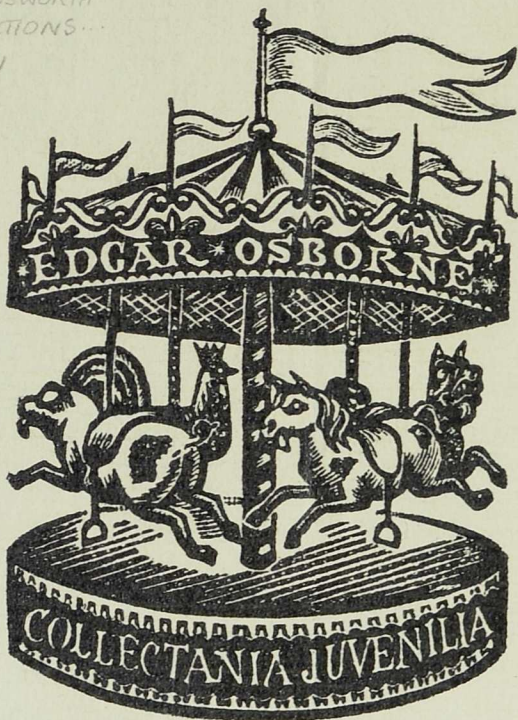


(H.P.) (17)
WORDSWORTH
SELECTIONS...
1831



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SELECTIONS

From the Poems

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PERSONS.

“Wherever I went, I found that Poetry was considered as the highest learning; and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which Man would pay to the Angelic nature.” --RASSELAS.

LONDON :
EDWARD MOXON, 64, NEW BOND STREET.

1831.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
BOUVERIE STREET.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

ADMIRERS OF MR. WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

I RECOMMEND these "Beauties" of Wordsworth to your especial consideration, not doubting but you will be as happy to accept as I am to present them. The work will patronize itself; it only remains for you to make it known.

Many of you who, like myself, are employed in the honourable office of Tuition, will be enabled to gratify yourselves by putting into the hands of your pupils, of both sexes, this unexpected and valuable Selection; by means of which you will inspire them, as you know by experience, with feelings and tastes noble, enviable, and virtuous, and will provide them with an introduction and a passport to rational and lasting enjoyment.

How grateful ought we to be to those immortal minds, that have spent their energies for our advantage, in bettering the situation of mankind by their divine labours! That our living Poet may long share our love, admiration, and gratitude, with his deceased predecessors, is the wish and prayer of,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your devoted fellow admirer,

J. HINE.

DEDICATION.

1858.

I have written this with a view to
the general use of the young
and the aged, and the
sick and the well, and the
rich and the poor, and the
learned and the unlearned,
and the wise and the foolish,
and the good and the bad,
and the true and the false,
and the honest and the dishonest,
and the virtuous and the vicious,
and the holy and the profane,
and the pure and the impure,
and the clean and the unclean,
and the fair and the foul,
and the sweet and the bitter,
and the soft and the hard,
and the smooth and the rough,
and the bright and the dark,
and the light and the shadow,
and the life and the death,
and the heaven and the hell,
and the glory and the shame,
and the honor and the dishonor,
and the joy and the sorrow,
and the peace and the war,
and the love and the hate,
and the friendship and the enmity,
and the concord and the discord,
and the unity and the diversity,
and the one and the many,
and the whole and the part,
and the end and the beginning,
and the first and the last,
and the first and the second,
and the third and the fourth,
and the fifth and the sixth,
and the seventh and the eighth,
and the ninth and the tenth,
and the eleventh and the twelfth,
and the thirteenth and the fourteenth,
and the fifteenth and the sixteenth,
and the seventeenth and the eighteenth,
and the nineteenth and the twentieth,
and the twenty-first and the twenty-second,
and the twenty-third and the twenty-fourth,
and the twenty-fifth and the twenty-sixth,
and the twenty-seventh and the twenty-eighth,
and the twenty-ninth and the thirtieth,
and the thirty-first and the thirty-second,
and the thirty-third and the thirty-fourth,
and the thirty-fifth and the thirty-sixth,
and the thirty-seventh and the thirty-eighth,
and the thirty-ninth and the fortieth,
and the forty-first and the forty-second,
and the forty-third and the forty-fourth,
and the forty-fifth and the forty-sixth,
and the forty-seventh and the forty-eighth,
and the forty-ninth and the fiftieth,
and the fifty-first and the fifty-second,
and the fifty-third and the fifty-fourth,
and the fifty-fifth and the fifty-sixth,
and the fifty-seventh and the fifty-eighth,
and the fifty-ninth and the sixtieth,
and the sixty-first and the sixty-second,
and the sixty-third and the sixty-fourth,
and the sixty-fifth and the sixty-sixth,
and the sixty-seventh and the sixty-eighth,
and the sixty-ninth and the seventieth,
and the seventy-first and the seventy-second,
and the seventy-third and the seventy-fourth,
and the seventy-fifth and the seventy-sixth,
and the seventy-seventh and the seventy-eighth,
and the seventy-ninth and the eightieth,
and the eighty-first and the eighty-second,
and the eighty-third and the eighty-fourth,
and the eighty-fifth and the eighty-sixth,
and the eighty-seventh and the eighty-eighth,
and the eighty-ninth and the ninetieth,
and the ninety-first and the ninety-second,
and the ninety-third and the ninety-fourth,
and the ninety-fifth and the ninety-sixth,
and the ninety-seventh and the ninety-eighth,
and the ninety-ninth and the hundredth.

P R E F A C E.



THE history of the following book is briefly this.— Having for many years been extensively engaged in the tuition of youth, I could not be ignorant of the great importance of good poetry in this office; whether by giving the pupil a relish for literature, in order to open, enlarge, and strengthen his mind; or by awakening in him a sympathy for all truly desirable things, and producing a clearer perception of all moral and religious, all virtuous, principle. Under these necessities I have been accustomed to read, from the volumes of our great poets, such productions as I thought were suitable to the ends I had in view; and I need scarcely say how great was the effect, when Mr. Wordsworth's poems were read: the pupils were in a glow of delight, and never failed to listen with much attention; were always deeply impressed with the matter, and eager to hear more; and numbers of them would apply to me to borrow the volume to read more and again.—“ Upon this hint I spake.” I felt in my own case how advantageous it would be to have a selection from Mr. Wordsworth's writings, in the form and at the price of a class-book, so that a copy might be put into the hands of each pupil; and other

conductors of schools, I doubted not, would stand in similar want, and might derive similar benefits. These had been my practices and opinions and wishes for many years; without hope, however, (considering that Mr. Wordsworth is a living poet, and that his works sell high,) that my wishes stood any proximate chance of being realized. These remote expectancies have become approaching realities. An opportunity offered of communicating with the poet; who, in the most handsome manner, for which he has my gratitude and thanks, gave up all other considerations, with a permission to select, without limitation, from his entire works, such poems and parts of poems as might best answer the intentions of the editor, who is almost ashamed and conscience stricken at the havock he has made in the five volumes of the author's works! He is, however, somewhat reassured; for they who prefer the works complete may procure them from the publishers, Longman and Co., to whom also are due the thanks of governesses, masters, parents, and youth, for this selection; which, on account both of size, matter, and form, is entitled to claim admission into every private family, and every school in this and other countries where the English language, in its simplicity, force, purity, and elegance, is cultivated.

It is well understood by schoolmasters, that there are few poets whose writings can be put into the hands of youth without proviso. Gay's Fables would be a useful book for the earlier stages of poetic readings, did they not contain many examples of grossness and vulgarity not to be tolerated. A teacher is thus hampered; for, in despite of the latitudinarians, evil

communications corrupt good manners, and it is best to remove temptation. In this respect, Mr. Wordsworth's writings challenge minute scrutiny; he has an uncommon sympathy with all that conduces to the formation and preservation of purity in youth. The chastity and good taste that run through Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, independently of other high qualities, render it highly desirable for ladies' seminaries, and female perusal. A piece may be taken up and read aloud at any time, without being accessory to a blush, either on the cheek of the reader or on the cheek of others.

Many may deem it superfluous that any thing should be said in defence of poetry, as an ingredient in the education of youth; yet some men are so conformed to prejudice, and so exclusive by instruction, that they have pronounced poetry dangerous. We should always distinguish between the use and the abuse. The trifling, and, in many instances, vicious prattle contained in our school selections, has either given rise to, or strengthened these objections to poetry. An injudicious use even of that which is good, is to be deplored; to use what is bad, doubly so. General truth and moral principle, conveyed through the medium of poetry, make a deeper and pleasanter impression than by any other means; where a love of poetry in youth is joined to other pursuits, the best consequences must result; in point of fact, no one can be said to be educated without this love. Musical truth is all but irresistible, and the poetical writings of Mr. Wordsworth will be found to contain the best maxims of life and death, of infancy, youth, and age,

for all ranks of men :—with every part of creation he sympathises, and assigns to each its proper regard, and he is laudably exclusive under his own poetical canon—

*He serves the muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure, light and fugitive.*

Many, however, it must be confessed, serve the muse to no better purpose, and too many to much worse : but the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth is not thus debased ; it is with him Philosophy set to Music.

Man requires stimulus ; his passions must be roused as well as his reason directed. Nothing appears to be so well calculated for this end as the occasional reading of the Poets. In poetry the sense is quite martial, and comes upon us like a well-disciplined legion, firm, full, and measured. As kings usually select the tallest and stoutest men for soldiers, so do poets ransack the universe for the noblest creatures and images, and the most striking, strong, and beautiful thoughts and actions ; which they clothe, decorate, and marshal in the most graceful vestments, most lively colours, most captivating ornaments, and the most harmonious order. And as soldiers are trained to the most stately motions to the sound of music, so does the poet put into like stately motion his battalions ; hence a poem and an army are objects that captivate all beholders.

Poetry leads to oratory ; he who has his mind stored with poetical images, and his heart stored with poetical feelings, is *prepared* to become an orator.

It appears, therefore, that true oratory must be the result of true poetry ; whoever, consequently, would

become an orator, must first become a poet, not in *expression* or the form of words, but in *matter and feeling*; in which process, the diligent perusal of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry will be especially serviceable: for where is the poet of our age (eminent as many deservedly are) that sympathizes with all parts of God's creation so deeply, widely, and highly, as he? He has shown us, also, by his subdued and temperate style of expression, the difficulty not only of writing good poetry, but of reading it. Young people, as was before said, are particularly struck by hearing Mr. Wordsworth's verses when properly read; when they are reflected from the mirror of simplicity, dignity, and power. I have seen many examples of this truth.

Commonplace readers level all distinctions; they read all productions alike; they attach the same degree of importance to every action, to all affections and passions, weak and strong, great and small. A sublime poem, a patriotic oration, an epitaph, an invitation to "tea and supper," and a newspaper, are disposed of with the same degree of no meaning. In the high offices of church and state, how many fail to produce those effects that have been anticipated!—and for no other reason than because they neglected to cultivate poetry in their youth, and with it appropriate expression, the result of universal sympathy, and a quickness to discern that there were in the world other beings than themselves. Young teachers will perhaps pardon this consequent advice, that they should, in order to fix the attention of their pupils, place themselves before their schools or classes with this selection in

their hands, and having chosen some particular piece, let them read it with all the power and expression they can command, in emphasis, tone, and gesture, *standing* (to illustrate my meaning at the risque of provoking a smile) in the position of Corporal Trim, when he read Yorick's Sermon on "Conscience," with the palm of his hand a little outward, "to aid the sentence if it needed it." Let them do this, and all the rest will follow.

Students, then, should hear a good deal of poetry properly read, should read a good deal aloud, and should recite a good deal; these are admirable exercises upon feelings not entirely debased, or puffed up by false criticism and pretension. It is a mode of culture profitable to health, to manners, to the understanding, and the social affections. However, in order to do full justice to the works of any great writer, the reader should possess powers in no small degree resembling those of the author; for a reader can neither understand nor feel a production that contains ideas, sentiments, principles, and combinations, about which he has had no experience. Hence it is that Mr. Wordsworth has numbered so few that were able to go all lengths with him. Several poems and passages that wittlings have so often denounced, are not only, we believe, *his* favourites, but will, under a better poetical taste, please the public in rivalry with those whose merit is unquestioned. In fact, we already hear less upon points of difference; and criticasters are less busy in schooling our author, having become ashamed of the presumption which led them to think he was not aware that such minute

objections might be made, and had not yet a reason to counterbalance them in his own defence.

The people of the present age seem to be in danger of living too fast; we had whipped our horses into a maximum velocity years ago, and were in danger of coming to a stand-still for want of farther impulse, when our steam vessels and carriages set us all afloat and in motion: and who shall say when and where we are to stop? But of what use are or will be all these advances in art and science? Are men better? are men wiser? are they happier? If the answer be yes, I deny it. If I am asked to be patient, as we are only beginning, I will be patient and hope in future for what has not yet been attained. I speak of the community. Certainly our inventions have hitherto been misunderstood or misapplied. If all the improvements in science had lessened human toil but one hour in the day, it would be something; instead of this, human toil has been prolonged: and allowing all the advantages possible, we must take care that our velocities, our momenta, our rail-ways, and inclined planes, do not scare away the muses and the graces. Although the early and middle parts of life delight in a little bustle and noise, the latter part demands rest, tranquillity, and comfort; for which purposes the cultivation of poetry will come in for the greatest consideration: nature will have *her* course. It is time that the heads of our statesmen were occupied with this question; the bulk of the community are ready to take it up: let not philosophers and the learned be backward in its examination.

The poetical student may here be informed briefly

that, fifty or sixty years ago, our poetry had sunk to a depression at which fame was too cheaply acquired. Poetry, in the language of Milton, was nothing but "flats and shallows, ragged notions and babblements." But to the glory of a few spirits of this age, at the head of whom stands Mr. Wordsworth, these flats and shallows have been elevated and deepened, and the ragged notions and babblements repaired and rectified; poetry has been rendered impassioned, philosophical and harmonious.

With respect to the selection, I am far from giving myself credit for an unerring judgment; yet having been guided by my own experience as a Teacher, I feel that I ought not to be accused of presumption, even by those who might have made, in many instances, a different choice. This book, I believe, stands every chance of being popular. It was begun and finished upon principles the farthest in the world from low-minded selfishness, as its size, matter, and price, will abundantly testify. I have preferred, in general, entire pieces and long extracts to detached passages and brilliant thoughts; because these never tell so forcibly, as when they stand in the company assigned them by their authors.

JOSEPH HINE.

*Brixton Lodge, Surrey,
May 18th, 1831.*

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SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO THE VALE OF
GRASMERE.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy !
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest ;
This corner is your own.

There ! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly ;
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* Boy !—why call him so ?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
In land where many a mountain towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours !
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight ;
The sun, the day ; the stars, the night ;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind ;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend ; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other Children him did love :
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog, too, had he ; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed ;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow ;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see ;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream ;
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ;
But one of mighty size, and strange ;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills ;
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong :

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same ;
This did it when the earth was new ;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the Tide,
Come Boats and Ships that safely ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks ;
And to the Shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share ;
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
 When from the water-side he heard
 The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
 The bustle of the mariners
 In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
 For He must never handle sail;
 Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
 In Sailor's ship, or Fisher's boat
 Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
 What sin would be upon her head
 If she should suffer this: "My Son,
 Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
 The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
 Still sounding with the sounding tide,
 And heard the billows leap and dance,
 Without a shadow of mischance,
 Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well
 Ye soon shall know how this befel)
 He in a vessel of his own,
 On the swift flood is hurrying down
 Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
 May human Creature leave the shore!
 If this or that way he should stir,
 Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
 For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's Bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that Haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
And to the Boy they all were known;
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle Shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly Car of Amphitrite,
That sportive Dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This Shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange, yet true,
Had heard, how in a Shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian Isles, where lay
His Father's ship, and had sailed far,
To join that gallant Ship of war,
In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize ; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That Story flashed upon his mind ;—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The Shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it on his head.

He launched his Vessel—and in pride
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the Adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet ;
He felt the motion—took his seat ;
Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven !
The fourth part of a mile I ween
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery !
For many saw ; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest Traveller in balloon.
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay!
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A Boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running Lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled 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 ! ”

Alas ! and when he felt their hands——
 You’ve often heard of magic Wands,
 That with a motion overthrow
 A palace of the proudest show,
 Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
 With which his soul had shone so bright,
 All vanished ;—’twas a heartfelt cross
 To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
 As he had ever known.

But hark ! a gratulating voice
 With which the very hills rejoice :
 ’Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
 Had watched the event, and now can see
 That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
 Full sure they were a happy band,
 Which gathering round did on the banks
 Of that great Water give God thanks,
 And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little Dog took part ;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
 With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child ; when she can trust her eyes,
 And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again :
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes ;
She could not blame him, or chastise :
 She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
 To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell
Still do they keep the Turtle Shell ;
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
 And how he was preserved.

See note at the end of this poem in the Author's works, vol. iii.
p. 56.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

by the Poet's Sister, Miss Wordsworth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY GRAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

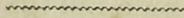
Half breathless from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

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.



MY HEART LEAPS.

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.

WE ARE SEVEN.

— A simple Child,
That lightly draws his 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!"

POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—yes, Faith may grow bold,
 And take to herself all the wonders of old;—
 Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same
 In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there;—and he works on the crowd,
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
 Was aught ever heard like his Fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !
 The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest ;
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer opprest.

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 net !

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;
 The Lass with her barrow wheels hither 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 boons dropping in,
 From the Old and the Young, from the Poorest ; and
 there !

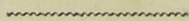
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the Hearers, and proud be the Hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a Band ;
 I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !
 The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his Crutch ; like a Tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour !—
That Mother, whose Spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots ! roar on like a stream ;
Here are twenty souls happy as Souls in a dream :
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !



RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald
Shore,

Three rosy-cheek'd 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 christen'd him all in one day,
An urchin both vigorous and hale ;
And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones.
Now Ralph is renown'd for the length of his bones ;
The Magog of Legberthwaite 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 build up another.

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

GREAT HOW is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

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 springs of green box-wood, not six months before,
 Filled the funeral basin * at Timothy's door ;
 A coffin through Timothy's threshold had past ;
 One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,
 The horse and the horn, and the hark ! hark away !

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

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.

THE IDIOT BOY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is no need of boot or spur,
 There is no need of whip or wand ;
 For Johnny has his holly-bough,
 And with a *hurly-burly* now
 He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy, who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was, " Johnny ! Johnny ! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,
Come home again, whate'er befall,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Away she hies to Susan Gale :
 Her Messenger's in merry tune ;
 The Owlets hoot, the Owlets curr,
 And Johnny's lips they 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 flurried :
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The clock is on the stroke of one ;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
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"—
" O God forbid !" poor Susan cries.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ 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 hies ;
'Tis silence all on every side ;
The town so long, the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap ;
The Doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and dose !
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 hies,
 No wonder if her senses fail,
 This piteous news so much it shocked her,
 She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
 To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

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

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

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

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

And now she sits her down and weeps ;
Such tears she never shed before ;
“ Oh dear, dear Pony ! my sweet joy !
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy !
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more.”

A thought is come into her head :
“ The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well ;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.”

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

O Reader ! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing !
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
 His face unto his horse's tail,
 And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
 All like a silent Horseman-Ghost,
 He travels on along the vale.

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

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

I to the Muses have been bound
 These fourteen years, by strong indentures :
 O gentle Muses ! let me tell
 But half of what to him befel ;
 He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses ! is this kind ?
 Why will ye thus my suit repel ?
 Why of your further aid bereave me ?
 And can ye thus unfriended leave me ;
 Ye Muses ! whom I love so well ?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
 Which thunders down with headlong force,
 Beneath the Moon, yet shining fair,
 As careless as if nothing were,
 Sits upright on a feeding Horse ?

Unto his Horse, there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give ;
Of Moon or Stars he takes no heed ;
Of such we in romances read :
—'Tis Johnny ! Johnny ! as I live.

And that's the very Pony too !
Where is she, where is Betty Foy ?
She hardly can sustain her fears ;
The roaring waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony's worth his weight in gold :
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy !
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too :
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy ?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for joy ;
She darts, as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell ; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she's at the Pony's tail,
 And now is at the Pony's head,—
 On that side now, and now on this ;
 And, almost stifled with her bliss,
 A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy ;
 She's happy here, is happy there,
 She is uneasy every where ;
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
 She knows not, happy Betty Foy !
 The little Pony glad may be,
 But he is milder far than she,
 You hardly can perceive his joy.

“ Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
 You've done your best, and that is all.”
 She took the reins, when this was said,
 And gently turned the Pony's head
 From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
 The moon was setting on the hill,
 So pale you scarcely looked at her :
 The little birds began to stir,
 Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
 Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
 And who is she, betimes abroad,
 That hobbles up the steep rough road ?
 Who is it, but old Susan Gale ?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought,
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse ;
And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her ;
Point after point did she discuss ;
And while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?
These fears can never be endured,
I'll to the wood.”—The word scarce said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come ;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting ;
Oh me ! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

The Owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four Travellers homeward wend ;
The Owls have hooted all night long,
And with the Owls began my song,
And with the Owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, “ Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen,
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true.”

Now Johnny all night long had heard
 The Owls in tuneful consort strive ;
 No doubt too he the Moon had seen ;
 For in the moonlight he had been
 From eight o'clock till five.

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

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOY-
 HOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

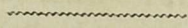
WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe !
 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !
 And givest to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul ;
 Not 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 toll'd six—I wheel'd about,
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse
 That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel
 We hiss'd along the polish'd 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 flew,
 And not a voice was idle : with the din
 Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud ;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 Into a silent bay,—or sportively

Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 To cut across the reflex of a Star,
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleam'd
 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,
 Stopp'd short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
 Wheel'd by me—even as if the earth had roll'd
 With visible motion her diurnal round !
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd
 Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.



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 hath even his wildest scream,
Heard by his Mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess :
Years to a Mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

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

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

Alas ! the fowls of Heaven have wings,
And blasts of Heaven will aid their flight ;
They mount, how short a voyage brings
The Wanderers back to their delight !

Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be
 All that is left to comfort thee.

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

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

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

Beyond participation lie
 My troubles, and beyond relief :
 If any chance to 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.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD.

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

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

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
 And growls as if he would fix his claws
 Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
 Drive them down, like men in a battle:

—But let him range round ; he does us no harm,
 We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
 Untouch'd by his breath see the candle shines bright,
 And burns with a clear and steady light ;
 Books have we to read,—but that half-stifed knell,
 Alas ! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

—Come now we'll to bed ! and when we are there
 He may work his own will, and what shall we care ?
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in ;
 May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din ;
 Let him seek his own home wherever it be ;
 Here's a *cozie* warm House for Edward and me.

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TO A BUTTERFLY.

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

Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
 The time, when, in our childish plays,  
 My Sister Emmeline and I  
 Together chased the Butterfly !  
 A very hunter did I rush  
 Upon the prey :—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.

## THE PET-LAMB.

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

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

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,  
 Seem'd to feed 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 watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely pair.  
 Now with her empty Can the Maiden turn'd away ;  
 But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the Lamb she look'd ; and from that shady  
 place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face :  
 If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
 Thus, thought I, to her Lamb that little Maid might sing :

"What ails thee, Young One ? what ? why pull so at  
 thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?  
 Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
 Rest, little Young One, rest ; what is't that aileth thee ?

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

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

“ Rest, little Young One, rest ; thou hast forgot the day  
 When my Father found thee first in places far away ;  
 Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert own'd 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 know'st that twice a day I have brought thee  
 in this Can  
 Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;  
 And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,  
 I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.



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

“It will not, will not rest!—Poor Creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor  
hear.

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

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

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;  
And it seem'd, as I retrac'd 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 look'd with such a look, and she spake with  
such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

## FORESIGHT.

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

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

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

God has given a kindlier power  
 To the favoured Strawberry-flower.  
 When the months of Spring are fled  
 Hither let us bend our walk ;

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

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THE LONGEST DAY.

LET us quit the leafy Arbour,  
 And the torrent murmuring by :  
 Sol has dropp'd into his harbour,  
 Weary of the open sky.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He who governs the creation,  
 In his providence, assign'd  
 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 wrapp'd in slumber,  
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
 That absorbs time, space, and number ;  
 Look towards Eternity.

Follow thou the flowing River  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All Deceived, and each Deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and morn ;

Through the year's successive 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 travell'd  
Tow'rd's the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy Stream unravell'd  
With thy best imaginings ;

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

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

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

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the Donor,  
Lord of Heaven's unchanging Year !

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

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

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

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

Year after year my stock it grew ;  
And from this one, this single Ewe,  
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
As sweet a flock as ever grazed !  
Upon the mountain did they feed,  
They 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.  
Till thirty were not left alive  
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,  
And I may say, that many a time  
I wished they all were gone—  
Reckless of what might come at last  
Were but the bitter struggle past.

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

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

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see  
From ten to five, from five to three,  
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe ;—  
And then at last from three to two ;



And, of my fifty, yesterday  
 I had but only one :  
 And here it lies upon my arm,  
 Alas ! and I have none ;—  
 To-day I fetched it from the rock ;  
 It is the last of all my flock.”

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LAODAMIA.

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

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

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !
 What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?
 His vital presence—his corporeal mould ?
 It is—if sense deceive her not—’tis He !
 And a God leads him—winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
 That calms all fear, “ Such grace hath crowned thy
 prayer,

Laodamía ! that at Jove's command
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air :
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space ;
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face !”

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to
 clasp ;

Again that consummation she essayed ;
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
 And re-assume his place before her sight.

“ Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
 Confirm, I pray, the Vision with thy voice :
 This is our Palace,—yonder is thy throne :
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed
 This precious boon,—and blest a sad Abode.”

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

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

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

“But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
 That thou should’st cheat the malice of the grave ;
 Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
 As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

“No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this :
 Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !
 Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
 To me, this day, a second time thy bride !”
 Jove frowned in heaven ; the conscious Parcæ threw
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“This visage tells thee that my doom is past :
 Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys
 Of sense were able to return as fast
 And surely as they vanish.—Earth destroys
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :
 Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

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

“ Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by force
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb
 Alcestis, a reanimated Corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
 And Æson stood a Youth 'mid youthful peers.

“ The Gods to us are merciful—and they
 Yet further may relent: for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
 And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.

“ But if thou go'st, 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 unsighed for, and the future sure;
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
 Climes which the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

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

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes,
(Each Hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprize
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained ;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wished-for wind was given :—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife !
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these fountains—flowers ;
My new-planned Cities, and unfinished Towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
“ Behold they tremble !—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die ? ”—
In soul I swept the indignity away :
Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
 In reason, in self-government too slow ;
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized ;
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

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

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung—’tis vain :
 The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
 And him no mortal effort can detain :
 Swift, tow’rd the realms that know not earthly day,
 He through the portal takes his silent way,
 And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved ;
 She who thus perished, not without the crime
 Of Lovers that in Reason’s spite have loved,
 Was doomed to wander in a grosser clime,
 Apart from happy Ghosts—that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet ’mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
 As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)

A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
 And ever, when such stature they had gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ;
 A constant interchange of growth and blight ! *

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DEAR NATIVE REGIONS.

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

Thus, when the Sun, prepared for rest,  
 Hath gained the precincts of the West,  
 Though his departing radiance fail  
 To illuminate the hollow Vale,  
 A lingering light he fondly throws  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

\* For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's Natural History, lib. 16. cap. 44. ; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus (page 56,) see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil places the shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

————— His Laodamia  
 It comes. —————

## THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,  
 A foggy day in winter time)  
 A Woman on the road I met,  
 Not old, though something past her prime :  
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;  
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient Spirit is not dead ;  
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;  
 Proud was I that my country bred  
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :  
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ;  
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these 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 burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird.

" I had a Son,—the waves might roar,  
 He feared them not, a Sailor gay !  
 But he will cross the deep no more :  
 In Denmark he was cast away ;  
 And I have travelled weary miles to see  
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

" The Bird and Cage they both were his :  
 'Twas my Son's Bird ; and neat and trim



He kept it : many voyages  
 This Singing-bird had gone with him ;  
 When last he sailed, he left the Bird 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.”

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THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

*by the Author, Miss Woodhouse.*  
 THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
 The north-wind sings a doleful song ;  
 Then hush again upon my breast ;  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
       Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their mirth :  
 There’s nothing stirring in the house  
 Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
       Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;  
 ’Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
 On the window-pane bedropped with rain :  
 Then, little Darling ! sleep again,  
       And wake when it is day.

## THE BROTHERS.\*

"THESE Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live  
 A profitable life : some glance along,  
 Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,  
 And they were butterflies to wheel about  
 Long as the summer lasted ; some, as wise,  
 Perch'd on the forehead of a jutting crag,  
 Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,  
 Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,  
 Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,  
 Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.  
 But, for that moping Son of Idleness,  
 Why can he tarry *yonder* ?—In our church-yard  
 Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
 Tombstone nor name—only the turf we tread  
 And a few natural graves." To Jane, his wife,  
 Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.  
 It was a July evening ; and he sate  
 Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves  
 Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,  
 Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone  
 His Wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,  
 While, from the twin cards tooth'd with glittering wire,  
 He fed the spindle of his youngest Child,  
 Who turn'd her large round wheel in the open air  
 With back and forward steps. Towards the field  
 In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,  
 Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,  
 While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent

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

Many a long look of wonder : and at last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge  
Of carded wool which the old man had piled  
He laid his implements with gentle care,  
Each in the other lock'd ; and, down the path  
That from his cottage to the church-yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.

'Twas one well known to him in former days,  
A Shepherd-lad ;— who ere his sixteenth year  
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust  
His expectations to the fickle winds  
And perilous waters,—with the mariners  
A fellow-mariner,—and so had fared  
Through twenty seasons ; but he had been rear'd  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees :—and, when the regular wind  
Between the tropics fill'd the steady sail,  
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang  
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze ;  
And, while the broad green wave and sparkling foam  
Flash'd round him images and hues that wrought  
In union with the employment of his heart,  
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
Saw mountains,—saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,

And shepherds clad in the same country gray  
Which he himself had worn.\*

And now at last

From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
Acquired by traffic mid the Indian Isles,  
To his paternal home he is return'd,  
With a determin'd purpose to resume  
The life he had lived there; both for the sake  
Of many darling pleasures, and the love  
Which to an only brother he has borne  
In all his hardships, since that happy time  
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two  
Were brother Shepherds on their native hills.  
—They were the last of all their race: and now,  
When Leonard had approach'd his home, his heart  
Fail'd in him; and, not venturing to inquire  
Tidings of one whom he so dearly loved,  
Towards the church-yard he had turn'd aside;  
That, as he knew in what particular spot  
His family were laid, he thence might learn  
If still his Brother lived, or to the file  
Another grave was added.—He had found  
Another grave,—near which a full half-hour  
He had remain'd; but, as he gazed, there grew  
Such a confusion in his memory,  
That he began to doubt; and he had hopes  
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—  
That it was not another grave; but one  
He had forgotten. He had lost his path,  
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walk'd  
Through fields which once had been well known to him:  
And oh what joy the recollection now

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

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  
 Stopp'd short,—and thence, at leisure, limb by limb  
 Perused him with a gay complacency.  
 Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,  
 'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path  
 Of the world's business to go wild alone :  
 His arms have a perpetual holiday ;  
 The happy Man will creep about the fields,  
 Following his fancies by the hour, to bring  
 Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles  
 Into his face, until the setting sun  
 Write Fool upon his forehead. Planted thus  
 Beneath a shed that over-arch'd the gate  
 Of this rude church-yard, till the stars appear'd,  
 The good Man might have communed with himself,  
 But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,  
 Approach'd ; he recognised the Priest at once,  
 And, after greetings interchanged, and given  
 By Leonard to the Vicar as to one  
 Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

## LEONARD.

You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life :  
 Your years make up one peaceful family ;  
 And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come  
 And welcome gone, they are so like each other,  
 They cannot be remember'd ? 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 pass'd this road)  
 There was a foot-way all along the fields  
 By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark cleft!  
 To me it does not seem to wear the face  
 Which then it had.

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

But, surely, yonder—

PRIEST.

Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend  
 That does not play you false.—On that tall pike  
 (It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
 There were two Springs which bubbled side by side,  
 As if they had been made that they might be  
 Companions for each other: the huge crag  
 Was rent with lightning—one hath disappear'd;  
 The other, left behind, is flowing still.\*——  
 For accidents and changes such as these,  
 We want not store of them;—a water-spout  
 Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast  
 For folks that wander up and down like you,  
 To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff  
 One roaring cataract!—a sharp May-storm  
 Will come with loads of January snow,  
 And in one night send twenty score of sheep  
 To feed the ravens; or a Shepherd dies

\* This actually took place upon Kidstow Pike at the head of Hawes-water.

By some untoward death among the rocks :  
 The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge—  
 A wood is fell'd :—and then for our own homes !  
 A Child is born or christen'd, a Field plough'd,  
 A Daughter sent to service, a Web spun.  
 The old House-clock is deck'd with a new face ;  
 And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates  
 To chronicle the time, we all have here  
 A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,  
 For the whole dale, and one for each fire-side—  
 Yours was a stranger's judgment : for Historians,  
 Commend me to these valleys !

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

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

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

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

That's Walter Ewbank.  
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produced by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.  
Through five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflow'd the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage—  
You see it yonder !—and those few green fields.  
They toil'd and wrought, and still, from Sire to Son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little—yet a little—and old Walter,  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burthens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up  
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,



Interest, and mortgages ; at last he sank,  
 And went into his grave before his time.  
 Poor Walter ! whether it was care that spurr'd him  
 God only knows, but to the very last  
 He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale :  
 His pace was never that of an old man :  
 I almost see him tripping down the path  
 With his two Grandsons after him ;—but You,  
 Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,  
 Have far to travel,—and on these rough paths,  
 Even in the longest day of midsummer—

LEONARD.

But those two Orphans !

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

They did—and truly :  
 But that was what we almost overlook'd,  
 They were such darlings of each other. For,

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

LEONARD.

It may be then—

PRIEST.

Never did worthier lads break English bread ;  
 The finest Sunday that the Autumn saw  
 With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
 Could never keep these boys away from church,  
 Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.  
 Leonard and James ! I warrant, every corner  
 Among these rocks and every hollow place

Where foot could come, to one or both of them  
 Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.  
 Like Roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills ;  
 They play'd 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, these Brothers have not lived to be  
 A comfort to each other.—

PRIEST.

That they might  
 Live to such end, is what both old and young  
 In this our valley all of us have wish'd,  
 And what, for my part, I have often pray'd :  
 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 Ewbanks for a thousand years :—  
 Well—all was gone, and they were destitute.  
 And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,  
 Resolv'd 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, O good Sir,  
 This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—  
 Living or dead.—When last we heard of him,  
 He was in slavery among the Moors  
 Upon the Barbary Coast.—'Twas not a little  
 That would bring down his spirit ; and no doubt,  
 Before it ended in his death, the Youth  
 Was sadly cross'd—Poor Leonard ! when we parted,  
 He took me by the hand, and said to me,  
 If ever the day came when he was rich,  
 He would return, and on his Father's Land  
 He would grow old among us.

LEONARD.

If that day  
 Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day for him ;  
 He would himself, no doubt, be happy then  
 As any that should meet him—

\* The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the Gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Ennerdale, Wastdale, 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.

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 check'd; 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 droop'd, and pined, and  
pined—

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

Ay, Sir, that pass'd 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 judg'd 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-dropp'd 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 yon precipice ;—it wears the shape  
Of a vast building made of many crags ;  
And in the midst is one particular rock  
That rises like a column from the vale,  
Whence by our shepherds it is call'd THE PILLAR.  
Upon its aëry summit crown'd with heath,  
The Loiterer, not unnoticed by his Comrades,  
Lay stretch'd at ease ; but, passing by the place  
On their return, they found that he was gone.  
No ill was fear'd ; but one of them by chance  
Entering, when evening was far spent, the house  
Which at that time was James's home, there learn'd  
That nobody had seen him all that day :  
The morning came, and still he was unheard of :  
The neighbours were alarm'd, and to the Brook  
Some hasten'd, 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 he lies !

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

Ay, that he did—

LEONARD.

And all went well with him ?—

PRIEST.

If he had one, the youth had twenty homes.

LEONARD.

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

PRIEST.

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

LEONARD.

He could not come to an unhallow'd end !

PRIEST.

Nay, God forbid !—You recollect I mention'd  
A habit which disquietude and grief  
Had brought upon him ; and we all conjectured  
That, as the day was warm, he had laid 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 walk'd, and from the summit had fallen headlong.  
And so, no doubt, he perish'd : at the time,  
We guess, that in his hands he must have held  
His Shepherd's staff ; for midway in the cliff  
It had been caught ; and there for many years  
It hung—and moulder'd there.

The Priest here ended—

The Stranger would have thank'd 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 reach'd the church-yard gate,  
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turn'd 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 thank'd 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 reach'd a grove  
 That overhung the road : he there stopp'd short,  
 And, sitting down beneath the trees, review'd  
 All that the Priest had said : his early years  
 Were with him in his heart : his cherish'd hopes,  
 And thoughts which had been his an hour before,  
 All press'd on him with such a weight, that now,  
 This vale, where he had been so happy, seem'd  
 A place in which he could not bear to live :  
 So he relinuish'd all his purposes.  
 He travell'd on to Egremont : and thence,  
 That night, he wrote a letter to the Priest,  
 Reminding him of what had pass'd between them ;  
 And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
 That it was from the weakness of his heart  
 He had not dared to tell him who he was.

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

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#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a Statesman, in the van  
 Of public business trained and bred ?  
 —First learn to love one living man ;  
 Then may'st thou think upon the dead.



A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;  
 Go, carry to some fitter place  
 The keenness of that practised eye,  
 The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
 A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
 Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near;  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou One of gallant pride,  
 A Soldier, and no man of chaff?  
 Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanize  
 Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
 That he 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 brown ?  
 He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own.

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

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

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

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

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

## THE 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 unfaded rose still enlivens his cheek.

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

A farmer he was; and his house far and near  
Was the boast of the Country for excellent cheer:  
How oft have I heard in Sweet Tilsbury Vale  
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale!

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing;  
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
All caught the infection—as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—  
The fields better suited the ease of his Soul:  
He strayed through the fields like an indolent Wight,  
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the Poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:

He gave them the best that he had ; or, to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it away.

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

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their  
money ;  
For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth ;—He continued his  
rounds,  
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding  
to pounds.

He paid what he could with this ill-gotten pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for himself :  
Then, (what is too true,) without hinting a word,  
Turned his back on the Country ; and off like a Bird.

You lift up your eyes !—but I guess that you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame ;  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

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

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume,—  
Served as Stable-boy, Errand-boy, Porter, and Groom ;  
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout ;  
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about ;  
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes  
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows ;  
But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,  
Like one whose own Country's far over the Sea ;  
And Nature, while through the great City he hies,  
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue ;  
Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats ?  
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets ;  
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
You might think he'd twelve Reapers at work in the  
Strand.

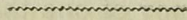
Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours  
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her flowers,  
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
Poor Winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

Mid coaches and chariots, a Waggon of straw,  
Like a Magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw ;  
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will team,  
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
 Thrusts his hands in the Waggon, and smells at the hay ;  
 He thinks of the fields he so oftén hath mown,  
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—  
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there :  
 The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,  
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam ; when low thou art laid,  
 May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;  
 And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
 Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.



### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

The class of Beggars, to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk ;  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,

Upon the second step of that small pile,  
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
He sat, and ate his food in solitude :  
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,  
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then  
He was so old, he seems not older now ;  
He travels on, a solitary Man,  
So helpless in appearance, that for him  
The sauntering Horseman-traveller does not throw  
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin  
Within the old Man's hat ; nor quits him so,  
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,  
Watches the aged Beggar with a look  
Sidelong—and half-reverted. She who tends  
The Toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,  
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.  
The Post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,  
Shouts to him from behind ; and, if thus warned  
The old Man does not change his course, the Boy  
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side  
And passes gently by—without a curse  
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.  
He travels on, a solitary Man ;  
His age has no companion. On the ground  
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
*They* move along the ground ; and, evermore,

Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey; seeing still,  
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
 Impressed on the white road,—in the same line  
 At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!  
 His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and Girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, Maids and Youths,  
 And Urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:  
 Him even the slow-paced Waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not  
 A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
 From door to door, the Villagers in him  
 Behold a record which together binds  
 Past deeds and offices of charity,



Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
Among the farms and solitary huts,  
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,  
The mild necessity of use compels  
To acts of love; and habit does the work  
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy  
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
Doth find itself insensibly disposed  
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,  
By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
And meditative, authors of delight  
And happiness, which to the end of time  
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even such minds  
In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
Or from like Wanderer, haply have received  
(A thing more precious far than all that books  
Or the solitudes of love can do!)  
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
In which they found their kindred with a world  
Where want and sorrow were. The easy Man  
Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear  
That overhangs his head from the green wall,  
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,  
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
Of their own kindred;—all behold in him  
A silent monitor, which on their minds  
Must needs impress a transitory thought  
Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,

His charters and exemptions ; and, perchance,  
 Though he to no one give the fortitude  
 And circumspection needful to preserve  
 His present blessings, and to husband up  
 The respite of the season, he, at least,  
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are  
 Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
 Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel  
 No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
 Established in the land where they abide  
 Are strict observers ! and not negligent,  
 In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,  
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.  
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace !  
 —But of the poor man ask, the abject poor ;  
 Go, and demand of him, if there be here  
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
 And these inevitable charities,  
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?  
 No—Man is dear to Man ; the poorest poor  
 Long for some moments in a weary life  
 When they can know and feel that they have been,  
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out  
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such  
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
 That we have all of us one <sup>human</sup> heart.  
 —Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,  
 My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week  
 Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
 By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
 Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
 Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door  
 Returning with exhilarated heart,  
 Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
And while in that vast solitude to which  
The tide of things has borne him, he appears  
To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
The good which the benignant law of Heaven  
Has hung around him : and, while life is his,  
Still let him prompt the unlettered Villagers  
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe  
The freshness of the valleys : let his blood  
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;  
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
Beat his gray locks against his withered face.  
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,  
Make him a captive ! for that pent-up din,  
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
Be his the natural silence of old age !  
Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;  
And have around him, whether heard or not,  
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now  
Been doomed so long to settle on the earth  
That not without some effort they behold  
The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
Rising or setting, let the light at least  
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
Of highway side, and with the little birds  
Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,  
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of Nature let him die !

## 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 make the path before him always bright:  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
 Is placable—because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice;  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more; more able to endure,  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
 —'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,

He fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
—Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
—He who though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
Sweet Images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—  
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or He must go to dust without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :  
 This is the happy Warrior ; this is He  
 Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

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### HOPES WHAT ARE THEY ?

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN A HERMIT'S CELL.

HOPES what are they ?—Beads of morning  
 Strung on slender blades of grass ;  
 Or a spider's web adorning  
 In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy ?  
 Whispering harm where harm is not ;  
 And deluding the unwary  
 Till the fatal bolt is shot !

What is glory?—in the socket  
See how dying tapers fare!  
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;  
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;  
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,  
To the Traveller's eye it shone:  
He hath hailed it re-appearing—  
And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden;  
Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
And by sullen weeds forbidden  
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,  
(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!

## INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

ON his morning rounds the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare ;  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care ;  
 And for silencé or for talk,  
 He hath comrades in his walk ;  
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started !  
 —Off they fly in earnest chase ;  
 Every dog is eager-hearted,  
 All the four are in the race :  
 And the hare whom they pursue,  
 Hath an instinct what to do ;  
 Her hope is near : no turn she makes ;  
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted  
 Thinly by a one night's frost ;  
 But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
 To the ice, and safely crost ;  
 She hath crost, and without heed  
 All are following at full speed,  
 When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,  
 Breaks—and the Greyhound, DART, is over head !

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
 See them cleaving to the sport !  
 MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
 Little MUSIC, she stops short.



She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part :  
A loving Creature she, and brave !  
And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say !  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,—  
Him alone she sees and hears,—  
Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er  
Until her Fellow sank, and re-appeared no more.

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TO MY SISTER.

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,  
Which they shall long obey :  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls :  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress ;  
—And bring no book : for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

## FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a Dog or Fox ;  
He halts and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks :  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry :  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height ;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;  
What is the Creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn \* below !  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land ;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
In symphony austere ;

\* Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

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.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
 When this ill-fated Traveller died

The Dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his Master's side :  
 How nourished here through such long time  
 He knows, who gave that love sublime ;  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate.

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TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower ! belike one day to have
 A place upon the Poet's grave,
 I welcome thee once more :
 But He, who was on land, at sea,
 My Brother, too, in loving thee,
 Although he loved more silently,
 Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah ! hopeful, hopeful was the day
 When to the Ship he bent his way,
 To govern and to guide :
 His wish was gained : a little time
 Would bring him back in manhood's prime,
 And free for life, these hills to climb,
 With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
 While that stout Ship at anchor lay
 Beside the shores of Wight ;
 The May had then made all things green ;
 And, floating there in pomp serene,
 That Ship was goodly to be seen,
 His pride and his delight !

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
 The tender peace of rural thought :
 In more than happy mood
 To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers !
 He then would steal at leisure hours,
 And loved you glittering in your bowers,
 A starry multitude.

But hark the word !—the Ship is gone ;—
 From her long course returns :—anon
 Sets sail :—in season due,
 Once more on English earth they stand :
 But, when a third time from the land
 They parted, Sorrow was at hand
 For Him and for his Crew.

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 !

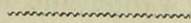
“ Silence !” the brave Commander cried !
 To that calm word a shriek replied,
 It was the last death-shriek.
 —A few appear by morning light,
 Preserved upon the tall mast’s height ;
 Oft in my Soul I see that sight ;
 But one dear remnant of the night—
 For him in vain I seek.

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.



HAST THOU SEEN.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
 Bubbles gliding under ice,
 Bodied forth and evanescent,
 No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow
 Mimicking a troubled sea,
 Such is life ; and death a shadow
 From the rock eternity !

PETER BELL.

PROLOGUE.

THERE'S something in a flying horse,
 There's something in a huge balloon ;
 But through the clouds I'll never float
 Until I have a little Boat,
 Whose shape is like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
 In shape a very crescent-moon :—
 Fast through the clouds my Boat can sail ;
 But if perchance your faith should fail,
 Look up—and you shall see me soon !

The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
 Rocking and roaring like a sea ;
 The noise of danger fills your ears,
 And ye have all a thousand fears
 Both for my little Boat and me !

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
 The pointed horns of my canoe ;
 And, did not pity touch my breast,
 To see how ye are all distrest,
 Till my ribs ached, I'd laugh at you !

Away we go, my Boat and I—
 Frail man ne'er sate in such another ;
 Whether among the winds we strive,
 Or deep into the clouds we dive,
 Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
 For treasons, tumults, and for wars ?
 We are as calm in our delight
 As is the crescent-moon so bright
 Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
 Through many a breathless field of light,
 Through many a long blue field of ether,
 Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her.
 Up goes my little Boat so bright !

The Crab—the Scorpion—and the Bull—
 We pry among them all—have shot
 High o'er the red-haired race of Mars,
 Covered from top to toe with scars ;
 Such company I like it not !

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
 And melancholy Spectres throng them ;
 The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
 Each other in the vast abyss,
 With joy I sail among them !

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
 Great Jove is full of stately bowers !
 But these, and all that they contain,
 What are they to that tiny grain,
 That little Earth of ours ?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth ;
 Whole ages if I here should roam,
 The world for my remarks and me
 Would not a whit the better be ;
 I've left my heart at home.

And there it is, the matchless Earth !
 There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !
 Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
 Through the grey clouds—the Alps are here,
 Like waters in commotion !

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
 That silver thread the river Dnieper—
 And look, where clothed in brightest green
 Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen ;
 Ye fairies from all evil keep her !

And see the town where I was born !
 Around those happy fields we span
 In boyish gambols—I was lost
 Where I have been, but on this coast
 I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once
 Appear so lovely, never, never,—
 How tunefully the forests ring !
 To hear the earth's soft murmuring
 Thus could I hang for ever !

“ Shame on you ! ” cried my little Boat,
 “ Was ever such a homesick loon,
 Within a living Boat to sit,
 And make no better use of it,—
 A Boat twin-sister of the crescent moon !

Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet
 Fluttered so faint a heart before ;—
 Was it the music of the spheres
 That overpowered your mortal ears ?
 —Such 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 mangle with her lustres, gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.

I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray ;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool,—though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

Or we'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things ;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings !

Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore !”

“ My little vagrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part ;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces—then adieu !

Temptation lurks among your words ;
But, while these pleasures you're pursuing
Without impediment or let,
My radiant Pinnacle, you forget
What on the earth is doing.

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

Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late :)
Take with you some ambitious Youth ;
For, restless Wanderer ! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers :
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

These given, what more need I desire
To stir—to soothe—or elevate ?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ O here he is ! ” cried little Bess—
 She saw me at the garden door,
 “ We’ve waited anxiously and long,”
 They cried, and all around me throng,
 Full nine of them or more !

“ Reproach me not—your fears be still—
 Be thankful we again have met ;—
 Resume, my Friends ! within the shade
 Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
 The well-remembered debt.”

I spake with faltering voice, like one
 Not wholly rescued from the pale
 Of a wild dream, or worse illusion ;
 But, straight, to cover my confusion,
 Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river side
 Groaned the poor Beast—alas ! in vain ;
 The staff was raised to loftier height,
 And the blows fell with heavier weight
 As Peter struck—and struck again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
 Among the rocks and winding *scars* ;

* In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthen-ware is thus designated.

Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars ;

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

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

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

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

Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,

When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when, by the forest's edge,
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart,—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

Of all that lead a lawful life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms and silent weather,

And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors ;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen,
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn fence ;
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait ;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred ;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his *whens* and *hows* ;
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky !

ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Bess !
We've reached at last the promised Tale ;) .
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone ;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,
He trudged along o'er hill and dale ;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way,
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerfully his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath—
There's little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return !

The path grows dim, and dimmer still ;
Now up—now down—the rover wends
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry ;
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay ;
But through the dark, and through the cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry ;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue !
Where blue and 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 sapling ;—though I deem,
This threat was understood full well,
Firm, as before, the Sentinel
Stood by the silent stream.

Then Peter gave a sudden jirk,
 A jirk that from a dungeon floor
 Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
 But still the heavy-headed Thing
 Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
 " There is some plot against me laid ;"
 Once more the little meadow ground
 And all the hoary cliffs around
 He cautiously surveyed.

All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
 All still and silent—far and near !
 Only the Ass, with motion dull,
 Upon the pivot of his skull
 Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this ?—
 Some ugly witchcraft must be here !
 Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
 Upon the pivot of his skull
 Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread ;
 Yet with deliberate action slow,
 His staff high-raising in the pride
 Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
 He dealt a sturdy blow.

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

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

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

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—
Heaved his lank sides, his limbs they stirred ;
He gave a groan—and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

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

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay :—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue ;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death—
And Peter's lips with fury quiver—
Quoth he, “ You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass like a log
Head-foremost down the river !”

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
 That instant, while outstretched he lay,
 To all the echoes, south and north,
 And east and west, the Ass sent forth
 A loud and piteous bray !

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
 Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
 Joy at the heart of Peter knocks ;—
 But in the echo of the rocks
 Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
 Or that he could not break the chain,
 In this serene and solemn hour,
 Twined round him by demoniac power,
 To the blind work he turned again.—

Among the rocks and winding crags—
 Among the mountains far away—
 Once more the Ass did lengthen out
 More ruefully an endless shout,
 The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray !

What is there now in Peter's heart ?
 Or whence the might of this strange sound ?
 The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
 The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
 And the rocks staggered all around.

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped !
 Threat has he none to execute—
 “ If any one should come and see
 That I am here, they'll think,” quoth he,
 “ I'm helping this poor dying brute.”

He scans the Ass from limb to limb ;
 And Peter now uplifts his eyes ;—
 Steady the moon doth look and clear,
 And like themselves the rocks appear,
 And quiet are the skies.

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

Is it the moon's distorted face ?
 The ghost-like image of a cloud ?
 Is it a gallows there pourtrayed ?
 Is Peter of himself afraid ?
 Is it a coffin,—or a shroud ?

A grisly idol hewn in stone ?
 Or imp from witch's lap let fall ?
 Or a gay ring of shining fairies,
 Such as pursue their brisk vagaries
 In sylvan bower, or haunted hall ?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
 Of fire his desperate self is tethering ?
 Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
 In solitary ward or cell,
 Ten thousand miles from all his brethren ?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
 And never heart so loudly panted ;
 He looks, he cannot choose but look ;
 Like one intent upon a book—
 A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
 He will be turned to iron soon,
 Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
 His hat is up—and every hair
 Bristles—and whitens in the moon!

He looks—he ponders—looks again;
 He sees a motion—hears a groan;—
 His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
 He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
 And drops, a senseless weight, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND.

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

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

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

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound !
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise !

His staring bones all shake with joy—
And close by Peter's side he stands :
While Peter o'er the river bends,
The little Ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes—
Such life is in his limbs and ears—
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The veriest coward ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned ;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again ;
 And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
 The Man who had been four days dead,
 Head foremost from the river's bed
 Uprises—like a ghost !

And Peter draws him to dry land ;
 And through the brain of Peter pass
 Some poignant twitches, fast and faster,
 “ No doubt,” quoth he, “ he is the Master
 Of this poor miserable Ass !”

The meagre Shadow all this while—
 What aim is his ? what is he doing ?
 His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
 He on his knees hath laid him down,
 As if he were his grief renewing.

But no—his purpose and his wish
 The Suppliant shows, well as he can ;
 Thought Peter, whatsoe'er betide,
 I'll go, and he my way will guide
 To the cottage of the drowned man.

Encouraged by this hope, he mounts
 Upon the pleased and thankful Ass ;
 And then, without a moment's stay,
 That earnest Creature turned away,
 Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
 The Beast four days and nights had past ;
 A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
 And here the Ass four days had been,
 Nor ever once did break his fast !

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart ;
The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is reached—but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And takes his way towards the south.

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

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

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

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

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

Holding a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps—
Thence back into the moonlight creeps ;
What seeks the boy ?—the silent dead—

His father ! Him doth he require,
Whom he hath sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees,
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distress
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan !

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well ;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible ;

But Peter, when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable noise to chase,
It wrought in him conviction strange ;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befel.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
 Is striving stoutly as he may ;
 But, while he climbs the woody hill,
 The cry grows weak—and weaker still,
 And now at last it dies away !

So with his freight the Creature turns
 Into a gloomy grove of beech,
 Along the shade with footstep true
 Descending slowly, till the two
 The open moonlight reach.

And there, along a narrow dell,
 A fair smooth pathway you discern,
 A length of green and open road—
 As if it from a mountain 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 cure to his distress ;
 “ Where there is not a bush or tree,
 The very leaves they follow me—
 So huge hath been my wickedness ! ”

To a close lane they now are come,
 Where, as before, the enduring Ass
 Moves on without a moment's stop,
 Nor once turns round his head to crop
 A bramble leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
 The white dust sleeps upon the lane ;
 And Peter, ever and anon
 Back-looking, sees, upon a stone
 Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
 By moonlight made more faint and wan—
 Ha ! why this comfortless despair ?
 He knows not how the blood comes there,
 And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Creature's head ;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled ;

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass !
And once again those darting pains,
As meteors shoot through heaven's wide plains,
Pass through his bosom—and repass !

PART THIRD.

I'VE heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room ;

Bending, as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again ;
—The light had left the good man's taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain !

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A *word*—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, full plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart ;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight !
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits ! to torment the good
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering colour, form, and stature !
—Let good men feel the soul of Nature,
And see things as they are.

I know you, potent Spirits ! well,
How, with the feeling and the sense
Playing, ye govern foes or friends,
Yoked to your will, for fearful ends—
And this I speak in reverence !

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well,
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings ! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence I have often felt
In darkness and the stormy night ;
And well I know, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
 That powerful world in which ye dwell,
 Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try
 To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
 What may be done with Peter Bell!

—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 would have thought
 “ An Ass like this was worth the stealing ! ”

So from his pocket Peter takes
 His shining horn tobacco-box ;
 And, in a light and careless way,
 As men who with their purpose play,
 Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds—
 Whose cunning eye can see the wind—
 Tell to a curious world the cause
 Why, making here a sudden pause,
 The Ass turned round his head—and *grinned*.

Appalling process !—I have marked
 The like on heath—in lonely wood,
 And, verily, have seldom met
 A spectacle more hideous—yet
 It suited Peter’s present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
 He in jocose defiance showed—
 When, to confound his spiteful mirth,
 A murmur, pent within the earth,
 In the dead earth beneath the road,

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

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

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

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

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

Deep-sighing as he passed along,
Quoth Peter, “ In the shire of Fife,
“ 'Mid such a ruin, following still
“ From land to land a lawless will,
“ I married my sixth wife! ”

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found ;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
As if confusing darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound ;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course ;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse,

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child ;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild !

A lonely house her dwelling was,
A cottage in a heathy dell ;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen.
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead a honest life ;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother's hope is hers !—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn ;—
From Scripture she a name did borrow ;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part ;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway :

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other ;
And hears her crying, as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
“ My mother ! oh my mother ! ”

The sweat pours down from Peter's face,
 So grievous is his heart's contrition ;
 With agony his eye-balls ache
 While he beholds by the furze-brake
 This miserable vision !

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence betrayed ;—
 But now, while down that slope he wends,
 A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
 Resounding from the woody glade :

Though clamorous as a hunter's horn
 Re-echoed from a naked rock,
 'Tis from that tabernacle—List !
 Within, a fervent Methodist
 Is preaching to no heedless flock !

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

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

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

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

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

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 hopes some tidings there to gather ;—
No glimpse it is—no doubtful gleam—
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
“ My father ! here’s my father ! ”

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright ;
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another !

And instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass’s feet she fell ;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

What could he do ?—The Woman lay
Breathless and motionless ;—the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused ;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up ; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

“ Oh ! God be praised—my heart’s at ease—
“ For he is dead—I know it well ! ”
—At this she wept a bitter flood ;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death—
His voice is weak with perturbation—
He turns aside his head—he pauses ;
Poor Peter from a thousand causes
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow ground ;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Sufferer cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands ;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same ;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

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

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

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

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

Away goes Rachael weeping loud ;—
 An Infant, waked by her distress,
 Makes in the house a piteous cry ;
 And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
 “ Seven are they, and all fatherless !”

And now is Peter taught to feel
 That man’s heart is a holy thing ;
 And Nature, through a world of death,
 Breathes into him a second breath,
 More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
 In agony of silent grief—
 From his own thoughts did Peter start ;
 He longs to press her to his heart,
 From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
 Had past a sudden shock of dread,
 The Mother o’er the threshold flies,
 And up the cottage stairs she hies,
 And to the pillow gives her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
 Into a shade of darksome trees,
 Where he sits down, he knows not how,
 With his hand pressed against his brow,
 His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep!
The trance is past away—he wakes,—

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine,
“ When shall I be as good as thou ?
“ Oh ! would, poor beast, that I had now
“ A heart but half as good as thine ! ”

—But *He*—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his inward grief and fear—
He comes—escaped from fields and floods ;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh—
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving !

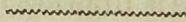
Towards the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs ;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times !

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage door :
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
“ Oh ! God, I can endure no more ! ”

—Here ends my tale :—for in a trice
 Arrived a neighbour with his horse ;
 Peter went forth with him straightway ;
 And, with due care, ere break of day
 Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
 Whom once it was my luck to see
 Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
 Help by his labour to maintain
 The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
 Had been the wildest of his clan,
 Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,
 And, after ten months' melancholy,
 Became a good and honest man.



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 chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears, and fancies, thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor
could name.

I heard the Sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful Hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful Creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of 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 deified :
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a Pool bare to the eye of Heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares :
The oldest Man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge Stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence ;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense :
Like a Sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeseth, there to sun itself ;

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age :
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,
Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood ;
That heareth not the loud winds when they call ;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

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 Leeches, being old and poor :

Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor ;
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The Old Man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
And the whole Body of the Man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;
Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
“ How is it that you live, and what is it you do ?

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering Leeches, far and wide
He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the Pools where they abide.
“ Once I could meet with them on every side ;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The Old Man's shape, and speech, all troubled me :
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,

Wandering about alone and silently.
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
 " God," said I, " be my help and stay secure ;
 I'll think of the Leach-gatherer on the lonely moor !"

NUTTING.

————— It seems a day,
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our Cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
 Towards the distant woods, a Figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame.
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,
 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
 Unvisited, 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, eyed
The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
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 kindness 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 bower 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.

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.

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 would’st be
 One little hour a child to me !

Across the waters I am come,
 And I have left a Babe at home :
 A long, long way of land and sea !
 Come to me—I’m no enemy :
 I am the same who at thy side

Sate yesterday, and made a nest
 For thee, sweet baby!—thou hast tried,
 Thou know'st the pillow of my breast;
 Good, good art thou;—alas! to me
 Far more than I can be to thee.

Here, little Darling, dost thou lie;
 An Infant Thou, a Mother I!
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears;
 Mine art thou—spite of these my tears.
 Alas! before I left the spot,
 My Baby and its dwelling-place;
 The Nurse said to me, 'Tears should not
 Be shed upon an Infant's face,
 It was unlucky'—no, no, no,
 No truth is in them who say so!

My own dear Little-one will sigh,
 Sweet Babe! and they will let him die.
 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,
 And you may see his hour is come.'
 Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles,
 Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,
 Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
 And countenance like a summer's day,
 They would have hopes of him—and then
 I should behold his face again!

'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;
 There was a smile or two—yet—yet
 I can remember them, I see
 The smiles, worth all the world to me.
 Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
 Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
 Smiles hast Thou, bright ones of thy own;
 I cannot keep thee in my arms,

By those bewildering glances crost
In which the light of his is lost.

Oh! how I love thee!—we 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 thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

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

While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and Mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;
I'll call thee by my Darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little Sister thou shalt be:
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee."

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.*

A Pastoral.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ;
 Among the hills the echoes play
 A never, never ending song,
 To welcome in the May.
 The Magpie chatters with delight ;
 The mountain Raven's youngling brood
 Have left the Mother and the Nest ;
 And they go rambling east and west
 In search of their own food ;
 Or through the glittering Vapours dart
 In very wantonness of heart.

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

Along the river's stony marge
 The Sand-lark chants a joyous song ;
 The Thrush is busy in the wood,
 And carols loud and strong.

* *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmorland, 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.

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.

Said Walter leaping from the ground,
 “ Down to the stump of yon old yew
 We'll for our Whistles run a race.”

—Away the Shepherds flew.

They leapt—they ran—and when they came
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,

Seeing that he should lose the prize,
 “ Stop !” to his comrade Walter cries—

He stopped with no good will :

Said Walter then, “ Your task is here,
 'Twill baffle you for half a year.

“ Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
 Come on, and in my footsteps tread !”

The other took him at his word,

And followed as he led.

It was a spot which you may see

If ever you to Langdale go ;

Into a chasm a mighty Block

Hath fallen, and made a Bridge of rock :

The gulph is deep below ;

And in a basin black and small

Receives a lofty Waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft

The Challenger pursued his march ;

And now, all eyes and feet, hath gain'd

The middle of the arch,

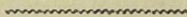
When list ! he hears a piteous moan—
 Again !— his heart within him dies—
 His pulse is stopp'd, his breath is lost,
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,
 And, looking down, espies
 A Lamb, that in the pool is pent
 Within that black and frightful Rent.

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

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

He drew it gently from the pool,
 And brought it forth into the light :
 The Shepherds met him with his charge,
 An unexpected sight !

Into their arms the Lamb they took,
 Said they, "He's neither maim'd nor scarr'd."
 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.



WRITTEN IN MARCH,

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

THE cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun ;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest ;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising ;
 There are forty feeding like one !
 Like an army defeated
 The Snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill ;
 The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon :
 There's joy in the mountains ;
 There's life in the fountains ;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing ;
 The rain is over and gone !

ODE TO DUTY.

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

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Long may the kindly impulse last !
 But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand
 fast !

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

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
 No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we any thing so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter, still!
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old goody Blake was old and poor;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.

Remote from sheltering village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage ;
But she, poor Woman ! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

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

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout ;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?

And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

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

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

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"

Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

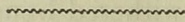
She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
“ God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm ! ”
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said :
And icy cold he turned away.

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

’Twas all in vain, a useless matter,—
And blankets were about him pinned ;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry’s flesh it fell away ;
And all who see him say, ’tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old ;
But ever to himself he mutters,
“ Poor Harry Gill is very cold.”

A-bed or up, by night or day ;
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.



I WANDERED LONELY.

I WANDERED lonely as a Cloud
 That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden Daffodils ;
 Beside the Lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed— but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 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 YEW-TREE SEAT.

Lines left upon a seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate Part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect.

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

—————Who he was
That piled these stones, and with a 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 dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service: wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fearn and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,

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

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know that pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used ; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself doth look on one,
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move
 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.

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!

WHIRL-BLAST.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound:
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless Oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green;
A fairer bower was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o'er,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see! where'er the hailstones drop,
The withered leaves all skip and hop,
There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
Yet here, and there, and every where
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

IF from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral Mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for around that boisterous Brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that place a story appertains,
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved;—not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same
 For the delight of a few natural hearts ;
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful Poets, who among these Hills
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the Forest-side in Grasmere Vale
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name ;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
 And in his Shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
 Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, He heard the South
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of Bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
 Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
 " The winds are now devising work for me !"
 And, truly, at all times, the storm—that drives
 The Traveller to a shelter—summoned him
 Up to the mountains : he had been alone
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
 That came to him and left him on the heights.
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
 That the green Valleys, and the 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,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honourable gain ; these fields, these hills,
Which were his living Being, even more
Than his own blood—what could they less ? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
His Helpmate was a comely Matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,
That small for flax ; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in Shepherd's phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave Sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, even then,

Their 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 overbrow
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a Lamp ;
 An aged utensil, which had performed
 Service beyond all others of its kind.
 Early at evening did it burn and late,
 Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours,
 Which going by from year to year had found
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when LUKE had reached his eighteenth year
 There by the light of this old Lamp they sat,
 Father and son, while late into the night
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This Light was famous in its neighbourhood,
 And was a public Symbol of the life
 The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,

Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, North and South,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And Westward to the village near the Lake ;
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR

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

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on Boy's attire, did Michael love,
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
 Had work by his own door, or when he sat
 With sheep before him on his Shepherd's stool,
 Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door

Stood,—and, from its enormous breadth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE,* a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old,
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect Shepherd's Staff,
 And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
 He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the Urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hinderance and a help;
 And for this cause not always, I believe,
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
 Though nought was left undone which staff or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts; and to the heights,
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,

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

He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came
Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the Old Man's heart seemed born again.

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

WHILE in this sort the simple Household lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound
In surety for his Brother's Son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means,—
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him,—and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had gathered so much strength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love

Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a Stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot ; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil Man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us ; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him—but
'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another Kinsman—he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,
And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
May come again to us. If here he stay,
What can be done ? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained ?" At this the Old Man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
He was a Parish-boy—at the church-door
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares ;
And with this Basket on his arm, the Lad,
Went up to London, found a Master there,

Who out of many chose the trusty boy
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And at his birth-place built a Chapel floored
 With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme
 These two days has been meat and drink to me.
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."
 Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the two last nights
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:
 We have no other child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

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

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,
In that deep Valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheep-fold ; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,
And thus the Old Man spake to him :—“ My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should speak
Of things thou canst not know of.—After thou
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own 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 these hills,
As well thou know'st, 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 other's hands ; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together : here they lived,

As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loth
 To give their bodies to the family mould.
 I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.
 But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from three score years.
 These fields were burthened when they came to me ;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 —It looks as if it never could endure
 Another master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou shouldst go." At this the old man paused ;
 Then pointing to the Stones near which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 " This was a work for us ; and now, my Son,
 It is a work for me. But, lay one Stone—
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy part,
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee ;
 Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy !
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes— It should be so—Yes—yes—
 I knew that thou couldst never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us !—But, I forget

My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
 Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here: a covenant
 'Twill be between us——But, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave.”

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight
 The Old Man's grief broke from him, to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
 And to the House together they returned.
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public Way, he put on a bold face;
 And all the 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 wondrous news.
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
 “ The prettiest letters that were ever seen.”

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
 So, many months passed on ; and once again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts ; and now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began
 To slacken in his duty ; and at length
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses : ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

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

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen
 Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog,

Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years from time to time
 He at the building of this Sheep-fold 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.

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#### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood-street, when day light appears,  
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three  
 years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.  
 'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees  
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;  
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.  
 Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;  
 And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
 The one only Dwelling on earth that she loves.  
 She looks, and her Heart is in heaven : but they fade,  
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :  
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.\*

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

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

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

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the Thrush  
 Has a thought about its nest,

\* Common Pile-wort.

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

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

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

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

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Scorned and slighted upon earth !

Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Singing at my heart's command,  
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
 I will sing, as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love !

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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 ! astounding Flood !
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;
 And vibrates, to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong ;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
 To look on thee—delight to rove
 Where they thy voice can hear ;

And, to the Patriot-warrior's shade,
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the Moon's pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the Stream,
Yon grey tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A form not doubtfully descried :—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn ;
But this we from the mountains learn,
And this the valleys show,
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian Plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with oar or sail

Beneath the piny wood,
 Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
 His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
 Their thirst in Tyrant's blood.

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THE TWO THIEVES;

OR THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

O NOW that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
 And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne!  
 Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,  
 For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feasts would I work with my magical hand!  
 Book-learning and books should be banished the land:  
 And, for hunger and thirst, and such troublesome calls,  
 Every Ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The Traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;  
 Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he  
 care!

For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his Sheaves,  
 Oh, what would they be to my tale of Two Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,  
 His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told;  
 There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather  
 Between them, and both go a-stealing together.

With chips is the Carpenter strewing his floor?  
 Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door?  
 Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide!  
 And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins, he stops short—and his eye,  
Through the last look of dotage, is cunning and sly.  
'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires  
Of manifold pleasures and many desires :  
And what if he cherished his purse ? 'Twas no more  
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands ; but Daniel is one  
Who went something farther than others have gone,  
And now with old Daniel you see how it fares ;  
You see to what end he has brought his gray hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand : ere the sun  
Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun :  
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
This Child but half knows it, and that not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
And each, in his turn, is both leader and led ;  
And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam ;  
The gray-headed Sire has a daughter at home,  
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done ;  
And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side :  
Long yet may'st thou live ! for a teacher we see  
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

## THE FEMALE VAGRANT.

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

Can I forget what charms did once adorn  
 My garden, stored with pease, and mint, and thyme,  
 And rose, and lily, for the Sabbath morn?  
 The Sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;  
 The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;  
 My hen'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 snowy pride?

The staff I yet remember which upbore  
 The bending body of my active Sire;  
 His seat beneath the honey'd sycamore  
 Where the bees humm'd, and chair by winter fire;  
 When market morning came, the neat attire  
 With which, though bent on haste, myself I deck'd;  
 My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,  
 When stranger pass'd, so often I have check'd;  
 The redbreast known for years, which at my casement  
 peck'd.

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

It was indeed a miserable hour  
When from the last hill-top, my sire survey'd,  
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 pray'd,—  
I could not pray:—through tears that fell in showers,  
Glimmer'd our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,  
That when I loved him not I cannot say.  
Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song  
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May.  
When we began to tire of childish play,  
We seem'd still more and more to prize each other;  
We talk'd 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 pass'd since to a distant town  
He had repair'd to ply the artist's trade.  
What tears of bitter grief till then unknown!  
What tender vows our last sad kiss delay'd!  
To him we turn'd:—we had no other aid.

Like one revived, upon his neck I wept,  
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
 He well could love in grief: his faith he kept:  
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

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

'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 husbands'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 weigh'd;  
 Green fields before us, and our native shore,  
 We breathed a pestilential air, that made  
 Ravage for which no knell was heard. We pray'd  
 For our departure; wish'd and wish'd—nor knew  
 'Mid that long sickness, and those hopes delay'd,  
 That happier days we never more must view:  
 The parting signal stream'd, 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 perish'd in the whirlwind's sweep.  
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,  
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,  
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,  
That we the mercy of the waves should rue :  
We reach'd 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 unsettle even to hear.  
All perish'd—all, in one remorseless year,  
Husband and children ! one by one, by sword  
And ravenous plague, all perish'd : every tear  
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board  
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored.

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

Ah ! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,  
And groans, that rage of racking famine spoke !  
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps !  
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke !  
The shriek that from the distant battle broke !

The mine's dire earthquake, and the pallid host  
 Driven by the bomb's incessant thunder-stroke  
 To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish toss'd,  
 Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost !

Some mighty gulf of separation past,  
 I seem'd transported to another world :—  
 A thought resign'd with pain, when from the mast  
 The impatient mariner the sail unfurl'd,  
 And, whistling, call'd the wind that hardly curl'd  
 The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home  
 And from all hope I was for ever hurl'd.  
 For me—farthest from earthly port to roam  
 Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might  
 come.

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

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



So pass'd another day, and so the third ;  
 Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort.  
 —In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirr'd,  
 Near the sea-side I reach'd a ruin'd Fort :  
 There, pains which nature could no more support,  
 With blindness link'd, 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 shatter'd 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, amazed.  
 The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,  
 Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed ;  
 The Travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,  
 And gave me food,—and rest, more welcome, more  
     desired.

They with their pannier'd Asses semblance made  
 Of Potters wandering on from door to door ;  
 But life of happier sort to me pourtray'd,  
 And other joys my fancy to allure ;

The bag-pipe, dinning on the midnight moor,  
 In barn uplighted; and companions boon  
 Well met from far with revelry secure,  
 Among the forest glades, when jocund June  
 Roll'd fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

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

What could I do, unaided and unblest?  
 My Father! gone was every friend of thine:  
 And kindred of dead husband are at best  
 Small help: and, after marriage such as mine,  
 With little kindness would to me incline.  
 Ill was I then for toil or service fit:  
 With tears whose course no effort could confine,  
 By the road-side forgetful would I sit  
 Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

I led a wandering life among the fields  
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused,  
 I lived upon what casual bounty yields,  
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
 The ground I for my bed have often used:  
 But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth  
 Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
 Forgone the home delight of constant truth,  
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth;

Three years thus wandering, often have I view'd,  
 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 turn'd 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.

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THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

WE talked with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of Friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
 Beside a mossy seat ;
 And from the turf a fountain broke,
 And gurgled at our feet.

" Now, Matthew !" said I, " let us match
 This water's pleasant tune
 With some old Border-song, or Catch,
 That suits a summer's noon ;

Or of the Church-clock and the chimes
 Sing here beneath the shade,
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
 Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee :

“ Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

“ And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this Fountain's brink.

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

“ Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

“ The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

“ With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

“ But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

“ If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

“ My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved.”

“ Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains,

“ And, Matthew, for thy Children dead
I'll be a son to thee!”
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
“ Alas! that cannot be.”

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's Rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy World,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter ; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged
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 cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow 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, conspicuously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that house
Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some 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—begun,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakeful; and had worn the track
By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot
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 hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,
And taken thy first leave of those green hills
And rocks that were the play-ground of thy Youth,
Year followed year, my Brother ! and we two,
Conversing not, knew little in what mould
Each other's minds were fashioned ; and at length
When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
Between us there was little other bond
Than common feelings of fraternal love.
But thou, a School-boy, to the sea hadst carried
Undying recollections ; Nature there
Was with thee ; she, who loved us both, she still
Was with thee ; and even so didst thou become
A *silent* Poet ; from the solitude
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.
—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone ;
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours
Could I withhold thy honoured name, and now
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong :
And there I sit at evening, when the steep
Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful Lake,
And one green Island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
Muttering the Verses which I muttered first
Among the mountains, through the 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,
 Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
 When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
 A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

Note.—This wish was not granted ; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

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THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red  
 Uprose the morning sun ;  
 And Matthew stopped, and looked, and said,  
 “ The will of God be done ! ”

A village Schoolmaster was he,  
 With hair of glittering gray ;  
 As blithe a man as you could see  
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
 And by the steaming rills,  
 We travelled merrily, to pass  
 A day among the hills.

“ Our work,” said I, “ was well begun ;  
 Then, from thy breast what thought,  
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
 So sad a sigh has brought ? ”

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made a reply :

“ Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

“ And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“ With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, coming to the church, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

“ Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

“ Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

“ And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the churchyard Yew,  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

“ A basket on her head she bare ;  
 Her brow was smooth and white :  
 To see a Child so very fair,  
 It was a pure delight !

“ No fountain from its rocky cave  
 E'er tripped with foot so free ;  
 She seemed as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea.

“ There came from me a sigh of pain  
 Which I could ill confine ;  
 I looked at her, and looked again :  
 —And did not wish her mine.”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
 Methinks, I see him stand,  
 As at that moment, with a bough  
 Of wilding in his hand.

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## REPENTANCE,

A PASTORAL POEM.

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

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

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;  
 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 crost;  
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
 We slighted them all,—and our birthright 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!

## 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 blest :  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
    In joy of voice and pinion,  
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,  
    And this is thy dominion.

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

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
    Yet seeming still to hover ;

There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

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

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### ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

A SKETCH.

THE little hedge-row birds,  
 That peck along the road, regard him not.  
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,  
 His gait, is one expression ; every limb,  
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak  
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves  
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued  
 To settled quiet : he is one by whom  
 All effort seems forgotten ; one to whom  
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
*need.* He hath no need. He is by nature led  
 To peace so perfect, that the young behold  
 With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

## 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.

\* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time.

## MATTHEW,

OR THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In the School of——— is a Tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several Persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the Foundation of the School, with the Time at which they entered upon and quitted their Office. Opposite one of those Names the Author wrote the following Lines.

If Nature, for a favourite Child  
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
 Yet never once doth go astray.

Read o'er these lines ; and then review  
 This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
 In such diversity of hue  
 Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,  
 Cipher and syllable ! thine eye  
 Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
 Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
 Then be it neither checked nor stayed :  
 For Matthew a request I make  
 Which for himself he had not made.

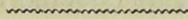
Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
 Is silent as a standing pool ;  
 Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
 And murmur of the village school.



The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
 Of one tired out with fun and madness ;  
 The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
 Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
 Of still and serious thought went round,  
 It seemed as if he drank it up—  
 He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou Soul of God's best earthly mould !  
 Thou happy Soul ! and can it be  
 That these two words of glittering gold  
 Are all that must remain of thee ?



### 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.

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes ;  
The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair ;  
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;  
But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all ;  
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain :  
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;  
But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by one,  
The Dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?  
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?  
—This Chase it looks not like an earthly Chase ;  
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side ;  
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,  
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;  
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn ;  
He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy ;  
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat !  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yearned ;  
 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 Stag ! to make thy praises known,  
 Another monument shall here be raised ;  
 Three several Pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,  
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
 I will come hither with my Paramour ;  
 And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song  
 We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
 My Mansion with its arbour shall endure ;—  
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure ! ”

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead,  
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.  
 —Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,  
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
 A Cup of stone received the living Well ;  
 Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
 And built a House of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,  
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

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

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

---

 PART SECOND.

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

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

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

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head ;  
 Half-wasted the square Mound of tawny green ;  
 So that you just might say, as then I said,  
 “ Here in old time the hand of man hath been.”

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 More doleful place did never eye survey ;  
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
 And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
 When one, who was in Shepherd's garb attired,  
 Came up the Hollow:—Him did I accost,  
 And what this place might be I then inquired.

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

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

The Arbour does its own condition tell;  
 You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream;  
 But as to the great Lodge! you might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
 Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone;  
 And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
 This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,  
 And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
 I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
 That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain have  
 past!  
 Even from the topmost Stone, upon the Steep,  
 Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
 —O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by this Fountain in the summer-tide ;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;  
The sun on drearier Hollow never shone ;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain, all are gone."

" 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 shews, and what conceals,  
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

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### I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN.

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



## ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY  
CHILDHOOD.

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

## 1.

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

## 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 passed 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 Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
     And all the earth is gay ;  
     Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
     And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—  
     Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
     Shepherd Boy !

## 4.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
     Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath it's coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
     While the Earth herself is adorning,  
     This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are pulling,  
     On every side,  
     In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
     Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
     —But there's a Tree, of many one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :

The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## 5.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
     Hath had elsewhere it's 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 pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

## 7.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his Father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her Equipage ;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

## 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 might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy Being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The Years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## 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,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake  
 To perish never ;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
 Nor Man nor Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,  
 Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## 10.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
 And let the young Lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind,  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering,  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## 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 sway.  
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
     Is lovely yet ;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

## 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 independent 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 rapture more divine;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

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STAR-GAZERS.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here! we must not  
 pass it by;  
 A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:  
 Long is it as a Barber's Pole, or Mast of little Boat,  
 Some little Pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters  
 float.

The Show-man chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's  
 busy Square;  
 And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue  
 and fair;  
 Calm, though impatient, is the Crowd; each stands  
 ready with the fee,  
 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 this resplendent  
 Vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?  
 Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be  
 dear?

The silver Moon with all her Vales, and Hills of  
 mightiest fame,  
 Doth she betray us when they're seen? or are they but  
 a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,  
 And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do  
 her wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had,  
 And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these Specta-  
 tors rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
 Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore  
 prostrate lie?

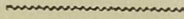
No, no, this cannot be—Men thirst for power and  
 majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind  
 employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy,  
 That doth reject all shew 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 turns, nor have I one espied  
 That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.



### THE WATERFALL AND EGLANTINE.

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

“ Dost thou presume my course to block ?  
 Off, off ! or, puny Thing !  
 I'll 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 aggravated haste ;  
I listened, nor aught else could hear ;  
The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
Those accents were his last.

## 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 pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands ;  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know ;  
Long hast Thou served a Man to reason true ;  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The toiling many and the resting few ;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind ;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As Nature is ;—too pure to be refined.

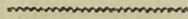
Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing,  
In concord with his River murmuring by ;  
Or in some silent field, while timid Spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Lord ?  
That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade !  
A trophy nobler than a Conqueror's sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or greater 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 thrift thy uselessness 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 !



## THE THORN.

“ THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
 In truth you'd find it hard to say  
 How it could ever have been young,  
 It looks so old and gray.  
 Not higher than a two years' child  
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;  
 No leaves it has, no thorny points ;  
 It is a mass of knotted joints,  
 A wretched thing forlorn.  
 It stands erect, and like a stone  
 With lichens it is overgrown.

Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop :  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
 So close, you'd say that they were bent

With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And all had joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy Pond  
 Of water—never dry ;  
 Though but of compass small, and bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
 There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
 A beauteous heap, a Hill of moss,  
 Just half a foot in height.  
 All lovely colours there you see,  
 All colours that were ever seen :  
 And mossy net-work too is there,  
 As if by hand of lady fair  
 The work had woven been ;  
 And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
 So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me ! what lovely tints are there !  
 Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
 In spikes, in branches, and in stars,  
 Green, red, and pearly white.  
 This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
 Which close beside the Thorn you see,

So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
 Is like an infant's grave in size,  
 As like as like can be :  
 But never, never any where,  
 An infant's grave was half so fair.

Now would you see this aged Thorn,  
 This Pond, and beauteous Hill of moss,  
 You must take care and choose your time  
 The mountain when to cross.  
 For oft there sits between the Heap  
 So like an infant's grave in size,  
 And that same Pond of which I spoke,  
 A Woman in a scarlet cloak,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !  
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !'

At all times of the day and night  
 This wretched Woman thither goes ;  
 And she is known to every star,  
 And every wind that blows ;  
 And there, beside the Thorn, she sits  
 When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And to herself she cries,  
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !  
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery !' ”

“ Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,  
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
 Does this poor Woman go ?  
 And why sits she beside the Thorn

When the blue daylight's in the sky,  
 Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And wherefore does she cry?—  
 Oh wherefore? wherefore? tell me why  
 Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;  
 For the true reason no one knows:  
 But would you gladly view the spot,  
 The spot to which she goes;  
 The hillock like an infant's grave,  
 The Pond—and Thorn, so old and gray;  
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—  
 And, if you see her in her hut,  
 Then to the spot away!—  
 I never heard of such as dare  
 Approach the spot when she is there."

"But wherefore to the mountain-top  
 Can this unhappy Woman go,  
 Whatever star is in the skies,  
 Whatever wind may blow?"  
 "'Tis known, that twenty years are passed  
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
 Gave with a maiden's true good will  
 Her company to Stephen Hill;  
 And she was blithe and gay,  
 While friends and kindred all approved  
 Of him whom tenderly she loved.

And they had fixed the wedding day,  
 The morning that must wed them both;  
 But Stephen to another Maid  
 Had sworn another oath;



And, with this other Maid, to church  
 Unthinking Stephen went—  
 Poor Martha! on that woeful day  
 A pang of pitiless dismay  
 Into her soul was sent;  
 A Fire was kindled in her breast,  
 Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,  
 While yet the summer leaves were green,  
 She to the mountain-top would go,  
 And there was often seen.  
 Alas! her lamentable state  
 Even to a careless eye was plain;  
 She was with child, and she was mad;  
 Yet often she was sober sad  
 From her exceeding pain.  
 O guilty Father,—would that death  
 Had saved him from that breach of faith!

Sad case for such a brain to hold  
 Communion with a stirring child!  
 Sad case, as you may think, for one  
 Who had a brain so wild!  
 Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
 And 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, whate'er they say,  
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
 The Thorn which I described to you,  
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak,  
 I will be sworn is true.  
 For one day with my telescope,  
 To view the ocean wide and bright,  
 When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
 I climbed the mountain's height ;  
 A storm came on, and I could see  
 No object higher than my knee.

'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain ;  
 No screen, no fence could I discover ;  
 And then the wind ! in faith, it was  
 A wind full ten times over.

I looked around, I thought I saw  
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
 Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
 The shelter of the crag to gain ;  
 And, as I am a man,  
 Instead of jutting crag, I found  
 A Woman seated on the ground.

I did not speak—I saw her face ;  
 Her face!—it was enough for me ;  
 I turned about and heard her cry,  
 ‘ Oh misery ! oh misery ! ’  
 And there she sits, until the moon  
 Through half the clear blue sky will go ;  
 And, when the little breezes make  
 The waters of the Pond to shake,  
 As all the country know,  
 She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
 ‘ Oh misery ! oh misery ! ’ ”

“ But what’s the Thorn ? and what the Pond ?  
 And what the Hill of moss to her ?  
 And what, the creeping breeze that comes  
 The little Pond to stir ? ”

“ I cannot tell ; but some will say  
 She hanged her Baby on the tree ;  
 Some say she drowned it in the Pond,  
 Which is a little step beyond :  
 But all and each agree,  
 The little Babe was buried there,  
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I’ve heard, the moss is spotted red  
 With drops of that poor infant’s blood.

But kill a new-born infant thus,  
 I do not think she could !  
 Some say, if to the Pond you go,  
 And fix on it a steady view,  
 The shadow of a babe you trace,  
 A baby and a baby's face,  
 And that it looks at you ;  
 Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
 The baby looks at you again.

And some had sworn an oath that she  
 Should be to public justice brought ;  
 And for the little infant's bones  
 With spades they would have sought.  
 It might not be—the Hill of moss  
 Before their eyes began to stir !  
 And for full fifty yards around,  
 The grass—it shook upon the ground !  
 Yet all do still aver  
 The little Babe is buried there,  
 Beneath that Hill of moss so fair.

I cannot tell how this may be :  
 But plain it is, the Thorn is bound  
 With heavy tufts of moss, that strive  
 To drag it to the ground ;  
 And this I know, full many a time,  
 When she was on the mountain high,  
 By day, and in the silent night,  
 When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
 That I have heard her cry,  
 ' Oh misery ! oh misery !  
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery ! ' ”

## HER EYES ARE WILD.

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair ;  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
And she came far from over the main.  
She has a Baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone ;  
And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
And on the green-wood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods among,  
And it was in the English tongue.

“ Sweet Babe ! they say that I am mad,  
But nay, my heart is far too glad ;  
And I am happy when I sing  
Full many a sad and doleful thing :  
Then, lovely Baby, do not fear !  
I pray thee have no fear of me,  
But, safe as in a cradle, here,  
My lovely Baby ! thou shalt be :  
To thee I know too much I owe ;  
I cannot work thee any woe.

A fire was once within my brain ;  
And in my head a dull, dull pain ;  
And fiendish faces one, two, three,  
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me.  
But then there came a sight of joy :  
It came at once to do me good ;  
I waked, and saw my little Boy,  
My little Boy of flesh and blood ;  
Oh joy for me that sight to see !  
For he was here, and only he.

Suck, little Babe, oh suck again !  
 It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;  
 Thy lips I feel them, Baby ! they  
 Draw from my heart the pain away.  
 Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;  
 It loosens something at my chest ;  
 About that tight and deadly band  
 I feel thy little fingers prest.  
 The breeze I see is in the tree ;  
 It comes to cool my Babe and me.

Oh ! love me, love me, little Boy !  
 Thou art thy Mother's only joy ;  
 And do not dread the waves below,  
 When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;  
 The high crag cannot work me harm,  
 Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;  
 The Babe I carry on my arm,  
 He saves for me my precious soul :  
 Then happy lie, for blest am I ;  
 Without me my sweet Babe would die.

Then do not fear, my Boy ! for thee  
 Bold as a lion I will be ;  
 And I will always be thy guide,  
 Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
 I'll build an Indian bower ; I know  
 The leaves that make the softest bed :  
 And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
 But still be true till I am dead,  
 My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing  
 As merry as the birds in spring.

Thy Father cares not for my breast,  
 'Tis thine, sweet Baby, there to rest ;

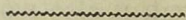
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue  
Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!  
My beauty, little Child, is flown;  
But thou wilt live with me in love,  
And what if my poor cheek be brown?  
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
How pale and wan it else would be.

Dread not their taunts, my little life;  
I am thy Father's wedded Wife;  
And underneath the spreading tree  
We two will live in honesty.  
If his sweet Boy he could forsake,  
With me he never would have stayed:  
From him no harm my Babe can take,  
But he, poor Man! is wretched made;  
And every day we two will pray  
For him that's gone and far away.

I'll teach my Boy the sweetest things;  
I'll teach him how the 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."



### THE EMBOWERING ROSE.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE  
 BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE embowering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine,  
 Will not unwillingly their place resign ;  
 If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,  
 Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.  
 One wooed the silent Art with studious pains,—  
 These Groves have heard the Other's pensive strains ;  
 Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
 By interchange of knowledge and delight.  
 May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,  
 And Love protect it from all injury !  
 And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,  
 Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,  
 Here may some Painter sit in future days,  
 Some future Poet meditate his lays ;  
 Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
 When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
 The haunt of Him who sang how spear and shield  
 In civil conflict met on Bosworth Field ;  
 And of that famous Youth, full soon removed  
 From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,  
 Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.



## 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 yon Prisoners three,  
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the  
Thames!  
The Platform is small, but gives room for them all;  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their Mill where it floats,  
To their House and their Mill tethered fast;  
To the small wooden Isle, where their work to beguile,  
They from morning to even take whatever is given;—  
And many a blithe day they have past.

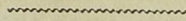
In sight of the Spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest,  
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free,  
While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,  
They themselves make the Reel,  
And their Music's a prey which they seize;  
It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis theirs;  
And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,  
While they dance, crying, “Long as ye please!”

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee!

Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find ;  
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The Showers of the Spring  
 Rouse the Birds, and they sing ;  
 If the Wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
 Each Leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss ;  
 Each Wave, one and t'other, speeds after his brother ;  
 They are happy, for that is their right !

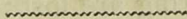


### THERE WAS A BOY.

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 jocund din ! And, when it chanced  
 That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,  
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise

Has carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his Mates, and died  
 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 !



## WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping Horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse !  
 Let me have the song of the Kettle ;  
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of that Horse  
 That gallops away with such fury and force  
 On his dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature ! perhaps  
 A child of the field or the grove ;

And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat  
 Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,  
 And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains  
 Which this comfortless oven environ!  
 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 spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh;  
 His eyesight and hearing are lost;  
 Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws;  
 And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky 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 woodbines 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 should'st sound through  
                   the clouds,  
 And back to the forests again!

## EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

“ WHY, William, on that old gray stone,—  
 Thus for the length of half a day,  
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
 And dream your time away ?

Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed  
 To beings else forlorn and blind !  
 Up ! up ! and drink the spirit breathed  
 From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother earth,  
 As if she for no purpose bore you ;  
 As if you were her first-born birth,  
 And none had lived before you !”

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
 And thus I made reply :

“ The eye—it cannot choose but see ;  
 We cannot bid the ear be still ;  
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
 Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
 Which of themselves our minds impress ;  
 That we can feed this mind of ours  
 In a wise passiveness.

Think you, mid all this mighty sum  
 Of things for ever speaking,  
 That nothing of itself will come,  
 But we must still be seeking?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
 Conversing as I may,  
 I sit upon this old gray stone,  
 And dream my time away.”

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### THE TABLES TURNED ;

AN EVENING SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

UP! up! my Friend, and quit your books ;  
 Or surely you'll grow double :  
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;  
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
 A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields has spread,  
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :  
 Come, hear the woodland Linnet,  
 How sweet his music ! on my life,  
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the Throstle sings !  
 He, too, is no mean preacher :  
 Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
 Our minds and hearts to bless—  
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of 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.

---

#### ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER,

ON BEING REMINDED, THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD, ON THAT DAY.

—————HAST thou then survived,  
 Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,  
 Meek Infant ! among all forlornest things  
 The most forlorn, one life of that bright Star,  
 The second glory of the heavens ?—Thou hast :  
 Already hast survived that great decay ;  
 That transformation through the wide earth felt,  
 And by all nations. In that Being's sight  
 From whom the Race of human kind proceed,  
 A thousand years are but as yesterday ;

And one day's narrow circuit is to him  
Not less capacious than a thousand years.  
But what is time? What outward glory? neither  
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend  
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet hail to Thee,  
Frail, feeble Monthling!—by that name, methinks,  
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
Or to the churlish elements exposed  
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,  
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
Of beauty, by the changing Moon adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition, then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed  
Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
Who might have wandered with thee.—Mother's love,  
Nor less than Mother's love in other breasts,  
Will, among us warm clad and warmly housed,  
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest Coevals, amid wilds  
Where Fancy hath small liberty to grace  
The affections, to exalt them or refine;  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.  
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!  
Even now—to solemnize thy helpless state,  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
Within the region of a Father's thoughts,



Thee and thy Mate and Sister of the sky.  
And first ;—thy sinless progress, through a world  
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,  
Moving untouched in silver purity,  
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom.  
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain :  
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
With brightness !—leaving her to post along,  
And range about—disquieted in change,  
And still impatient of the shape she wears.  
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,  
That will suffice thee ; and it seems that now  
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine ;  
Thou travell'st so contentedly, and sleep'st  
In such a heedless peace. Alas ! full soon  
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er  
By breathing mist ; and thine appears to be  
A mournful labour, while to her is given  
Hope—and a renovation without end.  
—That smile forbids the thought ;—for on thy face  
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 untried world, and to prepare thy way  
Through a strait passage intricate and dim ?  
Such are they,—and the same are tokens, signs,  
Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,  
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt ;  
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own.

## 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 scycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
The wild green landscape. Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,  
Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous Forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din

\* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,  
 As have no slight or trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world,  
 Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul :  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,  
 In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by,)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their 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 perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
 For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead

\* This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line in Young, the exact expression of which I cannot recollect.

From joy to joy : for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee : and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together ; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
Unwearied in that service : rather say  
With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake

## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

### I.

#### THE SONNET.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;  
And Hermits are contented with their cells ;  
And Students with their pensive citadels :  
Maids at the wheel, the Weaver at his loom,  
Sit blithe and happy ; Bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground :  
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

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### II.

#### WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

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

## III.

## 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 impiety.  
 Think what the Home must be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the Porch which they entwine:  
 Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touched would melt, and melt away.

## IV.

“BELOVED Vale!” I said, “when shall I 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.



## V.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill  
 Of limpid water, humbler far than aught  
 That ever among Men or Naiads sought  
 Notice or name !—It quivers down the hill,  
 Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will ;  
 Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought  
 Oftener than Ganges or the Nile, a thought  
 Of private recollection sweet and still !  
 Months perish with their moons ; year treads on year ;  
 But, faithful Emma, thou with me canst say  
 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.

## VI.

## TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE Sleep ! do they belong to thee,  
 These twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love  
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
 A Captive never wishing to be free.  
 This tiresome night, O Sleep ! thou art to me  
 A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above  
 Now on the water vexed with mockery.  
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no ;  
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a child :  
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled :  
 O gentle Creature ! do not use me so,  
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

## VII.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;  
 By turns have all been thought of ; yet I lie  
 Sleepless : and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;  
 And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
 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 betwixt day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

## VIII.

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !  
 And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names ;  
 The very sweetest words that fancy frames,  
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !  
 Dear bosom Child we call thee, that dost steep  
 In rich reward all suffering ; Balm that tames  
 All anguish ; Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
 Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,  
 I surely not a man ungently made,  
 Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost ?  
 Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
 Mere Slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
 Still last to come where thou art wanted most !

## IX.

## THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

THE Imperial Consort of the Fairy King  
 Owns not a sylvan bower ; or gorgeous cell  
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell  
 Ceilinged and roofed ; that is so fair a thing  
 As this low structure—for the tasks of Spring  
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell ;  
 And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,  
 And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown  
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
 Fine as the Mother's softest plumes allow :  
 I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside  
 Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride !

## X.

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 pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
 Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook !  
 Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
 The cowslip bank and shady willow-tree,  
 And the fresh meads ; where flowed, from every nook  
 Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety !

## XI.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made  
 That Work a living landscape fair and bright ;  
 Nor hallowed less with musical delight  
 Than those soft scenes through which thy Childhood  
       strayed,  
 Those southern Tracts of Cambria, “ deep embayed,  
 With green hills fenced, with Ocean’s murmur lulled ;  
 Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled  
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade  
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,  
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,  
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,  
 Long as the Shepherd’s bleating flock shall stray  
 O’er naked Snowdon’s wide aerial waste ;  
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill !

## XII.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON  
 EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn  
 That saw the Saviour in his human frame  
 Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame  
 Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn :  
 Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,  
 And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,  
 In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,  
 Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.  
 A blest estate when piety sublime  
 These humble props disdained not ! O green dales !  
 Sad may *I* be who heard your sabbath chime  
 When Art’s abused inventions were unknown ;  
 Kind Nature’s various wealth was all your own ;  
 And benefits were weighed in Reason’s scales !

## XIII.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A  
CERTAIN POEM.

*See Milton's Sonnet, beginning*

“ A Book was writ of late called ‘ Tetrachordon.’ ”

A Book came forth of late, called “ Peter Bell ; ”  
Not negligent the style ;—the matter ?—good  
As aught that song records of Robin Hood ;  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell ;  
But some (who brook these hacknied themes full well,  
Nor heat, at Tam o’ Shanter’s name, their blood)  
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.  
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,  
Who mad’st at length the better life thy choice,  
Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men  
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice  
In the just tribute of thy Poet’s pen !

## XIV.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready Friend  
Now that the cottage spinning-wheel is mute ;  
And Care—a Comforter that best could suit  
Her froward mood, and softliest 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 :  
Ev’n Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest  
From her own overflow, what power sedate  
On those revolving motions did await  
Assiduously, to soothe her aching breast—  
And—to a point of just relief—abate  
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

## XV.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, IN THE  
VALE OF GRASMERE.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,  
These humble Nuptials to proclaim or grace ?  
Angels of Love, look down upon the place,  
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !  
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display  
Even for such promise:—serious is her face,  
Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts keep pace  
With gentleness, in that becoming way  
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear,  
No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
But, when the closer view of wedded life  
Hath shewn that nothing human can be clear  
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife  
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

## XVI.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent Tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?  
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—  
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

## XVII.

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind ;  
 " Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays ;  
 " Heavy is woe ;—and joy, for human-kind,  
 " A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !"  
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days  
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned  
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,  
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.  
 Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined :  
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine Flower  
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

## XVIII.

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 tune ;  
 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.

## XIX.

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
 Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
 On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;  
 How quickly from that aery hold unbound,  
 Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
 Of nature trusts 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.

~~~~~  
 XX.

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 undersong.

XXI.

CONTINUED.

"YET life," you say, "is life ; we have seen and see,
 And with a living pleasure we describe ;
 And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
 The languid mind into activity.
 Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
 Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
 Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
 Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !
 Children are blest, and powerful ; their world lies
 More justly balanced ; partly at their feet,
 And part far from them :—sweetest melodies
 Are those that are by distance made more sweet ;
 Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
 He is a Slave ; the meanest we can meet !

XXII.

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.

XXIII.

CONCLUDED.

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
 Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
 From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,
 Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :
 And thus from day to day my little Boat
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
 The Poets, who on Earth have made us Heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
 Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

XXIV.

TO R. B. HAYDON, ESQ.

HIGH is our calling, Friend !—Creative Art
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
 And, oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

XXV.

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,
 Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
 Rise, GILLIES, rise : the gales of youth shall bear
 Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
 Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
 In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,
 And reason govern that audacious flight
 Which heav'n-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.

XXVI.

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,
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
 Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy due ;
 Fair Prime of Life ! arouse the deeper heart ;
 Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
 Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ;
 And, if there be a joy that slights the claim
 Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

XXVII.

RETIREMENT.

IF the whole weight of what we think and feel,
 Save only far as thought and feeling blend,
 With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
 From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
 But to promote and fortify the weal
 Of our own Being, is her paramount end;
 A truth which they alone shall comprehend
 Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
 Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss;
 Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,
 And startled only by the rustling brake,
 Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind,
 By some weak aims at services assigned
 To gentle natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell
 Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
 Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange,
 Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell ;
 But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
 There also is the Muse not loth to range,
 Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange,
 Skyward ascending from the twilight 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.

XXX.

THE Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand ;
 The Sun is peopled ; and with Spirits blest,
 Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossesst ?
 Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
 A Habitation marvellously planned,
 For life to occupy in love and rest ;
 All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
 Or fort, erected at her sage command.
 Is this a vernal thought ? Even so, the Spring
 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.

XXXI.

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 alcove,
 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 hither bring;
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

XXXII.

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only Poets know ;—'twas rightly said ;
 Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
 Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains ?
 When happiest Fancy has inspired the Strains,
 How oft the malice of one luckless word
 Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
 Haunts him belated on the silent plains !
 Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear
 At last of hindrance and obscurity,
 Fresh as the Star that crowns the brow of Morn ;
 Bright, speckless as a softly-moulded tear
 The moment it has left the Virgin's eye,
 Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed Thorn.*

XXXIII.

MARK the concentrated Hazels that enclose
 Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
 Of noontide suns :—and even the beams that play
 And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
 Upon that roof—amid embowering gloom
 The very image framing of a Tomb,
 In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye 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.

 XXXIV.

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 Naiad should'st 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.

XXXV.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur !
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood !
 Who, with a keeness not to be withstood,
 Press the point home,—or falter and demur,
 Checked in your course by many a teasing burr ;
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood
 Might cool ;—and, as the Genius of the flood
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur
 Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
 Yon eddying balls of foam—these arrowy gleams,
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
 Welter and flash—a synod might detain
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes !

 XXXVI.

COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1803.

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 !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

XXXVII.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY
LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride :
And lo ! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty King !
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check, nor time abate.

 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,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From home affections, and heroic toil.
Nor doubt that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay that Reason cannot heal ;
And very Reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered Wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though Man for Brother Man has ceased to feel.

XXXIX.

TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo ! of thy bill,
 With its twin notes inseparably paired.
 The Captive, 'mid damp vaults unsunned, 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 lordly Eagle-race through hostile search
 May perish ; time may come when never more
 The wilderness shall hear the Lion roar ;
 But, long as Cock shall crow from household perch
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring !

XL.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME tells of Groves—from England far away—
 * Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
 And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
 Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;
 Such bold report I venture to gainsay :
 For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill
 Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
 Strains, that recalled to mind a distant day ;
 When, haply under shade of that same wood,
 And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
 Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
 The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—
 Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
 Ye heavenly Birds ! to your Progenitors.

* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

XLI.

—————“ 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,
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,
And counted them : and oftentimes will start—
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aërial grounds !

XLI.

WHILE they, her Playmates once, light-hearted tread
The mountain turf and river's flowery marge ;
Or float with music in the festal barge ;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led ;
Is Anna doomed to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some Charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And Friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet Genius is no feeble comforter :
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time ; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout,
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

XLIII.

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,
 Rose out of darkness : the bright Work stood still,
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
 By virtues that diffused, in every part,
 Spirit divine through forms of human art :
 Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
 Into the consciousness of safety thrilled ;
 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
 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.

XLIV.

TO ROTH A Q——

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head was grey
 When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood ;
 Pledged till thou reached the verge of womanhood,
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay :
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan ! was the day
 For steadfast hope the contract to fulfil ;
 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
 After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
 For others ; for thy future self a spell
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

* The River Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

XLV.

TO ———.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
 To something purer and more exquisite
 Than flesh and blood; when'er thou meet'st my sight,
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
 That Child of Winter, prompting thoughts that climb
 From desolation tow'rd's 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.

XLVI.

CONCLUSION. TO ———

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
 That animates the scenes of public life
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears,
 Then I repent not: but my soul hath fears
 Breathed from eternity; for as a dart
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal;
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

I.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a Reed that's shaken by the wind,
 Or what is it that ye go forth to see ?
 Lords, Lawyers, Statesmen, Squires of low degree,
 Men known, and men unknown, Sick, Lame, and Blind,
 Post forward all, like Creatures of one kind,
 With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
 In France, before the new-born Majesty.
 'Tis ever thus. Ye Men of prostrate mind !
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power ;
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown
 In haste, nor springing with a transient shower :
 When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
 What hardship had it been to wait an hour ?
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone !

II.

1801.

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, 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
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
 Of the mind's business : these are the degrees
 By which true Sway doth mount ; this is the stalk
 True power doth grow on ; and her rights are these.

III.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
 And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

IV.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men !
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
 Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, 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.

V.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
 To think that now our Life is only drest
 For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom !—We must run glittering like a Brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :
 The wealthiest man among us is the best :
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
 Plain living and high thinking are no more :
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

VI.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour ;
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness : and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

VII.

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,
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
 Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
 No single Volume paramount, no code,
 No master spirit, no determined road ;
 But equally a want of Books and Men !

VIII.

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 water, unwithstood,"
 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 Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

IX.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert
 The Student's bower for gold, some fear 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 unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled.
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

X.

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, manly 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.

XI.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times touch monied Worldlings with dismay :
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair :
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
 Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,
 Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death !

XII.

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 !

XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1805.

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
 Another mighty Empire overthrown!
 And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
 The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
 That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
 That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
 O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
 We shall exult, if They who rule the land
 Be Men who hold its many blessings dear,
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile Band,
 Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
 And honour which they do not understand.

XIV.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
 THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate Hill to climb:
 How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by Thee
 Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;
 But Thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
 Didst first lead forth 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 yoke-fellow of Time
 With unabating effort, see, the palm
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
 The bloody Writing is for ever torn,
 And Thou henceforth shalt have a good Man's calm,
 A great Man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
 Repose at length, firm Friend of human kind!

XV.

A PROPHECY. 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,
 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 accursed league with France,
 First open Traitor to a sacred name !

XVI.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT,
 OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA, 1808.

NOT 'mid the World's vain objects ! that enslave
 The free-born Soul,—that World whose vaunted 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.

XVII.

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 Phœbus through the gates of morn
 When dreary darkness is discomfited :
 Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
 O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock ;
 The Murderers are aghast ; they strive to flee,
 And half their Host is buried :—rock on rock
 Descends :—Beneath this godlike Warrior, see !
 Hills, Torrents, Woods, embodied to bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

XVIII.

ALAS ! what boots the long, laborious quest
 Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill ;
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
 And lead us on to that transcendent rest
 Where every passion shall the sway attest
 Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;
 What is it but a vain and curious skill,
 If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
 Beneath the brutal sword ? Her haughty Schools
 Shall blush ! and may not we with sorrow say,
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
 More for mankind at this unhappy day
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

XIX.

SAY, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence
 A Kingdom doth assault, and in the scale
 Of perilous war her weightiest Armies fail,
 Honour is hopeful elevation—whence
 Glory, and Triumph. Yet with politic skill
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust,
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust,—
 A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XX.

THE martial courage of a day is vain,
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
 Armies or Kingdoms. We have heard a strain
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
 A weight of hostile corpses: drenched with gore
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
 Yet see, the mighty tumult overpast,
 Austria a Daughter of her Throne hath sold!
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
 Murdered like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
 Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
 To think that such assurance can stand fast!

XXI.

IN due observance of an ancient rite,
 The rude Biscayans, when their Children lie
 Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
 Attire the peaceful Corse in vestments white;
 And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
 They bind the unoffending Creature's brows
 With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
 This done, a festal Company unite
 In choral song; and, while the uplifted Cross
 Of Jesus goes before, the Child is borne
 Uncovered to his grave. Her piteous loss
 The lonesome Mother cannot choose but mourn;
 Yet soon by Christian faith is grief subdued,
 And joy attends upon her fortitude.

XXII.

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
 Springs this indigenious produce far and near;
 No craft this subtle element can bind,
 Rising like water from the soil, to find
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

XXIII.

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 *accursed* thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous Tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
 Nor, touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
 For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
 And justice labours in extremity,
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
 O wretched Man, the throne of Tyranny !

XXIV.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. FEBRUARY, 1816.

THE Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day,
 Yet trained to judgments righteously severe ;
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
 As recognizing one Almighty sway :
 He whose experienced eye can pierce the array
 Of past events,—to whom, in vision clear,
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away :
 Assoiled from all incumbrance of our time,*
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
 Shall comprehend this victory sublime ;
 And worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
 Which the blest Angels, from their peaceful clime
 Beholding, welcomed with a choral shout.

* " From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil."

Spenser.

XXV.

ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D' ENGHEN.

DEAR Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings ;
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
 In a blind worship ; men perversely bold
 Even to this hour ; yet at this hour they quake ;
 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 !

* We have plucked handfuls of these Sonnets for our readers, with a somewhat greedy grasp ; where there is plenty it is a sin to starve, and where the plenty is good, it is difficult to come away unsatisfied. Let us take shelter behind the pious thought of Pope,

“ To enjoy is to obey.”

Having thus collected with no unsparing hand, from the author's Miscellaneous Sonnets, and from his Sonnets to Liberty, parts I. and II., there remain three other clusters to which we should like to apply our editorial nutcrackers :—“ The River Duddon,” “ Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,” and the “ Ecclesiastical Sketches :” from each of which we dare take only a few for our own modest share ; and refer the wholesale lovers of *kernels* to satisfy themselves in the author's poetical works, 5 vols., Longman and Co.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

I.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGED Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought
 Of rainbow colours ; One whose port was bold,
 Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold
 The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought,
 Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
 She vanished—leaving prospect blank and cold
 Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
 In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,
 And monuments that soon must disappear :
 Yet a dread local recompense we found ;
 While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot zeal
 Sank in our hearts, we felt as Men *should* feel
 With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
 And horror breathing from the silent ground !

II.

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River throwing
 His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
 Back in astonishment and fear we shrink :
 But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
 Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing ;
 Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
 And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
 Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
 They suck, from breath that threatening to destroy
 Is more benignant than the dewy eve,
 Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy :
 Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
 Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
 These humbler adorations will receive.

ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

I.

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 ?

II.

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, crost ;
 And where the boatman of the Western Isles,
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest fame,
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
 To an unquestionable Source have led ;
 Enough—if eyes that sought the fountain-head,
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

III.

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 storehouses afford:
 Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
 It rages;—some are smitten in the field—
 Some pierced beneath the ineffectual shield
 Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
 England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake:
 Self-offered Victim, for his friend he died,
 And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
 That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
 By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

IV.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
 Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
 Have the Survivors of this Storm renewed
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain
 To celebrate their great deliverance;
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear,
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

V.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm ! for soul-subduing vice,
 Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
 Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
 And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
 Their radiance through the woods, may yet suffice
 To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
 Your love of him upon whose forehead sate
 The crown of thorns ; whose life-blood flowed, the price
 Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
 That Rome provides, less dreading 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 !

VI.

CRUSADES.

THE Turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
 Along the West ; though driven from Aquitaine,
 The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ;
 And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
 The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
 Of ease, the narrow Bosphorous will disdain ;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
 Known to moral world, Imagination,
 Upheave (so seems it) from her natural station
 All Christendom ;—they sweep along—(was never
 So huge a host !)—to tear from the Unbeliever
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

VII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the stream our voyage we pursue,
 The gross materials of this world present
 A marvellous study of wild accident;
 Uncouth proximities of old and new;
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
 When most fantastic, offers to the view.
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?
 Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia;—crown,
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line
 Baronial Halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

VIII.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
 And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
 And awe and supernatural horror breeds,
 And all the People bow their heads, like reeds
 To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
 This Valdo brooked not. On the banks of Rhone
 He taught, till persecution 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.

IX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong,
 Mortification with the shirt of hair,
 Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long,
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,
 And rob the People of his daily care,
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
 Inversion strange! that unto One who lives
 For self, and struggles with himself alone,
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
 That to a Monk allots, in the esteem
 Of God and Man, place higher than to him
 Who on the good of others builds his own!

X.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
 There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun,—
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—
 To stay the precious waste. In every brain
 Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,
 Through the wide world, to madding Fancy dear,
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

XI.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue ;
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
 With understanding spirit now may look
 Upon her records, listen to her song,
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
 Transcendant Boon ! noblest that earthly King
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering
 Beneath their feet—detested and defiled.

XII.

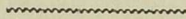
THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise ? for nothing less
 Than that pure Faith dissolve the bonds of Sense ;
 The Soul restored to God by evidence
 Of things not seen—drawn forth from their recess,
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness ;
That Faith which to the Patriarchs did dispense
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
 Was needful round men thirsting to transgress ;
 That Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
 The temples of their hearts—who, with his word
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,
 And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XIII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN
OF KENT.

THE tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources ; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush ;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go ;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven,
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.



XIV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand ;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied ; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head, the victory complete ;
The shrouded Body, to the Soul's command,
Answering with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration :
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation ! *

* For the belief in this fact see the contemporary Historians.

XV.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy
 Their Forefathers ; lo ! Sects are formed—and split
 With morbid restlessness,—the ecstatic fit
 Spreads wide ; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry ;
 And so they labour ; deeming Holy Writ
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
 The Romanist exults ; fresh hope he draws
 From the confusion—craftily incites
 The overweening—personates the mad—
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause :
 Totters the Throne ; the new-born Church is sad,
 For every wave against her peace unites.

XVI.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
 To plague her beating heart ; and there is one
 (Nor idlest that !) which holds communion
 With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
 Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling power :
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
 Worse than the product of that dismal night,
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XVII.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

SUCH is the contrast, which, where'er we move,
 To the mind's eye Religion doth present ;
 Now with her own deep quietness content ;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
 Against the ancient Pine-trees of the grove
 And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
 Recals the transformation of the flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
 Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
 Of headstrong will ! Can this be Piety ?
 No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name ;
 And scourges England struggling to be free :
 Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilderness !
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame !

XVIII.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night without a voice, this Vision spake
 Fear to my Spirit—passion that might seem
 Wholly dissevered from our present theme ;
 Yet do I love my Country—and partake
 Of kindred agitations for her sake ;
 She visits oftentimes my midnight dream ;
 Her glory meets me with the earliest beam
 Of light, which tells that morning is awake.
 If aught impair her beauty or destroy,
 Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
 With filial love the sad vicissitude ;
 If she had fallen and righteous Heaven restore
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

XIX.

PERSECUTION OF SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were
 closed;

And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by compatriot-protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant.

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 XX.

## 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 Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;  
 But These had fallen for profitless regret  
 Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred,  
 And claims from other worlds inspirited  
 The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet  
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things  
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support.  
 However hardly won or justly dear;  
 What came from Heaven to Heaven by Nature clings,  
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

## XXI.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky  
 So fair as these. The feather whence the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men  
 Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye  
 We read of Faith and purest Charity  
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.  
 O could we copy their mild virtues, then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die !  
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;  
 Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night ;  
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
 A guiding ray ; or seen, like stars on high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

## XXII.

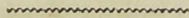
PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion, where, his Flock among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.  
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
 To human kind ; though peace be on his tongue,  
 Gentleness in his heart ; can earth afford  
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 He from the Pulpit lifts his awful hand ;  
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
 For re-subjecting to divine command  
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man ?

## XXIII.

## CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least—in due degree,  
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,  
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company !  
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed ;  
 And some a bold unerring answer made :  
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
 Beloved Mother ! Thou whose happy hand  
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie :  
 Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command  
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear :  
 O lost too early for the frequent tear,  
 And ill requited by this heart-felt sigh !



## 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 royally 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.

## CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD  
 Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings. Look forth, that Stream behold,  
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed  
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold  
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!  
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)  
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
 Till they have reached the Eternal City—built  
 For the perfected Spirits of the just!

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 OH SISTER, I COULD PROPHECY!

FROM THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

“ O SISTER, I could prophesy!  
 The time is come that rings the knell  
 Of all we loved, and loved so well;—  
 Hope nothing, if I thus may speak  
 To thee a woman, and thence weak;  
 Hope nothing, I repeat; for we  
 Are doomed to perish utterly:  
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide  
 The thought while I am by thy side,  
 Acknowledging a grace in this,  
 A comfort in the dark abyss:



But look not for me when I am gone,  
And be no farther wrought upon.  
Farewell all wishes, all debate,  
All prayers for this cause, or for that !  
Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend  
Upon no help of outward friend ;  
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave  
To fortitude without reprieve.  
For we must fall, both we and ours,—  
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,  
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,  
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all ;  
The young Horse must forsake his manger,  
And learn to glory in a Stranger ;  
The Hawk forget his perch—the Hound  
Be parted from his ancient ground :  
The blast will sweep us all away,  
One desolation, one decay !  
And even this Creature !” which words 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,—  
Ere she had learned to love us all,  
Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.  
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be  
The last leaf which by heaven’s decree  
Must hang upon a blasted tree ;  
If not in vain we breathed the breath  
Together of a purer faith—  
If hand in hand we have been led,

And thou, (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 armèd Multitude.

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FROM CLOUDLESS ETHER.

FROM THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

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 Trees;—

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 pillared 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  
Aloft is roosted for the night,  
He who in proud prosperity  
Of colours manifold and bright  
Walked round, affronting the daylight ;  
And higher still above the bower  
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower  
The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine  
With glittering finger points at nine.  
—Ah ! who could think that sadness here  
Hath any sway ? or pain, or fear ?  
A soft and lulling sound is heard  
Of streams inaudible by day ;  
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred  
By the night insects in their play,  
Breaks into dimples small and bright ;  
A thousand, thousand rings of light,  
That shape themselves and disappear  
Almost as soon as seen :—and, lo !  
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe :  
The same fair Creature who was nigh  
Feeding in tranquillity,  
When Francis uttered to the Maid  
His last words in the yew-tree shade ;—

The same fair Creature, who hath found  
 Her way into forbidden ground ;  
 Where now, within this spacious plot  
 For pleasure made, a goodly spot,  
 With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades  
 Of trellis-work in long arcades,  
 And cirque and crescent framed by wall  
 Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,  
 Converging walks, and fountains gay,  
 And terraces in trim array,—  
 Beneath yon cypress spiring high,  
 With pine and cedar spreading wide  
 Their darksome boughs on either side,  
 In open moonlight doth she lie ;  
 Happy as others of her kind,  
 That, far from human neighbourhood,  
 Range unrestricted as the wind,  
 Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,  
 The consecrated Emily ?  
 Even while I speak, behold the Maid  
 Emerging from the cedar shade  
 To open moonshine, where the Doe  
 Beneath the cypress-spire is laid ;  
 Like a patch of April snow,  
 Upon a bed of herbage green,  
 Lingerin in a woody glade,  
 Or behind a rocky screen ;  
 Lonely relic ! which, if seen  
 By the Shepherd, is passed by  
 With an inattentive eye.  
 —Nor more regard doth she bestow  
 Upon the uncomplaining Doe !

## TO THE REV. DR. W——.

(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 smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling Laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green.*

*Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings :  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze  
Nor check the music of the strings ;  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.*

*And who but listened ?—till was paid  
Respect to every Inmate's claim ;  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "merry Christmas" wished to all !*

*O Brother ! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills ;  
And it is given thee to rejoice :  
Though public care full often tills  
(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 no other faces shine  
A true revival of the light,  
Which Nature, and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours !*

*For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.*

*How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep !  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence ;*

*The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;  
And some unbidden tears that rise  
For names once heard, and heard no more ;  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid !*

*Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared,  
The ground where we were born and reared !*

*Hail, ancient Manners ! sure defence,  
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;  
 Remnants of love whose modest sense  
 Thus into narrow room withdraws ;  
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
 And ye, that guard them, Mountains old !*

*Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought  
 That slights this passion, or condemns ;  
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
 From the proud margin of the Thames,  
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.*

*Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
 Short leisure even in busiest days ;  
 Moments, to cast a look behind,  
 And profit by those kindly rays  
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
 And all the far-off past reveal.*

*Hence, while the imperial City's din  
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
 A pleased attention I may win  
 To agitations less severe,  
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
 But fill the hollow vale with joy !*

THE RIVER DUDDON rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire ; and, serving as a boundary to the two last counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

## 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 perennial blow  
 Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling ;  
 Heedless 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 aëry 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.

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played  
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy 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 silver colonnade.  
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey ;  
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
 Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,  
 Thy pleased associates :—light as endless May  
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.



## III.

“CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose !”  
 The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,  
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies  
 On Laura’s breast, in exquisite repose ;  
 Or he would pass into her Bird, that throws  
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage ;  
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage  
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows,  
 And what the little careless Innocent  
 Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice !  
 There are whose calmer mind it would content  
 To be an uncultured floweret of the glen,  
 Fearless of plough and scythe ; or darkling wren,  
 That tunes on Duddon’s banks her slender voice.

## IV.

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 yield’st no more  
 Than a soft record that whatever fruit  
 Of ignorance thou might’st witness heretofore,  
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute !

## V.

## 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  
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,  
 His budding courage to the proof;—and here  
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly  
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

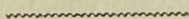
## VI.

## THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance  
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;  
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;  
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—  
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;  
 She ventures once again—another pause!  
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—  
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!  
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch  
 Both feel when he renews 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 yon high rock, see  
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

## VII.

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 rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !  
 Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary slaves  
 Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge past ?



## VIII.

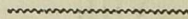
## RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted Yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks ;  
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew  
 Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew  
 The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars  
 Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,  
 Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars :  
 Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it  
 came !

## IX.

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion, "mother of form and fear,"  
 Dread Arbitress of mutable respect,  
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper ;  
 If one strong wish may be embosomed here,  
 Mother of LOVE ! for this deep vale, protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere  
 That seeks to stifle it ;—as in those days  
 When this low pile a Gospel Teacher knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue :  
 Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays ;  
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew ;  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise !



## X.

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here I roved  
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved ;  
 Some who had early mandates to depart,  
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
 By Duddon's side ; once more do we unite,  
 Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light ;  
 And smothered joys into new being start.  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory ;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recal  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

## XI.

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 copse wheel 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.

## XII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to steep ;  
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands  
 And blooming thickets ; nor by rocky bands  
 Held ;—but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep  
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
 Sink, and forget their nature ;—*now* expands  
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !  
 Beneath an ampler 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.

## XIII.

## 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 !

## XIV.

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

*I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
 As being past away.—Vain sympathies !  
 For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;  
 Still glides the Stream, and shall not cease to glide ;  
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied  
 The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !  
 Enough, if something from our hands have power  
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;  
 And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go,  
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendant  
 dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than we know.*

## THE EXCURSION.

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 TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G. &amp;c. &amp;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 Lowther's current clear.  
 —Now, by thy care befriended, I appear  
 Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,  
 A token (may it prove a monument !)  
 Of high respect and gratitude sincere.  
 Gladly would I have waited till my task  
 Had reached its close ; but Life is insecure,  
 And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream :  
 Therefore, for what is here produced I ask  
 Thy favour ; trusting that thou wilt not deem  
 The Offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

July 29, 1814.

## BOOK I.—THE WANDERER.

## ARGUMENT.

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

TWAS summer, and the sun had mounted high :  
 Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
 Through a pale steam ; but all the northern downs,  
 In clearest air ascending, show'd far off  
 A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung  
 From brooding clouds ; shadows that lay in spots  
 Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
 Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed ;  
 Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss  
 Extends his careless limbs along the front  
 Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts  
 A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
 Where the wren warbles ; while the dreaming Man,  
 Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
 With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,  
 By power of that impending covert thrown  
 To finer distance. Other lot was mine ;  
 Yet with good hope that soon I should obtain  
 As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy.  
 Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
 With languid steps that by the slippery ground  
 Were baffled ; nor could my weak arm disperse  
 The host of insects gathering round my face,  
 And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open level stood a Grove,  
 The wish'd-for port to which my course was bound.



Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom  
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,  
Appear'd a roofless Hut ; four naked walls  
That stared upon each other ! I looked round,  
And to my wish and to my hope espied  
Him whom I sought ; a Man of reverend age,  
But stout and hale, for travel unimpair'd.  
There was he seen upon the Cottage bench,  
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep ;  
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I mark'd the day before—alone  
And station'd in the public way, with face  
Turn'd tow'rd the sun then setting, while that staff  
Afforded to the Figure of the Man  
Detain'd for contemplation or repose,  
Graceful support ; his countenance meanwhile  
Was hidden from my view, and he remain'd  
Unrecognized ; but, stricken by the sight,  
With slacken'd 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 pass'd  
My school-days, an apartment he had own'd,  
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,  
And found a kind of home or harbour there.  
He loved me ; from a swarm of rosy Boys  
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,  
For my grave looks—too thoughtful for my years.  
As I grew up, it was my best delight

To be his chosen Comrade. Many a time,  
 On holidays, we rambled through the woods :  
 We sate—we walk'd; he pleased me with report  
 Of things which he had seen; and often touch'd  
 Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind  
 Turn'd 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 parch'd meadow-ground, in time of drought.  
 Still deeper welcome found his pure discourse :  
 How precious when in riper days I learn'd  
 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 endow'd with highest gifts,  
 The vision and the faculty divine,  
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of Verse  
 (Which, in the docile season of their youth,  
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack  
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,  
 Or haply by a temper too severe,  
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame);  
 Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led  
 By circumstance to take unto the height  
 The measure of themselves, these favour'd 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 unreveal'd and unproclaim'd.

But, as the mind was fill'd with inward light,  
 So not without distinction had he lived,  
 Beloved and honoured—far as he was known.  
 And some small portion of his eloquent speech,  
 And something that may serve to set in view  
 The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,  
 His observations, and the thoughts his mind  
 Had dealt with—I will here record in verse ;  
 Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink  
 Or rise, as venerable Nature leads,  
 The high and tender Muses shall accept  
 With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,  
 And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born :  
 Where, on a small hereditary Farm,  
 An unproductive slip of rugged ground,  
 His Parents, with their numerous Offspring, dwelt ;  
 A virtuous Household, though exceeding poor !  
 Pure Livers were they all, austere and grave,  
 And fearing God ; the very Children taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,  
 And an habitual piety, maintain'd  
 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 repair'd,  
 Equipp'd with satchel, to a School, that stood  
 Sole Building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Remote from view of City spire, or sound  
 Of Minster clock ! From that bleak Tenement  
 He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the Hills

Grow larger in the darkness, all alone  
Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
And travell'd 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 impress'd  
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
And colour so distinct, that on his mind  
They lay like substances, and almost seem'd  
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received  
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,  
With these impressions would he still compare  
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;  
And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
Of dimmer character, he thence attain'd  
An active power to fasten images  
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines  
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,  
While yet a Child, with a Child's eagerness  
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
On all things which the moving seasons brought  
To feed such appetite: nor this alone  
Appeas'd 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 fix'd lineaments,  
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
Or by creative feeling overborne,  
Or by predominance of thought oppress'd,  
Even in their fix'd and steady lineaments  
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,

Expression ever varying!

Thus inform'd,  
 He had small need of books; for many a Tale  
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,  
 And many a Legend, peopling the dark woods,  
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power  
 By which she is made quick to recognize  
 The moral properties and scope of things.  
 But eagerly he read, and read again,  
 Whate'er the Minister's old Shelf supplied;  
 The life and death of Martyrs, who sustain'd,  
 With will inflexible, those fearful pangs  
 Triumphantly display'd in records left  
 Of Persecution, and the Covenant—Times  
 Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!  
 And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved  
 A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,  
 That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
 Romance of Giants, chronicles of Fiends,  
 Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts  
 Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,  
 Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,  
 With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen  
 Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,  
 Where Fear sate thus, a cherish'd visitant,  
 Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
 By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
 Or flowing from the universal face  
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power  
 Of Nature, and already was prepared,  
 By his intense conceptions, to receive  
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,

Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth  
What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He look'd—  
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth  
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay  
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,  
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 swallow'd up  
His animal being ; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live ; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,  
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort  
Was his existence oftentimes *possess'd*.  
O then how beautiful, how bright appear'd  
The written Promise ! Early had he learn'd  
To reverence the Volume that displays  
The mystery, the life which cannot die ;  
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.  
Responsive to the writing, all things there

Breathed immortality, revolving life,  
 And greatness still revolving ; infinite ;  
 There littleness was not ; the least of things  
 Seem'd infinite ; and there his spirit shaped  
 Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he *saw*.  
 What wonder if his being thus became  
 Sublime and comprehensive ! Low desires,  
 Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was his heart  
 Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,  
 Oft as he call'd those ecstasies to mind,  
 And whence they flow'd ; and from them he acquired  
 Wisdom, which works thro' patience ; thence he learn'd  
 In oft-recurring hours of sober thought  
 To look on Nature with a humble heart,  
 Self-question'd where it did not understand,  
 And with a superstitious eye of love.

So pass'd the time ; yet to the nearest town  
 He duly went with what small overplus  
 His earnings might supply, and brought away  
 The Book that most had tempted his desires  
 While at the Stall he read. Among the hills  
 He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Song  
 The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,  
 The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
 His 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 suppress'd) preserve the mind  
 Busy in solitude and poverty.  
 These occupations oftentimes deceived  
 The listless hours while in the hollow vale,  
 Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf  
 In pensive idleness. What could he do,

Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,  
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
In all things that from her sweet influence  
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
While yet he linger'd in the rudiments  
Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,  
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
To measure th' altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,  
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm,  
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,  
Accumulated feelings press'd his heart  
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpower'd  
By Nature, by the turbulence subdued  
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,  
And the first virgin passion of a soul  
Communing with the glorious Universe.  
Full often wish'd 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 ask'd repose; and, failing oft to win  
The peace required, he scann'd the laws of light



Amid the roar of torrents, where they send  
 From hollow clefts up to the clearer air  
 A cloud of mist, that smitten by the sun  
 Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,  
 And vainly by all other means, he strove  
 To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,  
 Thus was he rear'd ; much wanting to assist  
 The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,  
 And every moral feeling of his soul  
 Strengthen'd and braced, by breathing in content  
 The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,  
 And drinking from the well of homely life.  
 —But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,  
 He now was summon'd to select the course  
 Of humble industry that promised best  
 To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
 Urged by his Mother, he essay'd to teach  
 A Village-school—but wandering thoughts were then  
 A misery to him ; and the Youth resign'd  
 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,  
 (Spirit attach'd to regions mountainous  
 Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel  
 His restless Mind to look abroad with hope.  
 —An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,  
 Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,  
 A vagrant Merchant bent beneath his load !  
 Yet do such Travellers find their own delight ;  
 And their hard service, deem'd debasing now,  
 Gained merited respect in simpler times ;

When Squire, and Priest, and they who round them dwelt  
In rustic sequestration—all dependent  
Upon the PEDLAR's toil—supplied their wants,  
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought.  
Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few  
Of his adventurous Countrymen were led  
By perseverance in this Track of life  
To competence and ease ;—for him it bore  
Attractions manifold ; and this he chose.  
His Parents on the enterprise bestow'd  
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts  
Foreboding evil. From his native hills  
He wander'd far ; much did he see of Men,  
Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,  
Their passions, and their feelings ; chiefly those  
Essential and eternal in the heart,  
That, mid the simpler forms of rural life,  
Exist more simple in their elements,  
And speak a plainer language. In the woods,  
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,  
Itinerant in this labour, he had pass'd  
The better portion of his time ; and there  
Spontaneously had his affections thriven  
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace,  
And liberty of Nature ; there he kept  
In solitude and solitary thought  
His mind in a just equipoise of love.  
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
Of ordinary life ; unvex'd, unwarp'd  
By partial bondage. In his steady course,  
No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
No wild varieties of joy and grief.  
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
His heart lay open ; and, by Nature tuned  
And constant disposition of his thoughts

To sympathy with Man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoy'd where'er he went ;  
 And all that was endured ; for in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
 He had no painful pressure from without  
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 With coward fears. He could *afford* to suffer  
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came  
 That in our best experience he was rich,  
 And in the wisdom of our daily life.  
 For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,  
 He had observed the progress and decay  
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too ;  
 The History of many Families ;  
 How they had prosper'd ; how they were o'erthrown  
 By passion or mischance ; or such misrule  
 Among the unthinking masters of the earth  
 As makes the nations groan.—This active course  
 He follow'd till provision for his wants  
 Had been obtain'd ; the Wanderer then resolved  
 To pass the remnant of his days—untask'd  
 With needless services—from hardship free.  
 His Calling laid aside, he lived at ease :  
 But still he loved to pace the public roads  
 And the wild paths ; and, by the summer's warmth  
 Invited, often would he leave his home  
 And journey far, revisiting the scenes  
 That to his memory were most endear'd.  
 —Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamp'd  
 By worldly-mindedness, or anxious care ;  
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refresh'd  
 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 watch'd him with an unrelenting eye.  
 This he remember'd in his riper age  
 With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.  
 But by the native vigour of his mind,  
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
 Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,  
 He had imbibed of fear or darker thought  
 Was melted all away : so true was this,  
 That sometimes his religion seem'd 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 vex'd not him ;  
 Indulgent listener was he to the tongue  
 Of garrulous age ; nor did the sick man's tale,  
 To his fraternal sympathy address'd,  
 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 pass'd without remark.  
 Active and nervous was his gait ; his limbs  
 And his whole figure breathed intelligence.  
 Time had compress'd the freshness of his cheek  
 Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
 But had not tamed his eye, that, under brows  
 Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it brought  
 From years of youth ; which, like a Being made

Of many Beings, he had wond'rous skill  
To blend with knowledge of the years to come,  
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

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So was he framed ; and such his course of life  
Who now, with no Appendage but a Staff  
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,  
Upon that Cottage bench reposed his limbs,  
Screen'd from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,  
His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,  
The shadows of the breezy elms above  
Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound  
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade  
Unnoticed did I stand, some minutes' space.  
At length I hail'd him, seeing that his hat  
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim  
Had newly scoop'd a running stream. He rose,  
And ere our lively greeting into peace  
Had settled, "'Tis," said I, " a burning day ;  
My lips are parch'd with thirst, but you, it seems,  
Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,  
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb  
The fence where that aspiring shrub look'd out  
Upon the public way. It was a plot  
Of garden-ground run wild, its matted weeds  
Mark'd with the steps of those, whom, as they pass'd,  
The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,  
Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems  
In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap  
The broken wall. I look'd around, and there,  
Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs  
Join'd in a cold damp nook, espied a Well  
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.  
My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerless spot

Withdrawing, straightway to the shade return'd  
Where sate the Old Man on the Cottage bench ;  
And, while beside him, with uncover'd head,  
I yet was standing, freely to respire,  
And cool my temples in the fanning air,  
Thus did he speak. " I see around me here  
Things which you cannot see : we die, my Friend,  
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
Dies with him, or is changed ; and very soon  
Even of the good is no memorial left.  
—The Poets, in their elegies and songs  
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
And senseless rocks ! nor idly : for they speak,  
In these their invocations, with a voice  
Obedient to the strong creative power  
Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
That steal upon the meditative mind,  
And grow with thought. Beside yon Spring I stood,  
And eyed its waters till we seem'd 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 minister'd  
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
To the soft handling of the Elements :  
There let the relic lie—fond thought—vain words !  
Forgive them—never did my steps approach  
This humble door but she who dwelt 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 bless'd 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 seem'd she loved him. She is dead,  
The light extinguish'd of her lonely Hut,  
The Hut itself abandon'd to decay,  
And She forgotten in the quiet grave !

“ I speak,” continued he, “ of One whose stock  
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.  
She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy  
Of her own thoughts : by some especial care  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A Being—who by adding love to peace  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.  
Her wedded Partner lack'd not on his side  
The humble worth that satisfied her heart :  
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal  
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell  
That he was often seated at his loom,  
In summer, ere the Mower was abroad  
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,  
Ere the last Star had vanish'd.—They who pass'd  
At evening, from behind the garden fence  
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,  
After his daily work, until the light  
Had fail'd, and every leaf and flower were lost  
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent  
In peace and comfort; and a pretty Boy  
Was their best hope,—next to the God in Heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think  
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came  
Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left  
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add  
A worse affliction in the plague of war ;  
This happy Land was stricken to the heart !  
A Wanderer then among the Cottages  
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw  
The hardships of that season ; many rich  
Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor ;  
And of the poor did many cease to be,  
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged  
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled  
To numerous self-denials, Margaret  
Went struggling on through those calamitous years  
With cheerful hope until the second autumn,  
When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,  
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease  
He linger'd long ; and when his strength return'd,  
He found the little he had stored, to meet  
The hour of accident or crippling age,  
Was all consumed. A second infant now  
Was added to the troubles of a time  
Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
With care and sorrow ; shoals of Artisans  
From ill requited labour turn'd 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 fill'd with plenty, and possess'd in peace,  
This lonely Cottage. At his door he stood,  
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes



That had no mirth in them ; or with his knife  
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—  
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook  
 In house or garden, any casual work  
 Of use or ornament ; and with a strange,  
 Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,  
 He blended, where he might, the various tasks  
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.  
 But this endured not ; his good humour soon  
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was :  
 And poverty brought on a petted mood  
 And a sore temper : day by day he droop'd,  
 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 toss'd them with a false unnatural joy :  
 And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks  
 Of the poor innocent children. “ Every smile,”  
 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,  
 “ Made my heart bleed.”

At this the Wanderer paused ;  
 And, looking up to those enormous Elms,  
 He said, “ 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.—  
 At this still season of repose and peace,  
 This hour, when all things which are not at rest  
 Are cheerful ; while this multitude of flies  
 Is filling all the air with melody ;  
 Why should a tear be in an Old Man's eye ?  
 Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,  
 And in the weakness of humanity,  
 From natural wisdom turn our hearts away,  
 To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears,

And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb  
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts ?”

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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  
Pass'd from my mind like a forgotten sound.  
A while on trivial things we held discourse,  
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,  
I thought of that poor Woman as of one  
Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed  
Her homely Tale with such familiar power,  
With such an active countenance, an eye  
So busy, that the things of which he spake  
Seem'd present ; and, attention now relax'd,  
A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins.  
I rose ; and, having left the breezy shade,  
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,  
That had not cheer'd me long—ere, looking round  
Upon the tranquil Ruin, I return'd,  
And begg'd of the Old Man that, for my sake,  
He would resume his story.—

He replied,  
“ It were a wantonness, and would demand  
Severe reproof, if we were Men whose hearts  
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
Even of the dead ; contented thence to draw  
A momentary pleasure, never mark'd  
By reason, barren of all future good.  
But we have known that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,

A power to virtue friendly ; were't not so,  
 I am a Dreamer among men, indeed  
 An idle Dreamer ! 'Tis a common Tale,  
 An ordinary sorrow of Man's life,  
 A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
 In bodily form.—But, without further bidding,  
 I will proceed.

While thus it fared with them,  
 To whom this Cottage, till those hapless years,  
 Had been a blessed home, it was my chance  
 To travel in a Country far remote ;  
 And when these lofty Elms once more appear'd,  
 What pleasant expectations lured me on  
 O'er the flat Common !—With quick step I reach'd  
 The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch ;  
 But, when I entered, Margaret look'd at me  
 A little while ; then turn'd her head away  
 Speechless,—and sitting down upon a chair  
 Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,  
 Or how to speak to her. Poor Wretch ! at last  
 She rose from off her seat, and then,—O Sir !  
 I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name.—  
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
 Unutterably helpless, and a look  
 That seem'd to cling upon me, she enquired  
 If I had seen her Husband. As she spake  
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,  
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told  
 That he had disappear'd—not two months gone.  
 He left his House : two wretched days had pass'd,  
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised  
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,  
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,  
 Within her chamber-casement she espied  
 A folded paper, lying as if placed

To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly  
 She open'd—found no writing, but beheld  
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,  
 Silver and gold.—“I shuddered at the sight,”  
 Said Margaret, “for I knew it was his hand  
 Which placed it there: and ere that day was ended,  
 That long and anxious day! I learned from One  
 Sent hither by my Husband to impart  
 The heavy news,—that he had join'd a Troop  
 Of Soldiers, going to a distant Land.  
 —He left me thus—he could not gather heart  
 To take a farewell of me: for he fear'd  
 That I should follow with my Babes, and sink  
 Beneath the misery of that wandering Life.”

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

I rov'd o'er many a hill and many a dale,  
 With my accustom'd load; in heat and cold,  
 Through many a wood, and many an open ground,  
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,

Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall ;  
My best companions now the driving winds,  
And now the " trotting brooks " and whispering trees,  
And now the music of my own sad steps,  
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,  
And disappear'd.—I journey'd back this way,  
When, in the warmth of Midsummer, the wheat  
Was yellow ; and the soft and bladed grass  
Springing afresh had o'er the hay-field spread  
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,  
I found that she was absent. In the shade,  
Where now we sit, I waited her return.  
Her Cottage, then a cheerful Object, wore  
Its customary look,—only, it seem'd,  
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,  
Hung down in heavier tufts : and that bright weed,  
The yellow stone-crop, suffer'd to take root  
Along the window's edge, profusely grew,  
Blinding the lower panes. I turn'd aside,  
And stroll'd into her garden. It appear'd  
To lag behind the season, and had lost  
Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flow'rs and thrift  
Had broken their trim lines, and straggled o'er  
The paths they used to deck :—Carnations, once  
Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less  
For the peculiar pains they had required,  
Declined their languid heads, without support.  
The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,  
Had twined about her two small rows of pease,  
And dragg'd them to the earth.—Ere this an hour  
Was wasted.—Back I turn'd my restless steps ;  
A Stranger pass'd ; and, guessing whom I sought,  
He said that she was used to ramble far.—  
The sun was sinking in the west ; and now

I sate with sad impatience. From within  
Her solitary Infant cried aloud ;  
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,  
The voice was silent. From the bench I rose ;  
But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.  
The spot, though fair, was very desolate—  
The longer I remain'd more desolate :  
And, looking round me, now I first observed  
The corner stones, on either side the porch,  
With dull red stains discolour'd, and stuck o'er  
With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the Sheep,  
That fed upon the Common, thither came  
Familiarly ; and found a couching-place  
Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell  
From these tall elms ;—the Cottage-clock struck eight ;—  
I turn'd, and saw her distant a few steps.  
Her face was pale and thin, her figure too  
Was changed. As she unlock'd the door, she said,  
“It grieves me you have waited here so long,  
But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late,  
And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—have need  
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.”  
While on the board she spread our evening meal,  
She told me—interrupting not the work  
Which gave employment to her listless hands—  
That she had parted with her elder Child ;  
To a kind master on a distant farm  
Now happily apprenticed.—“ I perceive  
You look at me, and you have cause ; to-day  
I have been travelling far ; and many days  
About the fields I wander, knowing this  
Only, that what I seek I cannot find ;  
And so I waste my time ; for I am changed ;  
And to myself,” said she, “ have done much wrong

And to this helpless Infant. I have slept  
Weeping, and weeping have I waked ; my tears  
Have flow'd 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 suffer'd. Yes, it would have grieved  
Your very soul to see her : evermore  
Her eyelids droop'd, 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, appear'd  
The careless stillness of a thinking mind  
Self-occupied ; to which all outward things  
Are like an idle matter. Still she sigh'd,  
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,  
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire  
We sate together, sighs came on my ear,  
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,  
 For her Son's use, some tokens of regard,  
 Which with a look of welcome she received ;  
 And I exhorted her to place her trust  
 In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.  
 I took my staff, and when I kiss'd her babe  
 The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then  
 With the best hope and comfort I could give ;  
 She thank'd me for my wish :—but for my hope  
 Methought she did not thank me.

I return'd,  
 And took my rounds along this road again  
 Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower  
 Peep'd forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.  
 I found her sad and drooping ; she had learn'd  
 No tidings of her Husband ; if he lived,  
 She knew not that he lived ; if he were dead,  
 She knew not he was dead. She seem'd the same  
 In person and appearance ; but her House  
 Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence ;  
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth  
 Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,  
 Which, in the Cottage window, heretofore  
 Had been piled up against the corner panes  
 In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves  
 Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,  
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe  
 Had from its Mother caught the trick of grief,  
 And sigh'd among its playthings. Once again  
 I turned towards the garden gate, and saw,  
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
 Were now come nearer to her ; weeds defaced  
 The harden'd soil, and knots of withered grass :  
 No ridges there appear'd of clear black mould,  
 No winter greenness ; of her herbs and flowers



It seem'd the better part were gnaw'd away  
Or trampled into earth ; a chain of straw,  
Which had been twined about the slender stem  
Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root ;  
The bark was nibbled round by truant Sheep.  
—Margaret stood near, her Infant in her arms,  
And, noting that my eye was on the tree,  
She said, “ I fear it will be dead and gone  
Ere Robert come again.” Towards the House  
Together we return'd ; and she enquired  
If I had any hope ;—but for her Babe  
And for her little orphan Boy, she said,  
She had no wish to live, that she must die  
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom  
Still in its place ; his Sunday garments hung  
Upon the self-same nail ; his very staff  
Stood undisturb'd behind the door. And when,  
In bleak December, I retraced this way,  
She told me that her little Babe was dead,  
And she was left alone. She now, released  
From her maternal cares, had taken up  
The employment common through these Wilds, and  
gain'd

By spinning hemp a pittance for herself ;  
And for this end had hired a neighbour's Boy  
To give her needful help. That very time  
Most willingly she put her work aside,  
And walk'd with me along the miry road,  
Heedless how far ; and in such piteous sort  
That any heart had ached to hear her, begg'd  
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
For him whom she had lost. We parted then—  
Our final parting ; for from that time forth  
Did many seasons pass ere I return'd  
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years ;

From their first separation, nine long years,  
She linger'd in unquiet widowhood ;  
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been  
A sore heart-wasting ! I have heard, my Friend,  
That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate  
Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath-day ;  
And, if a dog pass'd by, she still would quit  
The shade, and look abroad. On this old Bench  
For hours she sate ; and evermore her eye  
Was busy in the distance, shaping things  
That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,  
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its grey line ;  
There, to and fro, she paced through many a day  
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp  
That girt her waist, spinning the long drawn thread  
With backward steps. Yet ever as there pass'd  
A man whose garments shew'd the Soldier's red,  
Or crippled Mendicant in Sailor's garb,  
The little Child who sate to turn the wheel  
Ceased from his task ; and she with faltering voice  
Made many a fond enquiry ; and when they,  
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,  
Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,  
That bars the Traveller's road, she often stood,  
And when a stranger Horseman came, the latch  
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully :  
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there  
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat  
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor 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  
Chequer'd the green-grown thatch. And so she lived  
Through the long winter, reckless and alone ;  
Until her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,  
Was sapp'd ; and while she slept the nightly damps

Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy day  
 Her tatter'd clothes were ruffled by the wind ;  
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still  
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds  
 Have parted hence ; and still that length of road,  
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endear'd,  
 Fast rooted at her heart : and here, my Friend,  
 In sickness she remain'd ; and here she died,  
 Last human Tenant of these ruined Walls."

The old Man ceased : he saw that I was moved ;  
 From that low Bench, rising instinctively  
 I turned aside in weakness, nor had power  
 To thank him for the tale which he had told.  
 I stood, and leaning o'er the Garden wall,  
 Review'd that Woman's sufferings ; and it seem'd  
 To comfort me while with a Brother's love  
 I bless'd her—in the impotence of grief.  
 At length towards the Cottage I return'd  
 Fondly,—and traced, with interest more mild,  
 That secret spirit of humanity  
 Which, mid the calm oblivious tendencies  
 Of nature, mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,  
 And silent overgrowings, still survived.  
 The Old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,  
 " My Friend ! enough to sorrow you have given,  
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more ;  
 Be wise and cheerful ; and no longer read  
 The forms of things with an unworthy eye.  
 She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.  
 I well remember that those very plumes,  
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,  
 By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,  
 As once I pass'd, did to my heart convey  
 So still an image of tranquillity,

So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful  
 Amid the uneasy thoughts which fill'd 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,  
 Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live  
 Where meditation was. I turn'd away,  
 And walk'd along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot  
 A slant and mellow radiance, which began  
 To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,  
 We sate on that low Bench : and now we felt,  
 Admonish'd thus, the sweet hour coming on.  
 A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,  
 A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,  
 At distance heard, peopled the milder air.  
 The Old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien  
 Of hopeful preparation, grasp'd his Staff :  
 Together casting then a farewell look  
 Upon those silent walls, we left the Shade ;  
 And, ere the Stars were visible, had reach'd  
 A Village Inn,—our Evening resting-place.

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#### EXTRACT FROM BOOK IV.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

Within the soul a Faculty abides,  
 That with interpositions, which would hide  
 And darken, so can deal, that they become  
 Contingencies of pomp ; and serve to exalt  
 Her native brightness. As the ample Moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a Summer Even  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,

Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,  
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,  
 Yea with her own incorporated, by power  
 Capacious and serene ; like power abides  
 In Man's celestial Spirit ; Virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
 From the incumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment,—nay from guilt ;  
 And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of Despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched  
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed,  
 " But how begin ? and whence ?—The Mind is free ;  
 Resolve—the haughty Moralist would say,  
 This single act is all that we demand.  
 Alas ! such wisdom bids a Creature fly  
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn  
 His natural wings !—To Friendship let him turn  
 For succour ; but perhaps he sits alone  
 On stormy waters, in a little Boat  
 That holds but him, and can contain no more !  
 Religion tells of amity sublime  
 Which no condition can preclude ; of One  
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs ;  
 But is that bounty absolute ?—His gifts,  
 Are they not still, in some degree, rewards  
 For acts of service ? Can his Love extend  
 To hearts that own not Him ? Will showers of grace,  
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land ?

Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load  
At the Redeemer's feet?"

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

“ As Men from Men

Do, in the constitution of their Souls,  
Differ, by mystery not to be explained;  
And as we fall by various ways, and sink  
One deeper than another, self-condemned,  
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,  
So manifold and various are the ways  
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps  
Of all infirmity, and tending all  
To the same point,—attainable by all;  
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.  
For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
Lies open: we have heard from You a voice  
At every moment softened in its course  
By tenderness of heart; have seen your Eye,  
Even like an Altar lit by fire from Heaven,  
Kindle before us.—Your discourse this day,  
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow  
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades  
Of death and night, has caught at every turn  
The colours of the Sun. Access for you  
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,  
Which the Imaginative Will upholds  
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached  
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,  
With her minute and speculative pains,

Opinion, ever changing!—I have seen  
A curious Child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped Shell ;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within  
Were heard,—sonorous cadences ! whereby  
To his belief, the Monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native Sea.  
Even such a Shell the Universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to You it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,  
Adore, and worship, when you know it not ;  
Pious beyond the intention of your thought ;  
Devout above the meaning of your will.  
—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.  
The estate of Man would be indeed forlorn  
If false conclusions of the reasoning Power  
Made the Eye blind, and closed the passages  
Through which the Ear converses with the heart.  
Has not the Soul, the Being of your Life,  
Received a shock of awful consciousness,  
In some calm season, when these lofty Rocks  
At night's approach bring down the unclouded Sky,  
To rest upon their circumambient walls :  
A Temple framing of dimensions vast,  
And yet not too enormous for the sound  
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst  
Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
To glorify the Eternal ! What if these

Did never break the stillness that prevails  
 Here, if the solemn Nightingale be mute,  
 And the soft Woodlark here did never chant  
 Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide  
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering Air  
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,  
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks ;  
 The little Rills, and Waters numberless,  
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
 With the loud Streams : and often, at the hour  
 When issue forth the first pale Stars, is heard,  
 Within the circuit of this Fabric huge,  
 One Voice—the solitary Raven, flying  
 Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,  
 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight—  
 An iron knell ! with echoes from afar  
 Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which  
 The wanderer accompanies her flight  
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,  
 Diminishing by distance till it seem'd  
 To expire, yet from the Abyss is caught again,  
 And yet again recovered !

But descending  
 From these Imaginative Heights, that yield  
 Far-stretching views into Eternity,  
 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power  
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend  
 Even here, where her amenities are sown  
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad  
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,  
 Where on the labours of the happy Throng  
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace  
 City, and Town, and Tower,—and Sea with Ships  
 Sprinkled ;—be our Companion while we track  
 Her rivers populous with gliding life ;



While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods ;  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness ;  
 Where living Things, and Things inanimate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social Reason's inner sense,  
 With inarticulate language.

For the Man,

Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms  
 Of Nature, who with understanding heart  
 Doth know and love such Objects as excite  
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
 No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel  
 The joy of that pure principle of Love  
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
 But seek for objects of a kindred love  
 In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.  
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
 His feelings of aversion softened down ;  
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.  
 His sanity of reason not impaired,  
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,  
 From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round  
 And seeks for good ; and finds the good he seeks :  
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things  
 He only knows by name ; and, if he hear,  
 From other mouths, the language which they speak,  
 He is compassionate ; and has no thought,  
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further ; by contemplating these Forms  
 In the relations which they bear to Man,  
 He shall discern, how, through the various 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 confirmed  
 The glorious habit by which Sense is made  
 Subservient still to moral purposes,  
 Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe  
 The naked Spirit, ceasing to deplore  
 The burthen of existence. Science then  
 Shall be a precious Visitant ; and then,  
 And only then, be worthy of her name.  
 For then her Heart shall kindle ; her dull Eye,  
 Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang  
 Chained to its object in brute slavery ;  
 But taught with patient interest to watch  
 The processes of things, and serve the cause  
 Of order and distinctness, not for this  
 Shall it forget that its most noble use,  
 Its most illustrious province, must be found  
 In furnishing clear guidance, a support  
 Not treacherous, to the Mind's *excursive* Power.  
 —So build we up the Being that we are ;  
 Thus deeply drinking-in the Soul of Things  
 We shall be wise perforce ; and while inspired  
 By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,

Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled  
 By strict necessity, along the path  
 Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,  
 Whate'er we feel, by agency direct  
 Or indirect shall tend to feed and nurse  
 Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats  
 Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights  
 Of love divine, our intellectual Soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,  
 Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream !  
 Such as, remote mid savage wilderness,  
 An Indian Chief discharges from his breast  
 Into the hearing of assembled Tribes,  
 In open circle seated round, and hushed  
 As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf  
 Stirs in the mighty woods.

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### EXTRACT FROM BOOK VI.

#### THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

THE Vicar paused ; and tow'rd's a seat advanced,  
 A long stone-seat, fixed in the Church-yard wall ;  
 Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part  
 Offering a sunny resting-place to them  
 Who seek the House of worship, while the Bells  
 Yet ring with all their voices, or before  
 The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.  
 Under the shade we all sate down ; and there  
 His office, uninvited, he resumed.

" As on a sunny bank, a tender Lamb  
 Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,  
 Screened by its Parent, so that little mound

Lies guarded by its neighbour ; the small heap  
 Speaks for itself ;—an Infant there doth rest,  
 The sheltering Hillock is the Mother's grave.  
 If mild discourse, and manners that conferred  
 A natural dignity on humblest rank ;  
 If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,  
 That for a face not beautiful did more  
 Than beauty for the fairest face can do ;  
 And if religious tenderness of heart,  
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears  
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained  
 The spotless ether of a maiden life ;  
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth  
 More holy in the sight of God or Man ;  
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood,  
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless Man,  
 Could field or grove, or any spot of earth,  
 Shew to his eye an image of the pangs  
 Which it hath witnessed ; render back an echo  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod !  
 There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,  
 Yea, doubtless, on the turf that roofs her own,  
 The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel  
 In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.  
 Now she is not ; the swelling turf reports  
 Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears  
 Is silent ; nor is any vestige left  
 Of the path worn by mournful tread of Her  
 Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved  
 In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed  
 Caught from the pressure of elastic turf  
 Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,  
 In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.

—Serious and thoughtful was her mind ; and yet,  
 By reconcilment exquisite and rare,  
 The form, port, motions of this Cottage-girl  
 Were such as might have quickened and inspired  
 A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth  
 Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade  
 What time the Hunter's earliest horn is heard  
 Startling the golden hills. A wide spread Elm  
 Stands in our Valley, named THE JOYFUL TREE ;  
 From dateless usage which our Peasants hold  
 Of giving welcome to the first of May  
 By dances, round its trunk.—And if the sky  
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are paid  
 To the Twelfth Night ; beneath the frosty Stars  
 Or the clear Moon. The Queen of these gay sports,  
 If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,  
 Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the ground  
 So deftly, and the nicest Maiden's locks  
 Less gracefully were braided ;—but this praise,  
 Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved.  
 —The road is dim, the current unperceived,  
 The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
 By which a virtuous Woman, in pure youth,  
 May be delivered to distress and shame.  
 Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen danced,  
 Among her Equals, round THE JOYFUL TREE,  
 She bore a secret burthen ; and full soon  
 Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—  
 Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,  
 Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.  
 It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,  
 Of days advancing tow'rd's their utmost length,  
 And small birds singing to their happy mates.

Wild is the music of the autumnal wind  
 Among the faded woods ; but these blithe notes  
 Strike the deserted to the heart ;— I speak  
 Of what I know, and what we feel within.  
 —Beside the Cottage in which Ellen dwelt  
 Stands a tall ash-tree ; to whose topmost twig  
 A Thrush resorts, and annually chants,  
 At morn and evening, from that naked perch,  
 While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,  
 A time-beguiling ditty, for delight  
 Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.

—‘ Ah why,’ said Ellen, sighing to herself,  
 ‘ Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge ;  
 ‘ And nature that is kind in Woman’s breast,  
 ‘ And reason that in Man is wise and good,  
 ‘ And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,  
 ‘ Why do not these prevail for human life,  
 ‘ To keep two Hearts together, that began  
 ‘ Their spring-time with one love, and that have need  
 ‘ Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet  
 ‘ To grant, or be received ; while that poor Bird,  
 ‘ —O come and hear him ! Thou who hast to me  
 ‘ Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly Creature,  
 ‘ One of God’s simple children that yet know not  
 ‘ The universal Parent, how he sings  
 ‘ As if he wished, the firmament of Heaven  
 ‘ Should listen, and give back to him the voice  
 ‘ Of his triumphant constancy and love ;  
 ‘ The proclamation that he makes, how far  
 ‘ His darkness doth transcend our fickle light !’

Such was the tender passage, not by me  
 Repeated without loss of simple phrase,  
 Which I perused, even as the words had been  
 Committed by forsaken Ellen’s hand

To the blank margin of a Valentine,  
 Dedropped with tears. 'Twill please you to be told  
 That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
 Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
 In lonely reading found a meek resource,  
 How thankful for the warmth of summer days,  
 When she could slip into the Cottage-barn,  
 And find a secret oratory there ;  
 Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
 Of their long twilight, pore upon her book  
 By the last lingering help of open sky,  
 Till the dark night dismissed her to her bed !  
 Thus did a waking Fancy sometimes lose  
 The unconquerable pang of despised love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul  
 When that poor Child was born. Upon its face  
 She looked as on a pure and spotless gift  
 Of unexpected promise, where a grief  
 Or dread was all that had been thought of—joy  
 Far livelier than bewildered Traveller feels  
 Amid a perilous waste, that all night long  
 Hath harassed him—toiling through fearful storm,  
 When he beholds the first pale speck serene  
 Of day-spring, in the gloomy east revealed,  
 And greets it with this thanksgiving. ‘ Till this hour,’  
 Thus in her Mother’s hearing Ellen spake,  
 ‘ There was a stony region in my heart ;  
 ‘ But He, at whose command the parchèd rock  
 ‘ Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,  
 ‘ Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
 ‘ Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,  
 ‘ To save the perishing ; and, henceforth, I look  
 ‘ Upon the light with cheerfulness, for thee  
 ‘ My Infant ! and for that good Mother dear,

' Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain ;—  
 Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.'  
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,  
 And if heart-rending thoughts would oft return,  
 They stayed not long.—The blameless Infant grew ;  
 The Child whom Ellen and her Mother loved  
 They soon were proud of ; tended it and nursed,  
 A soothing comforter, although forlorn ;  
 Like a poor singing-bird from distant lands ;  
 Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by  
 With vacant mind, not seldom may observe  
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,  
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.  
 —Through four months' space the Infant drew its food  
 From the maternal breast ; then scruples rose ;  
 Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed  
 The sweet affection. She no more could bear  
 By her offence to lay a twofold weight  
 On a kind parent willing to forget  
 Their slender means ; so, to that parent's care  
 Trusting her child, she left their common home,  
 And with contented spirit undertook  
 A Foster-Mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,  
 Unknown to you that in these simple Vales  
 The natural feeling of equality  
 Is by domestic service unimpaired ;  
 Yet, though such service be, with us, removed  
 From sense of degradation, not the less  
 The ungentle mind can easily find means  
 To impose severe restraints and laws unjust :  
 Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to feel.  
 —For (blinded by an over-anxious dread  
 Of such excitement and divided thought  
 As with her office would but ill accord)



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

You see the Infant's Grave ;—and to this Spot,  
 The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,  
 And whatso'er the errand, urged her steps :  
 Hither she came ; and here she stood, or knelt  
 In the broad day—a rueful Magdalene !  
 So call her ; for not only she bewailed  
 A Mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness  
 Her own transgression ; Penitent sincere  
 As ever raised to Heaven a streaming eye.  
 —At length the Parents of the Foster-child,  
 Nothing that in despite of their commands

She still renewed and could not but renew  
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth ;  
Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined.  
I failed not to remind them that they erred ;  
For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,  
Thus wronged in woman's breast : in vain I pleaded—  
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,  
And the flower drooped ; as every eye could see,  
It hung its head in mortal languishment.  
—Aided by this appearance, I at length  
Prevailed ; and, from those bonds released, she went  
Home to her mother's house. The Youth was fled ;  
The rash Betrayer could not face the shame  
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused ;  
And little would his presence, or proof given  
Of a relenting soul, have now availed ;  
For, like a shadow, he was passed away  
From Ellen's thoughts ; had perished to her mind  
For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,  
Save only those which to their common shame,  
And to his moral being appertained :  
Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought  
A heavenly comfort ; there she recognised  
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need ;  
There, and, as seemed, there only.—She had built,  
Her fond maternal Heart had built, a Nest,  
In blindness all too near the river's edge ;  
That Work a summer flood with hasty swell  
Had swept away ; and now her Spirit longed  
For its last flight to Heaven's security.  
—The bodily frame was wasted day by day ;  
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
And pleasure in endurance. Much she thought,  
And much she read ; and brooded feelingly

Upon her own unworthiness.—To me,  
 As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
 Her heart she opened ; and no pains were spared  
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.  
 —Meek Saint ! through patience glorified on earth !  
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,  
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine !  
 May I not mention—that, within those walls,  
 In due observance of her pious wish,  
 The Congregation joined with me in prayer  
 For her Soul's good ? Nor was that office vain.  
 —Much did she suffer : but, if any Friend,  
 Beholding her condition, at the sight  
 Gave way to words of pity or complaint,  
 She stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,  
 ‘ He who afflicts me knows what I can bear ;  
 ‘ And, when I fail, and can endure no more,  
 ‘ Will mercifully take me to himself.’  
 So, though the cloud of death, her Spirit passed  
 Into that pure and unknown world of love,  
 Where injury cannot come :—and here is laid  
 The mortal Body by her Infant's side.”

The Vicar ceased ; and downcast looks made known  
 That Each had listened with his inmost heart.  
 For me, the emotion scarcely was less strong  
 Or less benign than that which I had felt  
 When, seated near my venerable Friend,  
 Beneath those shady elms, from him I heard  
 The story that retraced the slow decline  
 Of Margaret sinking on the lonely Heath,  
 With the neglected House to which she clung.  
 —I noted that the Solitary's cheek

Confessed the Power of nature.—Pleased though sad,  
 More pleased than sad, the grey-haired Wanderer sate;  
 Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
 Capacious and serene, his blameless life,  
 His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love  
 Of human kind ! He was it who first broke  
 The pensive silence, saying, “ Blest are they  
 Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong  
 Than to do wrong, although themselves have erred.  
 This Tale gives proof that Heaven most gently deals  
 With such, in their affliction.—Ellen’s fate,  
 Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,  
 Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard  
 Of One who died within this Vale, by doom  
 Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.  
 Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones  
 Of Wilfred Armathwaite ?”

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### EXTRACT FROM BOOK VII.

#### THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

THE Pastor ceased.—My venerable Friend  
 Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye ;  
 And, when that eulogy was ended, stood  
 Enrapt,—as if his inward sense perceived  
 The prolongation of some still response,  
 Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide Land,  
 The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,  
 Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,  
 Its rights and virtues—by that Deity  
 Descending ; and supporting his pure heart  
 With patriotic confidence and joy.  
 And, at the last of those memorial words,

The pining Solitary turned aside,  
Whether through manly instinct to conceal  
Tender emotions spreading from the heart  
To his worn cheek ; or with uneasy shame  
For those cold humours of habitual spleen,  
That fondly seeking in dispraise of Man  
Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes urged  
To self-abuse, a not ineloquent tongue.  
—Right tow'rd the sacred Edifice his steps  
Had been directed ; and we saw him now  
Intent upon a monumental Stone,  
Whose uncouth Form was grafted on the wall,  
Or rather seemed to have grown into the side  
Of the rude Pile ; as oft-times trunks of trees,  
Where Nature works in wild and craggy spots,  
Are seen incorporate with the living rock—  
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note  
Of his employment, with a courteous smile  
Exclaimed, “ The sagest Antiquarian’s eye  
That task would foil ; ” then, letting fall his voice  
While he advanced, thus spake : “ Tradition tells  
That, in Eliza’s golden days, a Knight  
Came on a War-horse sumptuously attired,  
And fixed his home in this sequestered Vale.  
'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,  
Or as a Stranger reached this deep recess,  
Unknowing and unknown. A pleasing thought  
I sometimes entertain, that, haply bound  
To Scotland’s court in service of his Queen,  
Or sent on mission to some northern Chief  
Of England’s Realm, this Vale he might have seen  
With transient observation ; and thence caught  
An Image fair, which, brightening in his soul  
When joy of war and pride of Chivalry  
Languished beneath accumulated years,

Had power to draw him from the world—resolved  
To make that paradise his chosen home  
To which his peaceful Fancy oft had turned.  
—Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief may rest  
Upon unwritten story fondly traced  
From sire to son, in this obscure Retreat  
The Knight arrived, with pomp of spear and shield,  
And borne upon a Charger covered o'er  
With gilded housings. And the lofty Steed—  
His sole companion, and his faithful friend,  
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range  
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes  
Of admiration and delightful awe,  
By those untravelled Dalesmen. With less pride,  
Yet free from touch of envious discontent,  
They saw a Mansion at his bidding rise,  
Like a bright star, amid the lowly band  
Of their rude Homesteads. Here the Warrior dwelt,  
And, in that Mansion, Children of his own,  
Or Kindred, gathered round him. As a Tree  
That falls and disappears, the House is gone;  
And, through improvidence or want of love  
For ancient worth and honourable things,  
The spear and shield are vanished, which the Knight  
Hung in his rustic Hall. One ivied arch  
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains  
Of that Foundation in domestic care  
Raised by his hands. And now no trace is left  
Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this Stone,  
Faithless memorial! and his family name  
Borne by yon clustering cottages, that sprang  
From out the ruins of his stately Lodge:  
These, and the name and title at full length,—  
**Sir Alfred Arthing**, with appropriate words  
Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath

Or posy—girding round the several fronts  
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious bells,  
That in the steeple hang, his pious gift.”

“ So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,”  
The 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 lowliest Innocence  
Long to protect her own. The Man himself  
Departs ; and soon is spent the Line of those  
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,  
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
Did most resemble him. Degrees and Ranks,  
Fraternities and Orders—heaping high  
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,  
And placing trust in privilege confirmed  
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile  
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand  
Of Desolation, aimed : to slow decline  
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow ;  
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state  
Expire ; and Nature’s pleasant robe of green,  
Humanity’s appointed shroud, enwraps  
Their monuments and their memory. The vast Frame  
Of social Nature changes evermore  
Her organs and her members with decay  
Restless, and restless generation, powers  
And functions dying and produced at need,—  
And by this law the mighty Whole subsists :  
With an ascent and progress in the main ;  
Yet, oh ! how disproportioned to the hopes

And expectations of self-flattering minds !  
—The courteous Knight, whose bones are here interred  
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own  
For strife and ferment in the minds of men ;  
Whence alteration, in the forms of things,  
Various and vast. A memorable age !  
Which did to him assign a pensive lot,  
—To linger 'mid the last of those bright Clouds,  
That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed  
In long procession calm and beautiful.  
He who had seen his own bright Order fade,  
And its devotion gradually decline,  
(While War, relinquishing the lance and shield,  
Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)  
Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,  
That violent Commotion, which o'erthrew,  
In town, and city, and sequestered glen,  
Altar, and Cross, and Church of solemn roof,  
And old religious House—Pile after Pile ;  
And shook the Tenants out into the fields,  
Like wild Beasts without home ! Their hour was come ;  
But why no softening thought of gratitude,  
No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt ?  
Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,  
Save at worse need, from bold impetuous force,  
Fitliest allied to anger and revenge.  
But Human-kind rejoices in the might  
Of Mutability, and airy Hopes,  
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb  
Those meditations of the soul, that feed  
The retrospective Virtues. Festive songs  
Break from the maddened Nations at the sight  
Of sudden overthrow ; and cold neglect  
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.  
—Even," said the Wanderer, "as that courteous Knight,



Bound by his vow to labour for redress  
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact  
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,  
If I may venture of myself to speak,  
Trusting that not incongruously I blend  
Low things with lofty, I too shall be doomed  
To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem  
Of the poor calling which my Youth embraced  
With no unworthy prospect. But enough ;  
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere seemlier now  
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
For the pathetic Records which his voice  
Hath here delivered ; words of heartfelt truth,  
Tending to patience when Affliction strikes ;  
To hope and love ; to confident repose  
In God ; and reverence for the dust of Man.”

---

\* \* \* I am sorry that space will not allow me to give the reader more of this Divine Poem. “The Excursion” will take rank with the first productions of the British muse. With the Faëry Queen, Paradise Lost, The Essay on Man, The Seasons, The Task, and whatever is worthy of praise and admiration.

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