nothing blemished the fair sight;
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the little stars to flight,

* See p. 38.
And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the Spectral-shape  
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;  
Such happy privilege hath Life's gay Prime;  
To see or not to see, as best may please  
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,  
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;  
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;  
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that to gain  
Their fill of promised lustre wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;  
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
The timely insight that can temper fears,  
And from vicissitude remove its sting;  
While Faith aspires to seats in that Domain  
Where joys are perfect, neither wax nor wane.

XII.
ELEGIAC STANZAS.
1824.

O for a dirge! But why complain!  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When Perseus's race is run;  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To bind around the Christian's brows,  
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;  
No tears of passionate regret  
Shall stain this votive lay;  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
And impotent to share!  
Such once was here—so think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From augisht to despair!

But nature to its inmost part  
Had faith refined, and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given;  
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it 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?—  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong;—  
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;  
Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things;  
Her quiet is secure;  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
As climbing asphodel, pure:—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends;  
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takes not away, O Death!  
Thou strik'st—and absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more;  
The future brightens on our sight;  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

XIII.
INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.
FEBRUARY, 1816.

I.
"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!  
"O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:

"From regions where no evil thing has birth  
"I come—thy stains to wash away,

"Thy cherished fetters to unbind,

"To open thy sad eyes upon a milder day,

"The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen

"From out thy noisome prison;

"The penal caverns groan

"With tens of thousands rent from off the tree;

"Of hopeful life,—by Battle's whirlwind blown  
"Into the deserts of Eternity.

"Unpitied havoc! Victims unslain!

"But not on high, where madness is resented,  
"And murder causes some sad tears to flow,

"Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,

"The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

II.
"False Parent of Mankind!  
"Obdurate, proud, and blind,

"I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dew,  
"Thy lost maternal heart to re-infuse,

"Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings;  
"Upon the act a blessing I implore,

"Of which the rivers in their secret springs,

"The rivers stained so oft with human gore,

"Are conscious;—may the like return no more!

"May Discord—for a Seraph's care

"Shall be attended with a bolder Prayer—

"May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss

"These mortal spheres above,

"Be chained for ever to the black abyss;

"And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love—

"And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

XIV.
SONNET
ON THE LATE GENERAL FAST;
MARCH 21, 1822.

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 judgment,—undismayed  
By their own daring. But the People prayed  
As with one voice; their flinty heart grew soft  
With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
Their spirit mounted, crying, God us aid!
Oh that with soul-aspirings more intense
And heart-humiliations more profound
This People, long so happy; so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill—The Pestilence
Of Revolution, impiously unbound:

XV.

OD.  

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The Child is Father of the Man
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.  
See page 1.

1.
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparrell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

2.
The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

3.
Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song;
And while the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The Caractacts 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
Both every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd Boy!

4.
Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with yau in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adornning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear:

—But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Both the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

5.
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star;
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6.
Earth fills her lap with pressure of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind;
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7.
Behold the Child among his new-born blusses,
A six years! Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies;
Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his Father's eyes:
See, at his feet; some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life;
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this his thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palled Age,
That Life brings with her in her Equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

8.
Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep;
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by; 
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the sight
Of heaven born freedom on thy Being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The Years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9.
O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Questionings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy:
Beneath, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,
In a moment travel thither,
And see the Children upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling overmore.

10.
Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the labor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and Ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which has been our's and our's shall be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death;
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

11.
And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual away.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE EXCURSION, BEING A PORTION OF THE RECLUSE.

PREFACE.

The Title announces that this is only a Portion of a
Poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it
belongs to the second part of a long and laborious
Work, which is to consist of three parts.—The Author
will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had
been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy
his own mind, he should have preferred the natural
order of publication, and have given that to the world
first; but, as the second division of the Work was de-
signed 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 pre-
ceding, 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
reconstruct 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
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 was deeply indebted, has been
long finished; and the result of the investi-
gation 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 Re-
clude; as having for its principal subject the sensations
and opinions of a Poet living in retirement.—The pre-
paratory Poem is biographical, and conducts the history
of the Author's mind to the point when he was em-
boldened 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 ex-
press himself, as the Anti-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 proper-
lly 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, Ora-
tories, and sepulchral Recesses, ordinarily included in
these Edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified
in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances
either unfinished, or unpublished, if he had not thought
that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has
here avowed, and, in lonely possesses, the public, entitled him
to demand for such a statement as he thinks
necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please,
and he would hope, to benefit his countrymen.—No-	hing further need be added, that the first and
third parts of The Excursus will consist chiefly of medita-
tions in the Author's own Person; and that in the in-
termediate part (The Excursion) the intervention of
Characters speaking is employed, and something of a
dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce
a system; it was more animating to him to proceed in
different a 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 Excursus, may be acceptable as a kind of
Prospectus of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

—On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in Solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intrant to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whichever they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself,
I would give utterance in numerous Verse.
Of Truth of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed conclusions in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
invariable retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all;
I sing — fit audience let me find though few!

—So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard,
Hoist of Men.—Orania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, loft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the hearer of hearers is but a veil.
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form;
Joseph—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
I pass them unstrained. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy—scooped out
By help of dreams, can breed such fear and as
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
Egyptian, Fortune Fields—like those of old

Sought in the Atlantic Main, why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this 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 claim, in lonely possession, the spiritual verse
Of this great consumption. —and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arous theænal from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted: —and how exquisitely, too,
Theme this but little heard of among Men,
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish —this is our high argument.
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I ojJ
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of man, and see its sights
Of wadding passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of Cities; may these sounds
Have their authentic comment,—that even these
Hearing, I be not dolecast or forlorn?
—Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspirer
The Human Soul! of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan Temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine;
Shedding benignant influence,—and secure,
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout all worlds, and to each of this
I mix more lovely matter; with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating, and who, and what he was,
The transitory being that beheld
This Vision, —when and where, and how he lived; —
Be not this 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; —worse
My Heart in genuine freedom; —all pure thoughts
Be with me; —so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

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

Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lovetner's current clear.
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, Lonsdale, and this Work present
A token (may it prove a monument)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.

* Not mine own ears, nor the prophetic Soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced I ask
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The Offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND.
July 20, 1814.

THE EXCERSION.

ARGUMENT.

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

BOOK FIRST.

THE WANDERER.

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly gleamed
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed fair off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interspersed;
Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the Wren warbles; while the dreaming Man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,
By power of that impending covert thrown
To finer distance. Other lot was mine;
Yet with good hope that soon I should obtain
As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy.
Across a bare wide Common I was telling
With languid steps that by the slippery ground
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open level stood a Grove,
The wished-for port to which my course was bound.
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofs of thatch; four naked walls
That stared upon each other; I looked round,
And to my wish not to my hope expided
He, whom I sought; a Man of venerable age,
But stout and lusty, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the Cottage bench,
Recurrent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay by his side.

He had marked the day before—alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while that staff
Afforded to the Figure of the Man
D'Orsay for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support; his countenance meanwhile
Was hidden from my view, and he remained
Unrecognised; but, struck by the sight,
With vacillated footsteps I advanced, and soon
A glad congratulation we exchanged,
At such unthought-of-meeting.—For the night
We parted, nothing willingly; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Beneath the shelter of these clustering elms,

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant vale,
In the antique market village where were passed
My school-days, an apartment he had owned,
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbour there,
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy Boys
Singly out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks—too thoughtful for my years,
As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen Comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the woods:
We sat—we walked; he pleased me with report
Of things which he had seen; and often touched
Abhorrest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward; or at my request would sing
Old songs—the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing Water by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in time of drought,
Still deeper welcome found his pure discourse:
How precious when in riper days I learned
To weigh with care his words, and to rejoice
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; Men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishments of Verse
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Not having e'er as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The possession of themselves, these favoured Beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not left
His graces unrequited and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Blessed and honoured—far as he was known;
And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his mind
Had dealt with—I will here record in verse;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise as venerable Nature lends,
The high and tender Muse shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;
Where, on a small hereditary Farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground
His Parent, with their numerous Offspring, dwelt;
A virtuous Household, though exceeding poor!
Pure Livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God; the very Children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the Hills;
But, through the inclement and the perilous days
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with saltcel, to a School, that stood
Sole Building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of City spire, or sound
Of Minster clock! From that bleak Temple...
He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the Hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Reheald the stars come out above his head,
And traveled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.
So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a Child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his ramblements, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dinners character, he thence attained
An active power to faster images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fall,
While yet a Child, with a Child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite; nor this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after day
Of Boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sat, 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 chivalry and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!
Thus informed,
He had small need of books; for many a Tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a Legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourished imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whatever the Minister's old Shelf supplied;
The life and death of Martyrs, who sustained,
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of Persecution, and the Covenant—Times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!
And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the posternatal tale,
Romance of Giants, chronicle of Friends,
Prose in garniture of wooden cuts
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharpe-nosed, sharp-ellowwed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of light
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Wished Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light? He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul; and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live.
And by them did he live; they were his life.
And in such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion with transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes possessed.
O then how beautiful, how bright appeared
The written Promise in his early days
And learned to reverence the Volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
All things, responsive to the Writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospect, nor did he believe,—he saw.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lonely; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which worketh patience; thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
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 tempered his desires
While at the School he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of being,
The divine Milton. Love of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His School-master supplied; books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(especially perceived where Nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do
Thus daily thristing, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His trianges—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight

THE WANDERER.
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.
And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accustomed feelings pressed his heart.
With still increasing weight; he was overpowered
By Nature, by the turbulence subduced
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul.
Communing with the glorious Universe.

Full often wished he that the winds might rage
When they were silent; far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness:—from his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted thought.
He asked repose; and, failing oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air.
A cloud of mist, that slitten by the sun
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and prized, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty.
And drinking from the well of homely life.
—But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
He now was summoned to select the course
Of humble Industry that promised best
To yield him 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 vales,
(Spent, or attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast climes) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.

An inksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or petting storm,
A stagnant Merchant.bewithin his load!
Yet do such Travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed delicious now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When Squire, and Priest, and they who round them
dwelt.
In rustic sequester—aall dependent
Upon the Peaslar's toll—supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.
Not ignorant was the Youth that still few
Of his adventurous Countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease;—for him it bore
Attractive prospects, and he chose their path.
His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of Men.*

Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits;
Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, amid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements.
And in the language of the woods.
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Among the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of Nature; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life; unexerted, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No pious revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and, by Nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts.
To be happy with Man, he was so
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could afford to suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came
That in our best experience he was so 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
ever, to be satisfactory to have prove-testimony how far a Chapter 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 Portray.

We learn from Caesar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquer ed by the Roman arms, or wandering on the Roman routes, were the very first to introduce 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 delicacies. In Nearer Europe, the travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Inhabitants of the Province of the Missionaries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been seen among them.

It is further 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 their own greatest quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the greatest exactitude and the most infini - ate and exact manner of accommodation. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various nations, and various times, they have 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 subdued 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 customs. They, 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 man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered, as going to lend the life, and acquire the Fortune, of a Gentleman. When, after twenty years' usefulness and employment there, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a Gentleman to all intents and purposes.

Heron's Journey in Scotland, Vol. i. p. 89.
The History of many Families,  
How they had prospered; how they were o’erthrown  
By passion or mischance; or such mistake  
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—untaxed  
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, undamped  
By worldly-mindedness or avaricious care;  
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed  
By knowledge gathered up from day to day;—  
Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.  

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those  
With whom from childhood he grew up, had held  
The strong hand of her purity; and still  
Had watched him with an unremitting eye.  
This he remembered in his riper age  
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.  
But by the native vigour of his mind,  
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
Whatever, in docile childhood or in youth,  
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought  
Was melted all away: so true was this,  
That sometimes his religion seemed to me  
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;  
Who to the model of his own pure heart  
Shaped his belief as grace divine inspired,  
Or human reason dictated with awe.  
—And surely never did there live on earth  
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports  
And teasing ways of Children vexed not him;  
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
Of generous days; 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 check  
Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
But had not tam’d his eye; that, under brows  
Stiffy and grey, had meanings which it brought  
From years of youth; which, like a Being made  
Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill  
To blend with knowledge of the years to come,  
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.  

So was He framed; and such his course of life  
Who now, with no appendage but a Staff,  
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
Upon that Cottage bench reposed his limbs,  
Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,  
His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
The shadows of the breezy elms above  
Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound  
Of the approaching steps, and in the shade  
Unnoticed did I stand, and some minutes space  
At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat  
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim  
Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,  
And ere our lively greeting into peace  
Had settled, “Tis,” said I; “a burning day:  
My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,  

Have somewhere found relief.” He, at the word,  
Pointing towards a sweet-brier, bade me climb  
The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out  
Upon the public way. It was a plot  
Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds  
Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,  
The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,  
Or currants, hanging from their laden stems  
In scanty strings, had tempted to o’erleap  
The broken wall. I looked around, and there,  
Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs  
Joined in a cold damp nook, op’d a Well  
Shrouded with willow-flowers and pine-fern.  
My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerful spot  
Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned.  
Where sate the Old Man on the Cottage bench;  
And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,  
I yet was standing, freely to respire,  
And cool my tempest in the fanning air,  
Thus did he speak. “I see around me here  
Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,  
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
Dies with him, or is changed: and very soon  
Even of the good is no memorial left.  
—The Pots, in their elegies and songs  
Lamenting the departed, call the graves.  
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
And senseless rocks; nor idly: for they speak,  
In these their invocations, with a voice  
Obedient to the strong creative power  
Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
That steal upon the 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  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
In mortal stillness; and they ministered  
To human comfort. Stopping down to drink.  
Upon the sliny foot-stone I replied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the mousse of years, and subject only  
To the soft handling of the Elements:  
There let the relic lie—tattled thought—vain words!  
Forgive them;—never—never did my steps  
Approach this door but she who dwelt within  
A daughter’s welcome gave me, and I loved her  
As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket. Many a Passenger  
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,  
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn  
From that forsaken Spring: and no one came  
But he was welcome: no one went away  
But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,  
The light extinguished of her lonely Hut,  
The Hut itself abandoned to decay,  
And She forgotten in the quiet grave!  

“I speak,” continued he, “of One whose stock  
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lovely roof.  
She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy  
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A Being—who by all living love to peace  
Might live on earth a life of happiness:  
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side  
The humble worth that satisfied her heart:  
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal  
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell  
That he was often seated at his Doom.  
In summer, ere the Mower was abroad
Among the dawny grass,—in early spring,
Ere the last Star had vanished.—They who passed
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Died, and every leaf and flower were lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty Boy
Was their best hope,—next to the God in Heaven.

"Not twenty years ago, but yon I think
Came suddenly it now in mind, there came
Two bitting seasons, when the fields were left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
A worse affliction in the pl gue of war;
This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
A Wanderer then among the Cottages
I, with my freights of winter raiment, saw
The hardships of that season: many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged
Of daily comforts, eternally recalled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calamitous years
With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
When her little Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long; and when his strength returned,
He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age;
Was a' prevailed on. A second Infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow: shoes of Artisans
From ill required labour turned adrift
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—happier far
Could they have lived as do the little birds
That peck along the hedge-rows, or the Kite
That makes her dwelling on the mountain Rocks!

"A sad reverse it was for Him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,
This lonely Cottage. At his door he stood,
And wished many a snatch of merry times
That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
Crawled amongst figures on the heads of sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, a' familiar work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,
He blended, where he might, the various tasks
Of summer, autumn, winter, and of Spring.
But this ended not; his good humour soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the Town,
Without an errand, would direct his steps,
Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his Babes,
And with a cruel tongue, at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy;
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'
Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused;
And, looking up to those enormous Elms,
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.—
At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not at rest
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
Is filling all the air with melody;
Why should a tear be in an Old Man's eye?

"Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,
And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;
To natural comfort shut out eyes and ears,
And, feeding our disputes, thus destroy
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts'"

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone:
But, when he ended, there was in his face
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
That for a little time it stole away
All recollection, and that simple Tale
Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound.
A while on trivial things we held discourse,
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,
I said, 'That poor Woman, Margaret,
Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed
Her homely Tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Secund present; and, attention now relaxed,
A heart-felt chilliness crept across my veins.
I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,
Soothed drinking comfort from the warmer sun,
That had not cheered me long—ere, looking round
Upon that tranquil Elms, I returned,
And begged of the Old Man that, for my sake,
He would resume his story.—"

He replied,
"'Tis a very wan-seous, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were Men whose hearts
Could hold vault disdain with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found
An hour of virtuous friend;—we're not so, I
Am a dreamer among men, indeed
An idle Dreamer! 'Tis a common Tale,
An ordinary sorrow of Man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form—but without further bidding
I will proceed.

"While thus it fared with 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 lur'd me on
Over the flat Common!—With quick step I reached
The threshold, lited with light hand the latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me
A little while; then turned her head away
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
She rose from off her seat, and then,—O Sir!—
I cannot tell how—she pronounced my name:
'With fervent love, and with a face of grief,
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired
If she had seen her Husband, As she spake
A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
Nor had I power to answer ever she told
That he had disappeared—not two months gone.
He left his House: two wretched days had past;
And on the third, as wishfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
Within her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed of one
To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly
She opened—found no writing, but behold
With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er
With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the Sheep,
That fed upon the Common, thicker came
Familiarly; and found a couching-place
Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell
From these tall elms;—the Cottage-clock struck eight.—
I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
Her face was pale and thin—her figure, too,
Was changed. As she unlocked the door, she said,
' It grieves me you have waited here so long,
But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late,
And, sometimes—to my sense I speak—have need
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.'
While on the board she spread our evening meal,
She told me—interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless hands—
That she had parted with her elder Child;
To a kind master on a distant farm
Now happily apprenticed. —' I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause; to-day
I have been travelling far; and many days
About the fields I wander, knowing this
Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
And to this helpless Infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.
But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy, and I hope,' said she, 'that God
Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.' It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her; Sir, I feel
The story linger in my heart; I fear
'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
To that poor Woman:—so familiarly
Do I perceive her manner, and her look
And presence, and so deeply do I feel
Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
A momentary trance comes over me;
And to myself I seem to muse on One
By sorrow laid asleep;—or borne away,
A human being destined to awake
To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again
For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
Your very soul to see her: evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast;
And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

'Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her I chose, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she received;
And I exhorbit to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.
I took my staff, and when I kissed her babe
The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then
With the best hope and comfort I could give;
She thanked me for my wish;—but for my hope
Me thought, she did not thank me.

' I returned,
And took my rounds along this land again
Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
I found her sad and drooping; she had learned
The little Child who seeks 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 wept as a stranger Horseman came along
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully.
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut
Sank to decay: for he was gone, whose hand,
At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
Threw the long winter, reckless and alone;
Until her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was snatched; and while she slept, the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind;
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
Have parted hence; and still that length of road,
And under her 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. 10

The Old Man ceased: he saw that I was moved;
From that low Bench, rising instinctively
Turned to me in weakness, nor had answer:
To thank him for the Tale which he had told.
I stood, and leaning o'er the Garden wall,
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and it seemed
To comfort me while with a Brother's love
I blessed her—in the impotence of grief.
At length towards the Cottage I returned
Fondly—and traced, with interest more mild,
That secret spirit of humanity
Which, mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
And silent overgrowths, still survived.
The Old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,
"My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more;
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turned away,
And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the run declining shot
A slant and mellow radiance, which began
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
We sate on that low Bench: and now we felt
Amonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
A linnet 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 sprightly mien
Gave me the final preparation, grasped his staff:
Together casting then a farewell look
Upon those silent walls, we left the Shade;
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A Village Inn, —our Evening resting-place.
THE EXCURSION.

Book II.

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—feelings of the Author at the sight of it.—Sound of singing from below—a funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a Book accidentally discovered in a recess in the Valley.—Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary.—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in this mountainous district.—Solitary contrasts with this, that of the Individual carried a few minutes before from the Cottage—Brief conversation.—The Cottage entered—description of the Solitary's apartment—repose 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 Inmate of the Cottage—description of a grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect upon the Solitary's mind—Quits the House.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel: wandering on from Hall to Hall, Baronial Court or Royal; cheered with gifts Mundane, and love, and Ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed Knight,
Now resting with a Pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an Abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next
Humbly in a religious Hospital;
Or with some merry Outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a Hermit's cell.

Him, sleeping or awake, the Robber spared;
He walked—protected from the sword of war
By virtue of that sacred Instrument
His Harp, suspended at the Traveller's side:
His dear Companion wherever'er he went
Opening from Land to Land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
Drew happier, fuller, more impassioned thoughts
From his long journeys and eventful life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer ground Of these our unimaginative days;
Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise
Accorded with his burthen and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite School
Had been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
Looked on this Guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pursu'd
Our journey—beneath favourable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
Unfail'd: not a Hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a House, that did not yield to him
Remembrances: or from his tongue call forth
Some way-hungling tale. Nor less regard
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse,
Which Nature's various objects might inspire;
And in the silence of his face one read
His overflowing spirit: Birds and Beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,
In his capacious mind—he loved them all;
Their rights acknowledging he felt for all

Oft was occasion given me to perceive
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing Herd
To happy contemplation soothed his walk;
How the poor Brute's condition, forced to run
Its course of suffering in the public road,
End contrast! all too often smote his heart
With unavailing pity. Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.

—Greetings and smiles we met with all day long
From faces that he knew; we took our seats
By many a cottage hearth, where he received
The welcome of an Innate come from far.
—Nor was he loth to enter ragged Huts,
Huts where his charity was blest; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced Friend.
And, sometimes, whose the Poor Man's head dispute
With his own mind, unable to sublime
Impatience through inaptness to perceive
General distress in his particular lot;
Or cherishing recumbrant, or in vain
Struggling against it, with a soul perplexed,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men;
To him appeal was made as to a Judge!
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation; listened to the plea:
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit—even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,
Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
Or both, with equal readiness of will.
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our walk,
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
We started—and he led towards the hills,
Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
Before us, mountains stern and desolating;
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The Wealthy, the Luxurious, by the stress
Of business roosed, or pleasure ease their time,
May roll in chariots, or provoke the hounds
Of the fleet courser they bestride, to raise
From earth the dust of morning, show to rise;
And They, if blessed with health and hearts at ease,
Shall lack not their enjoyment—but how faint
Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,
Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld; and lend the listening sense
To every grateful sound of earth and air:
Passing at will—our spirits braced, our thoughts
Pleasant as roses in the thicker blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

Mount slowly, Sun! that we may journey long,
By this dark hill protected from thy beams!
Such is the summer Pilgrim's frequent wish;
But quickly from among our morning thoughts
Two chased away: for, toward the western side
Of the broad Vale, calling Birds a casual glance,
We saw a throng of People:—wherefore met?
Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield
Prompt answer: they proclaim the annual Wake,
Which the bright season favours.—Tabor and Pipe
In purpose join to hasten and reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boon
Of merriment a party-coloured Knot,
Already formed upon the Village green.
—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glittered upon our sight
That gay Assemble. Round them and above,
Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casperment, and yawning.—miserably bare
Half-voiced in vapoury cloud, the silvery stream
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams shitten. Like a mast
Of gold, the Maypole shines; as if the rays
Of morning, aided by exhalation dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, "The music and the sprightly scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
Those festive mats?"—He replied, "Not both.
Here would I linger, and with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening's close,
The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the Sun be set,
The turf of your large pasture will be shimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall contend:
But know we not that he, who intermixes
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full off the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?
We must proceed—a length of journey yet
Remains untraced."
Then, pointing with his staff
Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent
He thus imparted

"In a spot that lies
Among ye mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of moon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's toil—
From sight of one who lives secluded there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose past life,
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

"Though now sojourning there, he, like myself,
Sprung from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended plant,
Bears, on the humblest ground of social life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.
Such grateful promises his youth displayed:
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called;
And straight incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the charge
Of Chaplain to a Military Troop
Cheered by the Highland Bagpipe, as they marched
In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.
This Office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination, made
An intellectual Raiser in the human
Of social vanity—he walked the World,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;
Lax, buoyant—less a Pastor with his Flock
Than a Soldier among Soldiers—lived and roamed
Where Fortune led:—and Fortune, who oft proves
The careless Wanderer's Friend, to him made known
A blooming Lady—a conspicuous Flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness praised;
Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

"For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of mind,
Nor sparingly endow'd with worldly wealth,
His Office he relinquished; and retired
From the world's notice to a rural Home.
Youth's season yet with him was scarcely past,
And she was in youth's prime. How full their joy,
How free their love! nor did that love decay,
Nor joy abate, 'til life's doleful doom!
In the short course of one undreaded year
Death blasted all.—Death suddenly o'erthrew
Two lovely Children—all that they possessed!
The Master of the cottage, a most piteously bare
The one Survivor stood: he wept, he prayed
For his dismissal; day and night, compelled
By pain to turn his thoughts towards the grave,
And face the regions of Eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.

"But now, to the wide world's astonishment, appeared
A glorious opening, the unkno'rn-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!
Her voice of social transport reached even him!
He broke from his contracted bounds, repaired
To the great City, an Emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of hope.
Thither his popular talents he transferred;
And, from the Pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and for'tune for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

"That righteous Cause (such power hath Freedom)
bound,
For one hostility, in friendly league
Ethereal Natures and the worst of Slaves;
Was served by rival Advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell,
One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily gained
By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment: not above in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
An overweening trust was raised; and fear
Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane
The strongest did not easily escape;
And He, what wonder! took a mortal dint.
How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell
That he broke faith with them whom he had laid
In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!
An insidial contempt of holy writ
Stole by degrees upon his mind; and hence
Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced;
Vilest hypocrisy, the laughing, gay
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride.
Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls;
But, for disciples of the inner school,
Old freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stooped the least
To known restraints: and who most boldly drew
Hopeful predictions from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a holo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance.

"His sacred function was at length renounced;
And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled Layman's natural liberty;
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.
THE SOLITARY.

I do not wish to wrong him,—though the course
Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—he still retained,
Mid such abasement, what he had received
From nature—an intense and glowing mind.
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,
And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a Lover's passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better men,
Nay keener—as his fortitude was less,
And he continued, when worse days were come,
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal
That showed like happiness; but, in despite
Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting; and simplicity of Life
And reverence for himself; and, last and best,
Confusing thoughts, through love and fear of Him
Before whose sight the troubles of this world
Are vain as billows in a tossing sea.

"The glory of the times fading away,
The splendour, which had given a festal air
To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled
From his own sight,—this gone, he forfeited
All joy in human nature; was consumed,
And vexed, and chafed, and solvity and scorn,
And frivolties indulgence, glorified pride;
Made desperate by contempt of Men who trode
Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
Without desert, what he desired; weak men,
Too weak even for his envy or his hate!
Tormented thus, after a wandering course
Of discontent, and inwardly oppressed
With malady—in part, I fear, provoked
By wearness of life, he fixed his home,
Or, rather say, esteamed by chance,
Among these rugged hills where now he dwells,
And wastes the sad remainder of his hours
In self-indulging spleen, that doth not want
Its own voluptuousness:—on this resolved,
With this content, that he will live and die
Forgotten,—at safe distance from a world
Not moving to his mind."

These serious words
Closed the preparatory notices
That served my Fellow-traveller to benizile
The way, while we advanced up the wide Vale.
Diving now (as if his quest had been
Some secret of the Mountains, Cavern, Fall
Of water—or some boastful Eminence,
Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)
We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us; savage region which I paced
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold:
Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale,
A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an Urm:
With rocks encompassed, save that to the South
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil;

Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many thristy years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the mountain House.
—There crows the Cock, single in his domain:
The small birds find in spring no thicket there
To shroud them; only from the neighbouring Vale
The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is here!
Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espie
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure:
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
—In rugge arms how soft it seems to lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness; were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single in the breathing world,
It could not be more quiet: peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruiled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgotten; uncalled upon, —peace
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay
In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent: when from our heart
Of that profound Abyss a solemn Voice
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard—ascending: mournful, deep, and slow
The Cadence, as of Psalms—a funeral dirge;
We listened, looking down upon the Hut,
But seeing no One: meanly lie from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognise
These words:—"Shall in the Grave thy love be known,
Is Death thy faithfulness?"—"God rest his soul!"
Thus the Wanderer cried, abruptly breaking silence,—
"He is departed, and finds peace at last!"

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic Persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a Coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping side
Of that small Valley; singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the Men
Bar-headed, and all decently attired
Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge
Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, "You spake,
Methought, with apprehension that these rites
Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude."—I did so,
But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:
Perhaps it is no he but some One else
For whom this pious service is performed;
Some other Tenant of the Solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
Where passage could be won; and, as the last
Of the mute train, upon the healthy top
Of that oesloping Outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my comrade. When behold
An object that enticed my steps aside?
A narrow, winding Entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall,—a cool Recess,
And Four, where the thick and wall
Meet in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And overlaying them with mountain sods;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread
The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by Children's hands:
Whose skill had thronged the floor with a proud show
Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;
Nor wanting ornaments of walks between,
With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
And gardens inclosed. Pleased with the sight,
I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,
Impatient to pass on, when I explained,
"Lo! what is here?" and, stooping down, drew forth
A Book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware
Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise
One of those petty structures. "Gracious Heaven!"
The Wanderer cried, "it cannot but be his,
And he is gone?" The Book, which in my hand
Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
With searching damp, and seemingly had lain
To the injurious elements exposed
From week to week,) I found to be a work
In the French Tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
His friend Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"
Exclaimed my Friend: "here then has been to him
Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,
Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
And loved the haunts of children here, no doubt,
Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,
Or sate companionless; and here the Book,
Left and forgotten in his careless way.
Must by the Cottage Children have been found:
Heaven bless them, and their inconsolable work!
To what odd purpose have the Darlings turned
This sad Memorial of their hapless Friend?"
"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find
Such book in such a place?"—"A Book it is,"
He answered, "to the Person suited well,
Though little suited to surrounding things;
'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been
To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,
With one poor Shepherd, far from all the world:
Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,
As from these intimations I 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, glanced on the leaves
An eye of scorn; "the Lover," said he, "doomed
The hope he hath failed him—whom no depth
Of privacy is deep enough to hide;
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
And that is joy to him. When change of times
Hath summoned Kings to scathfuls, do but give
The faithful Servant, who must hide his head
Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
A kerchief sprinkled with his Master's blood,
And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
Beyond all poverty how destitute,
Must that Man have been left, who, hither driven,
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer relic, and no better stay,
Than this dull product of a Scoffer's pen,
Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened by impiety!—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."
Or passing by some single tenement

Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise

The monitory voice! But most of all

It touches, it confounds, and elevates,

Then, when the Body, soon to be consigned

Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,

Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne

Upon the shoulders of the next in love,

The nearest in affection or in blood;

Yes, by the very Mourners who had knelt

Beside the Coffin, resting on its lid

In silent grief, their unsupplied heads,

And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,

And that most awful scripture which declares

We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!

—Have I not seen?—Ye likewise may have seen—

Son, Husband, Brothers—Brothers side by side,

And Son and Father also side by side,

Rise from that posture—and in concert move,

On the green turf following the vested Priest,

Four dear Supporters of one senseless Wright,

From which they do not shrink, and under which

They faint not, but advance towards the grave

Step after step—together, with their firm

Unhidden faces; he that suffers most

He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,

The most serene, with most undaunted eye!

Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,

Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!"

"That poor Man taken hence to day," replied

The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile

Which did not please me, " must be deemed, I fear,

Of the unbest; for he will surely sink

Into his mother earth without such pomp

Of grief. depart without occasion given

By him for such array of fortitude.

Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!

This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,

And I shall miss him; scanty tribute yet.

This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,

If love were his sole claim upon their care,

Like a ripe date which in the desert falls

Without a hand to gather it." At this

I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,

"Can it be thus among so small a band

As ye must needs be here? in such a place

I would not willingly, methinks, lose light

Of a departing cloud."—"Twas not for love"

Answered the sick man with a careless voice—

"That I came hither; neither have I found

Among Associates who have power of speech,

Nor in such other converse as is here,

Temptation so prevailing as to change

That mood, or undermine my first resolve."—

Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said

To his benign Companion,—"Pity 'tis

That fortune did not guide you to this house

A few days earlier; then would you have seen

What stuff the Dwellers in a Solitude,

That seems by Nature hollowed out to be

The seat and bosom of pure innocence,

Are made of; an ungracious matter this!

Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too

Of past discussions with this zealous Friend

And Advocate of humble life, I now

Will force upon your notice; undeterred

By the example of his own pure course,

And that respect and deference which a Soul

May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched

In what she values most—the love of God

And his frail creature Man—but ye shall hear.

I talk—and ye are standing in the sun

Without refreshment!"

Saying this, he led

Towards the Cottage:—honestly was the spot;

And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,

Had almost a forbidding nakedness;

Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,

Than it appeared when from the beetling rock

We had looked down upon it. All within,

As left by the departed company,

Was silent; and the solitare clock

Ticked, as I thought, with melancholy sound.—

Following our Guide, we clomb the cottage stairs

And reached a small apartment dark and low,

Which was no sooner entered than our Host

Replied, "This is my domain, my cell,

My hermitage, my cabin.—what a wish you will—

I love it better than a small his house.

But now Ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardor than an urbane 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,

Clear-red, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck

Had we around us: scattered was the floor,

And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,

With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,

And tufts of mountain moss: mechanic tools

Lay intermixed with scraps of paper,—some

Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod

And shattered telescope, together linked

By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;

And instruments of music, some half-made,

Some in disarray, hung dangling from the walls.

—But speedily the promise was fulfilled;—

A feast before us, and a courteous Host

Inviting us in glees to sit and eat.

A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook

By which it had been beaten, o\'erspread the board;

And was itself half covered with a load

Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream.

And cakes of butter deliciously embossed,

Butter that had imbied from meadow-flowers

A golden hue, delicate as their own,

Faintly reflected in a lingering stream;

Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,

Our Table, small parade of garden fruits,

And whortle-berries from the mountain-side,

The Child, who hung ere this had stirred his sobs,

Was now a help to his late Comforter,

And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,

Ministering to our need.

In genial mood,

While at our pastoral banquet thus we sat

From the window of that little Cell,

I could not, ever and anon, forbear

To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks,

That from some other Vale peered into this.

"Those lusty Twins," exclaimed our host, " if here

It were your lot to dwell, would soon become

Your prized Companions.—Many are the notes

Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth

From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;

And well those lofty Brethren bear their part

In the wild concert,—chiefly when the storm

Rides high; then all the upper air they fill

With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,

Like smoke, along the level of the blast,

In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song

Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;

And, in the grim and heatless hour of moon,

Methinks that I have heard them as we back

The thunder's greeting:—nor have Nature's laws

Left them ungifted with a power to yield

Music of finer tone; a harmony,

So do I call it, though it be the hand

Of silence, though there be no voice;—the clouds,
THE SOLITARY.

The mist, the shadows, light of golden sun,
Motion of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
And have an answer—thither come, and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits:—there the Sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial Orb:—between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the Stars, as of their station prond.

Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute Agents stirring there:—alone
Here do I sit and watch.

A fall of voice,
Regrett'd like the Nightingale's last note,
Had scarcely closed this high-wrought Rhapsody,
Ere with inviting smile the Wanderer said,
"Now for the Tale with which you threaten us!"
"In truth the truth escaped me unawares;—
Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand
For my excuse. Discovered from mankind,
As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
When we looked down upon us from the crag,
Islanders of a stormy mountain sea.
We are not so:—perpetually we touch
Upon the vulgar ordinance of the world,
And he, whom this our Cottage hath to-day
Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread
Upon the laws of public charity.

The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
As might from that occasion be derived,
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 kæmel of his rest!
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
Ill borne in earlier life, but he was now
The still contentedness of seventy years.

Calm did he sit beneath the wide-spread tree
Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek.
Withingly meek or venerably calm,
Than show and tored; paying in this wise
A penalty, if penalty it were,
For spendthrift fests, excesses of his prime.
I loved the Old Man, for I pitied him:
A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
But he was a cheap pleasure to mine eyes;
My, inoffensive, ready in his way.
And helpful to his utmost power:—and there
Our Housewife knew full well what she possessed!
He was her Vassal of all labour, tilled
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her Kine;
And, one among the orderly array
Of Hay-makers, beneath 'he burning sun
Maintained his place: or heedfully pursued
His course, on crags and bound, other vales,
Leading sometimes an inexperienced Child,
Too young for any profitable task.
So moved he like a Shadow that performed
Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn.
For what reward?—The Moon her monthly round
Hath not completed since our Dame, the Queen
Of this one cottage and this lonely Dale,
From my little sanctuary rushed—Voice to a rauful treble-humanized,
And features in deplorable dismay.—
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
It is most serious: persevering rain
Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain tops
Were hidden, and black vapours coursed their sides;
This had I seen, and saw; but, till she spoke,
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend,
Who at her bidding, early and alone,
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf

For winter fuel, to his noon tide meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the Heights
Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.

"Indoors,"—said I, "was an Old Man's life
Not worth the trouble of a thought;— alas!
This notice comes too late." With joy I saw
Her Husband enter—from a distant Vale.
We saluted forth together; found the tools
Which the neglected Veteran had dropped,
But through all quarters looked for him in vain.
We shou'd—but no answer! Darkness fell
Without remission of the blast or shower,
And fears for our own safety drove us home.
I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
The moment I was seated here alone.
Honour my little Cell with some few tears
Which anger and resentment could not dry.
All night the storm endured; and, soon as help
Had been collected from the neighbouring Vale,
With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain.
Till, chanceing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin, almost without walls,
And wholly without roof, (the bleached remains
Of a small Chapel, where, in ancient time,
The Peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central height)—
We then espied the Object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among
Of heath-plant, under and above him grown.
To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
And there we found him breathing peaceably,
Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not stir
At our commands; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts:
So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight the Shepherds homeward moved
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The Appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty City—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking in splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With abaiser domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Upheld; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking thither
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf.
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temples, palace, citadel, and bower.

Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enveloped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state.
How Nature hems you in with friendly arms!
And by her help ye are my Prisoners still.
But which way shall I lead you?—how contrive,
In Egot so parcellinonendured,
That the brief hours, which yet remain, may reap
Some recompense of knowledge or delight?"
So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed;
And, to remove those doubts, my 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
A place of refuge seeking at its root
Of you black Yew-tree; whose protruded boughs
Darken the sliver bosom of the crag,
From which she draws her meagre sustenance.
There in commodious shelter may we rest.
Or let us trace this Streamlet to his source;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthy sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, happy, crowned with flowers and green herbs,
The mountain Infant to the sun comes forth,
Like human Life; from darkness.—A quick turn
Through a srait passagc of encumbered ground,
Proved that such hope was vain:—for now we stood
Shut out from prospect of the open Vale,
And saw the water, that composed this Rill,
Descending, disembodied, and diffused
Over the smooth surface of an ample Crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a Tower.
In farther progress here was barred:—And who
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained?
Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the stream
Into a loud and white-roled Waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicircle of turf and ground,
The hidden rock discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded Ship, with keel upturned,—that rests
Fearless of winds and waves. Three several Stones
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars; and from these
Some little space disjoined, a pair were seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A Fragment, like an Altar, flat and smooth;
Barren the tablet, yest thereupon appeared
A tail and shining Holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if invested by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze.
The first that entered. But no breeze did now
Find entrance:—high or low appeared no trace
Of motion, save the Water that descended,
Diffused adown that Barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

"Behold a Cabinet for Sages built,
Which Kings might envy!"—Praise to this effect
Broke from the happy old Man's reverend lip;
Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
In south, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decried the wealth which is your own.
Among these Rocks and Stones, methinks, I see
More than the heedless inures that belongs
To lonely Nature's usual occupation
They hear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly war! away.
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
How gracefully that slender Srub looks forth
From its fantastic birth-place! And I own,
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,
That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man,
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails.—
Volcanoes the Stream descends into the gulf
With triple lapse;—and lo! while in this Strait
I stand—the cham of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through, but ror an Abyss
In which the everlasting Snows abide;
And whose soft glow, and boundscless depth, might
spread.

The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hall Contemplation! from the stately towers,
Reared by the industrious hand of human art
To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast:
From acadian groves, that leave for thee
Been planted,arker come and find a Lodge
To which then mayest resort for hoister peace,—
From which at the morn dost Thou, through height and depth,
Mayest penetrate, wherever Truth shall lead;
Measuring through all degrees, until the scale
Of Time and occasions Nature disappear,
Lost in unsearchable Eternity?"

A pause ensued; and with minister care
We scanned the various features of the scene:
And soon the Tenant of that lovely Vale
With courteous voice thus spake—
I should have grieved
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
Since the idio paragraph was composed. I have read
With so much pleasure, in Barsett's Theory of the Earth,
a passage expressing correspondent sentiments, exalted by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot
forbear to transcribe it.

"Squad vorto Naturae nobis dedit spectaculam,—in
his universalia, et philosopho dige
tum nulli cumque mulisitorum: cum ex eis bibit, mo the spectacle luminandam ad oram mari-Mediterranei, hinc a quo
curriculum, idque tractus Alpiner prosperi; nihil quidem
noz verum dicere, ilnum et suum genere, mone
curritum et similitudinem. Hoc theatrum ego earis pro
lerim Romanie eunici, Grecie; acque idque d natura
buit, quod imbii, dum exhibi, semper inibus curriculum, nat
amphitheatrum et circinatam. Nihil hic eis earum ut
veneria, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placit magni
tudine sum et quodsum specie insubstantia. Hinc initi
eurarios aquarum superficiae, mo the diffusion,
quantum maximum oceanum adce verri potuit; ildic
dissimulation terrae incertam et varias nosse valut
variae densitate, gravitatis, promiscuee, recumbentes,
incrementa, eam situ inaquilis et turbidius Placid: ex
hico parte, Naturae miis et simplicius, et lacunis suo
qui praebita; ex altera, multiformem confusum muni
num corporum, et in eam temum stras; quae vam
intuerantur, non umbis alicrund aut oppidi, sed contrasti
rutili colore, non aculos habere nulli visum sum.

In singulis fess moribus erit aliquid insensum et
mirabile, sed pro certo nihil placet ista, quod sede
buit, ripum: etiam maxima et altissima, et quod terrae
rectus est, nihil maius necesse altitudinis nem distin
tum: ictur veri nuce, horridum praecipu, et quasi ad
pompandium factum, hanc partem. Praetereor factis
litteris dictis non est kevta eae naturae subsidum quod
in rigid bas aliquando observare dicit et scis suis subi at
sumnum ad biam, in illo plane; vel terrae muni
luke, antebibat, divulgat.

Ut mea rure rapit et eav, recessusque habuit, et
saxos speciei, cunere in vacum monent: sim naturae
publico locos, sive exo morti, et auriarum et erit bic
littera, cum insecre tascum et fragore, est extincte maiores littere: quae litterum spumance reddi
atum natum, et quasi ab ino ventur evovum.

Drummeni nunc naturae erat praeceptum, et
simulat nature non nobe neglegerat Naturae,
aboriosus ut pro orationem: et prope pedem montis ritus
iustus, quod per arborum calum igni
ographen, lento motu serpens, et per variae mensuras,
quis ad propinigendum visum, in magno mari absorpi
naturae facile. Denique in summer vestrae pronomen
commodum rem suae saxae, enteritiorem cum praebi
plausui. Vale aetatis sedes, Rege d. g. a. Augusta
rapo, semper mihi memornam!":

P. 89. Telluris

If from my poor Retirement ye had gone
Leaving this Nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise;—
And, like an ardent Hunter, I forgot,
Our ill-spent day—disdained, the path that lurks
At my own door. The shapes before our eyes
And their arrangement, doubtless must be deemed
The sport of Nature, nixed by blind Chance
Redely to mock the works of telling Man.
And hence, this upright Shaft of unhewn Stone,
From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
By sounding Thuds, hath acquired the name
Of Pompy's Pillar: that I gravely style
My Theban Oise lisk; and, there, behold
A Druid Cremcher—thus I entitle
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
To skim along the surface of things,
Resulting haremly the listless hours.
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And chance, and emprise, these freaks of Nature
And her blind helper, Chance, do them suffice
To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
Pity and scorn, and melancholy passion
Not less than that huge Pile (from some abyss
Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary Bldmem of prent rocks
Confines the shudding whisper'd round and round
Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain,—than pyramid
Of Egypt, un ambush'd, unissolved;
Or Syria's marble Ruins towering to the
Above the sandy Desert, in the light
Of Sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised my minds
To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me
Fraught rather with depression than delight,
Though shame it were, could I not look around,
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased
Yet happier in my judgment, even than you
With your bright transports fairly may be deemed,
The wandering Herbalist,—who, clear alike
From vain, and that worse evil, vexing thoughts,
Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncoth Forms a slight regard
Of transitory interest, and peepes
For some rare Flower out of the hills, or Plant
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for wins,
Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed Hound
By scent-engrossing instinct driven along
Through wood or open field, the harmless Man
Departs, intent upon his onward quest.
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Lost to be envied, (you may trace him oft
By scars which his activity has left
Beneath our roads and pathways, though, thank Heaven!
This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket hammer suiteth the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or eroding o'er by Nature
With her first growths—detaching by the strofe
A cloud from the shoulder—to resolve his doubt;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And arranges on; or from the fragments picks
His specimen, if happily interlaced
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube
Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubless wiser, than before!
Instructed safely each to his pursuit,
Exercises alike, let both from hill to hill
Range;—if it please them, speed from clime to clime;
The wind is full—no pain is in their spot."
"Then," said I, interposing, "One is near, Who cannot but possess in your esteem, Place worshipper and follower of my name! Without reserve, that fair-faced Cottage-boy! Dame Nature's Pupil of the lowest Form, Youngest Apprentice in the School of Art! Him, as we entered from the open Glen, You might have noticed busily engaged, Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the defects Left in the fabric of a leaky dam, Raised for enabling this penurious stream To turn a slender mill (that new-made playing) For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

"Fair happiest," answered the dispensing Man, "If, such as now he is, he might remain! Ah! what avails imagination high Or Question deep! what profits all that Earth, Or Heaven's blue Vault, is suffered to put forth Of impulse or 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 either in the one, Nor in the other region, nor in aught That Fancy, dreaming over the mass of things, Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds, Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere A habitation, for consummate good, Nor for progressive virtue, by the search Can be attained,—a better sanctuary From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave!"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer mildly said, "The voice, which we so lately overheard, To that same Child, addressing tenderly The Consolations of a hopeful mind? His body is at rest, his soul in braced."

These were your words; and, verily, methinks Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop Than when we soar.—"

The Other, not displeased, Promptly replied—"My notion is the same, And I, without reluctance, could decline All act of Inquisition whence we rise, And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become Here are we, in a bright and breathing World—Our origin, what matters it? In lack Of worthier explanation, say at once With the American (a thought which suits The place where now we stand) that certain Men Leapt out together from a rocky Cave; And these were the first Parents of Mankind: Or, if a different image be recalled By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice Of insects—whipping out their careless lives On these soft beds of thyme-bespinkled turf, Choose, with the gay Athenian, a concert As sound—blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked With golden Grasshoppers, in sign that they Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil Whereon their endless generations dwelt. But stop! these theoretic fancies jar On serious minds; then, as the Hindoes draw Their holy Gauges from a skiey fount, Even so deduce the Stream of human Life From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust, That our Existence winds her stately course Beneath the Sun, like Gauges, to make part Of a living Ocean: or, to shirk engulfed, Like Niger in impenetrable sands? And utter darkness: thought which may be faced, Though comfortless!—Not of myself I speak; Such asquiescence neither doth imply, In me, a weekly beating spirit—soothed By natural piety; nor a lofty mind, By philosophic discipline prepared For calm subject to acknowledged law; Pleased to have been contented not to be. Such pains I bear not—not to me, who find, Reviewing my past way, much to condemn, Little to praise, and nothing to regret (Save some remembrances of dress-like joys That scarcely seem to have belonged to me) If I must take my choice between the pair That rule alternately the weary hours, Night is than Day more acceptable; sleep Doth, in my estimate of good, appear A better bet than waking; death then sleep: Feellingly sweet is silence! Nearer after evening, Though under covert of the wormy ground:"

"Yet be it said, in justice to myself, That in more genial times, when I was free To explore the destiny of human kind, (Not as an intellectual game pursued With curious soliloquies, from wish to cheat Irksome sensations; but by love of truth Urged on, or hasty by intense delight In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed) I did not rank with those (too dull or nice, For to my judgment such they then appeared, Or too aspiring, thankless at the best) Who, in this frame of human life, perceive An object whereto their souls are tied In discontented wedlock: nor did ever, From me, those dark impertinent shades, that hang Upon the region whither we are bound, Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams, Of present sunshine.—Deities that float On wings, angelic Spirits, I could muse O'er what from earliest time we have been told Of your bright forms and glorious faculties, And with the imagination be content, Not wishing more exquisitely not to tread The little sapious path of earthly care, By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed. — Blow winds of Autumn!—let your chilling breath Take the live herbage from the sword, and strip The shady forest of its green attire,— And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse The gentle Bows!—Your desolating away, Thus I exclaimed, 'no sadness sheds on me, And no disorder in your rage I find, What dignity, what beauty, in this change From mild to angry, and from red to gay, Alternate and revolving! How benign, How high in animation and delight, How bountiful these elements—compared With aught, as more desirable and fair Devised by Fancy for the Golden Age; Or the perpetual working that prevails In Arcady, beneath unarticulated skies, Through the long Year in constant quiet bound, Night hushed as night, and day serene as day! —But why this tedious record!—Age, we know, is garrulous; and solitude isapt To anticipate the privilege of Age, From far ye come, and surely with a hope Of better entertainment—let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth To be diverted from our present theme, I said, "My thoughts agreeing, Sir, with yours, Would push this converse farther; for, if smiles Of scornful pity be the just reward Of Poesy, thus courtesly employed In framing models to improve the scheme Of man's existence, and renown the world, Why should not grave Philosophy be styled, Herself, a Dreamer of a kindred stock, A Dreamer yet more spiritless and dull? Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts Establish sounder titles of esteem.
For Her, who (all too timid and reserved
For onset, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)
Placed among flowery gardens, curtained round
With world-excluding groves, the Brotherhood
Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their souls
To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Transquility to all things. Or is She,
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power,
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach
Of admiration; and all sense of joy?"

His Countenance gave notice that my zeal
Accorded little with his present mind;
I ceased, and he resumed.—Ah! gentle Sir,
Slight, if you will, the means; but spare to slight
The end of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise Man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cheerful peaceful days
For their own sakes, as moral life's chief good,
And only reasonable felicity.

What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,
Through a long course of later ages, drove
The heart to his present Depths wide;
Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
 Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,
Fast anchored in the desert!—Yet alone
Dread of the persecuting sword—remove.
Wrongs unredeemed, or insults unavenged
And unredeemed, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affection rent asunder,
Love with despair, or grief in agony—
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed
For independent happiness; craving peace,
The central feeling of all happiness,
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a trace,
But for its absolute self; a life of peace,
Stability without regret or fear:
That hath been, is, and shall be evermore!
Such the reward he sought; and wore out life,
There, where on few external things his heart
Was set, and those his own; or, if not his,
Subsisting under Nature's steadfast law.

What other yearning was the mystic tie
Of the munificent Brotherhood, upon Rock
Adlaw, or in green secluded Vale,
One after one, collected afar,
An undissolving Fellowship!—What but this,
The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquility,
Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime.—
The life where hope and memory are as one;
Earth quiet and unchanged; the human Soul
Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness.
Such was their scheme,—thrice happy he who gained
The end proposed! And,—though the same were miss'd
By multitudes, perhaps obtained by none,—
They, for the attempt, and for the pains employed,
Do, is my present census, stand redeemed
From the unqualified disdain, that once
Would have been cast upon them, by my Voice
Delivering her decisions from the seat
Of outward Youth—yet cannot weep nor 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 affection be the foe, or guilt?

"A Child of earth. I rested, in that stage
Of my past course to which these thoughts advert,
Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
That mine was a condition which required
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
Without vicissitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
I might have even been tempted to despise.
But that which was serene was also bright;
Enlivened happiness with joy overflowing,
With joy, and—oh! that memory should survive
To speak the word—with rapture! Nature's boon,
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign;
Abused, as all possessions are abused
That are not prized according to their worth.
And yet, what worth? what good is given to Men,
More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven?
What joy more lasting than a vermil flower?
None! 'tis the general plaint of human kind
In solitude, and mutually addressed
From each to all, for wisdom's sake.—This truth
The Priest announces from his holy seat:
And, consecrated with garlands in the summer grove,
The Poet sings it to his pensive lyre.
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prospects of love and joy
Should be permitted, off-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down for ever.
Oh! Y escrit the truth, to whom hath been
Assigned a course of days composing happy mounds
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 Maturity is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope will be avenged; and, when
Ye heed her favours, ye shall find her out;
But in her stead—fear—doubt—agony!"

This was the bitter language of the heart:
But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of voice,
Though discomposed and vehement, were such
As skill and graceful Nature might suggest
To a Prodigian of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beshrew
With dark events. De-irons to divert
Or semen the current of the Speaker's thoughts,
We signified a wish to leave that Place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination but made,
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all Men's view. To our attempt
He yielded not; but pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And, on that couch inviting us to rest,
Fell out that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and thus his speech renewed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never look
On the bright Form of Her whom once I loved:—
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you; else, honoured Friend!
Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.—
Striped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;
I would not yet be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should hang
Upon my naked branches—lively thoughts
Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue
Too much of frailty hath already dropped;
But that too much demands still more.

"You know,
Revered Companions,—and to you, kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a Stranger, as you come)
Following the guidance of these welcome feet
To our secluded Vale) it may be told,
That my demeanor did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair Bride,
In the devotedness of youthful Love,
Preferring me to Parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing down
Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low Cottage in a sunny Bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leamy shores—a sheltered Hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty!—As our steps
Approach the embowered Abode—our chosen Seat—
So, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The undamaged Myrtle, decked with flowers,
Before the threshold stands to welcome us!
While, in the flowering Myrtle's neighbourhood,
Not overt did butcourting 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 enlure the hours
Of winter, and protect that precious place.
—Wild were the Walks upon those lonely Downs
Track heading into Track, how marked, how worn,
Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse
Winding away its never-ending line
On their smooth surface, evidence was none:
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt,
A range of unapproachable earth,
Where youth's ambitious foot might move at large;
Whence, unnumbered Wanderers, we beheld
Their shining Giver of those immortal grace.
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires,
As our enjoyments, boundless.—From those Heights
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan Combe,
Where arboursof impermeable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts
'That all the grove and all the day was ours.'

"But Nature called my Partner to resign
Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became
The thankful captive of maternal bonds;
And these wild paths were left to me alone.
There could I meditate on past scenes;
And, like a weary Voyager escaped
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,
And self-indulgence—without shame pursued.
There, undisturbed, could think of, and could thank
Her—whose submissive spirit was to me
Rite and restraint—my Guardian—shall I say
That earthly Providence, whose guiding love
Within a port of rest had lodged me safe;
Safe from temptation, and from danger far?

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

"In privacy we dwelt—a wedded pair—
Companions daily, often all day long;
Not placed by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,
The Twain within our happy cottage born,
Inmates, and heirs of our united love;
Grace with civility by difference of sex,
By the endearing names of nature bound,
And with no wider interval of time
Between their several births than served for One
To establish something of a Tender's sway;
Yet left then joined by sympathy in age;
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.

"It soothed me to perceive,
Your courtesy withholds not from my words
Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,
As times of quiet and unbroken peace
Though, for a ration, times of blessedness,
Give back faint echoes from the Historian's page;
So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,
Depressed I hear, how faintly in the voice
Which these most blissful days reverberate.
What special record can, or need, be given
To rules and habits, whereby much was done,
But all within the sphere of little things,
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
And precious interests? Smoothly did our life
Advance, not swerving from the path prescribed;
Her annual, her diurnal round alike
Maintained with faithful care, and you divine
The worst effects that our condition saw
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
And in their progress imperceptible;
Not wished for, sometimes noticed with a righ,
(Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring)
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good,
And loneliness endured—which they removed.

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

"Calm as a frozen Lake when ruthless Winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence on which her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the sight
Communicates with Heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far;
(And, that is intercourse, and union, too.)
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a hoarse love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And Partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear Luminary crept
Insensibly—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure Glory,
As from the vallima of worldly state
Wretched Ambition drops astounding, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, She melted from my arms;
And left me, on this earth, desolate.

"What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;
Much less, recited in words. If She, of life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the Soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand—
Infant, dependent, and now desolate?
I rallied on dream— and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a Glass;
To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
Imploiringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens
If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering Star could tidings yield
Of the departed Spirit—what Abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my Soul
Turned inward—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and Life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless!
By pain of heart—now ckered—and now impelled—
The intellectual Power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transparencies, and those toils abstruse,
Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost—existing unripe
Only by records in myself not found.

"From that abstraction I was roused,—and how?
Even as a thoughtful Shepherd by a flash
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
Of those wild hills. For, lo! the dread Bastille,
With all the chambers in its horrid Towers,
Felt to the ground: by violence o'erthrown
Of indignation; and with shouts that drowned
The crash it made in falling: From the wreck
A golden Palace rose, or seemed to rise,
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—inventerly usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly seized
Whatever Abstraction furnished for my needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I rejoiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,
For its own sake; but farthest from the walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and intempered world,
Saw a seductive image of itself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my guide
The Nature of the disquiet; but there,
Of fostering Nature! I rejected—united
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence sometimes drew
From my unguarded heart.—The tranquil shores
Of Britain circumscribed me: else, perhaps,
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished
Safely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry break against the down
Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.
But all was quenched by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil Action, yielded to a Power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change:
The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced;
And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

Foes 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 bustling—employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service taxed,
Than the base pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming—but, ye Fowlers
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 Cog, will Memory break out;
And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his Spirit, with a fever's strength,
Will Conscience prey.—Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The veneful Furles. Beautiful regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
The Wife and Mother, pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!
Where now that boasted liberty? No welcome
From unknown Objects I received; and those,
Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Displace, had accusations to prefer
Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
That Volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the Nations. I implored
In guidance; but the infallable support

Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why refused
To One by storms annoyed and adverse winds;
Perplexed with currents; of his weakness sick;
Of vain e.davours tried; and by his own,
And by his Nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

Long-wished for sight, the Western World appeared;
And, when the Ship was moored, I leaped ashore
Indignantly—resolved to be a Man,
Who, having o'er the past no power, would live
No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind—from a tyrannic Lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured.
So, like a Fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his Followers may not cross
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round.—How bright the Sun,
How promising the Breeze! I can aught produced
In the old World compare, thought I, for power
And majesty with this gigantic Stream,
Sprung from the Desert! And behold a City
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these
To me, or to them? As much at least
As He desires that they should be, whom winds
And waves have waited to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.
Here may I roam at large:—my business is,
Running at large, to observe, and not to feel;
And, therefore, not to act—converted that all
Which bears the name of action, henceon'er
Beginning, ends in stultitude—still painful,
And mostly profitless. And, soothe to say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle
Appeared, of high pretensions—unreproved
But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;
Big Passions strutting on a petty stage;
Which a detached Spectator may regard
Not unmoved—but ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and, to laugh alone,
At a composing distance from the haunts
Of strife and folly,—though it be a treat
As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
However to airy Demons suitable,
Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
For the gross spirit of Mankind,—the one
That soonest fails to phase, and quickest turns
Into vexation.—Let us then, I said,
Leave this unskit Republic to the scourge
Of her own passions; and to Regions hate,
Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,
Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
Primeval Nature's Child. A Creature weak
In combination, (wherefore else driven back
So far, and of his old inheritance
So easily deprived?) but, for that cause
More dignified, and stronger in himself;
Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
True, the intelligence of social Art
Hath overpowered his Forefathers, and soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
Than her destructive energies, attend
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream

* * * A man is supposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extend with his sphere: but, alas! that sphere is microscopic: it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. He hereby becomes grown acute, even to barren and inhuman puriery; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: He who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattertall's and Brookes', and a
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;  
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,  
And his innate capacities of soul,  
There imaged: or, when having gained the top  
Of some commanding Eminence, which yet  
Intercede not held, he thence surveys  
Regions of wood and wide Savannah, vast  
Expense of unappropriated earth,  
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;  
Free as the Sun, and lonely as the Sun,  
Poring above his head by radiusc down  
Upon a living, and rejoicing World!  

"So, westward, toward the unvisited Woods  
I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,  
For a great grief the merry Mocking-bird;  
And, while the morning Maccawes  
(The sprioting Biri's companion in the Grove)  
Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,  
I sympathized at leisure with the sound;  
But that pure Archetype of human greatness,  
I found him not. There, in his stead, appeared  
A Creature, squad, veneful, and impure;  
Remorseless, and subservient to no law  
But superstitions fear, and almighty birth.  
—Enough is told! Here am I—Ye have heard  
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek;  
What from my Fellow-beings I require,  
And cannot find; what I myself have lost,  
Nor can regain; how languidly I look  
Upon this visible fabric of the World,  
May be divined—perhaps it hath been said:  
Birds, sport, your play; 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 hath stood to watch a mountain Brook  
In some still passage of its course, and seen,  
Within the depths of its capacious breast,  
I vorted trees, and rocks, and azure sky;  
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,  
And congregated bubbles undissolved,  
Numerous as stars: that, by their outward lapse,  
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,  
Else imperceptible; meanwhile, is heard  
A softened roar, a murmur; and the sound  
Though soothing, and the little floating fles  
Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged  
With the same pensive office, and make known  
Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt  
Precipitations, and untoward straits,  
The earth-born Wanderer hath passed; and quickly,  
That requires, o'er, like traces and toils  
Must be again encountered.—Such a stream  Is human Life; and so the Spirit sparea  
In the best quiet to its course allowed;  
And such is mine—save only for a hope  
That my particular current soon will reach  
The unattainable gulf, where all is still!”  

sweer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed  
alive by the first Picaire that crossed him:—But when  
he walks along the River of Annamze: when he resists  
its current to the unavailing Aesopes: when he measures  
the long and watered Savannah; or contemplates from a  
sudden Promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels  
himself a Freeman in this vast Theatre, and commanding  
each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and  
each progeny of this stream—His exultation is not less  
than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great:  
His countenance is tenderness, and the pace with his elevation of sentiment;  
for he says, "These were made by a good  
Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy  
them each. He becomes at once a Child and a King.  
His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and  
from hence he acts, and he reasons unerring, and acts  
magically. His mind is engrafted in himself, and his mind  
in God: and therefore he loves, and therefore he fears."—From the  
notes upon The Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert.  
The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above  
Quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one  
of the finest passages of modern English prose.


End of our Souls, and safeguard of the world! 
Sustain, Thou only cause, the sick of heart; 
Restore their languid spirits, and recall 
Their lost affections unto Thee and thine:

Then, as we issued from that corvoret Noak, 
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?—Beh old mate who will, who can, 
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice: 
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd, 
Cannot forget thee here: where Thou hast built, 
For thy own glory. In the wilderness! 
Me didst then constitute a Priest of thine, 
In such a Temple as we now behold 
Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound 
To worship, here, and every where—as One 
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread, 
From childhood up, the ways of poverty; 
From unreflecting ignorance preserved, 
And from desolation rescued.—by thy grace 
The particle divine remained unquenched; 
And fed the wild weeds of a rugged hill, 
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers, 
From Paradise transplanted: wintry age 
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart; 
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead: 
—Come, Labour, when the worn-out frame requires 
Perpetual Sabbath; come, disease and want; 
And an extinction through decay of sense; 
But leave me unabated trust in Thee— 
And let thy favour, to the end of life, 
Inspire me with ability to seek 
Repose and hope among eternal things— 
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich, 
And will possess my portion in content:

And what are things Eternal?—Power depart, 
The grey-haired Wanderer standestingly replied, 
Answering the question which himself had asked, 
Possessions vanish, and opinions change, 
And Passions hold a fluctuating seat: 
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken, 
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane, 
Duty exists;—immortally survive, 
For our support, the measures and the forms, 
Which an instinct 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, direct Source, 
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all, 
That, in the scale of Being fill their place, 
Above our human region, or below, 
Set and sustained:—Thou—Who didst wrap the cloud 
Of infancy around us, that Thyself, 
Thence, with our simplicity a while 
Myself retain, on earth, contention undisturbed— 
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep, 
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care, 
And touch as gentle as the morning light, 
Restress us, daily, to the powers of sense, 
And reason's standfast rule—Thou, Thou alone 
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits, 
Whose thou includest, as the Sea her Waves: 
For adoration thou enlrest; endure 
For consciousness the motions of thy will; 
For apprehension those transcendent truths 
Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws, 
(Submission constituting strength and power) 
Even to thy Beings' infinite majesty: 
This Universe shall pass away—a work 
Curious: 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 crazy wild, 
Loved haunts like these, the unimpassioned Mind 
May yet have scope to range among her own, 
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires. 
If the dear faculty of sight should fail, 
Still, it may be allowed me to remember 
What visionary powers of eye and soul 
In youth were mine; when, started on the top 
Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld 
The Sun rise up, from distant climes returned 
Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day 
His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the Deep 
Sink—with a retinue of flaming Clouds 
Attended; then, my Spirit was entranced 
With joy exalted to beatitude; 
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss, 
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light, 
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

Those fervent raptures are for ever flown; 
And, since their date, my Soul hath undergone 
Change manifold, for better or for worse; 
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire 
Heavenward; and chide the part of me that flags, 
Through sinful choice; or deed necessary, 
On human Nature from above imposed. 
’Tis, by comparison, an easy task 
Earth to despise:—but, to converse with Heaven— 
This is not easy:—to relinquish all 
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy, 
And stand in freedom leisured from this world, 
I deem not arduous:—but must needs confess 
That ’tis a thing impossible to frame 
Conceptions equal to the Soul’s desires; 
And the most difficult of tasks to keep 
Heights which the soul is discontented to gain. 
—Man is of dust; ethereal hopes are life. 
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft 
Want due consistence: like a pillar of smoke, 
That with majestic energy from earth 
Rises; but, having reached the thinner air, 
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen. 
From this infinity of mortal kind 
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not:—at least, 
If Grief be something hallowed and ordained, 
If, in, its presence, it be just and meet; 
Through this, ’tis able to maintain its hold, 
In that excess which Conscience disapproves. 
For who could sink and settle to that point 
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be 
As long and perseveringly to mourn 
For any Object of his love, removed 
From this unstable world, if he could fix 
A sati-lying 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, if there be whose tender frame have dropped 
Even to the dust; apparently, through weight 
Of anguish unrelied, and lack of power 
An agonizing sorrow to transmute, 
Infer not hence a hope from these withheld 
When wanted most; a confidence is cherished 
So pitifully, that, having ceased to sea, 
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love 
Of what is lost, and perish through regret. 
Oh: no, full oft the innocent Sufferer sees 
Too clearly; feels too vividly: and longs

* See, upon this subject, Baxter’s most interesting review of the main opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth’s Ecclesiastical Biography.
To realize the Vision, with Intense
And over-constant yearning—there—there lies
The fussy, by which the balance is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowd, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.
Is, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace.
A calm thought—that They whom you deplore
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts—
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mighty 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
Achieving all, and gaining all its approach.
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As Soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the Sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortal Power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In all; in most with superadded foes,
Idle temptations—open vanities
Ephemeral offering of the vanishing world;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of desire,
Immoderate wishes, pinning discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—To seek
Those helps, for his occasions ever near,
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigil 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 empireal air,
 Sons of the morning. For your noble Part,
Ere dismembered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble erased away;
With only such degrees of anxiety left
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the Grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely House we paced
A plot of green-sward, seemingly preserved
By Nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,
And from encroachment of encircling death;
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious; as a stately deck
Which to and fro the Mariner is used

To tread for pastime, talking with his Mate,
or happily thinking of far-distant Friends,
While Hope, like Ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us: and the Voice,
That spake, was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But, methought,
That He, whose fixed despondency had given
Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
Was less uplifted in spirit than abashed;
Shrinking from admonition, like a man
Who feels, that to exact, is to reproach.
Yet, in no way to be diverted from his wishes.
The Sage continued—"For that other loss,
The loss of confidence in social Man,
By the unexpected transports of our Age
Carried so high, that every thought—which looked
Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind
To many seemed superfluous; as, no cause
For such exalted confidence could e'er
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair;
The two extremes are equally disowned
By reason; if, with sharp recoil, from one
You have been driven far as its opposite,
Between them seek the point whereon to build
Sound expectations. So doth he advise
Who shared at first the illusion; but was soon
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields;
Now unreproved by Providence, thus speaking
To the inattentive Children of the World:
'Vain-glorious Generation! what new powers
On you have been conferred? what gifts, withheld
'From your Progenitors, have Ye received,
'Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
'Are ye prepared to urge, that my decreers
'For you should undergo a sublum change;
'And the weak functions of one busy day,
'Relinquish, and exulting, perform
'What all the slow-moving Vears of Time,
'With their united force, have left undone?
'By Nature's gradual process he taught;
'By Story be confirmed! Ye a-pire
' Rashly, to fail once more; and that false fruit,
'Which, to your o'er-weening spirits, yields
'Hope of a flight celestial will produce
'Sbery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons,
'Should use their feet, though late, Be justified;
'Such timely warning," said the Wanderer, "gave
That visionary Voice; and, at this day,
When a Tartarian darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the Impious rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the Good
To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from envying, that the law,
By which Mankind now suffers, is most just
For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles: the Bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent Good.
Therefore, not unceasefully, 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 holy as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
That Spirit only can redeem Mankind;
And when that sacred Spirit shall appear,
Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.
Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the Wise
Have still the keeping of their proper peace;
Are guardians of their own tranquility.
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;
Knowing the heart of Man is set to be
The centre of this World, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Bear roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!"

Happy is He who lives to understand—
Not human Nature only, but explores
All Natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every Class its station and its office.

Through all the mighty Commonwealth of things:
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
Such Converse, if directed by a mock,
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 sunning intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest Love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
"The dignity of Life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and He
Is a still happier Man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unfit, descends:
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior Kind; 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,—

* The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a
poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of
Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in italics,
are by him translated from Seneca. The who’s Poem
is very beautiful. I will transcribe the four stanzas from it,
as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a
wise Man’s mind in a time of public commotion.
Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrant’s threats, or with the surly baw
Of Power, that proudly sits on others’ crimes;
Charg’d with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
And be done; that hath an end at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ouch Birth
Of his own Sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as Craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst Man doth break Man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And that! Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting Hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of Peace, with unweary eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fears that Man that hath prepared
A Rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this Book of Man
The result of the notes of futility; 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.
† Daniel.

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 find a favored spot,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstructuous City; on the barren Seas
Are not unfelt,—and much might recommend,
How much they might inspirit and endure,
The loneliness of this sublime Retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the discourse,
Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the following will and grovelling soul
Of Man offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark their placid state, who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress;
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find
Complacency there—but wherefore this to You?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The Redbreast feeds in winter from your hand;
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
For the small Wren to build in:—not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep Abiding-place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly—and soars,
Small Creature as she is, from earth’s bright flowers
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh Eagle, in the month of May,
Uplorn, at evening, on repolished wing,
This shaded valley leaves,—and leaves the dark
Empurpled hills,—conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon!—List!—I heard,
From you huge breast of rock, a solemn blast;
Sent forth as if it were the Mountain’s voice,
As if the visible Mountain make the cry.
Again!—The effect upon the soul was such
As he expressed; from out the mountain’s heart
The solemn blast appeared to issue, startling
The still air—for the region all around
Stood silent, empty of all shape of life;
—It was a Lamb—left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive Spirit of the Solitude!—
He paused, as if unfailing to proceed,
Through consciousness that silence in such place
Was best,—the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,
And in soft tone of speech, he thus resumed.

"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lull’d
Too easily, despire or overlook
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The terrors of mortality.
What place so desolate and void—but there
The little Flower her vail, shall check;
The trailing Worm reprieve her thoughtless pride!"
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,
Lone, as might seem, for general guardianship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy
More obviously, the self-same influence rules
Their forms and kinds; the fields' pensive flock,
The reeling Flocks, and Streams from afar,
Hovering above these inland Solitudes.
By the rough wind un scattered, at whose call
Their verge was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary Powl
That seek your Powl, and there prolong their stay
In silent council; or together ranged
Take flight; while with their chag the air resounds.
And, over all, in that etherial vault,
Is the mute company of changeless clouds.
—Bright apparition suddenly put forth
The Rainbow, smiling on the faded storm;
The mild assembling of the starry heavens;
And the great Sun, earth's universal Lord!

"How beautiful is Nature!" he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not asked,
Large measure shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
Of mere humanity, You clomb those He-lechs;
And what a marvellous and heavenly Show
Was to your sight revealed! the Oceans moved on,
And needed not; you lingered, and perceived.
There is a luxury in self disfratude;
And inward selfstarvation affords
To mediative Spirit a spiritual feast.
Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
You judge unthankfully: dis tempted nerves
Inflict the thoughts: the languor of the Plane
Depresses the Soul's vigour. Quit your Couch—
Chiefs not so fondly to your busy Cell;
Nor let the hollowed Powers, that shed from heaven
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through a watch
Of bright or tragic phantasmy twinkling.
In this deep Riddle, like a sunny star
Only reflected in a lonely pool.
Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
That run not parallel to Nature's course.
Rise with the Lark! your Matins shall obtain
Grace, be their composition what it may.
If but with hers performed; climb once again,
Chase every day; those transports; meet the breeze
Upon their trope,—adventures as a Bee
That from your garden thither soars, to feed
On new blown leafl let you commanding rock
Be your frequent Watch-tower; roll the stone
In thunder down the mountains; with all your might
Chase the wild Goat; and, if the bold red Deer
Fly to those harbours, driven by hom and horn
Laid your pitching, add your speed to the pursuit:
So, wearied to your Hut shall you return,
And slay at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
A kindling eye:—poetic feelings rushed
Into my bosom, whom these words broke forth:
"Give what a joy it were, in thine health,
To have a Body (this our vital frame)
With shrinking sensibility ended,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a Spirit!—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unequaled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a Presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; and, while the Mists
Flying, and rainy V Parsons, 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 Stream
As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their united faculties
Descending from the region of the Clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest Energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deepening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclam aloud,
'Be this continued so from day to day,
Nor let the fierce commotion have an end;
Ruinous though it be, from month to month!"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
The strain of transport, "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 curios working, not the same
As those by which your soul in youth was moved,
But by the great Artificer ended
With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
Yet doth Remembrance, like a sovereign Prince,
For you a stately gallery maintain
Of grand or tragic phantasies. Ye have seen,
Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
With no ludicrous eye; and books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs.
These hours of truth you can unlock at will;
And music waits upon your skilful touch,
Sounds which the wandering Shepherd from these Heights
Hears, and forgets his purpose;—furnished thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be raised?"

"A pitious lot it were to live from Man—
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He—whose hours
Are by domestic Pleasures unenriched
And unenlivened; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Void the transactions of the bustling crowd;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests—such a One hath need
Of a book; and, perhaps, and an audience,
That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
A not unwelcome food, and earth and air
Supply his morbid humour with delight.
—Truth has her pleasure-gounds, her haunts of case
And easy contemplation,—gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves for recreation framed:
These may be range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who bend their Altars, wait upon her Throne,
And quaff her Fontaine. Who thinks, and feels,
And recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse 'tis 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 toil work—demolished with a touch;
If religious, let him be at once.

Among ten thousand Innocents, enfold
A Pilgrim in the many-chambered sc'w'd,
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

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

Upon the breast of new-created Earth
Man walked; and when and whereso'er he moved,
Alone or mingled, Solitude was not.
He heard, upon the wind, the articulate Voice
Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared,
Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise;—
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Exalted 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 these pure Heights
(Wherewith actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have descendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intimations moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind—to be thenceforth condemned
That flowing years repeated not; and distress
And grief-spread wide; but Man escaped the doom
Of destruction.—Solitude was not.
—Jehovah—supplier Power above all Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localized in heaven;
On earth, enthroned within the wandering ark;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim—on the chosen Race
Showed his miracles, and ceased not to dispense
Judgments, that filled the Land from age to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;
And with amazement smote —thereby to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged Sovereignty.
And when the One, incalculable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,
The rational Creature, left, to feel the weight
Of his own reason, without sense or thought.
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mightier power:
—Wipe her the Persian—zeal to reject
Altar and Image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of Temples built by human hands—
To loftiest heights ascending from their tops,
With myrtle-wreathed Taur or his brow,
Presented sacrifice to Moon and Stars,
And to the winds and Mother Elements,
And the whole Circle of the Heavens, for him
A sensitive Existence, and a God,
With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise:
Or, less reluctantly to bonds of Sense
Yielding his Soul, the Babylonian framed
For influence undefined a personal Shape;
And, from the Plain, with toil immense, upreared
Tower eight times planted on the top of Tower;
That Belus, nightly to his splendid Couch
Descending, there might rest; upon that Height
Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook
Winding Emphates, and the City vast
Of his devoted Worshippers, far-stretched,
With grove, and field, and garden, interspersed;
Their Town, and fruitful Region for support
Against the pressure of belencouring war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
Looked on the Polar Star, as on a Guide
And Guardian of their course, that never closed
His steadfast eye. The Planetary Five
With a submissive reverence they beheld;
Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks
Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
Carrying through Ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
And, by their aspects, signify'd works
Of dim futurity: to Man revealed.

The Imaginative Faculty was Lord
Of observations natural; and, thus
Led on, those Shepherds made report of Stars
In set rotation passing to and fro,
Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
And its invisible counterpart, adorned
With answering Constellations, under earth,
Removed from all approach of living sight
But present to the Dead; who, so they deemed,
Like those celestial Messengers beheld
All accidents, and Judges were of all.

The lively Gretna, in a Land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,
Under a cope of variegated sky
Could find commodious place for every God,
Promptly received, as prodigiously brought,
From the surrounding Countries—at the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, did his hand bestow
On fluent Operations a fixed shape;
Metal or Stone, idolatrously served.
And yet—triumphant over this pompous show
Of Art, this palpable array of Senses,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanting in the streets
By wandering Rhapodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling Schools—a spirit hung
Beautiful Region! o'er thy Towns and Farms,
Statues and Temples, and memorial Tombs;
And emunations 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 penitent sadness prevailed,
When pity more awful had relaxed.
—'Take, running River, take these Locks of mine'—
Thus would the Votary say— this severed hair,
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved Child's return.
Thy banks, Cepheus, he again hath trod,
Thy murmurs heard; and drank the crystal lymph
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
And moisten all day long these flowery fields.
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of Life continuous, Being unimpeded;
That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There shall endure,—existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident.
From diminution safe and weakening age:
While Man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
And countless generations of Mankind
Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.
But what is error?—"Answer he who can!"
The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
"Love, Hope, and Admiration—are they not
Mad Physic's favourite Vessels?
Does not life
Use them, full oft, as Flowers to raise,
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
Imagination's light when Reason's fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
—Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
What error is; and, of our errors, which
Both must deceive the mind; the genuine seats
Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate
With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,
"That for this arduous office You possess
Some rare advantages. Your early days
A grateful recollection must supply
Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed
To dignify the humble state.—Your voice
Hath, in my hearing, oft been testified
That 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 feebly religion may be learned
In smoky Cabins, from a Mother's tongue—
Heard while the Dwelling vibrates to the din
Of the continual Torrent, gathering strength
At every moment—and, with strength, increase
Of fear; or, while Snow is at the door,
Assaulting and defending, and the Wind,
A sightless Lover, whistles at his work—
Fearful, but resignation vanquers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.
—The Shepherd Lad, who in the sunshine carves
On the green turf, a diet—to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for moral things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the Sun of Truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all Mankind.
Experience daily fixing his regards
On Nature's wants, he knows, in few they are,
And where they lie, how answered and appeased.
This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard, on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
Acknowledgement, then, that whether by the side
Of pleasant wood, or on the mountain top,
Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the score
Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
And these illusions, which excite the scorn
Of more or less of thinking of unthinking men,
Are they not mainly outward Ministers
Of inward Conscience? whose service charged
They came and go, and appeared and disappear,
Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
Or pride of heart abating: and, whence'er
For less important ends those Phantoms move,
Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,
As much to add to the mountains and unpeopled heaths,
Filling a space, else vacant, to exist.
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

"Once more to distant Ages of the world
Let us resort, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural Solitude might wear
To the unlightened Swains of pagan Greece.—
In that fair Clime, the lonely Herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of w-ainess, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, to Fancy feigned,
Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lyre,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly Hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent Moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport.
And behold, 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 cove)
Swept in the storm of chase, as Moon and Stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The Traveller slaked
His thirst from Rill or gushing Fount, and thanked
The Naiad.—Sunbeams, upon distant Hills
Gilding space, with Shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair Objects, whom they woed
With gentle whisper. Withiered Branches grotesque,
Striped of their leaves and twigs by heavy age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And still sound echoes, intermixed with stringed horns
Of the live Deer, or Goat's depending beard.—
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of-gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple Shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream
Details; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed—
"Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native Land,
And from the Mansions where our youth was taught.
The true Descendants of those godly Men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shrine, Altar, linage, and the messy Piles
That harboured them,—the Souls retaining yet
The churlish features of that other Race
Who fled to caves, and woods, and naked rocks,
In deposit of seven of superstitions rich
Or what their scruples comprised 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 Filian and to fair Saint Anne;
And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
Over stately Edinborough thronged on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The Patron, on the shoulders of his Priest,
Once more parading through her crowded streets;
Now simply guarded by the sober Powers
Of Science, and Philosophy, and Sense!"

This answer followed. "You have turned my thoughts
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike kind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to hark
In caves, and woods, and under dismal rocks,
Deprived of shelter, covering, fire, and food;
Why?—for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, whereas’er they moved,
A spiritual Presence, oft-times misconceived;
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;
And from their fervent lips drew by an of praise,
That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewilder’d Pagan’s of old time.
Beyond their own poor Natures and above
They looked: were humbly thankful for the good
Which the warm Sun solicited—and Earth
Bestowed; were gladsome—and their moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that over-stripped the Grave

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he exclaimed
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From Sense and Reason less than these obtained,
Though far misled? Shall Men for whom our Age
Unbaffled powers of vi lion hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world within,
Be less as the blind I Ambitious Souls—
When Earth, at this late season, hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And They who rather die than soar, whose pains
Have solved the elements, or analysed
The thinking principle—shall They in fact
Prove a degraded Race? and what avail
Known, if their presumption make them such?
Oh! there is laughter at their work in Heaven!
Inquire of ancient Wisdom: go, demand
Of thyth Nature, if ’twas ever meant
That we should pray far off yet be unraviled;
That we should pore, and dwell as we pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while liddness
May yet become more little; wagging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!—And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could He design
That this magnificent effect of Power,
The Earth we tread, the Sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,
That these—and that superior Mystery
Our vital Frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread Soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse me not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am
If, having walked with Nature three-score years,
And offered, far as fravity would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their Divinity
Revolts, offended at the spay. Him I mean
Swayed by such motives, to such end employed;
Philosophers, who, though the human Soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
This Soul, and the transcendent Universe,
No more than as a Mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That One, poor, Infinite Object, in the Abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

"Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his Companions—the laughing Sage of France.—
Crowned was He, if my memory do not err,
With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his Wit achieved,
And benefits his Wisdom had conferred,
His tottering Body was with wreaths of flowers
Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than Spring oft twines about a moldering Tree;
Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain Old Man,
And a most frivolous Age to pay,
Who penned, to ridicule confounding Faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we found
Piled in a book, through malice, as might seem,
Among more innocent rubbish."—Speaking thus,
With a brief notice when, and how, and where,
We had espied the Book: he drew it forth;
And courteously, as it the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man’s heart
Of unshun averse or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Genle Friend,"
Herewith be grasped the Solitary’s hand,
'You have known better Lights and Guides than these—
Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt Opinion to support the wrongs
Of Passion: whatever he felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no appeal
To lower: can you question that Our Soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart Notion? In the ports
Of tyri no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disseem of life,
And proud insensibility to hope
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted Majesty.
—Oh blest seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complaisance with her choice;
When Youth's presumptionness is mellowed down,
And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
When Wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering Leisure hang
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unapprov'd enjoyment; and is pleased
To reconcile his Manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past,
For fixed annoyance; and fell a beast
With floating dreams, disconsolate and black.

The vapory phantoms of sin.

Within the soul a Faculty abides.
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of each; and serve to excite
Her native brightness. As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer night
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Ten with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: like power abides
In the celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment,—may from guilt:
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
"But how begin? and whence?—The Mind is free;
Resolve, the hasty Moralist would say,
This single act is all that we demand.
Alas! such wisdom bids a Creature fly
Whose very essence, in that same breath short
His natural wings!—To Friendship let him turn
For succor; but perhaps he sits alone.
On stormy waters, in a little Boat
That holds but him, and can contain no more.
Religion tells of amity sublime
Which no condition can preclude; of One
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs;
But is that bounty absolute?—His gifts,
Are they not still in some degree, rewards
For acts of service? Can his Love extend
To hearts that own not Him? Will showers of grace,
When in the sky no promise may be seen,
Fall to refresh a parched and withered land
Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?"

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

"As Men from Men
Do, in the constitution of their Souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-consumed,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,
So manifold and various are the ways
Of reformation, fashioned to the steps
Of all sinfulness, 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 the moment—be solaced by the air
Of meek repentance, waiting wall-flower scents
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen Pride
And chambers of Transgression now forlorn.
O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
Who, when such good can be obtained, would serve
To reconcile his Manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past,
For fixed annoyance; and fell a beast
With floating dreams, disconsolate and black.

The vapory phantoms of sin.

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And darken, so can deal, that they become
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Do, in the constitution of their Souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-consumed,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,
"But descending
From these Imaginative Heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into Eternity,
Acknowledge that in Nature's humbler power
Your cherished sultriness is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
Where on the labours of the happy Throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
Chirp and Town, and Ocean with Ships
Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printerless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Reposing, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living Things and Things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social Reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.

For the Man,
Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such Objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeances, and no hatred, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of Love
So deep, that, unsatisfied withught
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,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further; by contemplating these Forms
In the relations which they bear to Man,
He shall discern, how, through the various means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual Presences of absent Things,
Trust me, that for the Instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak of Man,
Their duties from all forms; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike
to rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps
Departing not, for them shall be conferr'd
The glorious habit by which Sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Antilus to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked Spirit, ceasing to deprive
The ocean of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious Visitor; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name.
For her heart shall kindle; her dull Eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught, with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall I forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous to the Mind's coercive Power—
So build we up the Being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking in the Soul of Things,
We shall be wise, pure, and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Whate'er we feel, by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and rise to loftier heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
Poured forth with fervor in continuous stream;
Such as, renewed, mid savage wilderness,
An Indian Chief discharges from his breast
Into the hearing of assembled Tribes,
In open circle seated round, and flushed
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he speak:
The words he uttered shall not pass away;
For they sank into me—the bounteous gift
Of One whom time and nature had made wise.
Gracing his language with authority
Which hoarse spirits silently allow;
Of One accustomed to desires that fed
On frugality gathered from the Tree of life;
To hopes on knowledge and experience built;
Of One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,
Though bound to Earth by ties of pity and love,
From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached
Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow Dell,
He had become invisible—a pump
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Upon the mountain sides, in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
Than these repicentent lights, his rich bequest,
A dispensation of his evening power.
—A down the path that from the Glen had led
The funeral Train, the Shepherd and his mate
Were seen descending;—forth to greet them ran
Our little Page; the rustic Pair approach;
And in the Matron's aspect may be read
A plain assurance that the words which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong;
But we are kindly welcomed—promptly served
With ostentations zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
A grateful Couch was spread for our repose;
Where, in the guise of Mountaineers, we slept,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And to tirelimbs and over-lusty thoughts
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.
THE EXCURSION.

BOOK V.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.—Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—
Sight of a large and populous Vale—Solitary consent
to go forward—Vale described—The Pastor's Dwelling,
and some account of him—The Churchyard—Church
and Monuments—The Solitary nurse, and where—Roused—In the Churchyard the
Solitary communicates the thoughts which had re-
cently passed through his mind—Lofty tone of the
Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to—
Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it,
contrasted with the real state of human life—Inconsistency
of the best men—Acknowledgement that
task of all those below the injunctions of duty
as existing in the mind—General complaint of a
falling off in the value of life after the time of
youth—Outward appearances of content and hap-
iness in degree illusive—Pastor approaches—Ap-
pel made to him—His answer—Wanderer in sym-
pathy with him—Suggestion that the least ani-
mitous Inquirers may be most free from error—The
Pastor is desired to give some Portraits of the Li-
ving and dead from his own observation of life among
these Mountains—and for what purpose—Pastor con-
sents—Mountain Cottage—Excellent qualities of its
Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his pleasure; but de-
notes the praise of virtue to worth of this kind—
Feelings of the Past before he enters upon his
account of Persons interred in the Churchyard—
Graves of unbaptized Infants—What sensations they
excite—Funeral and sepulchral Observances, whence—
Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived—
Profession of Belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

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

Upon the side
Of that brown Slope, the outlet of the Vale,
Lingerling behind my Comrades, thus I breathed
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled World.
And now, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, it is by change of place
To seek that comfort which the mind denies;
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold
Frail Life's possessions, that even they whose fate
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Oscillation, and calm forgetfulness.

—Knowledge, methinks in these disordered times,
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her Authoritee, like Pity of old;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncollected, and subdue, a scattered few
Living to God and Nature, and content
With that commissiun. Consecrated be
The Spots where such abide! But happier still
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
That meditation and research may guide

His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,
In lucid order; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful Eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgements of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musing—servant thanks
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;
A choice that from the passions of the world
Withdrawed, and fixed me in a still retreat,
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried; and with song
Cheerful my days, and with smiles though
Wish ever-welcome company of books,
By virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
Worn in the mountain, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine:
Hailing together on a rocky knoll.
From which the road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another Vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand
In song of farewell. "Nay," the Old Man said,
"The fragrant Air its coolness still remains;
The Herbs and Flicks 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 Cenotaph; as a blighted, 

from the beach, rolls back into the Sea

So we descend: and winding round a rock
Attain a point that showed the Valley—stretched
In length before us; and, not distant far,
Upon a rising ground a gray Church-tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.
And, towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A conquering Stream with boldly-winding course;
Here traceable, there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glistering in the Sun.
On the Stream's bank, and every where, appeared
Fair Dwellings, single, or in social knots;
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As, 'mid some happy Valley of the Alps,'
Said I, "once happy, ere tyramnic Power,
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,
Declared their unoffending Commonwealth
A popular equality reigns here,
Save for one House of State beneath whose roof
A rural Lord might dwell."—No feudal pomp,
Replied our Friend, a Chronicler who stood
Where'er he moved upon familiar ground,
Nor feudal power is there; but there abides,
In his allotted House, a genuine Priest,
The Shepherd of his Flock; or, as a King
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The Father of his People. Such is he;
And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
To me some portion of a kind regard;
And something also of his inner mind
That he imparted—but I speak of him
As he is known to all. The calm delights
Of unambitious piety he chose,
And learning's solid dignity; though born
Of knighthood race, nor wanting powerful friends.
Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
From academic bowers. He loved the spot,
Who does not love his native soil? he prized
The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought;
A character reflected in himself,
With such embellishment as well beseems
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale
Winds far in reaches hidden from our eyes,
And one a turreted marvellous Halt
Adorns, in which the good Man's Ancestors
Have dwelt through ages—Patrons of this Cure.
To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vicar's Dwelling; and the whole Domain,
Owes that peculiar aspect which might well
Attract your notice; statister than could else
Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,
On an unworthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft halting we pursued our way;
Nor reached the Village Churchyard till the sun,
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the Portals of the sacred Pile
Stood open, and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the servile air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe
And natural reverence, which the Place inspired.
Not raised in nice proportions was the Pile,
But large and massive; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By pointed rafters incurved, overhung
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above.

The Monuments inscribed the walls,
Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed,
Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair
Of rude-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of wave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by charts, and ancient records,
In sev'ry rows; the chanced only showed
Some indolent marks of earthly state
And vain distinction. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
And marble Monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath
Sculp'tural stones appeared, with emblems graven
And foot-worn epithals, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,
Without reluctance did we pay; and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust; of upright Magistrates,
Grave Doctors strenuous for the Mother Church,
And uncorrupted Senators, alike
To King and People true. A brazen plate,
Not easily decipher'd, told of One
Whose course of earthly honour was begun
In quality of page among the Train
Of the Eighth Henry, when he crossed the seas
His royal state to show, and prove his strength
In tournament, upon the Fields of France.

Another Tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
Tried in the sea fights of the second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay entombed;
And, to the silent language giving voice,
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day
He, 'mid the affections 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, in that state
Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's regard,
She with a numerous Issue filled his House;
Who, when he lived, was dignified by the Storm
That laid their Country waste. No need to speak
Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,
And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed
In modest panegyric. "These dim lines,
What would they tell?" I said;—but, from the task
Of puzzling out that faded Narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me; and, with his hand in mine, we left the darksome aisle,
I saw the Tenant of the lonely Vale
Standing apart; with curvèd arm reclined
On the baptismal Font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were wrapt, or lost
In some abstraction;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured Form
That leans upon a monumental Urn
In peace, from morn to night, from year to year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton rouse;
Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he came,
With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder hung,
To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Recluse
Withdrawed; 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 raised, overhung
Small space of that green churchyard with a light
And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown wall
My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,
Standing before us. "Did you once the men
Of that self-colored, easy-hearted Churl,
Death's Hircigen, who scampers out his grave,
Or wraps an old Acquaintance up in clay,
As unconcerned as when he plants a tree?
I was abruptly summoned by his voice
From some affecting images and thoughts,
And from the company of serious words.
Much, yesterday, was said in glowing phrase
Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future states of Being; and the wings
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth,—
But stop, and place the prospect of the soul
In sober contrast with reality,
And Man's substantial life. If this mute earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoll, stricken with sorrow and shame
To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
That white, is done records with what is known
To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
How idly, how perversely, Life's whole course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset. Mark the Babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing world;
One that barely learned to shape a smile;
Though yet irrational of Soul to grasp
With tiny fingers—to let fall a tear;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep descends,
To stretch its limbs, bemocking, as might seem,
The outward functions of intelligent Man;
Here interposing fervently I said, "Rites which attest that Man by nature lies Exalted for good and evil in a gulf Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn Those services, whereby attempt is made To lift the Creature toward that eminence On which, now fallen, crewel in majesty He stood; or if not so, whose top serene At least he feels 'tis given him to descry; Nor without aspirations, evermore Returning, and injunctions from within Doubt to cast off and weariness: in trust That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost, May be, through pains and persevering hope, Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown, Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered—"no; The outward rite and established forms With which Communities of Men invas These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows To which the lips give public utterance Are both a natural process; and by me Shalt pass unsecured; 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 wreathed—noble As the lost Angel by a human voice Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind, Far better not to move at all than move By impulsion sent from such illusive Power, That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps And is rejected, and loses while it grasps; That tempers, emboldens—doth a while sustain, And then betrays; accers and inflicts Remorseless punishment: and so retreats The inevitable circle—better far Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace, By foresight or remembrance, undisturbed!"

"Philosophy! and then more vaunted name Religion! with thy statelier retina, Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the visible world Choose for your Emblems whosoever ye find Of safest guidance and of firmest trust,— The Torch, the Star, the Anchor; nor except The Cross itself, at whose unconscious feet The Generations of Mankind have knelt Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears. And through that conflict seeking rest—of you, High,$it$ Powers, am I constrained to ask, Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky In faint reflection of infinite Struckhe overhead, and at my pensive feet A subterraneous magazine of bones, In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid, Where are your triumphs? your dominion where? And in what age admitted and confirmed?— Not for a happy Land do I appeal, Island or Grove, that hides a blessed few Who, with obduracy 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 utmost folds By sight unblazed with the glare of praise, Who shall be named—in the resplendent line Of Sages, Martyrs, Confessors—the Man Whom the best night of Conscience, Truth, and Hope, For one day's little compass has preserved From painful and indiscernible shocks Of contradiction, from some vague desire Cupably cherished, or corrupt relapses To some un sanctioned fear?"

"If this he so, And Man," said I, "be in his reflex shape Thus pitifully found; then, He who made, And shall shall judge the Creature, will forgive. —Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint Is all too true; and surely not misplaced: For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thoughts Rise to the notice of a serious Mind By natural exhalation. With the Dead In their reposè, the Living in their midst, Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round Of such devoted and solemnized capacities, By which, on Christian Lands, from age to age Profession marks Performance. Earth is sick, And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words Which Sages and Kingdoms utter when they talk Of truth and justice. Turn to private life And social neighbourhood; look we to ourselves; A light of duty shines on every day For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered! How few who mingle with their fellow-men And still remain self-governed, and apart, Like this our honoured Friend; and thence acquire Right to expect his vigorous decline, That promises to the end a blest old age!

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus exclaimed The Solitary, "in the life of Man, To the poetry of common speech Faith may be given, we see as in a glass A true reflection of the circling year, With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is there, In spite of many a rough outward blast; Hoping and promising with buds and flowers; Yet when is glowing Summer's long rich day, That ought to follow faithfully expressed? And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit, Where is she imaged? in what favoured clime Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?—Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse In Man's autumnal season is set forth With all its embraces not to be decried, And that content him; bowers that hear no more The voice of gladness, less and less supply Of outward sunshine and internal warmth; And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves, Foretelling total Winter, blank and cold."

"How gay the Habitations that bedeck This fertile Valley! Not a House but seems To give assurance of content within; Embosomed happiness, and placid love; As if the sunshine of the day were met.
The good and evil are our own; and we are
that which we would contemplate from far.
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
as Virtue's self; like Virtue is best
With snare's, tried, tempted, subject to decay.
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these alone
are capable to notice of discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest boast,
Reason, best Reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted—never to be won!
—Look forth, or each man dive into himself;
What sees he but a creature too prone,
That is transported to excess; that years;
Regrets, or troubles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recalls;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair!
Thus truth is missed, and comprehension fails;
And darkness and delusion round our path
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
Within the very faculty of sight.

"Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to Reason's law, and strictest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of these truths,
Which unassisted Reason's utmost power
Is too insufiicient to reach. But—waving this
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exact consciousness—through which
The very multitude are free to range—
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
or a forbidding track, cheerless view by
Even as the same is looked at or approached.
Thus, when in changeful April snow has fallen,
And fields are white, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you bither, ere the Sun
Hath gained his noontide height, this church-yard, filled
With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back,
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams, which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power,
Then will a vermal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful—vanish'd is the snow,
Vanished or hidden: and the whole Domain,
To some too lightly minded might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
—This contrast, not unsuitable to Life,
Is to that other state more apropos,
Death and its two-fold aspect; wintry—one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring:"

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus
With a complacent animation spoke,
And in your judgment, Sir! the Mind's repose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked Reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanical structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
THE PASTOR.

Subject, you deem, to vital accidents; And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives, Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere I re-salute these sentiments confirmed By your authority. But how acquire The inward principle that gives effect To outward argument; the passive will Must be the active; the self-forgetful, Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm To keep and cherish! How shall Man unite With self-forgetting tenderness of heart An earth despising dignity of soul? Wise in that union, and without it blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not obtain The ingenious mind, apt to be set right, This, in the lonely Dell discoursing, you Declared at large; and by what exercise From visible nature or the inner self Power may be trained, and renovation brought To those who need the gift. But, after all, Is aught so certain as that man is doomed To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance? The natural roof of that dark house in which His soul is pent! How little can be known— This is the wise man's righl; how far we err— This is the good man's not unfrequent pang! And they perhaps err least, the lowly Class Whom a benign necessity compels To follow Reason's least ambitious course; Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt, And unincited by a wish to look Into high objects farther than they may, Peace to and fro, from moon till even-tide, The narrow avenue of daily toil For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed The pale Recluse—"praise to the sturdy plough, And patient spade, and shepherd's simple crook, And ponderous hoop—rounding while it holds Body and mind in one captivity; And let the light mechanic tool be hailed With honour; which, exciting by the power Of long companionship, the Artist's hand, Cuts oft that hand, with all its world of nerves, From a too busy commerce with the heart: - Inflorious implements of craft and toil, Both ve that shape and build, and ye that force, By slow solicitation, Earth to yield Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth With wise reluctance, you would I extol Not for good alone which ye produce, But for the imperceptible and ceaseless strife Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in those Who to your dull society are born, And with their humble birthright rest content. —Would I had never renounced it!"

A slight flush Of moral anger previously had tinged The Old Man's cheek; but, at this closing turn Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he, "That which we feel we utter: as we think So have we argued; reaping for our pains No visible recompense. For our relief You," to the Pastor turning thus he spake, "Have kindly interposed. May I treat 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 airy Alchemists, Seek from the torturing crucible. There lies Around us a domain where You have long Watched both the outward course and inner heart; Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts; For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what Man He is who cultivates yon hanging field; What qualities of mind She bears, who comes, For men and evening service, with her pail, 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 who, we stand on holy earth, And have the Dead around us,* take from them Your instances; for they are both best known, And by frail Man most equitably judged. Epitomise the life; pronounce, You can, Authentic epitaphs on some of these Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought, Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet. So, in your records, in your books resolved; And so, not searching higher, we may learn To price the breath we share with human kind; And look upon the dust of man with awe."

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

You behold, High on the breast of you dark mountains—dark With stony barrenness, a shining speck Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower Brush it away, or cloud pass over it; And such it might be deemed—a sleeping sunbeam; But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground, Cut off, an island in the dusky waste; And that attractive brightness is its own. The lofty Site, by nature framed to tempt Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones The Tiller's hand, a Hermit might have chosen, For opportunity presented, thence For earth to send his wandering eye o'er land And ocean, and look down upon the works, The labitories, and the ways of men, Himself unseen! But no tradition tells That ever Hermit dipped his maple dish In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid you green fields; And no such visionary views belong To those who occupy and till the ground, And on the bosom of the mountain dwell —A walled Pair in childless solitude. —A House of stones collected on the spot, By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in front, Backed also by a leage of rock, whose crest Of birch-trees waves above the chimney top: A rough abode—in colour, shape, and size, Such as in unsafe times of Border war Might have been wished for and contrived, to clude The eye of roving Piander—for their need Suffices and unsplit the assault Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west In anger blowing from the distant sea. —Alone within her solitary Hut; —

*Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the History Of half these Graves?"

*Priest. For eight-score winters past, With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard, Perhaps I might: — But during other these hillocks one by one, We too could travel, Sir, through a strange round; Yet all in the broad high-way of the world. See p.19.
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found,
True as the Stock-dove to her shallow nest.
And to the grave 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 growing cheerfulness. In powers of mind,
In scale of culture, few among my Flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered Pair;
But humbleness of heart descends from Heaven;
And that best gift of Heaven hath fallen on them;
Abundant recompense for every want.
—Soon from your height, ye proud, and copy these! Who,
In their timeless dwelling-place, can hear
The voice of wisdom whispering Scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace;
And recommending, for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!"

"Much was I pleased," the grey-haired Wanderer
said,
"When to those shining fields our notice first
You turned: and yet more pleased have from your lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retreat: whither, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A lone wandering Man, I once was brought.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell
While I was traversing yen mountain-pass,
And night succeeded with unusual gloom:
So that my feet and hands at length became
Guided better than mine eyes—until a light
High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought
For human inhabitation; but I lingered
To reach it, destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadfastness as Sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,
And saw the light—now fixed—and shifting now—
Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro,
It is no night fire of the naked hills,
Thought I, some friendly covert must be near.
With this persuasion thitherward my steps
I turn, and reach at last the guiding Light;
Joy in myself: but to the heart of Him
Who was standing on the open hill!
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)
Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
Cess'd when she learned through what mishap I came,
And by what help had gained those distant fields.
Drawn from her Cottage, on that open height,
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home,
By that unerring signal, keenest star;
An anxious duty!—Now that I am safe and slow,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whenever untoward chance
D'vars him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground. 't But come,
Come," said the Matron, "to our poor Abode;
Those dark rocks hide it!" Entering, I behold
A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
One down; and to her office, with love asked,
The place that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the Builder's hand
Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, made the evening's treat:
 ammunition Traveller wish for more?
But more was given; I studied as we sat

By the bright fire, the good Man's face—composed
Of features elegant; a brown brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, these features and that mien
May have descended, though I see them here.
In such a Man, so gentle and subdued,
Wistful so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sunry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As nature's text-books, and even the careless mind
Cannot but notice among much and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

"Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of day,
I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day's work. Three dark mid-winter months
Pass," said the Matron, "and I never see,
Save when the Sabbath brings its kind release,
My Matron's face by light of day. He quits
His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we read the
For which we pray; and for the wants provide
Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many: many Friends,
Dependants, Comforters—my Wheel, my Fire,
All day the House-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling Hen, the tender Chicken brood,
And the wild Birds that gather round my porch.
This honest Sheep-dog's countenance I read:
With him can talk: nor blush to waste a word
Of Creatures less intelligent and strewed.
And if the clattering Wind that drives the clouds
Care not for me, he lists to and under my door,
And makes me pausing when our tempest suit;
—But, above all, my Thoughts are my support."
The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
To exclaim—"O happy! yielding to the law
Of these privations, richer in the main:
While thankless thousands are oppress'd and clogg'd
By ease and leisure—by the very wealth
And pride of opportunity made poor;
While tens of thousands fatten in their path,
And sink, through utter want of cheering light;
For you the hours of labour do not drag;
For you each Evening hath its shining Star,
And every Sabbath day its golden Sun."

"Yes," said the Solitary with a smile
That seemed to break from an expanding heart,
"The mutator Bird may found, and so construct,
And with such soft matter is her nest,
Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
That the thorns wound her not: they only guard.
Powers not unjustly likened to these gifts
Of happy instinct which the woodland Bird
Shares with her sisters. Nature's grace sometimes
Upon the Individual doth confer,
Among her brighter creatures born and trained
To use of reason. And, I own, that tired
Of the ostentations world—a swelling stage
With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
And from the pivate struggles of mankind
Hoping for less than I could wish to hope.
Far less than once I trusted and believed—
I love to hear of Thoes, who, not contending
Nor summoned to contend for Virtue's prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim; 
Blest with a kindly faculty to bant
The edge of adverse circumstances and turn
Into capricies the petty plagues
And hindrances with which they stand beset.
--In early youth, among my native hills,
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
A few small Crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about under the mouldering walls
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
As if the Moon had shone tenderly down in spite; 
But he repaid not. Though the plough was scared
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones
A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,
Gathered, and is preserved; and feeding dews
And damps, through all the drowsy Summer day,
From out their substance issuing maintain
Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up
So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine.'
But thinly seen these Natures; rare, at least,
The annual aptitude of seed and soil
That yields such kindly product. He—whose bed
Perhaps you loose souls cover, the poor Pensioner
Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
Here to lie down in lasting quiet—he,
If living now, could otherwise report
Of rural loneliness: that grey-haired Orphan—
So call him, for humanity to him
No parent was—sleeping could have told,
In life, in death, what Solitude can breed
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
—But your compliance, Sir! with our request
My words too long have hindered."

Undeterred,
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition, given
To the confiding spirit of his own
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,
"Around him looking, 'Where shall I begin?
Who shall be first selected from my Flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?'
He paused—and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure Heaven, he cast them down again
Upon the earth beneath his feet, and spoke.
—To a mysteriously-counsel'd Pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life,
And to the most Affections that proceed
From their conjunction;—consecrate to faith
In Him who bled for man upon the Cross;
Hallowed to Revelation; and no less
To Reason's mandates; and the hope divine
Of pure Imagination—above all,
To Charity, and Love, that have provided
With these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting-place;
Even as the multitude of kindred broods
And streams, whose murmurs fill this hollow vale
Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,
Their waters clear or soiled, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

"And blest are they who sleep; and we that know,
While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,
That All beneath us by the wings are covered
Of brotherly Humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-field,
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, is a strange spectacle!
A rufeful sight the wild shore strewed with wrecks,
And trod by people in afflicted quest
Of friends and kindred, whom the angry Sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who would think
That the scattered subjects which compose
Earth's unnumber'd visage through the space
Of all her climes; these wretched, these depraved,
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the Oppressor and the Oppressed;
Tyrians who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be destroyed—
Were of one species with the sheltered few,
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Did lodge, in an appropriated spot,
This file of Infants; some that never breathed
The vital air; and others, who, allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite
That lovingly confides the flage to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
And the bewitched Nurseries, 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 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 humbersome: and lastly, that poor few
Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest spared—
Are here deposited, with tribute paid.
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern;
And gentle 'NATURE grieved, that One should die;' 3
Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke,—and blessed
—And whose that tribute! wherefore these regards? 4
Not from the naked Heart alone of man
(Though claiming high distinction upon earth
As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness). No;* the philosophic Priest
Continued, "it's not in the vital seat
Of feeling to judge, without aid
From the pure Soul, the Soul sublime and pure;
With her two faculties of Eye and Ear,
The one by which a Creature, whom his sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look to Heaven;
The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which the Word,
To the quarters of the winds, proclaims.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail.
Thus are they born, thus fostered, and maintained;
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
*"And suffering Nature grieved that one should die."—Southey's Retrospect.
1The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay
upon Epiphanies, which was furnished by the author for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work the Friend; and
as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the symp-
athy of the reader will not be displeased to see the Es-
say at the close of this volume.
The Church-Yard Among the Mountains. 248

The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high Truths
In solemn institutions.—Men convinced
That Life is Love and Immortality,
The Being one, and one the Element.
There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped
For Man's Affections—else betrayed and lost,
And swallowed up amidst the night!
—This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of present Reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse,
The faith partaking of these holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of Love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK VI.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.—Poet's Address to the State and Church of England—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Wor-thies of the Church—He begins his Narratives with an Instance of unrequited Love—Augustus of Mind subdued—and how.—The lonely Miner, an Instance of Perseverance, which leads by contrast to an Ex-ample of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness.
—Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an Instance of some Stranger, whose dis-positions may have led him to end his days here
—Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the har-mounising influence of Solitude upon two Men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitation in public life—The Rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed—and where—Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality—Answer of the Pastor—What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives—Con-versation upon this—Instance of an unamiable char-acter, a Female—and why given—Contrasted with this, a meek Sufferer, from unpardoned and betrayed love—Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequen-ces to the Offender—With this Instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Wi-dower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their Female Children.

Hail to the Crown by Freedom shaped—to gird
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the Throne Whereon he sits! Whose deep Foundations lie
In veneration and the People's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England! And conjoin With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual Fabric of her Church:
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of Holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent, and unproved. The voice, that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This favoured Land; or sunshine warms her soil.
—And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
Besportunfromshoreshoretoshorewithsteeple-towers, And spires whose "silent finger points to Heaven;"

* An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in that countries with spire-stories, which as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and some-

Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English Hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy Structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar.
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the insignities of Time
Approach their reverend graces, unapproached
Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow—
Upon the thronged abodes of busy Men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit;
Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds.
—The poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that Servants may abound
Of those pure Altars worthy; Ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
Superior, insusceptible of pride,
And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
Men, whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.
—And, as on earth it is the doom of Truth
To be perpetually attacked by foes
Open or covert, be that Priesthood still,
For her defence, replenished with a Band
Of strenuous Champions, in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined: nor (if in course
Of the revolving World's disturbances
Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert)
To meet such trial) from their spiritual Sires
Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
With hostile din, and combating in sight
Of angry umbrae, partial and unjust;
And did, thereafter, battle their hands in fire,
So to declare the conscience satisfied:
Nor for their bodies would accept release;
But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed
With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame;
The faith which they by diligence had earned,
Or, through Illuminating grace, received,
For their dear Constymen, and all mankind.
O high example, constancy divine!

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

That basis laid, those principles of faith
Announced, as a preparatory act
Of reverence to the spirit of the place;

*
The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground, not, as before, like one oppressed with awe, but with a mild and social cheerfulness. Then to the Solitary turned, and spoke:

"At morn or eve, in your retired domain, perchance you not unfrequently have marked A visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers; too delicate employ, as would appear to One, who, though of drooping mien, had yet from Nature's kindness received a frame robust as ever rural labour bred."

The solitary answered: "Such a form full well I recollect. We often crossed each other's path; but, as the intruder seemed fondly to prize the silence which he kept, and I as willingly did cherish mine. We met, and passed, like shadows. I have heard, from my good Host that he was crazed in brain by unrequited love; and sealed the rocks, Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods, in hope to find some virtuous herb of power To cure his malady!"

The Vicar smiled.

"Ah! before to-morrow's sun goes down his habitation will be here; for him that open grave is destined."

"Died he then of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,

"Believe it not; oh! never could that be!"

"Be loved," the vicar answered, "deeply loved, loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared at length to tell his love, but sued in vain;—rejected—era repulsa—and, if with scorn Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but A high-priced plume which female beauty wears in wan-torment of coqrest, or puts on To cheat the world, or from herself to hide humiliation, when no longer free."

That he could brook, and glory in;—but when The beings came that she whom he had wooed Was wedded to another, and his heart Was forced to read away its only hope, Then Pity could have scarcely found on earth An object worthier of regret than he, In the transition of that bitter hour! Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say That in the act of preference he had been Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone! Had vanished from his prospects and desires; Not by translation to the heavenly Choir Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah no! She lives another's wishes to complete,—

'Joy be her lot, and happiness,' he cried,

'His lot and hers as misery is mine!'"

"Such was that strong communion; but the man Who hoarded trunks and limbs like some huge oak By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed The steadfast quiet natural to a Mind Of composition gentle and sedate, And in its movements circumspect and slow. To books, and to the long-forsaken desk, O'er which encumbered by science he had loved To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself, Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth With keener appetite (if that word be) And closer industry. Of what caused Within the heart no outward sign appeared Till a betraying sickness was seen To tinge his cheek, and through his frame it crept With slow manurial unconcealable; Such universal change as autumn makes In the fair body of a lovely grove Disturbed, then divested. 'Tis affirmed By poets skilful in Nature's secret ways That love will not submit to be controlled By manner;—and the good man lacked not friend's Who strove to instil this truth into his mind, A mind in all heart-nature's unveiled: To the hills," said one, 'remit a while'This benevolent diligence;—at early morn Count the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods; And, leaving it to others to foretell, By calculations sage, the ebb and flow Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed, Do you, for your own benefit, construct A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow, Where health abides, and cheerfulness, and peace."

The attempt was made:—'tis needless to report How hopelessly—but in sincerity is strong, And an entire simplicity of mind A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven, That opens, for such Sufferers, relief Within their souls, a fount of grace divine; And doth commend their weakness and disease To Nature's care, assisted in her office By all the Elements that round her wait To generate, to preserve, and to restore; And by her beautiful array of forms Shedding sweet influence from above, or pure Delight exalting from the ground they tread."

"Impart it not to impatience, if," exclaimed The Wanderer, "I infer that he was heaved By perseverance in the course prescribed."

"You do not err: the powers, that had been lost By slow degrees, were gradually regained; The Norwegian nerves composed; the beating heart In rest established; and the jarring thoughts To harmony restored. But you dark morn Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength— Hastily smitten, by a fever's force; Yet not with storm so sudden as refused Time to look back with tenderness on her Whom he had loved in passion—and to send Some farewell words—with one, but one, request, That, from his dying bed, and she would accept Of his possessions that which most he prized; A Book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants By his own hand disposed with nicest care, In undecaying beauty were preserved; Mute register, to him, of time and place, And various fluctuations in the breast; To her, a monument of faithful love Conquered, and in tranquility retained."

"Close to his destined habitation, lies One who achieved a humbler victory, Though marvellous in its kind: A place there is High in these mountains, that altered a Band Of keen adventurers to unite their pains In search of precious ores; who tried, were foiled— And all deserted, all, save him alone. He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts, And trusting only to his own weak hands, Urged unremittingly the stubborn work, Unseemly, unmanly; then, as time Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found No recompense, devided; and at length, By many pitted, as insane of mind; By others derided as the boldest and grandest Of subterranean spirits feeding hope By various mockery of sight and sound; Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed. But when the Lord of seasons had matured The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years, The mountain's enthralls offered to his view And trembling grasp the long deferred reward, Not with more transport did Columbus greet A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain, A very hero till his point was gained,
Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like brightened buds; or clouds that mimicked Land
Before the Sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass; or aught
That was attractive—and hast ceased to be?
—Yet. when this Prodigal returned, the rites
Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation unuttered,
Sought for his way to open place of rest
Within his Father's gates. Whence came He?—clothed
In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary Host
Of vagrant Poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wild stirring Owl
And the Owl's Freny; from these bare Haunts, to which
He had descended from the proud Sabbath,
He came, the Ghost of beauty and of health,
The Wreck of greatness. But soon revived
In strength, in power refined, he renewed
His suit to Fortune; and she snubbed again
Upon a deckle ingrate. Thrice he rose,
Thrice sunk 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 object choice,
Who happier for the moment—who more blest
Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary Halls
His Talents tending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making Beggars,—now, provoked
To laughter multiplied in boister peals
By his malicious wit; then, all enchain'd
With mute astonishment, themselves to see
In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed,
As by the very presence of the Friend
Who dictates and inspires illustrious feats,
For knavish purposes! The City, too,
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,
Hired Minstrel of voluptuous abandonment;
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,
Lisent who would, and should be thought upon who might,
Sincerely wretched Hearts, or falsely gay
—Such the too frequent tenor of his boast
In ears that relaxed the report;—but a ll
Was from his Parents happily concealed;
Who saw enough for blame and playing love.
They also were permitted to receive
His last, repentant breath, and closed his eyes,
No more to open on that lurid world
Where he had long rested in the state
Of a young Fowl beneath one Mother hatched
Though from another spring—of different kind:
Where he had lived, and could not cease to live,
Distracted in propensity: content
With neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing: man unblest;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his dehverance, when Mercy made him
One with Himself, and one with them who sleep."
Self-catchized, self-punished.—Some there are
Who, drawing near their final Home, and much
And daily longing that the same were reached,
Would rather shun than seek the fellowship
Of kindred Gould.—Such haply here are laid?

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our Hills,
Who seems, by these stupendous barriers cast
Round his Domain, desirons not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny, both sometimes here,
Even by this studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy Alien hoping to obtain
Consolation, or seduced by witchcraft to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal case. Of many such
Could I discourse; but as their stay was brief,
So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other trace
Survives, for worthy mention, of a Pair
Who, from the pressure of their several fates,
Meeting as Strangers, in a petty Town
Where blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far wailing Vale, remained as Friends
True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust
To this loved Cemetery, here to lodge
With unscutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the Family-vault.—A Chieftain One
By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned.
He, with the foresight whose impience hailed
The Storm, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which Bizony had lost,
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,
With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent
Culloden's fatal overthrow.—Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.
—The Other, born in Britain's southern tract,
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where they placed them who in consequence prized
The new succession, as a line of Kings
Whose oath had virtuous to protect the Land
Against the dire assaults of Papacy
And arbitrary Rule. But launch thy Bark
On the distemperd flood of public life, and
cause for most rare triumph will be thine
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The Stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
Or late, a perilous Master. He, who oft,
Under the battlements and stately tree
That round his Mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralized on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied,
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,
When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous Contest, to obtain a Seat
In Britain's Senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
And while the upsurge of that seperate strife
Continued yet to yibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, beneath a borrow'd name,
(For the more sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with senescent disgust
That he was glad to lose) shrank from the World
To the deep shade of these unravelled Wilds:—
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
An unwarded Abole.—Here, then, they met,
Two doughty Champions; flaming Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sustained,
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have heard
My revered Father tell that, 'mid the clouds
Of that small Town encountering thus, they filled,
Daily, its Bowling green with harmless strife;
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the Church;
And vexed the Market-place. But in the breasts
Of these Opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiment,
Such change towards each other, that their days
By chance were spent in constant fellowship;
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it more.

"A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks
This Church-yard was. And, whether they had come
Treading their path in sympathy and linked
In social converse, or by some short space
Discretely 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 salutary magnanimity; that abiding
The field of selfish difference and dispute,
And every care which transitory things,
Earth, and the kingdoms of the earth, create,
Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,
Which else the Christian Virtue might have claimed.
—There live who yet remember here to have seen
Their courtly Figures,—scutched on the stump
Of an old Yew, their favourite resting-place,
But, as the Remnant of the long-lived Tree
Was disappearing by a swift decay,
They, with joint care, determined to erect
Upon its Site, a Dial, that might stand
For public use preserved, and thus survive
As their own private monument; for this
Was the particular spot, in which they wished
(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish the desire)
That, undivided, their Remains should lie.
So, where the moulder Tree had stood, was raised
Yon Structure, framing, with the ascent of steps
That to the decorated Pillar lead,
A work of art more sumptuous than might seem
To suit this Place; yet built in no proud scorn
Of rural homeliness; they only aimed
To ensure for it respectful guardianship,
Around the margin of the Place, wherenon
The Shadow falls to note the stealthy hours,
Winds an inscriptive Legend."—At these words
Thither we turned and, gathered, as we read,
The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers couched.
'Time flies; it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he destroys,
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Divesting Mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace
Which the World wants, shall be for thee confirmed."

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,"
Exclaimed the Scupel, "and the strain of thought
Accords with Nature's language:—the soft voice
Of you white torrent falling down the rocks
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.
If, then, their blended influence be not lost
Upon our hearts not wholly lost, I grant,
Even upon mine, the more are we required
To feel for those, among our fellow men,
Whose suffering we owe obedience to the woe
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense
Of constant infelicity,'—cut off
From peace like Exiles on some barren rock,
Their life's appointed prison; not more free
Than Sentinels, between two armies, set,
With nothing better, in the chill night air,  
Than their own thoughts to comfort them.—Say why  
That ancient story of Prometheus chained?  
The Vulture—the inexhaustible repast  
Drawn from his vitals! Say what meant the voices  
By Tantalus entailed upon his race,  
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?  
Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,  
Tremendous truths! familiar to the men  
Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.  
—Exchange the Shepherd’s frock of native grey  
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert  
The crook into a sceptre:—give the pomp  
Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse  
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.  
—Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills,  
The generations are prepared; the pangs,  
The internal pangs are ready: the dread strife  
Of humanity’s afflicted will  
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.”  

“Though,” said the Priest in answer, “these be terms  
Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
We, whose established and unfailling trust  
Is in controlling Providence, admit  
That, through all stations, human life abounds  
With mysteries—for, if Faith were left untried,  
How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
Be shown? I her glorious excellence—that ranks  
Among the first of Powers and Virtues—proved?  
Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
That sympathy which you for others ask;  
And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes  
And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
Lest to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.  
—Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat  
Of Man degraded in his Maker’s sight  
By the deformities of brutish vice:  
For, in such Portraits, though a vulgar face  
And a coarse outside of repulsive life  
And unannabinifying manners might at once  
Be recognized by all—“Ah! do not think,”  
The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,  
“I wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,  
(Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for whom?)  
Should breathe a word tending to violate  
Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for  
In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
Which common human-heartedness inspires,  
And mortal ignorance and frailty claim.  
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.”  

“True,” said the Solitary “be it far  
From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced:  
This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this  
Wisdom enjoins; but, if the thing we seek  
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind  
How, from his lofty throne, the San can fling  
Colours as bright on exhalations bred  
By weedy poul or pestilential swaump,  
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,  
Or the pelucid Lake.”  

“Small risk,” said I,  
“Of such illusion do we here incur;  
Tempation 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.  
Grate is the Church-yard, beautiful and green,  
Ridge rising gently by the side of ruins,  
A heaving surface—almost wholly free  
From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
And mantled o’er with aboriginal turf  
And everlasting flowers. These Dalemen trust  
The lingering gleam of their departed Lives  
To oral records and the silent heart;  
Depository faithful, and more kind  
Than foulest Epiphanos: for, if that fail,  
What boots the sculptured Tomb? and who can blame,  
Who rather would not envy, men that feel  
This mutual confidence; if, from such source,  
The practice flow,—if thence, or from a deep  
And general humidity in death?  
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring  
From disregard of Tunc’s destructive power,  
As only capable to prey on things  
Of earth, and human nature’s mortal part.  
Yet—in less simple districts, where we see  
Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone  
In courting notice, and the ground all paved  
With commendations of departed worth;  
Re-deeming, where ‘er 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 recitals also range,  
Soothed by the natural spirit which they breathe.  
And, in the centre of a world whose soil  
Is rank with all unkindness, compassed round  
With such Memorials, I have sometimes felt  
It was no momentary happiness  
To have one Enclosure where the voice that speaks  
In envy or detraction is not heard;  
Which malice may not enter; where the traces  
Of evil inclinations are unknown;  
Where love and pity tenderly unite  
With resignation; and no jarring tone  
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb  
Of anxiety 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  
Reired and covert; so that ye shall have  
Clear images before your gladdened eyes  
Of Nature’s inanimosities underwood,  
And flowers that prosper in the shade.  
And when  
I speak of such among my flock as swerved  
Or fell, those only will I single out  
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more  
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend:  
To such will we restrict our notice—else  
Better my tongue were mute.  
And yet there are,  
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave  
Wholly untraiced a more forbidding way.  
For strength to persevere and to support,  
And energy to conquer and repel;—  
These elements of virtue, that declare  
The native grandeur of the human Soul,  
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown  
In the perversion of a selfish course:  
Truth every day exemplified, no less  
In the grey cottage by the murmuring stream  
That in fantastic Conqueror’s roving camp,  
Or ‘mid the factious Senate, unappalled  
While merciless proscription ebbs and flows.  
—There,” said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,  
“A Woman rests in peace; surpassed by few  
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.  
Tall was her stature; her complexiun dark  
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold  
Converse with Heaven, nor yet depest tow’rd’s earth,  
But in projection carried, as she walked  
For ever amusing. Sunken were her eyes;  
Wrinkled and farrowed with habitual thought  
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of One  
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
Of overpowering light.—White yet a Child,  
She, ‘mid the humble Flowerets of the vale,  

Towered like the imperial Thistle, not unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she raved, a sovereign Queen
Over her Comrades; else their simple spors,
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her, only to be shunned with scorn.

—Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,
That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor offered
The brighter images—by how much more
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
That occupy their places—and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft besmear'd by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor inquired.

"Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unrelenting, avaricious thirst;
And a strange thraldom of maternal love,
That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
Constraining forgiveness, and relenting vows,
And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed—
To a poor desperate Son, her only Child.
—Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence.—What could she perform
To shake the burden off? Ah! there was felt,
Fidgiantly, the weakness of her sex
She mused—resolved, adhered to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in aims giving, the heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
In ceaseless pains and parsimonious care,
Which got, and sternly hoarded each day's gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end
Save the contentment of the Builder's mind;
A Mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A Mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang which it deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook t'at runs
Down rocky mountains—buried now and lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained,—
But never to be charmed to gentleness;
Its best attainments fit of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

"A sudden illness seized her in the strength
Of life's autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wroght upon—almost
To anger, by the malady that gripped
Her prostrate frame with unrelenting power,
As the fierce Eagle fastens on the Lamb? she prayed—
She mused—her husband's Sister watched
Her dreamy pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that good foot
Was anguish to her ears! — And must she rule,
This was the dying Woman heard to say
In bitterness, and must she rule and reign,
Solo Mistress of this house, when I am gone?
Sit by my fire—possess what I possessed—
Tread what I trod—calling it her own it
Enough the fear, too much the one evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and strength
I well remember, while I passed her door,
Musing with loitering step, and upward eye
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung
Above the centre of the vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, 'That glorious Star
In its unwreathed element will shine
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 heep
Speaks for itself,—an infant there, both rest,
The sheltering Hillcock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humblest rank!
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do:
And if tender, and generous, founts,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Sighed when the clouds had gathered and distained
The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mound, a sanctity shall brood
Till the starsicken at the day of doom.

"Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless Man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
Yes, doubtless, on the turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft has been seen to stand, 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
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved
In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gnawed with morning dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scenes and airs,
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,
By reconciliation exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions of this Cottage-Girl
Were such as might have quickened and inspired
A Tityan's hand, address to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
With time the Hunter's earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills. A wide spread Elm
Stands in our Valley, named The Joyful Tree;—
From dateless usage which our Peasants hold
Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.—And if the sky
Permits, like honours, dance and song, are paid
To the Twelfth Night, beneath the fiery Stars
Not in the beauty yet in splendour air,
Was lovely Ellen.—No one touched the ground
So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were hailed—but this praise, Mellethinks, would better suit another place.

"She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved.

—The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous Woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.

Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen danced,
Among her Equals, round 'The Joyful Tree,
She bore a secret lust—; and full soon
Was left to trouble for a breaking vow,—

Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
Amongst her widows in her Mother’s house.
It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
And small birds singing to their happy mates.
Wild is the music of the autumnal wind
Among the faded woods; but these bilithe notes
Strike the deserted to the heart:—I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.

—Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig
A Thrush resists, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
A time-beguiling duity, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the night.

—Ah why,” said Ellen, sighing to herself,
Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge?
And nature that is kind in Woman’s breast,
And reason that in Man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,
Why do not these prevail for human life?
To keep two Hearts together, that began
Their spring time with one love, and that have need
Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
To grant, or be received; while that poor Bird,
—O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me
Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly Creature,
One of God’s simple children that yet know not
The universal Parent, how he lives
As if he wished the firmament of Heaven
Should listen, and give back to him the voice
Of his triplement constancy and love;
The proclamation that he makes, how far
His darkness doth transcend our feeble light!

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perceived, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen’s hand
To the blank margin of a valentine,
Bedropped with tears. ’Twill please you to be told
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource;
How thankful for the warmth of summer days,
When she could slip into the Cottage-barn,
And find a secret sanctuary there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering help of open sky,
Till the dark night dismissed her to her bed!
Thus did a waking Fancly sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despided love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon its face
She looked as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of—joy
Far livelier than bewildered Traveller feels
Amid a perisos waste, that all night long
Hithth harrassed him—tailing through fearful storm,
When he beholds the first pale speck serene
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east revealed,
And greets it with thanksgiving. ’Till this hour,’
Thus, in her Mother’s hearing Ellen spoke,
’There was a study region in my heart;
But He, at whose command the arched rock
Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream;
Hath softened that obduracy, and made
Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,
To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I look
Upon the light with cheerfullness, for thee
’My Infant: and for that good Mother dear,
Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain:—
Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.’
She spoke, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,
And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,
They stayed not long.—The blameless Infant grew;
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved
They soon were proud of; tended it and nursed,
A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.
—Through four months’ space the Infant drew its food
From the maternal breast; then scruples rose;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed
The sweet affection. She no more could bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means; so, to that parent’s care
Trusting her child, she left their common home
And with contented spirits undertook
A Foster-Mother’s office.

’Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple Vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired;
Yet, though such service be, with us, removed
From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungentle mind can easily find means
To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,
Which hapless Ellen how was doomed to feel.
—For (blinded by an over-auxious dread
Of such excitement and divided thought
As with her office would but ill accord)
The Pair, whose infant she was bound to nurse,
Forbad her all communion with her own;
Week after week, the mandate they enforced.
—So near,—yet not allowed, upon that sight
To fix her eyes— alas! I saw her hard to bear!
But worse affliction must be borne far worse;
For ’his Heaven’s will—that, after a disease
Begun and ended within three days’ space,
Her Child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,
Her own—deserted Child!—Once, only once,
She saw it in that mortal malady;
And, on the burial day, could scarcely gain
Permission to attend its obsequies.
She reached the house—last of the funeral train;
And some One, as she entered, leaving chance
To urge notwithstanding their prompt departure,
’Nay,’ said she, with commanding look, a spirit
Of anger never seen in her before,
’Nay, ye must wait my time!’ and down she sate,
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

—You see the Infant’s Grave:—and to this Spot
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
And whate’er the errand, urged her steps:
Hither she came; here stood, and sometimes knelt
In the broad day—a modest Magdalen!—
So call her; for not only she bewailed
A Mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness
Her own transgression, Penitent sincere
As ever raised to Heaven a streaming eye.
—At length the Parents of the Foster-child,
Noting that in despite of their commands
She still renewed and could not but renew
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth;
Or, in her garden's solitude, confided
I failed not to remind them that they erred;
For holy Nature must not thus be crossed,
Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain I pleaded—
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,
And the flower dropped; as every eye could see,
It hung its head in mortal languishment.
—Aided by this appearance, I at length
Prevalled; and, from those bonds relaxed, she went
Home to her mother's house. The Youth was fled:
The rash Betrayer could not face the shame;
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused;
And little would his presence, or proof given
Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
For, like a shadow, he was passed away
From Ellen's thoughts: had perished to her mind
For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
Save only those which to their common shame,
And to his moral being appertained:
How far from that quarter would, perhaps, 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 blindness all too near the river's edge;
That Work a summer flood with hasty swell
Had swept away; and now her Spirit longed
For its last flight to Heaven's security.
—The bodily frame was wasted day by day;
Men awhile, relinquishing all other cares,
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace
And endurance in trouble. Much she thought,
And much she read; and brooded feelingly
Upon her own unworthiness.—To me,
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
Her heart she opened; and no pains were spared
To mitigate, as gently as I could,
That strain of self-reproach, with paralyzing words.
—Mock Saint! through patience glorified on earth!
In whom, as by her lonely heart she saw,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
May I not mention—that, within those walls,
In due observance of her pious wish,
The Congregation joined with me in prayer
For her Soul's good? Nor was that office vain.
—Much did she suffer: but, if any Friend,
Rebidding her condition, at the sight
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,
She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,
He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;
And, when I fail, and can endure no more,
Will mercifully take me to himself.
So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed
Into that pure and unknown world of love
Where injury cannot come.—Here is here laid
The mortal body by her loving side.

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks made known
That each had listened with his most heart.
For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong
Or less benign than that which I had felt
When, seated near my venerable Friend,
Beneath those shady elms, from him I heard
The story that retarded the subject.
Of Margaret sinking on the lonely Heath,
With the neglected House to which she clung.
—I noted that the Solitary's cheek
Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased though sad,
More pleased than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer sat;
Thanks to his pure imaginative soul
Capacious and serene, his blameless life,
His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love
Of human kind! He was it who first broke
The pensive silence, saying, "BCest are they
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong; although through their lives they err.
This gives proof to Heaven most gently dealt
With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's fate,
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
'Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard
Of One who died within this Vale, by doom
Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.
Where Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
Of Wifred Armathwaite?"—The Vicar answered,
"In that green nook, close by the Church-yard wall,
Beneath yon Hawthorn, planted by myself
In memory and for warning, and in sign
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,
Of reconciliation after deep offence,
There doth he rest.—No theme his fate supplies
For the smooth glazings of the indulgent world;
Nor need the windings of his devious course
Be here retraced,—enough that, by mischance
And her abrupt connubial rite, have robbed
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
He carved a substitute in troubled joy;
Against his conscience rose in arms, and, brave
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, turned to agony.
Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;
Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,
Asked comfort of the open air, and found
No quiet in the darkness of the night,
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
His flock he slighted: his paternal fields
Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
To fly, but whither? And this gracious Church,
That wears a look so full of peace and hope
And love, benignant Mother of the Vale,
How fair amid her brood of Cottages?
She was to him a sickness and reproach.
Much to the last remained unknown: but this
Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died;
Though pitied among Men, absolved by God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her Grave.—Behold—upon that Ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the Vale
Its rocks and woods—the Cottage where she dwelt
And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left
(Pull eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a Tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy Family.
—Bright Garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undying Father's widowhood,
These six fair Daughters, budding yet—not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-bow\on Flower:
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
That those, who take away, yet do 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,
Infant's Grave—Joy at her birth—Sorrow at her Departure—A youthful Peasant—his patriotic enthusiasm—his distinguished qualities—and untimely death—Evocation of the Wanderer, as a patriot; in this Picture—Salutary how affectéd—Monument of a knight—Tradition concerning him—Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society—Hints at his own past Calling—Thanks the Pastor.

While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,
The words he uttered, and the scene that lay Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours;
When, in the hollow of some shadowy Vale,
(What time the splendour of the setting sun
Lay beautiful on Snowden's sovereign brow,
On Cadar Idris, or huge Penamman,) A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
To pastoral melody or warlike air,
Drawn from the choirs of the ancient British harp
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 tones,
Tender or bittie; now, as the varying mood
Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice
From Youth or Maid-0, or some honoured Chief
Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
Around him, drinking in the impressed notes
Of the time-hallowed unprofitable) required
For their heart's case or pleasure. Strains of power
Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;
But to a higher mark than song can reach
Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shores
Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

"These grasy heaps lie amicably close,"
Said I, "like sages heaving in the wind
Upon the surface of a mountain pool;
—Wherein comes it then, that yonder we behold
Five graves, and only five, that rise together
Unassailably sequestered, and uncrowning
On the smooth play-ground of the Village school?"

The Vicar answered. "No disdainful pride
In them who rest beneath, nor any course
Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
—Once more look forth, and follow with your sight
The length of road that from you mountain's base
Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its line
Is lost within a little tuft of trees,—
Then reappearing in a moment, quits
The cultivated fields,—and up the healthy waste,
Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
Towards an easy outlet of the Vale.
—That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
By which the road is hidden, also hides
A Cottage from our view,—though I discern
(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
The smokeless chimney-top.—All unmourned
And naked stood that bowly Parsonage
(For such in truth it is, and appertains
To a small Chapel in the Vale beyond)
When hither came its last Inhabitant.

"Rough and forbidding were the loveliest roads
By which our Northern wilds could then be crossed;
And into most of these secluded Vales
As no access for wain, heavy or light.
So, at his Dwelling-place the Priest arrived
With store of household goods, in penniers slung
On sturdy horses girded with jingling bells,  
And on the back of more humble steed;  
That, with the bivouac of every kind,  
Or missing carter, closed the nightly train.  
Young was I then, a school-boy of eight years;  
But still, methinks, I see them as they passed  
In order, drawing toward their wished-for home.  
—Rack'd by the motion of a trusty Ass  
Two ruddy Children hung, a well-padded freight,  
Each in his basket nodding drowsily;  
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,  
Which told it was the pleasant month of June;  
And, close behind, the comely Matron rode;  
And, wafted on such soft spring and gentle 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 bawdier-services jest;  
And fresh put on, and arch wood dropped—to swell  
The cloud of fairy and unorthum youth  
That wafted round the slowly moving train.  
—Where are they come? and what errand shared?  
1 Belong the to the fortune-telling blends  
2 Who pitch their tents beneath the green-wood Tree?  
2 Or are they Strangers, furnished to exact  
2 Fair Rosamund, and the Children of the Wood,  
2 And, by that whispered Table's aid, set forth  
2 The lucky venture of sage Whittemore,  
2 When the next Village bears the show announced  
2 By blast of trumpet? Phantoms was the growth  
Of such conjectures, overheard—or seen  
On many a soaring circumstance portrayed  
Of Door or Burgher, as they marched along.  
And more than once their steadiness of face  
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied  
To their invenitive powers, by stern looks,  
And questions in authoritative tone.  
From some said Guardian of the public peace,  
Checking the sober steed on which he rode,  
In his suspicions wisdom; others still,  
By sober beadle, or blind demand  
From Traveler halting in his own despite,  
A simple curiosity to care  
Of which adventures, that bountied and cheered  
Their grave instruction the good Pair would tell,  
With unlimitted glee, in buoyant age.

1 A Priest he was by function: but his course  
From his coal up, and high as manhood's noon;  
(That road to it of which he then was brought)  
Had been inclement, I might say, wild;  
By book unassisted, by his pastoral care  
Too little circumspect. An active, ardent mind;  
A fancy prompt with resource and scheme  
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;  
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;  
A generous spirit, and a body strong  
The Priest to this contest Champion of the bow;  
Had entered for him rare welcome and the rights  
Of a prized Whippet, in the jolly half  
Of country Sports; or at the stately board  
Of Duke or Earl, from courses of costly pomp  
Withdrawn,—to while away the summer hours  
In convocation among rural guests.

2 With these high Comrades he had revelled long,  
Priced industriously, a simple Clerk  
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
Till the heart sickened. So each litter aim  
Abandoning and all his showy Friends,  
For a life's stay, though slender yet assured,  
B. Turned to this secluded ChapelTRY;  
That had been offered to his doubtful choice  
By unthought of Patron. Brief and bare  
They found the Cottage, their allotted home;  
Naked without, and rude within: a spot  
With which the scantily provided Care  
Not long had been endowed: and far remote!  
The Chapel stood, divided from that House  
By a secluded tract of mountain waste.  
—Yet cause was none, what'yer regret might hang  
On his own mind, to quarter 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 sanguine zeal,  
Yet when need was, with no relinquant will,  
The Wheel in body, or distress in mind;  
And, by voluntary change, e. c.  
To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day  
With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud  
Or splendid than his garden could afford.  
His fields,—or mountains by the heath rock 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  
Two ruddy Children, plenty fed.  
Though simply from their little trough-closed farm;  
With acceptable treat of fish or fowl  
By nature yielded to his practiced hand—  
To help the small but certain coming-in  
Of that spare Benefic; Yet not the less  
Thrice was a hospitable bowl, and theirs  
A charitable door.—So day and years  
Passed on,—the inside of that rugged House  
Was remodeled and brightened by the Matron's care  
And ordainly scented with things of grace,  
Which might be lacked for use or ornament.  
What, though no soft and costly soft there  
Incidentally stretched out its face length,  
And no vain mirror glistened on the walls,  
Yet were the windows of the few Abode  
By shutters weather-toned, which stone  
Rounded the storm and defended its bare rear,  
There mock white curtains hung in decent folds;  
Touch posts, and long enduing mountains place,  
That creep along the ground with simmering trail;  
Were nicely braced, and composed a work  
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace  
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;  
And a fair carpet, woven of home spun wool,  
For roominess and warmth, on festal days,  
Covered the scarred blue slabs of mountain stone  
With which the paissant floor, in simplest taste  
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long laid.  
—These pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced:  
Meanwhile the unseductive Mason's hand  
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plan,  
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;  
A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed  
In youth, and sanctioned by the ripen'd mind,  
Restored me to my native Valley, here  
To end my days; well pleased was I to see  
The once here Cottage, on the mountain-side,  
Screen'd from assault of every biting blast;  
While the dark shadows of the summer leaves  
Danced in the breeze, upon its mossy roof.  
Time, which had thus afforded willing help  
To justify with Nature's facet with  
This rustic Tenement, had gently shed  
Upon its Master's frame, a worthy grace;  
The comeliness of unspec'd age.  
But how could I say, gently I for he still  
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,  
A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights  
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.  
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost;  
Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;  
And still his harsher passions kept their hold.
By yet a higher privilege once more
Were gathered to each other."

Cain of mind
And silence waited on these closing words;
'Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear
Lost in these 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 firmer soul.
Transplanted ere too late.—The Harmit, lodged
In the unrodden desert, tells his heads,
With each repeating its allotted prayer,
And thus divides and thus relieves the time;
Smooth task, with his compared, whose mind could
string,
Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
A keen domestic augur,—and beguile
Of solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
Till gentle death relieved him.—Far from us
Be the desire—too curiously to ask
How much of this is but the blind result
Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
And what to higher powers is justly due.
But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring Vale
A Priest abides whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground: whose gifts of Nature lie
Raised from mistake, lost in attributes
Of Reason—honourably effecting by deeds
Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
And conest with her dominion gained,
To which her forwardness must needs submit.
In this one Man is shown a temperance-proof
Against all trials: industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and revere;
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 preside.
—Pleading, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse 'twixt man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A Laburer, with moral virtue piet,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, "for whom
This Portraiture is sketched.—The Great, the Good,
The Well-beloved, the Forunate, the Wise,
These Thrice Emperors and Chief have borne.
Honour a named or given: and him, the Wonderful,
Our simple Shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled.—From his Abode
In a dependent Chapel, that lies
Behind you hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,—
And, having once espoused, would never quit;
Hither, ere long, that low'ry, great, good Man
Will be conveyed. An unelaborate Stone
Shall cover him: and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound.
Then, shall the slowly gathering twilight close
In utter night: and of his course remain
No cognizable vestiges, no more
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words
To speak of him, and instantly dissolves.
—Noise is there not enough in dolorous 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 these not enough in hopeless love—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the Minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, industriously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may?
—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good Man's deeds and purposes; retrace
His struggles, his discomforts, its due, —
His triumphs, and on this broad side?
That Virtue, like the fumes and vapoury clouds
Through Fancy's heat reounding in the brain,
And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread o'er field,
Hamlet, and town; and Pity survive
Upon the lips of Man in hall or bower;
Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
And grave encouragement, by song inspired—
—Value though! but wherefore murmur or repine?
The memory of the just survives in Heaven:
And, without sorrow, will this ground receive
That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what it holds confutes us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,
And milder worth: nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards were paid,
For such example.
Almost at the root
Of that tall Pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Of stretches to'ards me, 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 this deep mountain Valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never raise this Cotter from sleep
With startling summons; nor for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shoutéd; nor for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand and sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of ye lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent, as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, whereas'er he moved.
Yet, by the dace of his own pure thoughts
Uplift, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jovial 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, he was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, nature in manhood, he beheld
His Parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love
An instance of a second family.
The fellow-labourer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
—Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his Brother's house, for books
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire—
Of whose society the blameless Man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Reguited his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, had each its own resource;
Song of the muse, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ,
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.
—Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint;
And they, who were about him, did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners—his and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

"At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The centres of nature, and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(You Cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
—Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now that monumental Stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously records
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.
—And you tall Pine-tree, whose composing sound
Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

"Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of Things!
Guide of our way, mysterious Comforter!
Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and hea-
ven,
We might thanklessly partake, thy gifts were utterly withheld from Him
Whose place of rest is near your ivied Porch.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined course,
What terror doth it strike into the mind?
To think of One, who cannot see, advancing
Towards some precipice's very brink!
But, timely warned, He would have stayed his steps
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,
And on the very edge of vacancy
Not more endangered than a Man whose eye
Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret blooms
Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,
Or in the woods, that could from him conceal
Its existence; none whose figure did not live
Upon his touch. The bosoms of the earth
Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;
The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,
His genius mounted to the plains of Heaven.
Authoring hope—
—Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls rolled,
Blind of his ample brow, in darkness paired,—
But each instinct with spirit; and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with thought, Fancy,
and understanding; while the voice
discoursed of natural or moral truth
With eloquence, and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed.

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

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet
Lying in appanage to human praise,
Love, or regret,—whose lineaments would next
Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it chanced
That, near the quiet church-yard where we 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, "de we muse, and mourn
The waste of death; and lo! the giant Oak
Stretched on his bier—that nasy timber wain;
Nor fail to note the Man who guides the team."

He was a Peasant of the lowest class:
Grey locks profusely round his temples hung
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of Winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
Within his cheeks, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake:
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to morrow,—with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature's impress,—gaiety and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and shrivelled.
His gestures note,—and back! his tones of voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered. "You have read him well:
Year after year is added to his store
With silent increase: summers, winters—past,
Fast or to come: yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
The obliquity 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; bears, too, every Sabbath day,
The Christian promise with attentive ear;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds present
In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall down
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious, even, than bis!"

"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, in meeting of despairs
Toward's One, whose bold contrivances and skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part
In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree sown by winds, by vapours nursed,
In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, which, when upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noon tide were damped,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.—Many a Ship
Launched into Morecambe Bay, to him hath owed
Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that bears
The holiest of her pendants; He, from Park
Or Forest, fetched the enormous ax-tree
That whirs (how slow itself!) ten thousand spindles:
And the vast engine labouring in the chime,
Content with meager prowess, must have lacked
The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,
If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coaves."

"Yon household Fir,
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot;
That Sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent*On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they hear
The fleece-encumbered flock—the Joyful Elms,
Around whose trunk the Maidens dance in May:—
And the LORD'S Oak, would plead their several rights
In vain, if He were master of their fate;
His sentence to the axe would doom them all.
—But, green in age and lusty as he is,
And promising to keep his hold on earth
Less, as might seem, in rivalry with men
Than with the forest's more enduring growth,
His own appointed hour will come at last;
And, like the Haughty Spoilers of the world,
This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

"Now from the living pass we once again:
From Age," the Priest continued, "turn your thoughts
From Age, that often unawared, drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long!—
Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the board
Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope had ceased
Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of the whole;
And so acknowledged, with a tumultuous joy
Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm,
With which by nature every Mother's Soul
Is stricken, in the moment when her thrones
Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
Which tells her that a living Child is born,—
And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the dread storm is weathered by them both."

"The Father—him at this unlooked-for gift
A bolder transport seizes. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open door,
Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, and almost all that pass;
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer

* This Sycamore oft musical with Bees;
Such Teats the Patriarch's loved.

S. T. Coleridge,
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink
Health and good wishes to his new-born Girl,
From cups replenished by his joyous hand.

These 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 Grand sire felt himself crown'd;
A happiness that cibed not, but remained
To fill that total measure of the soul!

From the low remnant, 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 dutiously repaired
To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe:
For in that familiar Infant's name he heard
The sweet Name of his departed Wife;
Heart-singing music hourly heard that name;
Full least he was, Another Margaret Green,
On did he say, 'was come to God's till side.'

Oh! young unthought of, as the precious boon
Itself had been unlook'd for; oh! dire stroke
Of desecrating anguish for them all!
Just as the Clad'rd soul upon the floor,
And, by some kindly finger's help uplifted,
Range round the garden walk, while Sue perchance
Was crying in some novelty of Spring.
Ground-thower, or glossy insect from its cell
Drawn by a sunbeam—at that hope-less season
The winds of March, uniting mutinously,
Roused in the tender passage of the throat
Violence ob'struction; whence—all unforseen,
The Household lost their pride and soul's delight.

But Time hath power to soften all regrets
And prayer and thought can bring to most distrees
Due reprobation. Therefore, the same tears
Fell not to spring from either Parent's eye
On as they near of sometime like their own,
Yet this departed Little one, too long
The innocent trouble of their quiet, sleep
In what may now be call'd a peaceful grave.

1 On a bright day, the brightnes't of the year,
These mountains echoed with an unknown sound,
A voice rich with the fresh and genial breeze
That crept between the carpets of the close
Let down into the hollow of that Grave,
Whose sheathing sides are red with nail'd mould.
Ye Rains of April, only wet this earth!
Spirels, burning Sun of Midsummer, these toad,
That they may knit together, and therewith
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietnesses
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.
Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved
To me as precious as my own—E'en her heart
May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)
Over thy last abode, and we may pass
Reminded less insensitive 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!

2 The mountain Ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet untamed trees she lists her head
Docked with autumnal berries, that adorn
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have mark'd,
By a brook side or solitary farm,
How she her sation doth adorn—she pool
Glooms at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native Vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A smile that kindled pleasure in the hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the grace
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which Nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old Bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering Gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathe'd violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of Mortals (if such fables without blame
May chance-mention on this sacred ground)
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a Scholar's genius shine;
And, not unwisely hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a Hero walk'd
Our unpretending valley.—How the coil
Whizzed from the Stirriping's arm! If touched by him
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
Visit, in prospect of the bowing field!
The indescribable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would be lift his eyes
In the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was both to asault the majesty he loved;
He had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sable glead,
The wheeling swallow, and the dashing snake,
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious water-fowl, from distant lines,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mece.
Were subject to young Os-wald's steady aim.

3 From Gallia's coast a Tyrant hurst his threats;
Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile Forces: and she said—with voice
That filled her plains, that reach'd her utmost shores,
In remonstrant voices was heard to Arms!

Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
The Shepherd's grey to mar in pirate, chang'd
That flash'd unconquered through the woods and fields.
Ten hardly Stirripings, all in bright attire,
And grace with shining weapons, weakly match'd,
From this lone valley, to a central spot
Where, in assembly with the Flower and Choice
Of the surrounding district, they might learn
The rudiments of war: ten—hands, strong,
And valiant; but young Os-wald, like a Chief
And yet a novice: Condidi, led them forth
From their sly solitude, to face the world
With a gay confidence and solemn pride;
Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
Like Youthful released from labour, and yet bound
To most laborious service, though to them
A festival of unremembered ease;
The inner spirit keeping holiday.
Like vernal ground to sulphur sunshine left.

4 Oh! have I mark'd him at some leisure hour,
Stretched on the grass or seated in the shade
Among his Fellows, while an ample Map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gellant Teacher would discourse,
Now pointing this way and now that. Here flows,
Thus would he say,—'the Rhine, that famous Stream!
Eastward, the Danube bow'd this inland sea,
A slumberer river, winds from realm to realm—
And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back
Repos'd with immemorial leaves:
Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk; observe
Hi capital city!—Thus—once along a tract
Of fivelier interest to his eyes and ears
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged;
Nor left unagglutinated those fatal Fields
On which the Sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a lesson sublimated. Here behold
A nodder race, the Switzers, and their Land;
Vales deeper far than those of ours, huge woods
And mountains white with everlasting snow.
And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow,
Was a true Patriot, hopeful as the best.

Of that young Pamphlet, who, in our days,
Have fought and published for Helvetia's rights,—
Ah, not in vain—or these who, in old time,
For work of happier issue, to the side
Of Tell came trooping from a thousand hats,
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth
Descended from Judah's heights, to march
With righteous Joshua; or appeared in arms
When Zeru was feigned, and avar was cast down,
And Gideon how the trumpet, soul-inflamed,
And strong in hatred of idolatry.

This spoken, from his seat the Pastor rose,
And moved towards the grave;—instinctively
His steps we followed; and my voice exclaimed,
"Power to the Expressors of the world is given,
A night of which they dream not. Oft the curse
To be the Awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and Founder of exalted deeds.
And to whole nations bound in servile straits
The Liberal Donor of capacities
More than heroic: this to be, nor yet
Have sense of one commanual wish, nor yet
Decrease the least return of human thanks;
Whoing no recompense but deadly hate
With play mixed, astonishment at scorn!"

When these involuntary words had ceased,
The Pastor said, "So Providence is served;
The Godly weapon of the skies can send
Into deep, dark Hebdos,
Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to illuminate.
Why do ye quake, intimidated Thoish?
For, not incogntions of the mighty debt
Which to outrageous Wrong the Sufferer owes,
Europe, through all her habitable seats,
Is singing for their overthrow, who still
Exist, as pangs, Temples stood of old,
By every tumor of their impiious lives
Preserved; are suffered beyond their pride,
Like Cedars on the top of Lebanon
Dennarking the sun.—But less impatient thoughts,
And love "all hoping and expecting all,"
This hallowed Gave demands, where rests in peace
A humble Champion of the better Cause;
A Peacat-youth, so call him, for he asked
No higher name; in whom our Country showed,
As in a favourite Son, most beautiful.
In spite of fire, and misery, and disease,
Spreading with the spreading of her wealthly arts,
England, the ancient and the free, appeared,
In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
Unequerably viouous and secure.
—No more of this, lest I offend his dust:
Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One summer's day—a day of annual prump
And solemn close—from morn to sultry noon
His steps had followed, fleeciest of the fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native heights
Wuth cry of hound and horn; and, from that toll
Returned with shaws weakened and relaxed.
This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
Fugled—mid a gay and busy throng convened
To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock—
Into the chilling flood.

Convulsions dice
Served him, that self-same night; and through the space
Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wreathed,
Till nature rested from her work in death.
—To him, thus snatched away, his Comrades paid
A Soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden bustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a Braunger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A clowing Spectacle; but every eye
Was fixed, seduced that eye been moist
With tears, that went not then; nor were the few
Who from their Dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They stood at the tributary peak
Of instantaneous thunder, which announced
Through the still air the closing of the Grave;
And distant mountains, filled with a sound
Of lamentation, never heard before!

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable Friend
Victoriously uprated his clear bright eye;
And, when that eye the earth was ended, stood
Eract,—as if his heart were perceived
The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide Land,
The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
Its rights and virtues—by that Daily
Descending, and surpaing his pure heart
With patriotic confidence and joy.
And, in the last of these memorial words,
The pitying Solitary turned aside,
Whether through mainstinct to conceal
Tender emotions spreading from the heart
To his worn cheeks; or with uneasy shame
For these cold humours of habitual spleen,
That lazily seeking in dispise of Man
Soulace and self-excuse, had somewhat urged
To hasten a task he had put in hand—
Right well to the sacred Colles his steps
Had been directed; and we saw him now
Invent upon a monumental Stone,
Whose uncom Foun was girded on the wall,
Or rather seemed to have grown into the side
Of the rude Pile; as oil-times trunks of trees,
Where nature works in wild and craggy spots,
Are seen incorporate with the living rock—
To endure for eye. The Vicar, taking note
Of his employment, with a courteous smile
Exclaimed, "The sage Antiquarian's
That task would feel," then, letting fall his voice
Wis he advanced, thus spake: "Tradition tells
That, in Eliza's godly days, a Knight
Came on a war-like supremacy tarried,
And fixed his home in this sequenced Vale.
"His left undei if he had drew breath,
Or as a Stranger searched this deep recess,
Unknown and unknown. A pleasing thought
I sometimes entertain, that, haply bound
To S-ndall's court in service of his Queen,
Or sent on mission to some northern Chief
Of England's Realm, this Vale he might have seen
With transient observation; and thence caught
An Image fair, which brightening in his soul
When joy of war, and pride of Chivalry
Langardish bencal accumulated years.
Had power to draw him from the pro—resolved
To make that paradise his chosen home;
To which his paeaceful fancy oft had turned.—
Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief may rest
Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire t<o son, in this obscure Retreat
The Knight arrived, with pomp of spear and shield,
And home upon a Charger covered o'er
With garded honours. And the loyal Sered—
His sole companion, a faithful friend,
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes
Of admiration and delightful awe,
By those untraveled Dalesmen. With less pride,
Yet free from touch of envious discontent,
They saw a Mansion at his bidding rise,
Like a bright star, amid the lowly badge.

THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

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Of their rude Homesteads. Here the Warrior dwelt;
And, in that Mansion, Children of his own,
Or Kindred, gathered round him. As a Tree
That falls and disappears, the House is gone;
And, through improvidence or want of love
For ancient worth and honorable things,
The spear and shield are vanished, which the Knight
Hung in his martial Hall. One ivied arch
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
Of that Foundation in desolation
Razed by his hands. And now no trace is left
Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this Stone,
Faithless memorial! and his family name
Borne by you clustering cottages, that sprang
From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
Those, and the name and title at full length,—
Sir Alfred Lettsom,* with appropriate words
Accompanied, still extant, in a wren's nest
Or posy-guarding round the several fronts
Of three clear-rounding and harmonious bells,
That in the steeple hang, his pious gift!'

"So faile, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,"
The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
"All that this World is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,*
Princes, and Emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of All the Mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowest Innuence
Long to protect her own. The Man himself
Departs; and soon is spent the Life of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him, Degrees and Ranks,
Fraternities and Orders—harping high
New wealth upon the burden of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And reconfirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy forethought, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, envelops
Their monuments and their memory.
The vast Frame Of Social Nature changes evermore:
Her organs and her members with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at need,—
And by this law the mighty Whole subsists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds!
—The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred,
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of men;
Whence alteration, in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age!
Which did to him assign a passive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright Clouds,
That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed
In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright Oder fade,
And its devotion gradually decline
(While War, relinquishing the lance and shield,
Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)
Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,

That violent Commotion, which othervbree;
In town and city, and registered even
Altar, and Cross, and Church of seven roof
And old religious Houses—pile after pile;
And shook the Tenants out into the fields,
Like wild Beasts without home! Their hour was come;
But why no softening thought of gratitude,
No just remembrance, scripture, or which doubt?
Benevolence is mild, nor bendeth help,
Save at worst need, from hold impetuous force.
Fittest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might
Of Murability, and airy Hopes,
Dancing around her, binder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feel
The retrospective Virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened Nation in the One night
Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.
—Even," railed the Wanderer, "as that courteous Knight,
Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to exact
By word and lance the law of gentleness,
(If I may venture of myself to speak,
Trusting that not injuriously I bow)
Low things with lofty I shall be doomed
To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my Youth embraced
With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and I scarce shall now
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks
For the pathetic Records which his voice
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,
Tending to patience when Affliction strikes;
To hope and love; to confident repose
In God; and reverence for the dust of Man."

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK VIII.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.—Pastor's apprehensions that he might have
detained his Auditors too long—Invitation to his House—Solitary disinclination to comply—rallies the Wanderer; and somewhat playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant—which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country for the manufacturing spirit—Favourable effects—The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes—Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth—gives Instances—Physical science unable to support itself—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society—Pitiful of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed—Conversation broken off by a renewed invitation from the Pastor—Path leading to his House—Its appearance described—His Daughter—His Wife—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion—Their happy appearance—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely Vale
To those acknowledgments subscribed his own,
With a sedate compliance, which the Priest
Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said,
"If ye, by whom invited I commenced
These Narratives of calm and humble life,
Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;
And in return for sympathy bestowed

* The "Transit gloria mundi" is freely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation Charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's Furness, the translation of which is as follows—
Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the flowers of Kings, Emperors and Dukes and the crowns and palms of all the great wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death therefore, &c.
A panegyric from your generous tongue!  
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained  
Aught of romantic interest, 'tis gone;  
Their purer service, in this realm at least,  
Is past for ever.—An Inventive Age  
Has wrought, it 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 Eglinery to frame  
And to produce, with appetite as keen  
As that of War, which rests not night or day;  
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains  
Might one like me now visit many a tract  
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,  
A lone Pedestrian with a scanty freight,  
Wished for, or Welcome, wherever he came,  
Among the Tenantry of Thoreau and Ville;  
Or straggling Burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
And dignified by battlements and towers  
Of some stern Castle, membrering on the brow  
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.  
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild  
And formidable length of splasby lane,  
(Frizzed avenues ere others had been shaped  
Or easier links connecting place with place)  
Have vanished,—swallowed up by slyly roads  
Easy and bold, that penetra the cœle  
Of Britain's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent  
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the Soil  
Of traffic guides with ceaseless interchange,  
Glistening along the low and woody dale,  
Or on the naked mountain's lofty side,  
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,  
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ  
Of scattered Priests, rapidly produced  
Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,  
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,  
Where not a Habitation stood before,  
Abodes of men irregularly anazed  
Like trees in forest,—spread through spacious tracte  
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths  
Or vapour glittering on the morning breeze.  
And where'er the Traveller turns his steps,  
He sees the barren wildness erased,  
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims  
How much the mild Director of the plough  
Owes to alliance with these new-born Arts!  
—Hence is the wide Sea peopled,—hence the Shores  
Of Britain are resorted to by Ships  
Freighted from every climate of the world  
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum  
Of Reels that rest within her crowded ports,  
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;  
That animating spectacle of Ships  
Which, through her inland regions, to and fro  
Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
Perpetual, multifarious! Finally,  
Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice  
Of Thunder daunting those who would approach  
With hostile purposes the bised Isle,  
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.  

"And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock  
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care"
And Heaven's good providence, preserver from taint!
With You I grieve, when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there behold
Each outrage done to Nature as compels
The indignant Power to justify herself;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
For England's bane,—When suddenly darkness spreads
Over hill and vale." the Wanderer thus expressed
His recollection, and the panical stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of every beholding Man, earth's thankful Lord;
Then, in full many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
Of harsher import than the Curfew-knell
That spoke the Norman Conqueror's stern behest—
A local summons to unceasing rie
Disgorged are now the Ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illuminated Pile,
A fresh Band meets them, at the cr-w0ded door—
And in the Courts—and where the rumbling Stream,
That turns the multitude: dizz}', wheels,
Glasses, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men. Maidens. Youths,
Mother and little Children, Boys and Girls,
Peter, and each the w'ayed trolley
Within this Temple, where is offered up
To Gain—the master Idol of the Realm—
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our Ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast Cathedral or Conventual Church,
Their Virtues kept; where tapers day and night
On the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious Men were they;
Nor would their Reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the year,
When in their land the Almighty's Service ceased.

"Triumph who will in these profane rites
Which We, a generation #f-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency; yet I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An Intellectual Minstrel exercised
Over the blind Elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imapted—to brave Matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
That by the thinking Mind have been compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bedded Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating howe: the time may come
When, strengthen'd, yet not哈尔y, by the might
Of this dominion over Nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their Country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thucydus,
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmira, central in the Desert fell,
And the Arts by which they had been raised.
—Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy, whose sway depends
On mere material instruments:—how weak
These Arts, and high Inventions, if unsupported
By Virtue: He with signs of passive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness."

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,
I said, "And, did in truth these venerated Arts
Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Regret and painful sadness, who were,
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of Country-life
A thought of refuge, for a Mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
Where now the beauty of the Sabbath kept
With consciences reverence, as a day
By the Almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace
Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionat response,
"Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate Retreats like this:
Which I behold with trembling, when I think
What lamentable change, a year—a month—
May bring; that black rock crescent as it runs
Into an instrument of deadly harm.
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their Sires,
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss,
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)—
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart?
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from noon to eve,
The Habitants empty, or perchance
The Mother left alone,—nothing helping hand
To rock the cradle of her weepish babe;
No daughters round her busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no battle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!
—The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or wood,
No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in his right;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
Economists will tell you that the state
Thrive's by the forfeiture—uncultivated thought,
And false as monstrous! Can the Mother thrive
By the destruction of her innocent Sons?
In whom a premature Necessity
Blocks out the forms of Nature, preconsumes
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up
The Infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay!
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether in a position of security
And thirst for change; or habit hath subdued
The soul deprest, dejected—even to love
Of her dull tasks, and close captivity.
—Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed! 
He is a Slave to whom release comes not, 
And cannot come. The Boy, where'er he turns, 
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up 
Among the clouds and in the ancient woods; 
Or when the sun is shining in the east, 
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school 
Of his attainments? no; but with the air 
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch. 
His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton flakes, 
Or locked in wool, announces his years. 
Creeping his gait and cowering—his lip pale— 
His respiration quick and audible; 
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam 
From out those languid eyes could break, or blush 
Mandle upon his cheek. Is this the form, 
Is that the countenance, and such the port, 
Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed 
With dignity bedewing his proud hope; 
Who, in his very childhood, should appear 
Sublime—from present purity and joy! 
The limbs increase, but liberty of mind 
Is gone for ever; this organic Frame, 
So joyful in its motions, is become 
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead; 
And even the Touch, so exquisitely poured 
Through the whole body, with a languid Will 
Performs her functions; rarely competent 
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind 
Of what there is delightful in the breeze, 
The gentle vibrations of the sun 
Or those of liquid element—by hand, 
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—perceived. 
—Can hope look forward to a manhood raised 
On such foundations! 
"Hope is none for him!"

The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed, 
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as deep. 
Yet be it asked, in justice to our age, 
If there were not, before those Arts appeared, 
These beauties, those amiable and young, 
And unripe sex, with sex, for mutual taint; 
Then, if there were not in our far-famed Isle, 
Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed 
Air unpurimposed, and had lived at large; 
Yet waited beneath the sun, in human shape, 
As abject, as degraded! At this day, 
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts 
And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth 
A rezzed Offspring, with their own blanched hair 
Crowded like the image of fantastic Fear; 
Or wearing, we might say, in that white growth 
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence; 
Or fierceness, wreathèd around their sun-burnt brows, 
By-savage Nature's unassisted care. 
Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet 
On which they stand, as if thereby they drew 
Some nourishment, as Trees do by their roots, 
From Earth the common Mother of us all. 
Figure and mien, complexion and attire, 
Are segregated to strike dismay, but outstretched hand 
And whining voice denote them Supplicants 
For the least boon that pity can bestow. 
Such on the breast of darksome heathens are found; 
And with their Parents dwelt upon the skirts 
Of fairy-clad commons; ere are born and reared 
At the mine's mouth, beneath impeding rocks, 
Or in the chambers of some natural cave; 
And where their Ancestors erected huts, 
For the convenience of unlawful gain, 
In forest Provinces; and the like are bred, 
All England through, where mooks and slips of ground, 
Purified, in times less jealous than our own, 
From the green margin of the public way, 
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom 
And gentry of cultivated fields. 
—Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale) 
Do I remember oft-times to have seen 
'Mid Baxton's dreary heights. Upon the watch, 
Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand; 
Then, following closely with the cloud of dust, 
An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone 
Heels over head, like Tumblers on a stage 
—Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin, 
And, on the freight of merry Passengers 
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed; 
And spin—and pant—and rush—and rush again, 
Wild Pursivants! until their breath is lost, 
Or bounty tires—and every face, that smiled 
Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way. 
—But, like the Vagrants of the Gypsy tribe, 
These, bred to little pleasure in themselves, 
Are profitless to others. Turn we then 
To Britons born and bred within the pale 
Of civil polity, and early trained 
To earn, by wholesome labour, the field, 
The bread they eat. A sample should I give 
Of what this produce stocks to enrich 
The tender age of life, ye would exclaim, 
"Is this the whistling Plough-boy whose shrill notes 
Import new gladness to the morning air?"
Forgive me if I venture to suspect 
That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse, 
Are of no finer frame:—his joints are still; 
Beneath a cumbrous Frock, that to the knees 
Invests the thriving Churl, his legs appear, 
Fellows to those that most simply uphold 
The wooden stools for everlasting use, 
Whereon our Fathers sat. And mark his brow! 
Under whose shaggy canoe are set 
Two eyes not dim, but of a healthy stare; 
Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange; 
Proclaiming boldly that they never knew 
A look or motion of intelligence 
From infant coming of the Christ-cross-row, 
Or puzzling thorough, like him first, 
Till perfect manly crown the veins at last. 
—What kindly warmth from touch of fostering hand, 
What penetrating power of sun or breeze, 
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul 
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice? 
This torpor is no phlegmatic work 
Of modern insensibility; no Town 
Nor crowded City may be taxed with augt 
Of workish vice or servile breach of law. 
To which in after years he may be ranged. 
—This Boy the Fields produce: his spade and hoe— 
The Carter's whip that on his shoulder rests 
In air high-bowing with a boisterous pomp, 
The crape of his away; his Country's name, 
Her equal rights, her churches and her schools— 
What have they done for him? And, let me ask, 
For tens of thousands uninformed as he! 
In brief, what liberty of mind is here?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man, 
To whom the appeal conch'd in its closing words 
Was pointedly addrest; and to the thoughts 
That, in absent or opposition, rose 
Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give 
Prompt utterance; but, rising from our seat, 
The hospitable Vicar interposed 
With invitation urgently renewed. 
—We followed, taking as he led, a Path 
Along a hedge of hollies, dark and tall, 
Whose flexile boughs, descending with a weight 
Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots 
That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds 
Howl from the north, with kindly warmth, methought, 
Is here, how grateful this impervious screen! 
Not shaped by simple wea of the foot 
On rural business passing to and fro 
Was the commodious Walk; a careful hand
Had marked the line, and strewn the surface o'er
With pure cornelian gravel from the heights
Pelted by the neighbouring brook.—Across the Vale
The stately Fence accompanied our steps;
And thus the Pathway, by perennial green
Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
As by a beautiful yet solemn
The Pastor's Mansion with the House of Prayer.

Like Image of solemnity, conjointed
With feminia allurement soft and fair,
The Mansion's self displayed,—a reverend Pile
With bold perspectives and recesses deep;
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the moonlight Sun. We paused to admire
The pilared Porch, elaborately embellished;
We enter—by the Lady with the Parthian old;
The crimson richly fringed, of grey stone;
And that smooth slope from which the Dwelling rose.
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowrs
And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned;
Profusion bright; and every flower assuming
A more than natural vividness of hue,
From unaffected contrast with the gloom
Of sere cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survival some traces, here
Not unbecoming, of proseque device
And moonly fancy. From behind the roof
Rose the slim ash and mesly sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The large round chimneys, harbour of delight
For warm and redhot,—where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
Nor must I leave unmentioned (the picture else
Were incomplete) a relic of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of nicest workmanship: that once had held
The sculptured Image of some Patron Saint,
Or of the Blessed Virgin, looking down
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden Mount
Crowned by its antique summer-house—descends,
Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
For she hath recognised her honoured Friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
The placidome Child bestowed at his request;
And, up the flowery fawn as we advance,
Hangs on the Old Man with a happy look,
And with a pretty restless hand of love.
—We are received, Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:
A lofty stature unadorned by Time,
Whose visitation had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face;
To that complexion brought which profuse 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 hardy endurance in various climates,
Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,
And that full trim of inexperienced hope
With which she left her haven—not for this,
Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze
Ply 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 Narrator, shining in the beams
Of unexpected pleasure. Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid day hours with desultory talk;
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose
And answer flowed, the letters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier days;
And, in the various conversation, bore
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
Yet with the grace of one who in the world
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had now
t Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steadfast 'vantage ground of truth.
He gazed with admiration unsuppressed
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we sat,
In softened perspective; and more than once
Praised the consummate harmony serence
Of gravity and elegance—diffused
Around the Mansion and its entire domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care.—'A blessed lot is yours!'
The words escaped his lip with a tender sigh
Breathed over them; but suddenly the door
Fly open, and a pair of lusty Boys
Appeared—confusion checking their delight.
—Not Brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond Companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river's margin—whence they came,
Anglers elated with unusual spoil.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The Boy of plainer garb, whose blush survives
More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be
To that fair Girl who from the garden Mount
Bounded—triumphant entry this for him!
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
On whose capacious surface see outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted 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:—their number he proclaims;
Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged;
And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his Conrade too) a look of pride;
And, verily, the silent Creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by Death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But O, the animation in the mien
Of those two Boys! Yea in the very words
With which the young Narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess: Him might I compare,
His look, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold Brook that splits for better speed,
And, at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels. ever and anon
Parted and reunited: his Companion
To the still Lake, whose stillness is to sight
As beautiful, so unrivalled to the mind.
—But to what object shall the lively Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and air
Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved: his vivid eye
Glistened with tenderness; his Mind I knew,
Was full; and, had I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the theme—erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy Boys
Withe their compliments to their well-earned meal;
And He,—to whom all tongues resigned their rights
With willingness, to whom the general car
Listened with reader patience than to strain
Of music, lute or harp,—a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased; as One
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE EXCURSION.

BOOK IX.

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

ARGUMENT.—Wanderer asserts that an active principle
pervades the Universe—Its noblest seat the human
soul—How lively this principle is in Childhood—
Hence the delight in Old Age of looking back upon
Childhood—The dignity, powers, and privileges of
Age asserted—These not to be looked for generally
but under a just government—Right of a human
Creature to be exempt from being considered as a
mere instrument—Vicious inclinations are best kept
under by giving good ones an opportunity to show them-
seves—The condition of multitudes deplored, from
want of due respect to this truth on the part of their
superiors in society—Former conversation recurred to,
and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light—
Genuine principles of equality—Truth placed within
reach of the humblest—Happy state of the two
Boys again adverted to—Ear-est wish expressed
for a System of National Education established
university by Government—Glorious effects of this
foretold—Wanderer breaks off—Walk to the Lake—
embark—Description of scenery and amusements—
Grand spectacle from the side of a hill—Address
of Priest to the Supreme Being—in the course of which
he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present
appearance of the scene before him—The change
attributed to Christianity—Apostrophe to his friend,
living and dead—G-atitude to the Almighty—Return
over the Lake—Parting with the Solitary—Under
what circumstances.

"To every form of being is assigned,
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
An active principle: how'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unending clouds,
To flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Wit'er exists such properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chain, 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 reverenced least,
And least respected. In the human Mind,
Is 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 desire; we see by the glad light,
And breathe the sweet air of futility,
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow—say perchance this very hour,—
(For every moment hath its own to-morrow!)
Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick
With present triumph, will be sure to find
A field before them freshened with the dew
Of other expectations; in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys
A like glad impulse; and so moves the Man
'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears,—
Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of Childhood—but that there the Soul discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigour; silence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that ascends
Undaunted, tow'r'd the impenetrable heavens,
From her own lonely altar!—Do not think
That Good and Wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
As shall divide them wholly from the air
Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
That Man descends from the Vais of years ;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final Extinction, though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a Point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty—a place of power—
A Throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top,—say one of those
High Peaks, that bound the vale where now we are.
Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
With all the shapes upon their surface spread:
But, while the gross and visible frame of things
Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantial'd,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
Falls from the Twin River, that flow below,
Ascending!—For on that superior height.
Who sits, is discem'd from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the leaves
Many and idle, visits not his ear;
This he is freed from, and from thousand notes
Not less unceasing, not less vain than these,—
By which the outer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would incline
To listen, is prevented or deterred.

"And may it not be hoped, that, placed by Age
In like removal tranquil though severe,
We are not so remonstrant for utter peace;
But for some favour, suited to our need?
What more than that the sev'ring should confer
Fresh power to commune with the invisible world,
And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude: whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

"But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
Of Man, may rise as to a welcome close
And termination of his mortal course,
Them only can such hopes inspire whose minds
Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford
Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.
For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope
And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,
Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the Individual’s bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the Almighty Ruler’s grace, partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever-constant love,
That tires not, nor bemoans. Our Life is turned
Out over the course; ever so is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
’er implement, a passive Thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational Soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil? Hence an alter-call
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare
Entrust the future.—Not for these sad issues
Was Man created; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And ’tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unknown by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
They sweep distrust up from the busy day,
And make the Chalice of the big round Year
Run o’er with gladness; whence the Bragg moves
In beauty through the world; and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbour-hood.

"Then," said the Solitary, "by what force
Of language shall a feeling Heart express
Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
We look for health from seeds that have been sown
In sickness, and for increase in a power
That works but by extinction? On themselves
They cannot bear, nor turn to their own hearts
To know what they must do; their wisdom is
To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid:
Or rather, let us say, how least observed.
How with most quiet and most silent death,
With the least taint and injury to the air
The Oppressor breathes, their human Form divine,
And their immortal Soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you—you have spared
My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
A wide compassion which with you I share.
When, heretofore, I placed before your sight
A Little-one, subjected to the Arts
Of modern ingenuity, and made
The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindile or a wheel;
Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
The wave of ignorance, and oft of want,
And miserable hunger. Much, too much
Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
Suffered, though in mild and meekful degree:
Yet was the mind to hinders exposer
Through which I struggled, not without distress
And sometimes injury, like a Lamb enthrall’d
Mid thorns and briers: or a Bird that breaks
Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls
Should open while they range the richer fields
Of the Earth’s surface, are obstructed less
By indigence, their ignorance is less,
Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt
That tens of thousands at this day exist
Such as the Boy you pointed, lineal Heirs
Of those who once were Vassals of her soil,
Following its fortune like the beasts or trees
Which it sustained. But no one takes delight
In this oppression; none are proud of it;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My thoughts
Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
A Bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Arts in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far;
To Victims, which the merciful can see
Nor think that they are Victims; turned to wrongs?
By Women, who have Children of their own,
Behold without compassion, ye with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wine diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The harder, the more sure, we become;
Delusion which a moment may destroy!
Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen
Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,
Where circumstance and nature had combined
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind
Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

"Ah! what differs more than man from man?
And whence that difference? whence but from himself
For so the General Race endow’d
With the same upright form!—The Sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven.
Fixed within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless Ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view.
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
Reason,—and, with that reason, smiles and tears;
Imagination, freedom in the will,
Conscience to guide and check; and death to be
Forfeited, immortality presumed.
Strange, then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed
The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
Liberal and undistinguished, should hide
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding: leaving truth
And virtue, difficult, abstract, and dark;
Hard to be won, and only by a few.
Strange, should He deal herein with nice respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers,
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low, for purity graced
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul
Funders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope;
Yet, in that meditation, will he find
Motive to smaller grief, as we have found,—
Lamenting ancient virtues overturned,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference betwixt Man and Man.

"But let us rather turn our gladdened thoughts
Upon the brighter scene. How best that Pair
Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now)
Blest in their several and their common lot!
A few short hours of each returning day
The thrilling Prisoners of their Village school:
And thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes
Or range the grassy lawn in varvany,
To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
Idly,—but to delay, no harm, no loss.
For every current Power of heaven and earth,
Throughout all the seasons of the changeful year,
Obeisantly doth take upon herself
To labour for them; bringing each in turn
The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,
Leasure, or strength: Such privilege is theirs,
Granted alike in the outset of their course
To both; and, if that partnership must cease,
I believe not," to the Pastor here he turned,
"Such as I glory in that Child of yours,
Rejoice not, for his Cottage-comrade, whom
Belike no higher destiny awaits
Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled,
The wish for liberty to live—content
With what Heaven grants, and die—in peace of mind,
Within the bosom of his native Vale.
At least, whatever fate the doom of life
Reserves for either, this is sure, that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a joyous time,
That in itself may terminate, or lead
In course of nature to a sober eve.
Both have been fairly dealt with; looking back
They will allow that justice has in them
Been shown—alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter, then, with forcet voice
And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed,
"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Bindimg herself by Statute to secure
For all the Children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of Letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood, and practised,—so that none,
However desirous, be left to droop
By timely culture unassisted; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the aid
Of intellectual improvements and arts;
A savage Horde among the civilized,
A servile Band among the free;—
This sacred right, the lapsing Babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude Boy,—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his willful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impius use—by process indirects.
Before his due, what he cannot know's his need.
—This sacred right is fructuously announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of Parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she owns a Mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly voided
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good; which England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

"Look! and behold, from Cape's sunburnt cliffs—
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-severenced Titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overthrown;—and Territory split,
Like fields of ice run by the polar wind.
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes,
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
Meantime the Sovereignty of these fair Isles
Remains entire and indivisible;
And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds
Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly Bodies shining in their spheres.
The discipline or slavery is unknown
Amongst us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and trained:
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous hands take
Their place; and genuine piety descend
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

"With such foundations laid, avoind the fear
Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all beautiful 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 burdens; and a way as smooth
For those ordained to take their sounding flight
From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
In fresh abodes, their labour to renew;
So the wide waters, open to the power,
The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;
Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours hope
Or bold adventure: promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.
—Yes," he continued, kindling as he spake.
"Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,
This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,
Earth's universal Frame shall feel the effect
Even till the smallest habitable Rock,
Beaten by lightly billows, hear the songs
Of humanized Society; and bloom
With civil arts, that send their fragrance forth,
A grateful tribute to all-ruining Heaven.
From Culture, unexclusively bestowed
On Athion's noble Race in freedom born,
Expect these mighty issues: from the pains
And faithful care of Unambitious Schools
Instructing simple Childhood's ready ear:
Thence look for these magnificent results:
Vast the circumference of hope—and Ye
Are at its centre, British Legislators:
Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall Wisdom's voice
Now from the bosom of those troubled Times
Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
And shall the venerable Halls ye fit
Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
Trust not to partial care a general good;
Transfer not to Futurity a work
Of urgent need.—Your Country must complete
Her glorious destiny.—Begin even now,
Now, when Oppression, like the Egyptian plague
Of darkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, makes
The brightness more conspicuous that invests
The happy Island where ye think and act;
Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
Show to the wretched Nations for what end
The Powers of civil Felicity were given:"

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
The Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
"Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope; and see—beyond—
The Lake, though bright, is of a placid blue;
As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How temptingly the Landscape shines!—The air
Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
To the Lake's margin, where a Boat lies moored
Beneath her sheltering trees.—Upon this hint
We rose together: all were pleased and happy:
The beauteous Girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy,
Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
to her beloved Brother and his shy Compeer.
"Now was there haste 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,
Most of the Convicts single or in pairs.
Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched
The ha'vy rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A two-fold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Staggy and bold, and writhed horns superb,
The breathing tume stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, sheltered his shadowy Counte-part.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight:

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words
The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
Gathered together, all, in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
In low voice to my particular ear,
"That to hear that eloquent Old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age,
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude!
While he is speaking. I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,
Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright,
Like those reflected in your quiet Pool,
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
To great and small disturbances exposed."

Mo had she said—but sportive shouts were heard;
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,
Who, bearing each a hatchet on his arm,
Dow the green field came tripping after us.

—When we had cautiously embarked, the Pair
Now for a prouder service were address'd,
But an inexorable law forbade;
And each resigned the oar which he had seized.
Whereat, with willing hand I undertook
The needful labour; grateful task—to me
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or mid a crew
Of joyous comrades.—Now, the rocky margin
Clear'd, with a strenuous arm I dipped the ear,
Safe from obstruction; and the Boat advanced
Through crystal water, smoothly as a Hawk,
That, disentangled from the study boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, clears
With correspondent wings the abyss of air.

"Observe," the Vicar said, "You rocky Isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide the helm;
While the处处ward we speed our course or while
We seek that other, on the western shore—
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a mossy Dome
Of solemn foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian Temple rising from the Deep."
Revive its ashes. What care we for this, Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys! And, in this unpromised slight Of that which is no longer needed, see The common course of human gratitude!" This plaintive note disturbed not the repose Of the silent evening. Right on we rowed Our pinnae moving; then, coasting creek and bay, Glades we behold—and into thickets peep— Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat Browse by the side of dashed waterfalls. Thus did the Bark, musing with the shore, Pursue her voyage, till a natural pier Of jutting rock invited us to land. —Alert to follow as the Pastor led, We clomb a green hills side; and as we clomb, The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave Fair prospect, intercepted less and less, Of the flat meadows and indented coast Of the smooth lake—in compass seen.—far off, And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-tower, In majesty presiding over fields And habitations, seemingly preserved From the intrusion of a restless world. By rocks impassable and mountains huge. Soft heath this elevated spot supplied. And choice of moss-chest stones, wherein we crouched Or sate reclined—adoring quietly The general aspect of the scene; but each Nook and cranny over ancient toils made Known his own discoveries; or to favourite points Directing notice, merely from a wish To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared. That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget When these particular interests were effaced From every mind.—Already had the sun, Sinking with less than ordinary state, Attained his western bound; but rays of light— Now suddenly diverging from the sun, Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled By the diew air—shot upwards to the crown Of the blue firmament—aloft and wide: And multitudes of little floating clouds, Ere we, who saw, of chang' ing—were conscious, pierced Through their ethereal texture, had become Vivid as fire—clouds separately poised, Innumerable multitude of Forms Scattered through half the circle of the sky: And giving back, and shedding each on each, With prodigious communication, the bright lines Which from the unapparent Fount of glory They had imbied, and ceased not to receive. That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep Repeated; but with unity sublime! While from the grassy mountains open side We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent On the refulgent spectacle—diffused Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space, The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed— "Eternal Spirit! universal God! Power inaccessible to human thought, Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast designed To furnish; for this efficacy of Thine, To the infirmity of mortal sense Vouchsafed; this local transitory type Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven, The radiant Cherubim;—accept the thanks Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convened, Presume to offer; we, who from the breast Presume the faint reflections only of thy face, Are yet exalted, and in soul adore! Such as they are who in thy presence stand Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink Imperishable majesty stream'd forth From thy empyreal Throne, the elect of Earth Shall be—diversified at the appointed hour Of all dishonour—dissipated from moral stain. —Accomplish, then, thy number; and conclude Time's every 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 high behest, and every heart obey; Both for the love of purity, and hope Which it affords, to such as do thy will And persevere in good, that they shall rise, To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven. —Father of Good: this prayer in bounty grant, In mercy grant it to thy wretched Sons. Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease, And cruel Wars expire. The way is marked, The guide appointed, and the ransom paid. Alas! the Nations, who of yore received Those tidings, and in Christian Temples meet The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still; Preferring bonds and darkness to a state Of holy freedom, by redeeming love Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained. "So fare the many; and the thoughtful few, Who in the anguish of their souls bewail This dice perverseness, cannot choose but ask, Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife, Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed; And the kind never perish? Is the hope Falselaced, or shall righteousness obtain A pea calve's dominion, wide as earth, And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell In crowded cities, without fear shall live Scourious of mutual benefit; and he, Whom morning wakes, among sweet dews and flowers Of every clime, to till the lonely field, Be happy in himself?—The law of faith, Working through love, such conquest shall it gain; Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve? Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart! And with that help the wonder shall be seen Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise Be sung with transport and unceasing joy. "Once," and with mild demeannour, as he spake; On us the venerable Pastor turned His beaming eye that had been raised to Heaven, "Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a sound Within the circuit of this sea girt Isle Unheard, the savage nations bowed the head To God's delighting in remorseless deeds; Gods which themselves had fashioned, to promote ill purposes, and flatter foul desires. Then, in the bosom of your mountain core, To those inventions of corrupted Man Mysterious rites were sublimized: and there, Amid impenetrable rocks and glorious clouds, Of these terrific idols, some received Such dismal service, that the loudest voice Of the swelling cataracts (which now are heard Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome, Though aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks Of human Victims, offered up to appease Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes had visionary faculties to see The thing that hath been as the thing that is, Against we might behold this crystal Mere Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,
Fun from the body of devouring fire,
To Tartanis erected on the heights
By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Exultingly, in view of open day
And full assemblage of a barbarous Host;
Or to Andates, Female Power! who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious Victory.

—A few rude Monuments of mountain stone
Survive; all else is swept away.—How bright
The appearance of things! From such, how changed
The existing worship; and with those compared,
The Worshippers how brave— how best!
So wide the difference, a willing mind,
At this affecting hour, might almost think
That Paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again: and to a happy Few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

—Whence but from Thee, the true and only God,
And from the faith derived through Him who bled
Upon the Cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil; as if one extreme
Were left—the other gained—O Ye, who come
To kneel devoutly in your Reverend Pile,
Called to such office by the peaceful round
Of Sabath bells; and Ye, who sleep in earth,
All cares forgotten, round its bArrowed walls!
For Ye, in presence of this little Band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,
Your Father is embarrassed to predict
Vocal thanksgivings to the Eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands have made
Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and Him, who is endowed
With scintillant knowledge, Master of all truth
Which the salvation of his soul requires.

Conscious of t'at abundant favour showered
On you, the Children of my humble care,
And this dear Land, our Country, while on Earth
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
These fertile fields, that recompense your pains
The shadowy vale, the sunless mountain-top;
Woods waving in the wind their lovely heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waves, and the still;
They see the offering of my life and soul—
They bear my lips present their eulogies—
They know if I be silent, mourn or even:

For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent; and Thought be prone to Him,
Audible praise, to Thee, Omniscient Blind,
From Whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!**

This verber service closed, without delay;
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our hem-wound course,
in mute composition, o'er the shadowy lake,
Beneath a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendours: grey the vault,
Pure cloudiness either; and the Star of Eve
Was wanting;—but inferior Lights appeared
Fainly, too fain almost for sight; and some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the Boat attained
Her mooring-place;—where, to the sheltering tree
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This done, we paced
The dewy fields; but see the Vicar's door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps;
Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed
A farewell salutation,—and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one Cottage in the lonely dell;
But turned not without welcome promise given,
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, consumed
In wandering with us through the Valleys fair,
And o'er the Mountain wastes. "Another sun,"
said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part,—
Another sun, and peradventure more;
If time, with free consent, is yours to give,—
And season favours."

To ennobled Power,
From this communion with unjailed Minds,
What renovation had been brought; and what
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
Deprived, and habitation disposed
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
Excuse and solace for her own defects;
How far those erring notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendecy as good
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This—its deightful hope, as herebefore,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and holy Minds approve the past)
My future Labours may not leave untold.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS. THIS VOLUME IS APPROPRIATELY INSCRIBED, BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1834.

[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 poem 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 warden,
I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while bare leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But the breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparency through the golden.

For buoy thoughts the stream flowed on
In soamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation;
No public and no private care
The forebom 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,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unmarred face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If then, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness lingering yet
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And care waylay their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon hill and Cheviot,
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves;
May classic fancy, linking
With native fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from slinking!

O! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May health return to mellow age,
With strength, her venturesome brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Rememhred in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Not lose one ray of glory!

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, unattended truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Where'er thy thyrrive thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite thee.
A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.
And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals dare 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 poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us!
Nor deem that localized romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeable life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bore witness, ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were centered;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of crumbling Newark entered;
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)
Ere he his tale recanted!
Flow on forever, Yarrow stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty,
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!

SONNETS.

I.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT FROM
ABDUL'S FOR, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
White Tweed, last pleased in chasimg a bilthe strain,
Faddess his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the night
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler return
Than sceptred king or laurelted conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Waiting your charge to soft Parthenope!

II.

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

PART fenced by man, part by a ragged steep
That carves a fanciful brow, a grave-yard lies;
The barest spotouching-place for fearless sleep;
Which mould'd etrays, far seen by erulous eyes, Enter in dance. Of church or Sabbath too,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rude-sculptured Knights
By humbler choice of plain old times, are seen
Loved with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smiles
The spounge turf, and neighbouring thicketts ring
With jubilate from the choir of spring!

III.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSI IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,
Among the happiest-basking homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, though deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains wherein the sky distils
Her lack's loved warblings; does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with childless 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 linear rights in lands and towers.

IV.
COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL, DURING A STORM.

The wind is now thy organist;—a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, Roslin: to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sensations roof,
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain thouproof.
Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
Came those drei books? by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where raindrops seem unknown?
Yet in the temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

V.
THE TRISTRACH.

There's not a room within this solemn pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
Th' etern life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbroken upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of sea spray
(October's workman-bird to rival May)
The penitent wanderer of theuddy breast
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest.

VI.
Foi Phibech's note, discon太子ened or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-split boy;
The tartar moldering like unpicked fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herd-man's head—
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And some old homos, too, and passions high:
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination—to the change
Superior? Help to virtue does it give?
If not, O mortals, better cease to live!

VII.
COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

This land of rainbows, spanning glens whose walls
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colored mists,
Of far-stretched Mees, whose salt flood never rests,
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls;
Of mountains varying momentously their crests—
Proud be this land! whose poorest hits are hails
Where Penny entertaineth becoming guests;
While native song the heroic past recalls.

Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,
The Muse exclaimed; but story now must hide
Her trophies, fancy couch;—the course of pride
Has been diverted, other lessons taught.
That make the patriot-spirit bow her head
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

VIII.
EAGLES.

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF ORAN.

Dishonoured rock, and ruin! that, by law
Tyraunic, keep the bird of Jove embarrased
Like a base criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this prisoner once; and when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

IX.
IN THE SOUND OF NULL.

Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil, in mercy, o'er the records h ung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a wood, ghost-like, survives to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung;
From honor misconceived, or fancied wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual wo:
Yet, though a wild vindictive race, untamed
By civil arts and labors of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by three fierce men,
Who to spread wide the reverence that they claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering peaks, "Shepherds of Eilean Glen".*

X.
AT TYNRUM.

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of swains reposmg myrtle groves among!
Once couch on naked rocks, will cross a brook
Sworn with chill raising, 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 mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be one
Of Nature's priy council, as thou art,
On cloud-requested heights, that see and hear
To what dread power He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

XI.
THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MAN SION, AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE.

Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style
* In Gaelic Breacail Eite.
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detain
The sleeping dust, stern death: how reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm abode, and that new pie,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausoleum pomp? Yet here they stand
Together,—mid trim walks and artful bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills

XII.

REST AND BE THANKFUL. AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished for height;
This brief, this simple way side call can slight,
And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun’s outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalks
Of valley flowers. Not lost is the limbs repair,
Will we forget that, as the feat we can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And flees first unrenewed, the torrent’s sweep.—
So may the rural, through forests that faith testos
Win rest and ease, and peace, with bliss that angels share.

XIII.

HIGHLAND HUT.

See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built cot;
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun’s first ray
Like wreaths of vapor without stain or blot.
The limpid mountain till avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and bred,
Humanity is humble.—birds no spot
Which her heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk in the flowery roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, of it all heart;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof
Mock, patient, kind, and were their trim fewer,
Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!

* This sound describes the exterior of a Highland hut, but is often seen under morning or evening sunshine. The reader may not be displeased with the following extract from the journal of a Lady, "my fellow-traveller in Scotland, in the autumn of 1803, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the interior of one of these rude habitations.

On our return from the Trossachs the evening began to drizzle, and it rained so hard before we got to our house that we could hardly have done without our clothes. In this we were not much worse than we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our beemant, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was first from cold—

A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me wave;
But, by occasion tempted, now I have
Needless renewal of an old delight.
Reiter 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 cross.
Memory, like sleep, bath powers which dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

XVII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LION’S DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE.

Amid a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well doth it become
The Ducal owner, in his princely home
To naturalize this tawny lion breed;
Children of art, that claim strange brotherhood,
Conched in their den, with those that roam at large
Over the burning wildnesses, and charge
The foe with terror white they roar for food.
But those, as unfortunate, and a still more near
Calls into life a more enduring fear:
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
Denot him—if his compassionate, now be-dowered,
Yawning and listless, were by hunger roused.
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

XVIII.

THE AVON (A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.)

Avon—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Which we hear about 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 pre-
serve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own
character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench
under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the
different courses of the river, above and below.
On the opposite bank, which is likewise wooded, and
and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon
a rock; and rock and ruins are so blended, that it is im-
possible for one to separate the one from the other.
Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this
place: elm trees (for we were near enough to dis-
tinguish them by their long slender trunks) only grew 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 itself
on smooth and unruffled below, seem to my thoughts
more in harmony with the sober and stately images
of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel
for the sake of the waters. It descends gently with
the waving of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the
large ones, that had made their nests in the ruins.
In this form the Avon had previously heard nothing of Both-
well Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; there-
fore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with
what I received elsewhere, than others might feel. —

Like this unheard of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim
Of streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;
And ne'er did genius slight them, as they go.
Tree, flower and green herb, feeding without blame.
But praise can waste her voice on work of tears,
Anguish, and death; full oft where innocent blood
Has mixed its current with the limbs of God,
Her heavenly offending trophies glory rare;
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from thy name, pure rill, with unpleased ears!

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, nor more is Inglewood.
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:
On her last thorn the eighth moon has shown;
Yet still, though unappropriated wild be none,
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might reign.
With Clym o' the Couch, were they alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.
Nor wants the holy Abbot's guiding shade
His Church with monumental wroth beam'd;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a ghost unaid'd,
Hath still his castle, 'tis a shroud, a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and learns con
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

Here stood an oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,
Whom the dog Hercules pursued—his part
Each desirably sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-vestige of the chased
And charger bursting here with one dire smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat:
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;
And for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, Hart's-horn Tree!

* In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333, or 1334, Edward Balliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brongland, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhyme was made upon them:

'Hercules kill'd Hart a greenest
And Hart's greenest kill'd Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree.
The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place. —Nicholson and Burn's History of Westmorland and Cumberland.
The tree has now disappeared, but the author of these poems well remembers its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighborhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz., Julian's Fower: Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith churchyard; Arthur's Round Table; the ex-

APOLLODY.

[On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1650, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 21d of April 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £1, to be distributed in the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. [Laws Do?]"]

While the poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of charity display
Its bloom unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the verdant prime
Leaves—transplanted from heaven's purest clime!
Charity never faileth:" on that creed
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, for ever!
"Laws Do?" Many a stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane memorial's fond endavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye was glazed,
Has ended, though no clock, with "God be praised!"

XXII.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

How profitless the relics that we call,
Troubling the last holds ofambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle saginations full!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom;
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who glori'd in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets, imitate in their grasp?
The sage's theory? the poet's lay?
Mere Futila with a robe to clasp;
Obsolece lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

APOLOGY.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt
Arupt—as without preconceived design
Was the beginning, yet the several lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent, like those shapes distinct
That yet survive ensculpted on the walls
Of palace, or of temple, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might besee an stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their bands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift, to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims due for sacrifice.
Nor will the muse condemn, or treat with scorn
Our ministration, humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every muse

cavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her Daughters near Eden, &c.
Its impulse took—that sorrow-striken door,
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources; while around us sighed
(Life's three first seasons having passed away)
Leaf-scattering winds, and tear-fest sprinklings fell,
Festive of winter, on the moonlight fields;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if defection have too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and cascred
More than enough, a fault so natural,
Even with the young, the hopeful or the gay,
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

—

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

In tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek saint, Columba, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore.
No common light of nature blessed
The mountain region of the west,
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dammless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impersonations to the tide of war;
Yet peaceful arts did entrance gain
Where haughty force had driven in vain;
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman gown;
The Fibula whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame.
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fane-thatched hut or heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold:
As might beseech the fairest maid,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulred hall,
No fancied bower on the wall;
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Osian sang.
The heroic age expired—its slept
Deep in its tomb—the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's heart; the grasse sod
Grew on the floors his sons had trod;
Malvina! where art thou? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicite,
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come spoilers—hordes impelling home,
Must walk the rowering mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the deus of heavenly grace;
Still pily to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favorite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, bating prayer,

One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as night beheld—
Rood, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay.
What poor abodes the heir-born hide,
In which the castle once took pride?
Tokens, once kept as hoarded wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lest 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 novels of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier joys,
Shall yield no light of love or praise,
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light,
Blind chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends antiquity,
And clears oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (itly
in use, though rarely met with, among the Highland-
ers) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one,
and concurs with the plaid and kilt to recall to mind the
communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country. How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own but, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daugh-
ter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give anything I have, but I hope she does not wish for my Broach!" and uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

—

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 Towskiy Marbles, and now in the Brit-
ish Museum.]

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the Rocks of Scilly
The pleased enchanter was awa e
Of a bright ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—The Water Lily.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this phaean bright,
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and streaming pendant.

Upon this winged shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic glass;
Was ever built with patience care;
Or, at a touch, set forth with wondrous transformation.

Now, though a mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern science,
Grave Merlin (and beheld the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them with defiance.

Provoke to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and cried,
"My art shall help to tame her pride!"—
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the sorcerer urges;
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spiteful fiends that vanish, crossed
By fiends of aspect more malign:
And the winds roused the deep with fiercer squallors.

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 trusting anchorage, or seem'd o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the wizard's craft confounding;
Like something out of ocean sprung
To be forever fresh and young,
Beats the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebounding!

But Ocean under magic leaves,
And cannot spare the thing he cherished:
Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and devotion?
The storm has stripped her of her leaves;
The Lily floats no longer—She hath perished!

Grieve for her,—She deserves no less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living creature!
No heart had she, no busy brain;
Though loved, she could not love again;
Though pitied, 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 hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself had mutter'd;
And, while repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half-raised head,
A visitant by whom these words were uttered:

"On Christian service this frail bark
Sailed" (hearken, Merlin! "under high protection;
Though on her prow a sign of heathen power
Was carved—a goddess with a lily flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.
"Her course was for the British strand,
Her freight it was a damsel peerless;
God reigns above, and spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the princess, and her land
Which she in duty left, though sad not cheerless:
"And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
A cry of lamentation send;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that stranger's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

"Shame! should a child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy malice?"—
Thus to the Necromancer spoke
Nina, the lady of the lake,
A gentle sorceress, and hagion,
Who ne'er embittered any good man's chalice:

"What hoons," continued she, "to mourn? To expiate thy sin endeavour!
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian maid
May yet to Arthur's court he borne
Cold as she is, ere life be bred forever.
"My pearly boat, a shining light,
That brought me down that sunless river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave;
Then Merlin! for a rapid flight.
Through air to thee my charge will I deliver.

"The very swiftest of thy cars
Must, when my part is done, be ready;
Meanwhile, for further guidance look
Into thy own prophetic book;
And, if that fail, consult the stars
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again
Was seated in her gleaning shallop,
That, o'er the yet-distempered deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the shore
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the white!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed,
Of a divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina as she passed, with hopeful 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,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The damsel in that trance embound;
And, while she raised her from the ground,
And in the pearly shallap placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The tumult rushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blending
Of fragrance, undervailed 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
Then if the goddess of the flower had spoken:
"Thou hast achieved, fair dame! what none
Less pure in spirit could have done;
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success betoken."

So cheered she left that island bleak,
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,
The self-illumined brigantine
Sailed, on the slumberer's cold wan cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they came
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the dame:
"Behold to thee my charge I now deliver:"

"But where attends thy chariot—where I?"
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious charge!
If he be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden."

He spake, and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two mute swans, whose plumes of dusky white
Changed, as the pair approached the light,
Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift
The princess, passive to all changes:
The car received her; then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The birds with progress smooth and swift
As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the slumberer's side,
Instructs the swans their way to measure;
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of mistrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awl-stricken stood both knights and dames
Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
Eftsoons astonishment was past,
For in that face they saw the last
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride, by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty king, fair lords,
Away with feasts and tilt and tourney!
Ye saw, throughout this Royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

"Lo! by a destiny well known
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
This is the wished-for bride, the maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed

Where she by shipwreck had been thrown;
Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
Exclaimed the king, "a mockery hateful;
Dutiful child! how hot how hard!
Is this her piety's reward?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!
O winds, without remorse! O shore ungrateful!"

"Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent him of his tryst;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split saunter.

"Alas! and I have caused this wo:
For, when my prowess from invading neighbours
Had freed his realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear daughter on a knightly bestow
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

"Her birth was heathen, but a fence
Of holy angels round her hovered;
A lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

"Ask not for whom, O champions true!
She was reserved by me her life's betrother;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse; then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, here! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

"My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping;
Here must a high attest be given,
If her bridegroom was for her ordained by heaven;
And in my glass significants there are
Of things that may to sadness 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 forever 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 false 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 Agravaine advanced: no sign he won
From heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinah turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though be, devoutest of all champions, ere
He reached that ebon car, the tier
Whereon diffused like snow the damsel lay,
Full thrice he crossed himself in meek composure.
Imagine (but, ye saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled;
The wishes, preadventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthen out a span
Of time to lords and ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car, Sir Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his beaver vailed,
And softly touched; but, to his princely cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a brother,
Came to the proof; nor grieved that there ensued
No change—the fair Isouda he had wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from heaven's grace
A sign he eraved, tired slave of vain contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing glad
When his touch failed. Next, Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in moonlight vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He raised 'mid an arbor green and shady,
Nina, the good enchantress, shed
A light around his messy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
As o'er the insensate body hung
The enrat, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the youth had worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
The marvel of the Perilous Seat,
Which whoso'er approached of strength was born,
Though king or knight the most renowned in story.

He touched with hesitating hand,
And lo! these 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 clasped
Their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;"
Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining;
When, to the mouth, relenting deah
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
In silence watched the gentle strife
Of Nature leading back to life;
Then eased his soul at length by praise
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart
Sir Galahad! a treasure that God giveth,
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

Not long the nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearses
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses:—

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers,
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A ship to Christ devoted
From the land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright ship disdained,
An idol at her prow.

By magic dominion,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of parblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The flower, the form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor mischapse be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her,
She cast a pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band;
And, bilow favoring bilow,
She reached the destined strand.

Best pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you,
To bowers of endless love!

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

While from the purpled east departs
The sun that led the dawn,
Bithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee
Foreran the expected power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes her whose away
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon day,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremendous heart excite;
And buns the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, best power! when youths and maid
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough;
Thy spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not thou!
Tby feathered liese hill and wings
In love's disjoint 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 graves

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honour thee, sweet May!
Where violets fanned by thy brisk airs
Beheld a stainless sky,
Their puniest flower-pot-nursing daze
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name Hath not dep rided, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game,
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee, attend,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yet! where love resides thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.
Shy is the haughty one of pride,
The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words, refuse
The service to prolong:
To yon exulting through the Muse
 Intrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.


TO MAY.

Throned many suns have risen and set
Since thou, bright May, wert born,
And haunts, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's dicriest hour.

Earth, sen, thy presence feel—nor less,
If on ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,

How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours!"
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its strath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steep
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pictured we wander forth
When May is wi'('
"Come!"
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For ills that must fade,
Or "the rathe primrose as it dies"
Forsaken" in the shade!
Vernal fruitions and desires
Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth reiter,
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
Mishap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle missis as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which you house of God
Gleans 'mid the peace of this deep vale
By few but shepherds trod;
And lowly haunts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Pep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The Masque of Rome.

[The King, projecting his head, speaks to the audience through a megaphone.]

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,

The Queen: To suit the latter end of your great Majesty,
The Queen: We'll be most careful in our attentions,
And give our ears a season to the play of Rome.

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,

The Queen: To suit the latter end of your great Majesty,
The Queen: We'll be most careful in our attentions,
And give our ears a season to the play of Rome.

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,

The Queen: To suit the latter end of your great Majesty,
The Queen: We'll be most careful in our attentions,
And give our ears a season to the play of Rome.

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,

The Queen: To suit the latter end of your great Majesty,
The Queen: We'll be most careful in our attentions,
And give our ears a season to the play of Rome.

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,

The Queen: To suit the latter end of your great Majesty,
The Queen: We'll be most careful in our attentions,
And give our ears a season to the play of Rome.

The King: Good people, I desire you, in good season,
To give your ears a season to the play of Rome,
Which, being a masque wrought for your delight,
When silent were both voice and chords
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for English words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to leave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unswise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-soothing dove,
Captive, who'd 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 over the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.)

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,
And all his majesty,
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifled rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet boy,
Thy inspirations give:
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of susque skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:

Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Both here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the deli a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing powers,
The spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies;
From humble violet, modest thyme
Exhaled, the essential odora 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 throats,
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst think, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouts
The taper lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed.
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery?
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?

Also: the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualize the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humors change, are spurred like weeds;
The solemn rites, the awful forms,
Founder amid fanatic storms;
The priests are from their altars thrust,
The temples leveled with the dust;
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude.
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearyed canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head;
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the almighty Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions Nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

[The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgement, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the older times.]

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
How she wooed an English Man;"
Hear now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldán;
How she loved a Christian slave, and told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking;"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."

"Princess fair, I'll till the ground, but may not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake."

"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;
Then from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy men bespeak, in high degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set thee free."

"Lady, dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage:

*See, in Percy's Reliques, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love," from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.

Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,
Should troubles overflows 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 unbind,
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 fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion I that gilded dome,
You minarets, 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 that eyes could see the heart!"

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assuage my cloven 'd shield!"

Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor her who thinking of me there conus widowed hours."

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you can, say no:—
Blessed is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my 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 cheers, 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:
Lest impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door,
And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore.

But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrank from trust
In a sensual credul 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.

Judge both fugitives with knowledge:
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

Thought infrim me'er came between them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
Forest-fruit with social hands;
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
Bend with the breathe their heads, beside a crystal stream.

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, behold his lord,
Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

Mutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,
Years contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last;

"Hie thee to the countess, friend! return with speed,
And of this stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

"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.

"Make it known that my companion
Is of royal Eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good.
Though with misbelievers bred; but that dark night
Will Holy Church disperse by beams of Gospel light."

Swiftly went that gray-haired servant,
Soon returned a trusty page
Charged with greetings, benedictions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the stranger's way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

Fancy (while, to banners floating
High on Stolberg's Castle walls,
Deafening noise of welcome mounted,
Trumpets, drums, and saber,) The devout embraces still, while such tears fall
As made a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

On the ground the weeping countess
Kneel, and kissed the stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band;
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved.
Christian mockness smoothed for all the path of life,
Who loving most, should win heart, their only strife.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged knight lies sculptured
As between two wedded wives—
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth.

Like stars, at various heights;
And one ray primrose to that rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in nature's chain
From highest heaven let down! The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all;
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered;
The sunny vale looked gay;
And to the primrose of the rock
I gave this after-lay.

I sang, let myriads of bright flowers,
Like thee, in field and grove
Revive envied,—mightier far
Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope
Is God's redeeming love:
That love which changed, for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent
O'er hopeless dust, nor withered age,
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.

——

PRESENTIMENTS.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear of shame;
All heaven-born instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense, and, being such,
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fathless,
Were mine in early days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good;
Too potent over nerve and blood,
Lark near you, and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse,
This hides not from the moral muse
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derived powers!
Comes faith that in auspicious hours
Builds castles, not of air;
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist; and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised above
Prognostics that ye rule:
The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled child,
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments?
A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell; spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
With sighs of self-exhausted mirth
Ye feelingly reprove;
And daily, in the conscious breast,
Your visitations are a test
And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope
To an exulting nation's hope,
Often, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretations,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contraries.

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

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

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

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail.

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her nester mansion near,
The turtle dove replies:

Though silent as a leaf before,
The captive promptly coos;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak muse?

I rather think, the gentle dove
Is murmuring a reproof,
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof;
That I, a bard of hill and dale,
Have caroll'd, fancy free,
As if nor dove, nor nightingale,
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet bird! to do me wrong:
Love, blessed love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song:
Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre;
That coo again!—'Tis not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild peak; where new-born waters glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple nature, fairly tried!
Yet he whose heart in childhood gave her tryst
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth;
That, not for fancy only, prop up charm;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.

RESPONDING father! mark this altered bough,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
Invisible! yet spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discoloring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a stripling's grace blow,
Fade and are slied, that from their timely fall
(Misread it not a cankering change) may grow
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call
In all men, sinful it is to be slow
To hope—in parents, sinful above all.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED,
AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

While poring antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the bard, a seer,
Takes fire:—The men that have been reappraise
Romans for travel gear, for business gowned,
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hours were of the passing year,
Dawns this time buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrank into coins with all their warlike toll:
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the wolf, whose sucking twins
The unlettered ploughboy piles when he wine
The casual treasure from the farrowed soil.
THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of the following Tale, affirms, that, besides the concurrent reports of others, he had the story from the Lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, was the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged wife of Peter the Great.]

PART I.

Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes
Like harelips bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likeness to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
Stepped one at dead of night;
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated flight:
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrib 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 bat.

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

She led her lady to a seat
Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
Prevented each desire;
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposèd,
Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod
Where curtain pale or torn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn:

While over her the matron bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul.

Refresbed, the wanderer rose at morn,
And soon again was light
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
Dispensing round your knees?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour!

"The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;
A mighty one upon me gazed;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath:
You, foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

"I cannot bring to utter wo
Your proved fidelity."—
"Dear child, sweet mistress, say not so!
For you we both would die."
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
And cheek embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unsatined,
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?
A poor man's counsel take;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake;
Rest shielded by our lady's grace;
And soon shall you be led
Forth to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

PART II

The dwelling of this faithful pair
In a straggling village stood,
For one who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighbourhood;
But wide around lay forest ground
With thickets rough and blind,
And pine-trees made a heavy shade
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noontide sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp;
And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single island rose,
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vassal plied;
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
Of archer, there was tried;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
From all intrusion free;
And there he planned an artful cot
For perfect secrecy.
With earnest pains uncheck'd by dread
Of power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good man his labour sped
At nature's pure command;
Heart-soothed and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Crepus forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh,
And reached the lonely isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the woodman smiled;
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window; all seemed wild
As it had been ever.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined.

And heard was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No Queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in Bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate;
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard"—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face,
Resolves devotedly serene,
That monumental grace
Of faith, which doth all passions tame
That reason should control;
And shows in the untroubled frame
A statue of the soul.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

PART III.
'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phoebus wont to wear

"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his impropous 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 shou'd
No meener leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the Gods,
With laurel cimelos crowned.

Into the mists of fading time
So far runs back the praise
Of beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That zeorna temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

To this fair votaress, a fate
More mild doth Heaven ordain
Upon her island desolate;
And words, not breathed in vain,
Might tell what intercourse she found,
Her silence to endorsing;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute presence, above all,
Her soothed affections clung.
A picture on the cabin wall
By Russian usque hung—
The Mother-maid whose countenance bright
With love abridged the day;
And, communed with by taper light,
Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either guardian came,
The joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame,
So high their hearts would beat;
And to the lone recess, whatever
They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her parents thought,
The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not enwrought
That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic daughter feared
The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
Into a safer sea—
Or gentle nature close her eyes,
And set her spirit free
From the altar of this sacrifice,
In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
The white swans southward passed,
High as the pitch of their swift plumes
Her fancy rode the blast;
And bore her toward the fields of France,
Her father's native land,

* From Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. See also his Dedication Epistle prefixed to the same work.
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 Kremlins and its haughty towers  
Forgotten like a dream:  

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**THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.**

PART IV.

The ever-changing moon had traced  
Twelve times her monthly round,  
When through the unfrequented waste  
Was heard a startling sound;  

A shout thrice sent from one who chased  
At speed a wounded deer,  

Bounding through branches interlaced,  
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,  
And toward the island fled,  
While plowers screamed with tumult harsh  
Above his startled head;  

This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,  
Shrunk to her sister's side;  

The desperate deer rushed on, and near  
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,  
The hunter followed fast,  
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew  
A death-proclaiming blast:  

Then, resting on her upright mind,  
Came forth the maid—"In me Behold," she said, "a stricken hind  
Pursued by destiny!"  

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

There is my covert, there perchance  
I might have lain concealed,  
My fortunes hid, my countenance  
Not even to you revealed."

"Tears might be shed, and I might pray,  
Crouching and terrified,  
That what has been unveiled today,  
You would in mystery hide;  

But I will not defile with dust  
The knee that bends to adore  
The God in heaven;—attend, be just:  
This ask I, and no more!"

"I speak not of the winter's cold,  
For summer's heat exchanged,  
While I have lodged in this rough hold,  
From social life estranged;  

Nor yet of trouble and alarms:  
High Heaven is my defence;  
And every season has soft arms  
For injured innocence."

"From Moscow to the wilderness  
It was my choice to come,  
Lost virtue should be harbourless,  
And honour want a home;  

And happy were I, if the Czar  
Retain his lawless will,  
To end life here like this poor deer,  
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the maid," the stranger cried,  
"From Gallic parent sprung,  
Where as vanishing was rumoured wide,  
Sad theme for every tongue;  

Who foiled an emperor's eager quest?  
You, lady, forced to wear  
These rude habiliments, and rest  
Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;  
And in her face and mien  
The soul's pure brightness he beheld  
Without a veil between:

He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame  
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;  

The passion of a moment came  
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,  
Preparing your deliverance,  
To me the charge hath given.  

The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
Stormy and self-willed;  

But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
His violence is stilled."

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
And I to her will go;  

From that humane and heavenly source,  
Good, only good, can flow."  

Faint sanction given, the cavalier  
Was eager to depart,  

Though question followed question, dear  
To the maiden's felicit heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,  
Kept pace with his desires;  

And the third morning gave him sight  
Of Moscow's glittering spires.  

He said:—heart smitten by the wrong,  
To the born fugitive  
The emperor sent a pledge as strong  
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er  
Amazement rose to pain,  
And over-joy produced a fear  
Of something void and vain,  

'Twas when the parents, who had mourned  
So long the lost as dead,  
Beheld their only child returned,  
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love  
Within the maiden's breast:  
Delivered and deliverer move  
In bridal garments drest;  

Meek Catherine had her own reward;  
The Czar bestowed a dower;  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

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 shrank not into shade;  
Great was their bliss, the honor high  
To them and nature paid!"

-WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant  
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care.
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was one,—for one, an under fly
The thousand links of that eternal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
Weary, and sick of strifeful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.
[Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickering, Esq.,
for St. John's College, Cambridge.]
Go, faithful portrait! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the saintly foundress, take thy place;
And, if time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
To think and feel as once the poet felt.
Whate'er thy fate—these features have not grown
Unrecognized through many a household tear,
More prompt, more glad to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES, IN A VASE.
The soaring lark is best as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings;
While ye, in lasting durance bent,
Your silent lives employ
For something "more than dull content
Though imply 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 wenye—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 honours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That suits 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 constellation eyes
In wings of cherubim,
When they abate their fery glare:
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are,
All lends to gentleness.
Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure;
Your birthright is a fence
From all that taunting kinds endure
Through tyranny of sense.
Ah! not alone by colours bright
Are ye to heaven elled,
When, like essential forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.
For day-dreams soft as o'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
For moonlight fascination mild
Your gift, ere shutters close;
Accept, mute captives! thanks and praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admiring raise
Delight resembling love.

LIBERTY.
(sequel to the above.*)
"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 dis-
course."—COWLEY.

Those breathing tokens of your kind regard,
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;)
Not soon does sight to which mild fancies cling,
In lonely spots, become a sighted thing:)
Those silent inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy cell
To the fresh waters of a living well;
That spreads into an elfin pool opaque
Of which close boughs a glistening mirror make,
On whose smooth breast with dimples light and small
The fly may settle, leaf or blossom fall.
—There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden power,
That from his bubble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpass'd;
And near him, darkling like a sullen gnome,
The silver tenant of the crystal dome;
Dissevered both from all the mysteries
Of lane and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
They pined, perhaps, they languished while they shone:
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?
But if the change restore his birthright, then,
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.

* Addressed to a Friend; the Gold and Silver Fishes
having been removed to a pool in the pleasure-ground of
Rydal Mount.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
From his poor inch or two of cramped sed!
O ye gods! nor yield him back his privilege!
No sea
Swells like the bosom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
Your independence in the fathomless deep!
Spread, tiny Nautilus, the living sail;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!
If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
By ana, gulls, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute companions, in the pool,
Among reflected boughs of leafy trees,
By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease—
Enlivened, braced, by handy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell)
Of witchcraft fixed them in the crystal cell;
To wheel with languid motion round and round,
Beautiful, yet in a mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;
On their quick sense our swiftest music jarring;
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root near
When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
Then they were silent; in starless gloom;
And, when the sun first danced upon the streams,
How faint their portion of his vital beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they faded,
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now)
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend bough—
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plenities on his costly stage,
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape; and, if need were,
Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear
The emancipated captive through blithe air
Into strange woods, where he at large may live
On best or worst which they and nature give?
The beetle loves his unperturbing track,
The snail the house he carries on his back:
The far-fetch'd worm with pleasure would disown
The bed we give him, though of softest down;
A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All ranks! What sovereign, worthy of the name,
If doomed to breathe against his lawful will
An element that flatters him—to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the bard is true to inborn right,
Lark of the sky, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal—days, months, from nature's hand;
Time, place, and business, all at his command!
Who bents to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious poet taught to prize,
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost?
That life—the flowery path with winds by stealth,
Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendours of imperial Rome?
Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
Attuned to verse that crowning light distress
With garlands cheats her into happiness;

Give me the humblest note of those sad strains
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
Or when the prattle of Bandustas's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He proud to please; above all rivals, fit
To win the palace of gaiety and wit;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,
By the world's ruler, on his honoured head!

In a deep vision's intellectual scene
Such earnest longings and regrets as seen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;
A doleful bower for penitential song,
Where man and muse complained of mutual wrong;
While Cam's ideal current glided by
And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,
Citadels dent to studious privacy.
But fortune, who had long been used to sport
With this tried servant of a thankless court,
Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;
You, muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!
But happier they who, fixing hope and aim
On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Eater times with more than simple fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
Upbraid with warnings need not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their being's godlike mate!

Thus, gifted friend, but with a placid brow
That woman ne'er should forget, keep thy row;
With modest scorn reject whatever would blind
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!
Then, with a blessing granted from above
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
Life's book for thee may lie unclosed, till age
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.*

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.

CALM is the fragrant air, and lath to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dew.
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 towers,
Wanted a while with faint and fainter powers,
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village church-clock's iron tone
The time's and season's influence discern;

* There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipa-
tion, with which the above Epistle concludes, being
realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the indi-
vidual for whom they were intended. She accompa-
nied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India,
and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-
three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay,
deeply lamented by all who knew her.
Her enthusiasm was ardent, her pietie steadfast;
and her great talents would have enabled her to be
eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which
she had been called. The opinion she entertained of
her performances, given to the world under her
miden name, Jwsbury, was modest and humble, and,
indeed, far below their merits: as is often the case
with those who are making trial of their powers
with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for.
In one quality, viz., quickness in the motions of her
mind, she was in the author's estimation unequaled.
Niné beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence; how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft infects a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!

The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was done,
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
And join his little children in their sleep.

The bat, hived forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
And flits and reffits along the close arcade;
Far heard the dor-hawk chases the white moth
With bawling note, which industry and sloth
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.

Wheels and the trend of hoofs are heard no more;
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,
As a last token of man's toilsome day!

II.
Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife;
Not in some hour when pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
Who daily plies up wealth in Wensum's cave,
Is nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of genius, if he dares to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bont
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who is innocent! By grace divine,
Or 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 relished, but not repelled;
No perfect care grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If he, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without repulse advance,
Come not to spoil the soul's deliverance;
To the distempered intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

III.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the cope
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of roots, that now, from twig or nest
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of noisy hovering
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equinoctes.

O Nightingale! When ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardoxially cheated,
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,

Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be,
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of night,
A dawn she has both beautiful and bright,
When the cast kindles with the full moon's light.

Wanderer, by spring with gradual progress led,
For away profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-weathered ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green vale
Fairer than Trupe! Yet, sweet nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, in thy chaste, or slig. by pool or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with nature's way,
God's goodness measuring bounty as it may;
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepliug sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

IV.

Soft as a cloud is ion blue ridge— the Mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky.
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath
Their dazzling g leen.

—An emblem this of what the sober hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meeke eye shuts up the whole usurpion host
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassert a staid simplicity.
'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Like angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
If yet to-morrow, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

V.

The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
On drooping eyeld 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, transferr'd
To the still lake, the imaginative bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unearthed.
 Grave creature! whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a rooflesse tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower.
VI.

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 stealthy as the vanted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie;—
Comes that low sound from lowwes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore!
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!

Thou power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
Of ocean rushed into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain;
Teach me with quick-cared spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a true sincerity
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear;
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in thee!

VII.

(By the sea-side.)

The sun is couched, the sea-bowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
Air shudders—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a beaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water swayed.
Stealthy withdrawals, interminings 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 bemooned;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
Saved by his care who lade the tempests cease;
And some, too heedless of past danger, court
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port;
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
Not one of all those winged powers is seen.

Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard;
Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred!

By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays.
Sung to the Virgin while accordant ears
Urge the slow bark along Californian shores;
A sea-born service through the mountains felt
'Till into one loved vision all things melt:
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.

Bust, not a voice is here! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
On British waters with that look benign?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart, "our thoughts are heard in heaven!"
THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Thus, as the light of day grows dim,
Nor will he turn his car aside
From holy offerings at noon tide:
Then here reposing 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 respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray;
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have falttered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

A WREN'S NEST.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with wise care,
Is none that with the little wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a labourd roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious 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 abbey walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a bane
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Watches by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the fluttering bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
Is better and a best;

And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;
This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;
For she who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a primrose looked for aid;
Her wishes to fulfill.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things, but onco
Looked up for it in vain:
'Tis gone—a ruthless sprite's prey,
Who needs not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth,
And felt that all was well.

The primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no evil intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing primrose tuft
In foresight, or in love.

SONNETS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

[Having been prevented by the lateness of the season in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of sonnets is a memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock; then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dunfries-shire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.]

I.

AMEN, Rydaline Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair mount, a poet of your own,
One who never ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown,
Farewell! no minsters now with harp new-strung
For want of common with these household bowers;
Yet not for this wants poesy a tongue
To cheer the tardian on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musings sits forsaken halls among.

II.
Why should the enthusiastic journey through this isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity attests him with a smile,
Th' mid fruitful fields that ring with sound coal,
And pleasure-gounds where taste, refined comate
Of truth and beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primal Nature's style.
Fair land! by time's parental love made free,
By social orders watchful arms embraced,
With unpresented union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If what is rightely reverence may last.

III.
They called thee merry England, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy head in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keepst the same
Endearing title, a resplendent chime
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are
Where sternes judgments deem that word a snare
For insatiable fancy, like the fire
Which foolish birds are caught with.
Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For content, and poverty, and crime?
There spending towns a chock for lawless will;
Forbid it, Heaven!—that "merry England" still
May be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV.
TO THE RIVER GRETA* NEAR KESWICK.
GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block;
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:

* Many years ago, when the author was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in oystromy, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the bridge, the form of which, as every one must note, exactly resembled a great A." But Dr Whithaker has derived it from the root of crenate, in the north of England, "to grot," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the story and nautical 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 Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purpose of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

But if thou (like Cocytus, from the moans
Heard on his useful margin) thence wert named
The mourner, thy true nature was damped,
And the habitant murmurs that stones
For thy worst race, forgotten. Off as Spring
Deck, 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 benisons.

V.
TO THE RIVER DERWENT.*

Among the mountains were we nursed, loved streams
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:—Paint the bea
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice. Glory of the vale.
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the stream
Of thy soft breath.—Less vivid wrath entwined
Nemean victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Mead of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The scent splendidours 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 LAI.)
A point of life between my parent's dust,
And year's, my buried little ones! and I;
And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ill's which bear I must:
And you, my offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may ourstrip me in the appointed race,
If ever, 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.
There look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet! that, stickish as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now compères,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. E'erwhile a stern link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind—

*ambiguo lumen refanique fluitaque.
Occurrentque sibi venturas aspicient undas.

This sonnet has already appeared in several editions of the author's poems; but he is tempted to reprint it in this place, as a natural introduction to the two that follow it.
Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;
While thou wert casting the wing’d butterfly
Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden proffy
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.

—

VIII.

NUN’S WELL, BRIGHAM.

The cattle crowling round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Though which the water creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near.
Yet, o’er the brisk, and round the limestone-cell
Of a pure spring (they call it the “Nun’s Well,”
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear).
A tender spirit brooks—the pensive shade
Of ritual honours to this fountain paid
By hooded votaries* with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of its too soft a tear.”

—

IX.

TO A FRIEND

(On the banks of the Derwent.)

Pastor and patriot! at whose bidding rise
These modest walls amid a flock that need
For one who comes to watch them and to feed
A fixed abode, keep down prescriptive sighs.
Threats which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the church; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fires of air received a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill timed or vain.

—

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

(Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington.)

Dear to the loves, and to the graces vowed,
The queen drew back the winiple that she wore;
And to the throes from which she was bowed
That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian shore;
Bright as a star (that, from a sombre cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enhound)*

* Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly
a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor;
and in the decayed parlour some vestiges of monastic
architecture are still to be seen.

† “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 thence she was conducted with
many marks of respect to Carlisle.” The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall
(where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as
herime 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 de-
struction.

She smiled; but time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand,
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear.
Stilled by the unguineg block of Potheringay!

—

XI.

IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE COAST OF
CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

Ranario the heights of Sawhead or Black-comm,
In his lone course the shepherd oil will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause
He will take with him to the silent tomb:
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with sages unavailingly free.

—

XII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
That no adventurer’s bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the main,
Mists rose to hide the land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O fancy, what an age was then for song!
That age, when not by laws insatiate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held,
But element and orb on acts did wait
Of Powers endowed with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

—

XIII.

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?
To reinstate wild fancy would we hide
Truths whose thick veil science has drawn aside?
No,—let this age, high as she may, install
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man’s fall,
The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncressed by some new wall
Or Gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative faith! caust overtop,
In progress toward the point of love,—the throne
Of power, whose ministering spirits records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

—

XIV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

“Digna laude viram Musa vesta mori.”
Tax 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 you tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Best work it is of love and innocence,  
A tower of refuge to the else forlorn,  
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!  
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir  
'Tmid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?  
No, their dread service serves the heart it warms,  
And they are led by noble Hillary.*

XV.  
BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.  

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling brine  
With wonder, smite by its transparency,  
And all-enraptured with its purity?  
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,  
Are ever in them something of benign;  
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
A sleeping infant's brow, or wak'ful eye  
Of a young maiden, only not divine.  
Scarceley the hand forbears to dip its palm  
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well:  
Temptation centres in the liquid calm;  
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
To instantaneous plunging in, deep sea:  
And revelling in long embrace with thee.  

XVI.  
ISLE OF MAN.  

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,  
To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee  
Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid  
Been near, or soon have bewailed out life betrayed  
By fondly trusting to an element  
Fair, and to others more than innocent;  
Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid  
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,  
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;  
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;  
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
Or doubly snatch; and he survives to bless  
The power that saved him in his strange distress.  

XVII.  
THE RETIRED MARINE OFFICER, ISLE OF MAN.  

Not pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,  
Grief that devouring waves had caused, nor guilt  
Which they had witnessed, swayed the man who built  
This homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,  
Nought heard of ocean, troubled or serene.  
A tired ship-soldier on paternal haud,  
That o'er the channel holds august command,  
The dwelling raised,—a veteran marine;  
Who, 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, doon'd, though free,  
Self-doon'd to worse inaction, till his eye  
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!  

* The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary: and he also was the founder of the life-bate establishment, at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

XVIII.  
BY A RETIRED MARINER,  
(A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.*)  

From early youth I ploughed the restless main,  
My mind as restless and as apt to change;  
Through every clime and ocean did I range,  
In hope at length a competence to gain;  
For poor to sea I went, and poor I still remain.  
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
And hardships manifold did I endure,  
For fortune on me never deigned to smile;  
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
In a snug cove on this our favoured isle,  
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;  
Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
Though poor to sea I went, and poor I still remain.  

XIX.  
AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.  
(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)  

Broken in fortune, but in mind entire  
And sound in principle, I seek repose  
Where ancient trees this convent-like incline;  
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire  
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me  
A gray-haired, pensive, thankful refugee,  
A shade but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note  
The old tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
I thank the silent monitor, and say  
"Singe so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

XX.  
TYNWALD HILL.  

Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing  
Singe above stage) would sit this island's king,  
The laws to promulgate, enrol'd and crowned;  
While circling the little mount around,  
Degrees and orders stood, each under each;  
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,  
The power is nought, the pump a grave has found:  
Off with you cloud, old Snafell'; that thine eye  
Over three realms may take its widest range;  
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
If the whole state must suffer mortal change,  
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

* This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with the author, who hopes, as it falls so easy into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.  
† Rushen Abbey.  
‡ The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley, as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "If 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 sites and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes have been great, and the progress, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophical writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not come still more striking as months and years advance!
XXI.

Drearly who will—I heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shatter'd the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fail; that she, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings that a day of doom
To liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shine,
Then laugh, ye innocent vales! ye streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest isle
Toss in the faming wind a humbler plume."

XXII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

( J U L Y 17, 1833.)

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the crag of Ailsa; ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more graciously adorn
His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of care,
Pleasure, or grief, and toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,
Or aught that watchful love to Nature owes
For her mute powers, fix'd forms, and transient shows.

XXIII.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

( I N A S T E A M-B O A T. )

Arrive! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helen next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat or skiff
Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff,
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull monster and her sordy crew;
And, like a god, light on thy tenacious cliff,
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew not union of extremes,
No natural bond between the holiest schemes
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And nifty springs give birth to lowly streams.

XXIV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.*

[ See page. 276.]

The captive bird was gone—to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
Him found we not; but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An eagle that could neither wall nor soar.
Effigies of the vanished, (shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of past times,
That towering courage, and the savage deeds
Those times were proud of, take thou too a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXV.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain brood,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now, near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indigant tempes howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Wear of him! Thou, saucy cockato,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for him no quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor bird! even so
Both man of brother-man a creature make,
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVI.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but surely, in the motley crow,
Not one of us has felt, the far-famed sight;
How could we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurt, and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The ghost of Fingal to his tuneful cave!
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave,
Softly embracing the timid light;
And by one votary who at will might stand
Gazing, and take into his mind and heart
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the Almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human art!

XXVII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.*

Thanks for the lessons of this spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heavens by earth, would overrule
Infinite power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearring with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the structure's base,
And flashing upwards to its topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

* The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came need 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, the author returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions, which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind,
XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

Ye shadowy beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Purgal’s mystic gloom,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin frames,
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;
And they could hear his ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.

Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep we else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they see,
Not by black arts but magic nature?
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
You light shapes forth a bard, that shade a chief.

XXIX.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of summer! Ye fresh flowers that brave
What summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the temple’s front, its long-drawn nave
Smiling, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright flowers, on fizee and archivive
Survive, and once again the pile stands fast,
Calm as the universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by spirits pure—
Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of time with all his hours,
As the supreme artificer ordained.

XXX.

On to Iona!—What can she afford
To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruins with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word
(Thy paramount, mighty nature! and time’s Lord)
Her temples rose, ‘mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed piles
Shall disappear from both the sister isles,
Iona’s saints, forgetting not past days,
Gardiands shall wear of amarauthine bloom,
While heaven’s vast sea of voices chants their praise—

XXXI.

IONA.

(UPON LANDING.)

With earnest look, to every voyager,
Some ragged child holds up for sale his store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.

—Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. The author had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

But see you neat trim church, a grateful speck
Of novelty amid this sacred wreck—
Not spare thy scorn, haughty philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this glory of the west,
Still on her sons the beams of mercy shine;
And their hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossesed,
A faith more fixed, a rupture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."*}

XXXII.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

[See Martin’s Voyage among the Western Isles.]

Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black
In the people’s minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour gray.
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To saint, or friend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—peasant, king, or slave?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
Come links for social order’s awful chain.

XXXIII.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba’s cell,
Where Christian piety’s soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!—
Remote St. Kilda, art thou visible?
No—but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in fancy’s bark,
When, with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold;
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-brilliant waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXIV.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful city,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell."

Where he the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive diry.
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
Too busy mart! thus fared it with old Tyre,
Whose merchants princes were, whose decks were thrones:
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respir
To serve thy need, in union that Clyde
Whose nursing current brawls o’er moose stones,
The poor, the lonely herdsman’s joy and pride.

* The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well known sonnet of Rassell, as conveying the author’s feeling better than any words of his own could do.
XXXV.

"There!" said a stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
Is Mossyiel farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the daisy." Far and wide
A plain below stretched sea-ward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random bield of clod or stone,"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away, less happy than the one
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate child,
As Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting—for the spirit is all but fled!
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consol'd and cheered;
Feel with the mother, think the severed wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that art, trium, haut over strife
And pain, hath powers to eternity adorned.

XXXVI.

FAVY AND TRADITION.

The lovers took within this ancient grove
Their last embraces; beside those crystal springs
The hermit saw the angel spread his wings
For instant flight; the sage in yon alcove
Sate musing; on that hill the bard would rove,
Not mute, where now the loiter only sings:
Thus every where to truth tradition clings,
Or fancy localizes powers we love.
Were only history licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A reader look of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXXVII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

E'en! 'till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name;
Yet fetched from paradise* that honour came,
Rightfully borne; for nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair stream! I length I pay
To my life's neighbour duces of neighbourhood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by the thought restrained
That things far off are toiled for, while a good
Not sought, because too near, is seldom gained.

XXXVIII.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD, BY NOLLEKINS,

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORY, ON THE BANKS
OF THE EDEN.

Stretched on the dying mother's lap, lies dead
Her new-born babe, dire issue of bright hope:
But sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head

* It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound orningist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Morey, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden, The former syllable occurs in the name Eamont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea.

So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate child,
As Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting—for the spirit is all but fled!
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consol'd and cheered;
Feel with the mother, think the severed wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that art, trium, haut over strife
And pain, hath powers to eternity adorned.

XXXIX.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim went thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The tragic muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
And what of hope Elysian could allow
Was fondly seized by sculpture, to restore
Peace to the mourner's soul; but he who wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warned our world, and being with his glowing light:
Thea arts, which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that idea face to face;
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit, round the central sun.

XL.

NUNNERY.

The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps* how fiercely sweeps
Groglin, the stately Eden's tributary!
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the nuns while on the steeps
They kneel'd in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased: then, clearing easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?
Canal, and viaduct, and railway, tell! ±

XLI.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

Motions and means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss?
Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all the beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother space,
Accepts from your bold hands the professed crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

* The chain of Crossfell, which parts Cumberland and Westmorland from Northumberland and Durham.
† At Cory, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.
LXXVII.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honour; whence the goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye towers and pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise, authentic story
Will say, ye disappeared with England's glory!

XLIII.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.*

"Magistratus indicat virum,"

LONSDALE! it was unworthy of a guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
On thy abode harmoniously impressed,
Yet be unmove with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agrees
Fortitude and that Christian charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "The magistracy shows the man;"
That searching test thy public course has stood;
As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of envy's reach.

XLIV.

TO CORDELIA M———.

HALSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
You tell me, Delia! was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
You say, but from Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain.

And thought
Mix strangely; tribes light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being;
Yes, lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance of meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, memory's helper, fancy's lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLV.

CONCLUSION.

Most sweet it is, with unlifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be th'ere or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forebears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene;
The work of fancy, or some happy tune
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,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew's
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF———.

Nov. 5, 1834.

LADY: a pen, perhaps, with thy regard,
Among the favoured, favoured not the least.
Left, 'mid the records of this book 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 south
The blossoms cease to lay in the thyme itself
Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Towers, and stately groves!
Bear witness for me; thou, too, mountain-stream,
From thy most secret haunts: and ye, parterres,
Which she is pleased and proud to call her own;
Witness how oft upon my noble friend
Meate offerings, tribute from an inward sense
Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited, till the affections could no more
Endure that silence, and broke out in song;
Snatches of music taken up and repeat
Like those self-solacing, those under notes
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumal 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 reprehened by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus virtue lives debarred from virtue's meed;
Thus, lady, is retir'd a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompence for many wants)
Open their hearts before thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;
And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free.
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.
Then let the book receive in these prompt lines
A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they, who mark thy course, behold
A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;
See cheerfulness undamp'd by stealing time;
See studied kindness flow with easy stream,
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the verse not tell of lighter gifts
With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread, or on the managed steel art borne,
Flees as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer,
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So, at an hour yet distant for their sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven.—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

THE SIONNAMULIST.

List, ye who pass by Lyulp's tower* At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Em bodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
The pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days,
A stern-brow'd house appeared;
FoU to a jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright bird from her cage,
To make this gem their own,
Came barsom bold, with store of gold,
And knights of high renown;
But one she prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye dales and hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where passion caught what nature taught,
That all but love is folly;
Where fact with fancy stopped to play,
Doubt came not, nor regret;
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

* A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk
Upon the banks of Ullswater. Fonce is the word used
in the Lake District for Water-fall.

But in old times love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of love.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
And proves the lover true!"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and praised
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in low's behalf,
The third of fame his warrant;
And she her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needle work and flowers.

Yet best was Eman when she heard
Her champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She warbled from full heart:
Delightful blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope waxes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.
He comes not back; an ample space
Requires for noble deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight she has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted knight?"
The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickness round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep she sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contaminating;
But she is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloof, while through the wood
She thirs her way, the sounding flood
Her melancholy lute:

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 ride
And to a holy bower;
By whom on this still night deserted?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
His coming step has thwarted;
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy sleeper see;
Perplexed her fingers seem;
As if they from the holy tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidy
Plunging from her to the stream.
What means the spectacle? Why intent
To violate the tree,
Thought Egkamore, by which I swore
Undying constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of value, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognized the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
I heard, and so may he!"

Soul-shattered was the knight, nor knew
If Emma's ghost it were,
Or boding shade, or if the maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched, what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the knight! when on firm ground
The rescued maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful spirit flew,
His voice; beheld his speaking face,
And, dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was sorrow's guest;
In hermit's weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Alra, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial bays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays?
Dear art thou to the light of Heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shall take thy place with Yarrow!

Voice but serves for one brief cry,
Plaint was it? or prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come?
Omen of man's grievous doom?

But, O mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy prayer;
By the silent thanks now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail creature,
Instrument of struggling nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this one release;
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
Oft times makes its bounty known
By its shadow round him thrown;
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell—too bright
Haply for corporeal sight!

Ministers of grace divine
Feedingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the finest breath
That has power to battle death—
Beautiful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive mockery!

And, sweet mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From the everlasting throne;
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers touch,
That, whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset
This thy first-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years,
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the babe, whom'er betides,
Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises,
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Amply for a winged hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart.
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her press,
Conscious nursing, to thy breast!
THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

MARCH, 1839.

Last, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
Their meek heads to the snarling air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!

Sink unto a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if time leagued with adverse change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatever they may bring,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the rumbling spirit feeds
Upon each home-event as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hope that within the father's heart prevails,
Are in the experienced grand sire's low to fall;
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
To his grave touch with no apparent string.
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

Thanks to the powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary lay,
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And fancy greets them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
Sheahs the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she Hale (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscions babe an unbeheld love!)
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight.
She rallies the fleet swallow, making rings
In the smooth lake where'er he dips his wings:
—Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That seeks from mountain height, her honey store;
Or like the warbling lark intent to shrow
His head in sunbeams or a homely cloud.
She roams—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like the humble cottage, blest
With a new visiting, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers float the breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and heights and deities
Catch the blythe music as it sinks or swells;
And bowered ships, whose pride is on the sea,
Shall boast their topgallant flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ill assigned
By nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall now by such a gift with joy be moved,
Not he, whose last faint memory will command
The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tendered to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rapture thrilled; whose youth revered the crown
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
Alfred, dear babe, thy great progenitor!
—Not he, whom from her mellowed practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash policy begin her mimic dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see, (himself not unregaled)—

Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
To see presumption, turning pale, returning
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on, with ceaseless good
Till indiscriminating ruin swept
The land, and wrong perpetual vigils kept;
With proof before her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends.

Can such a one, dear babe! though glad and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quake
Not for his own, but for thy innocent sake!
Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through blind ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou count'st into this breathing world;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering realm?
What hand suffice to govern the state-fruit?
If, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (what'er be sought for or profess)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;
Yet 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 incumbent now
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who never concede;
If generous loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle treason, with his mask of law;
Or with bravo insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the faction to conspire,
And they who should extinguish, raise the fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by power that spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost peopla, trained to theoric feed;
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewiddered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
And snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy;
In bursts of outrage spread your 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 nook
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress'd,
And every man sit down as plenty's guest!

—O, for a bridle bitted with remorse!
To stop your leaders in their headstrong career:
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace
May he pour round you, from worlds far above
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,
That quietly restores the natural rein
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy rend
Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.
Why is the past belied with wicked art,
The future made to play so false a part,
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed In the end tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful nation!
If thou persist, and, scanning moderation,
Spread for thyself the spores of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of time
Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Our tears and homeless orphans.

But turn, my soul, and from the sleeping pair
Learn thou the beauty of Omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still;
Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

Is this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, ect, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Wo to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

SONNET,*

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

"Peoples! 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 he prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
Blasphast thou thyself, vain country! cease to cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened wo."
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

LOVING AND LIKING:

IRREGULAR VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

[In the preceding pages are three pieces addressed
to Children—the following, a few lines excepted, is
by the same Writer: and, as it belongs to the same
unassuming class of compositions, the has been pre-
vailed upon to consent to its publication.]

There's more in words than I can teach;
Yet listen, child—'t would not preach;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you love a roasted fowl,
But may love a screaming owl;
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.

*This Sonnet ought to have followed No VII. in
the series of 1851, but was omitted by mistake.

Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Starting the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavour
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school.
In which he swims, as taught by nature,
A pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.
Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The spring's first rose, by you espied,
May fill your breast with joyful pride,
And you may love the strawberry flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you love the delicate treat,
But like it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.
Long may you live your pensioner now,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house:
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
That deadly foe of both mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would not crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not0 circumnavigate your love:
It may coot with the eagle and brood with the dove.
May pierce the earth with the patient mole;
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
They foster all joys and extinguish all strife.
You love your father and your mother,
Your grown-up and your baby brother;
You love your sister, and your friends,
And countless blessings which God sends;
And while these right affections play,
You live each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory feed,
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But likings come, and pass away;
'Tis love that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenly reward is holy love,
And it will be our bliss with saints above.

ST. BEE'S,  
SUGGESTED
IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF ST. BEE'S HEADS,
ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

St. Bee's Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth,  
are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the  
N. E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of  
which is formed by the southern headland, stands the  
village of St. Bee's; a place distinguished, from very  
early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bee's," says Nicholson and Burns,  
"had its name from Begao, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said  
to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a  
small monastery, where afterwards a church was built  
in memory of her.
"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
Who in these wilds then struggled for command;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
Till this bright stranger came, fair as day-break,
And as a crestet true that darts its length
Of bony lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
Like the fixed light that crowns yon headland of
St. Bees.

To aid the votaries, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
So pity took root; and song might tell
What humanizing virtues round her cell
Sprang up, and spread to their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic choir,
Her chyanzy blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had shown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And in a stately pile, the abbey of St. Bees.

There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And charity extended to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple nuns, and those
Who, to that service bound by venial foes,
Kept watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Were not, in sooth, their requiem sacred rites
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour was past away
Said to the living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.

* The author is aware that he is here tredding upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader he feels that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of these prayers would be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be executed for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to subject 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; but no reflecting person could view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy; they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consumed with zeal, in winged cestacies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.
Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller; or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chieftains sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine brethren's voice,
Implorer, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, vigilant sword!
Flaming till thou from Panyma hands release
That tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

On champions, on!—But mark! the passing day
Submit her intercourse to milder sway,
With high and low whose busy thoughts from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Juden fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a holy-land at home:
The star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded life, through scriptural mysteries
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange
Made room where wolf and boar were used to range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's dominions
The thoughtful monks, intent their God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy church, St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells,—their ancient house laid low
In reformation's sweeping over flow,
But now once more the local heart revives,
The inextinguishable spirit strives.
Oh may that power who hushed the stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first votaries,
Prosper the new-born college of St. Bees!

Alas! the genius of our age from schools
Less humble draws her lessons, sins, and rules.
To provosts guided by her insight keen
Matter and spirit are as one machine;
Bonifacius idolatress of Formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal will:
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's universe would banish God.
Better, if reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
But, mark how gladly, through their own domains,
The monks relax or break these iron chains;
While mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, * Ye chiefs, abate
These legalised oppressions! Man whose name
And nature God disdained not; man, whose soul
Christ died for, cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all controul
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!*

THE VAUDOIS.

But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the scriptures teach?
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate word,
Their fugitive progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure church survives, though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish word.
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-born,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,
Norish the sufferers then; and mista, that brood
O'er chasms with now-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
Allens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

Praised be the rivers, from their mountain-springs
Shouting to freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
To harassed pietys, "Dismise thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"
Not be unthanked their tenderest lingerings
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation, till their long career
End in the sea engulfed. Such welcoming
As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,
Greeted those simple heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet were prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred charge;
Blest prisoners they, whose spirits are at large!

THE REDBREAST.

(Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage)

Driven in by autumn's sharpening air,
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his friendly breast,
As if it were a natural channel
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glances now—now missed
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without:
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
"Till you have marked his heaving breast,
Where tiny sinking, and faint swell,
Betray the elf that loves to dwell
In robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.
Heart-pleased we smile upon the bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Command him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with his who bank hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head,
Reposing on a lone sick-bed:
Where now he daily hears a strain
That chems him of too busy cares,
Essex his pain, and helps his prayers.
And who but this dear bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced child?
Now coolings with his pacing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of spring;
Recalling now, with descent soft
Shed round her pillow from aloof,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,"
Blessing the bed she lies upon.
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old-tolks, fondly pleased to trim
Lamps of faith now burning dim,
Say that the cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night,
And the moon filled the church with light,
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.

Thrice-happy creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands:
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Entrance and exit both yet free;
And, when the keen unfruitful weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season's rage,
For the whole house is robin's cage.
Whether the bird sit here or there,
O'er table list, or perch on chair,
Though some may brown, and make a stir
To scare him as a trespasser
And he belike will flinch or start.
Good friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney nook,
Where sits the dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With images about her heart,
Reflected, from the years gone by,
On human nature's second infancy.

To——.

[Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time,
Let a moment's putting off should make
Mischiefe almost as heavy a crime.]

"Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw
Forth to her dove, and took no further heed;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
Whence the poor unregarded favourite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead

* The words—
"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed then! I mean,
* are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through
the northern counties.

With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach!—for, from aloft, a kite
Pounced, and the dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

Sylvia was it! or a bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock?
A second darted by;—and lo!
Another of the flock,
Through sunshine flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.
Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April's mimicries!
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray
To frolic on the breeze.
Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen
Which sprinkles here these tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their queen.
Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
That not in vain aspire
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropped from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.
Not such the world's illusive shows;
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, out brave
The floweret as it springs,
For the undeserved, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things;
But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient reignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond idlers most are pleased
Whom oftener she beguiles.

THIS LAWN, &c.

This lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine—an apt emblem yields
Of worldlings revelling in fields
Of strenuous idleness;
Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less whenoreal lights
Glance to and fro like airy sprites
To feats of arms address'd!
Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This careless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

Platfered with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.
Less fair is summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough,

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round?

Such be our spring, our summer such;
So may our autumn blend
With hoary winter, and life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her end.

HUMANITY.

(Written in the Year 1829)

—not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern;
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.—MS.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning
Of the following verses, are supposed to have been
Used, by those 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 doubling judge's stern command,
Before the stone of power no longer stand—
To take his sentence from the balanced block,
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
The Druid-priest the hollowed oak adore;
Yet, for the initiates, rocks and whispering trees
Do still perform mysterious offices!
And still in beast and bird a function dwells,
That, while we look and listen, sometimes tells
Upon the heart, in more authentic guise
Than oracles, or winged auguries,
Spake to the science of the ancient wise.
Not unspired appear their simplest ways;
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
To mix with hymns that spirits make and hear;
And to fallen man their innocence is dear.

Enraptured art draws from those sacred springs
Stream that reflect the poetry of things:
Where Christian martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
Born in their hands the lily and the palm
Shed round the altar a celestial calm;
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To sanctuary:—Glorious is the blending
Of right affections, climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
Descending to the worm in charity;
Like those good angels whom a dream of night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight;
All, while he slept, treading the pendant stairs
Earthward or heavenward; radiant messengers,
That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, served the Almighty Lord;
And with untired humility forbore
The ready service of the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
If power could live at ease with self-restraint
Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great vision,—faith in Providence;
Merciful over all existence, just
To the least particle of sentient dust;
And, fixing by immutable decrees,
Eedime and harvest for his purpose
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
That into breezes sink; impatience minds
By discipline endeavour to grow mock
As truth herself, whom they profess to seek.
Then genius, shunning fellowship with pride,
Would brand his golden locks at wisdom's side;
Love ebb and flow untrodden by caprice;
And not alone Ararat tyranny would cease,
But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defence
Reeks on a hollow plea of recompence;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
Witness those glances of ignignant scorn
From some high minded slave, impelled to spurn
The kindness that would make him less forlorn;
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright galaxy of isles,
Where day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—
To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
As the sun mounts, by sweet-bora breezes fanned;
A land whose azure mountain-tops are rents
For gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.
Shall man assumo a property in man?
May on the moral will a withering ban?
Shame that our laws at distance should protect
Enormities, which they at home reject?
"Slaves cannot breathe in England"—a proud boast!
And yet a mockery! if, from coast to coast,
Though fettered slave be none, her floors and soil
Groan underneath a weight of shavish toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules
Patched with capitulation from benighted schools,
That to an idol, falsely called "the wealth
Of nations," sacrifices a people's health,
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Less fancy trifle with eternal laws.
There are to whom even garden grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than infinite power could give.

Lines

Suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone.

Brooked into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen

The author is indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.
More than is needed, but the precious art
Forgive their interference—art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of death and time, the marvel it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly unrooted, might be swept away
From this fair portrait's Fleishhacker archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, happily, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but here do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope? In every realm
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a monk who waits on God
In the magnific convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escorial palace. He,
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British painter (eminent for truth
In character, and depth of feeling, shown
By labors that have touched the hearts of kings
And are endeared to simple cottagers)
Left not unvisited a glorious work,
Our Lord's last Supper, beautiful as when first
The appropriate picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the refectory: and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary father in the stranger's ear
Breathed out these words:—"Here daily do we sit,
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and love,
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my brethren, dead, dispersed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
Upon this solemn company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the substance, we the shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak:
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic portrait it have to versify assigned
late thy calm impression those heart-moving words:
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethsaida's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
That by the visitation was disturbed.
— But why this scolding tear? Companion mute
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,
My song's inspirer, once again farewell!

The pile of buildings, composing the palace and
convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost
its proper name in that of the Escorial, a village at
the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice,
built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely
be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Ameno a grave fraternity of monks,
For one, but surely not for one alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the painter's skill,
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and grace
With no mean earnest 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 endure
To press my ears, though keeping thy sole seat
In alangeness, and little tried by time.
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function artendued
For each and all of us, together joined,
In course of nature, under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe,
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation, that attempts to weigh
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose love,
Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon trial dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.

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 these beautiful odes of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two poems of his friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

STANZAS ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

ARGUMENT.—The ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony.—Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza.)—The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot.—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—how produced (to the middle of 10th Stanza).—The mind recalled to sounds acting causally and severally.—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation.—(Stanza 12th.) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—imaginations connived with such a theory.—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator.—(Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system—the survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

Tyr functions are eternal,
As if within thee dwell a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a spirit aerial
Informs the cell of hearing, dark and blind;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers, for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that reveal in abuse
Of silvery flesh; and wrangled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the blush of despair;

Hosannas peeling down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiem answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve thee, an invisible spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They pull per chance ten thousand thousand flowers.

That rear, the prowling lion's Here I am,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That blear, how tender! of the dam
Calling a stranger to her side.
Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone Bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to man's faint sob of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage lullaby.

Ye voices, and ye shadows,
And images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bustled meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn.
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.

Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft lock down into a cave
Bespinkled with a careless quire
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's glance, exults the veteran's mirth;
Unconcerned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.

For the tired slave, song lifts the languid ear,
And bids it trip fall, with chime
That beautifies the farest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.

Yet pilgrims see—in flagging flight
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral Ave Maria shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:

Nor friends he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through the cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggish, pensive to meet
That voice of freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!

Who, from a martial pageant, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unenraptured crowd with pulseless heads;
Even she whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing graces, as they move
Fanned by the pious wings of love.

How oft along thy mazes
Regent of sound, have dangerous passions trod!
O thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, wondrously reign'd
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better mind;
But lead sick fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Sooth it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

As conscience, to the centre
Of being, smiles with irresistible pain,
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The moudly vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!

Or, awed he weeps, striving 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 cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, time.
Orphican insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tossed passion climb,
When music deigned within this groser sphere
Her subtle essence to unfold,
And voice and shaft drew forth a tear
Softer than nature's self could mould.

Yet strenuous was the infant age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of wo and weal:
Hill to the lyre bow'd low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.

The curr to King Amyng
That waited a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream; thy skill, Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant,—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.

Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience he bestrides
A proud one docile as a managed horse
And singing, while the accompanist hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And lie, with his preserver, shins star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Menaion pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyebrows of the leopards,
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymlar's 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 thine ear
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear

The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple knell.
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!
For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass, and the swell of notes:
From the harp's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a somber sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
O for some soul-afflicting schema
Of moral music, to unite
Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream
Of memory,—O that they might stoop to hear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured mists relate through ages worn!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!

By one perversing spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as 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 hear
Strains that support the seasons in their round;
Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye headed instruments of wind and chords;
Unite, in magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon:
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! fixed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' work, by flaming sphalium,
Transmits to heaven: As deep to deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

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 (wo, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O silence! are man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discord just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.
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 remains of the deceased from irreverent approach, or from savage violation: and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage Nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs: some varlet Philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devourd of fishes: some absolute courtiers, as Mccenas, who was wont to say, Non tumulium euró; sepulch natura relicito.

I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save."  

As soon as Nations had learned the use of letters, Epitaphs were inscribed upon these Monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived Monuments and Epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of Epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funerall Monuments, says richly, "proceeded from the sense of fore-feeling of Immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the Scholors of Linus the Theban Poet, who flourished about the year of the World two thousand seven hundred; who first beheld this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him Cllina, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraving them upon the Sepulchres.

And, partly, without the consciousness of a principle of Immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: more love, or the yearning of Kind towards Kind, could not have produced it. The Dog or Horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding Animals will bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love, which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction; yet not I think as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is impenetrable. 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 this is not in respect to reference when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our Friends or Kindred after Death, or even in Absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the social feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forthom, and cut off from communication is not in the best part of his nature, must that Man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a Child, from the same unintelling gaitly or liveliness of animal Spirits with which the Lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational Creature, is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the Child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of Death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfolder of the mysteries of Nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of Children upon the subject of origin?  

This single fact proves outwardly the monstrosity of such notions; for, if we consider that external testimony that the minds of very young Children meditate feelingly upon Death and Immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the whence, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the whither. Origin and tendency are notions inestimably co-relative. Never did a Child stand by the side of a running Stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearyed sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be Sea or Ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a story of some tale of Wonder, that the Monuments might have been the letter, but the spirit of the answer must have been as inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions,—nothing less than infinity.

We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of Immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her Offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their sanctuaries, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of Death, and had become in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of Death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding between means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy.

Were we to grow up unsheltered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the heart of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a Creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that Man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to leave a part of his Being, in the shape 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 origin-
We might ruminate upon the beauty which the Monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of Nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the Traveller leaning upon one of the Tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause the Traveller!" so often found upon the Monuments. And to its Epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of Life as a Journey—Death as a Sleep overcoming the tired Wayfarer—of Misfortune as a Storm that falls suddenly upon him—of Beauty as a Flower that passeth away, or of Innocent Pleasure as one that may be gathered of Virtue that standeth first as a Rock against the devastation Waves,—of Hope of underlined ingeniously like the Popular by the side of the River that has fed it, or blasted in a moment like a Pine-tree by the stroke of lightening upon the Mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing Breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected Fountain. These, and similar suggestions, must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that Nature with which it was in union.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages, and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the Inhabitants of large Towns and Cities, by the custom of depositing the Dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those Edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the Notice of Man occupied with the cares of the World, and too often suffused 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 unseemly manner in which our Monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and all at once grass, less Church-yard of a large Town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish Cemetery, in some remote place; and yet further sanctioned by the Grove of Cyprus in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temer as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenuous Poet of the present day. The subject of his Poem is "All Saints Church Door." He has been deploiring the forbidding and unseenly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish, that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the Inhabitants of large Towns in the Country.—

"Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot, Where dwelling Nature her benignant look Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when, With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole, She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man, Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins cry, With annual moan upon the mountains wept Their fairest gone) there in that rural scene, So placid, so congenial to the wish The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within The silent grave, I would have strayed:

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven Lay on the humble graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the tarry mounds, Pensive, as though like me, in lovely muse, 'Twere brooding on the dead imbued beneath. There while with him, the holy man of Uz, O'er human destiny I sympathised, Counting the long, long periods prophecy Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove, Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed: And I would bless her visit; for to me 'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links As one, the works of Nature and the word Of God.'—

John Edwards.

A Village Church-yard, lying as it does in the lap of Nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a Town of crowded Population, and Sepulchral therein combines many of the best ten dencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places, are pro fitably chastised by the sight of the Graves of Kin. Red and Friends, gathered together in that general Home towards which the thoughtful yet happy Spec tators themselves are journeying. Hence a Parish Church, in the brightness of the Country, is a visible centre, 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 na turally turns, still more than among the Nations of Antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affec tions of human mind; upon a profound and solemn Woe—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 cen sure, that it contains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an Epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some Thought or Feeling belonging to the moral character of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a Wife; a Parent breathes a sigh of disappointment over a lost Child; a Son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed Father or Mother; a Friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the social virtues, of the Tenant of the Grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a pious adoration to the Living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in Immortality, is the language of a thousand Church yards; and it does not often happen that any thing, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the Dead or to the Living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the Epitaphs of Pope, to two causes; first, the scantiness of the Objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the Characters of Men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of Mankind have no character at all." Such language may be held without blame among the generality of common conversation; but does not become a Critic and a Moralist so exacting seriously upon a serious Subject. The objects of admiration in Human-nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every Man has a Char acter of his own, to the eye that has skill to per ceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this That to analyse the Characters of others, especial ly of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of Men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the Minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased. The affected as we have done upon our own justification. The light of Love in our Hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that Light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is distinguished in them from an evil of the same 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 rec ords placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising Receptacle of the Dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the fundamental Divinity which is the source of every Epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel them selves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an Epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellencies be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellencies are, and wherein character is inscribed in this species of the Epitaph, and to which the Epitaph, by the power of a gen eral sympathy, will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the Reader's mind, of the Individual, whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him. A beauty of this nature to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images, circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the Deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The Reader ought to know who and what the Man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicity where it can, rather than explicitly) of the Individual lamented. But the Writer of an Epitaph is not an Anatomist, who dissect the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a Painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquility; his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the Grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires; by what puerility and brightness that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased Friend or beloved Kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a Tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it: that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstrated may appear more dignified; the parts which are not abstrated may appear more dignified; the parts which are not abstrated may appear more dignified; the parts which are not abstrated may appear more dignified; the parts which are not abstrated may appear more dignified. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It is truth, and of
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the highest order: for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the Dead and the affections of the Living!—This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by normal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change was brought in a moment!—Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unselfishness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a Man to the Tombstone on which shall be inscribed an Epitaph on his Adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an atrocity?—No! the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the Writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the Grave where his body is moulder, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on Earth walking about with living faculties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in Heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the Trunk and the main Branches of the Worth of the Deceased be boldly and unadorned represented. Any further detail, minute and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion,—either that the Dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for, the Understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the Mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried Person or the Survivors, the Memorial is unattractive and prolix.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points, of nature and condition, wherein all Men resemble each other, as in the Temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the Grave which gathers all Human Beings to itself, an equality simplifies the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, goodness, will, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; and an Epitaph should be so constructed that it will be sacrifice to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not, (as will for the most part be the case) when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an Epitaph is not a proud Writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicitous regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and the indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping Old Man cons the engraven record like a second heaven. "Our Child is proud that he can read it;—and the Stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a Friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the Church-yard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of Heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the Writer who would excite sympathy is bound to consider this, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered, that to raise a Monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal Perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or licentious. Simplicity requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the Narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a Grave is a tranquillising object: resignation in course of time sprngs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, bespeckling the turf with which it may be interred, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraved, might seem to approach the Author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral Oration or elegiac Poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why Epitaphs so often personate the Deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own 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 those feelings 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 misleading him, and whose decision cannot but be impassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and allusion unsubstantialised. By this tender fiction, the Survivors bind themselves to a sedater sorrow, and employ the intervention of the Imagination in order that the Reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the Living and the Dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed, that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of Immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an Epitaph should be written in this mode, nor do I think it the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the Survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of Society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws, which ought to govern the composition of the other, may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the Survivors speak in their own Persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable.
as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect Epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the general ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public Men, in all instances save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of Peace or War, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in Art, Literature, or Science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their Country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenour of thought which Epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a Man, or even some one conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments will not, as naturally arise out of them or it.

Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate Survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest Posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches, in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualise them. This is already done by their Works, in the Memories of Men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic Gratitude, patriotic Love, or human Admiration; or the utterance of some elementary Principle most essential in the constitution of true Virtue; or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual Power,—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an Altar would not be unworthy!

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong Monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die."