

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH



1770

April 7: William Wordsworth was born.

1771

December 25: The Massachusetts Spy printed off a begging broadside for its carriers to give their clients, wished them
“Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.”

Dorothy Mae Ann Wordsworth was born.

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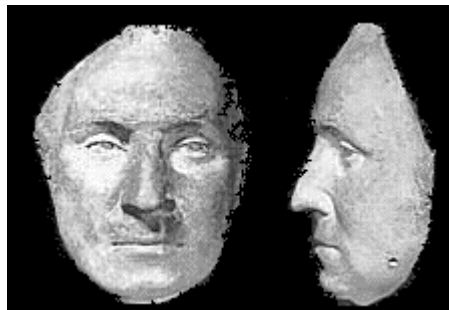
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1790

Summer: [William Wordsworth](#) and Robert Jones were on a walking tour of France and the Alps. They landed at Calais just before the 1st anniversary of the July 14th liberation of the Bastille. As they sailed on the Rhone, they joined with a group of joyous delegates who were returning from the Federation *fête* in Paris. At this point the French revolution was still all sweetness and light and at this point Bill Wordsworth did not yet look like this:



Bill boy was still all sweetness and light. The American experiment was still all sweetness and light, as well. In the course of this hot season, George Washington would be eating his way through some \$200.⁰⁰ worth of ice cream brought down specially for him carefully packed in ice, from New-York.



We don't have any comparable figure for [Thomas Jefferson](#) simply because he had his slaves make up the stuff for him locally, so in his case there aren't such extant invoices. —But note that Jefferson wasn't living low on the hog, either.

1791

In the year in which [William Wordsworth](#) graduated from Cambridge, he ascended Mt. Snowdon in Wales (a peak experience).



Mt. Snowdon is bald on top — a hairbinger of things to come.

Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Lines written as a School Exercise
- Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem
- Written in very Early Youth
- An Evening Walk. Addressed to a Young Lady
- Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening
- Remembrance of Collins
- Descriptive Sketches
- Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain
- Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree
- The Borderers. A Tragedy
- The Reverie of Poor Susan
- The Birth of Love
- A Night-Piece
- We are Seven
- Anecdote for Fathers
- The Thorn
- Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A True Story
- Her eyes are Wild
- Simon Lee, the old Huntsman
- Lines written in Early Spring
- To my Sister
- A whirl-blast from behind the hill
- Expostulation and Reply
- The Tables Turned
- The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman
- The Last of the Flock
- The Idiot Boy
- Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey
- The Old Cumberland Beggar
- Animal Tranquillity and Decay



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- Peter Bell. A Tale
- The Simplon Pass
- Influence of Natural Objects
- There was a Boy
- Nutting
- Strange fits of passion have I known
- She dwelt among the untrodden ways
- I travelled among unknown men
- Three years she grew in sun and shower
- A slumber did my spirit seal
- A Poet's Epitaph
- Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ———
- Matthew
- The two April Mornings
- The Fountain. A Conversation
- To a Sexton
- The Danish Boy. A Fragment
- Lucy Gray; or, Solitude
- Ruth
- Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days of the Century
- The Brothers
- Michael. A Pastoral Poem
- The Idle Shepherd-boys; or, Dungeon-Ghyll Force. A Pastoral
- The Pet-lamb. A Pastoral
- Poems on the Naming of Places:
- It was an April morning, fresh and clear
- To Joanna
- There is an Eminence, — of these our hills
- A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags
- To M. H.
- The Waterfall and the Eglantine
- The Oak and the Broom. A Pastoral
- Hart-leap Well
- 'Tis said, that some have died for love
- The Childless Father
- Song for the Wandering Jew
- Rural Architecture
- Ellen Irwin; or, The Braes of Kirtle
- Andrew Jones
- The Two Thieves; or, The Last Stage of Avarice
- A Character
- Inscriptions
- For the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwentwater
- Written with a Pencil upon a Stone
- Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone
- The Sparrow's Nest
- Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side
- The Prioress' Tale (from Chaucer)
- The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer)
- Troilus and Cresida (from Chaucer)
- The Sailor's Mother
- Alice Fell; or, Poverty
- Beggars



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- To a Butterfly (first poem)
- The Emigrant Mother
- My heart leaps up when I behold
- Among all lovely things my Love had been
- Written in March, while resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brothers Water
- The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly
- To a Butterfly (second poem)
- Foresight
- To the Small Celandine (first poem)
- To the same Flower (second poem)
- Resolution and Independence
- I grieved for Buonaparte
- A Farewell
- The Sun has long been set

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1792

William Wordsworth's youthful 2d tour of the continent:



Thus WORDSWORTH fell into temptation,
In France during a long vacation
Saw in the fall of the Bastille
The Parousia of liberty ...
A liberal fellow-traveller ran
With Sans-culotte and Jacobin,
Nor guessed what circles he was in,
But ended as the Devil knew
An earnest Englishman would do,
Left by Napoleon in the lurch
Supporting the Established Church.



(not a deathmask, this was, alas, a “lifemask”)

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When the young poet returned to England he was imbued with the free spirit of the revolution. A French woman, Annette Vallon, was bearing him a daughter, but they would never marry as the Englishman would be prevented by the Reign of Terror from returning to French soil. Instead he would settle in Dorsetshire with his sister Dorothy and would eventually come to look like this:

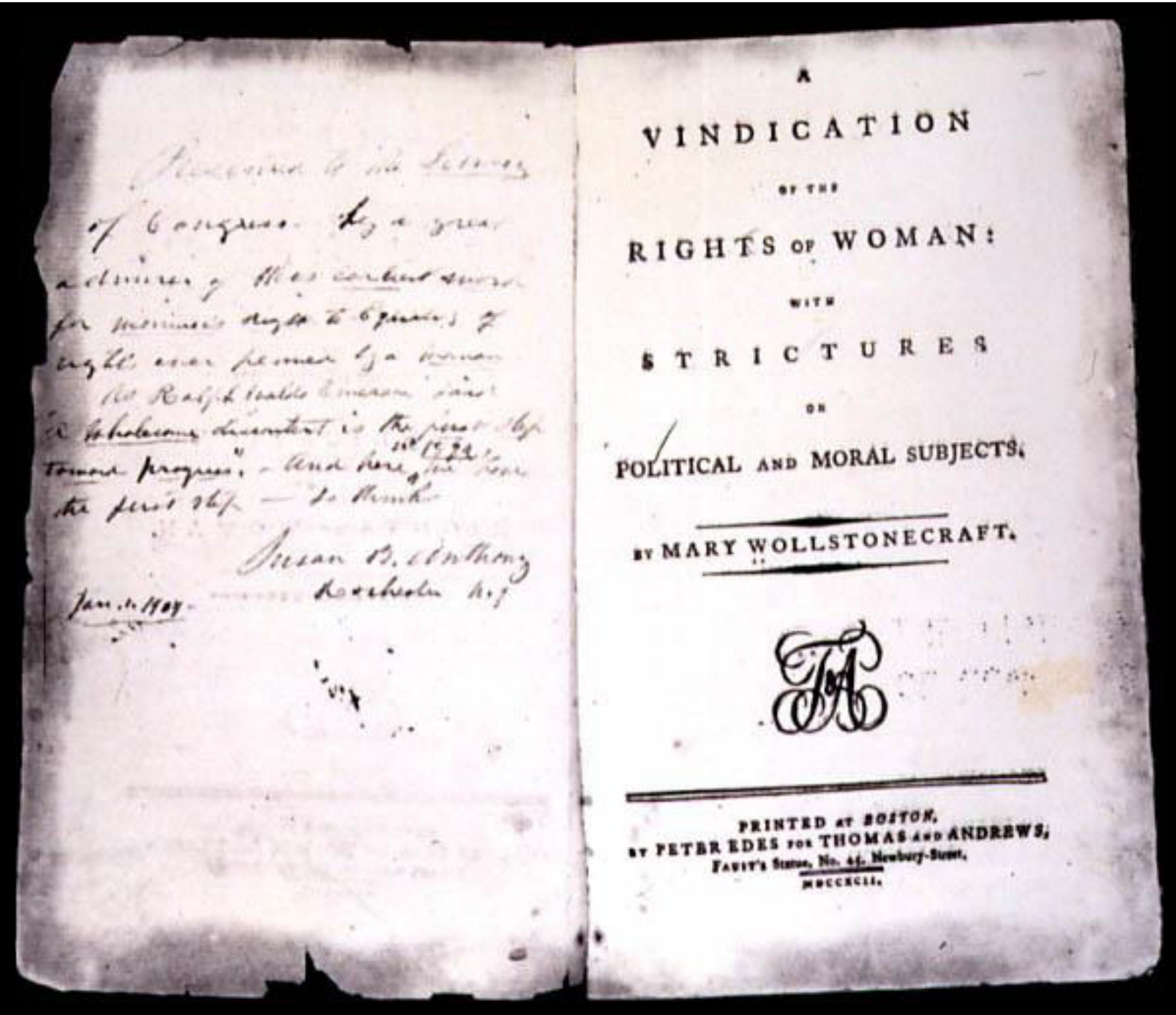


The period of the Napoleonic Wars, until 1815, would bring prosperity to Cuba despite restrictions and obstacles placed by the crown. Demand for sugar, tobacco, and coffee would increase, and more capital would be injected into crop production. More slaves would be introduced, and trade between the US and Cuba would increase.

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[Mary Wollstonecraft](#)'s VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.



Thomas Taylor's VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF BRUTES (London: Jeffrey) mocked the aspirations of [Mary Wollstonecraft](#) and the French Revolution in musing about the absurdities to which such calls for liberty may lead: women's rights, animal rights, vegetable and even "mineral rights."



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1793

[William Wordsworth](#)'s AN EVENING WALK AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. The poet ended his DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES—ostensibly a description of his walking tour in France and the Alps—with an oracular vision of the “lovely birth” which was to emerge from the violence of the French Revolution:

“Nature, as in her prime, her virgin reign
Begins, and Love and Truth compose her train...”

1795

January-June: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) and [Robert Southey](#) had become public lecturers on political and moral topics in Bristol, England. Coleridge met [William Wordsworth](#).

1797

June: A treaty with the Bey of Tripoli that had been negotiated by the administration of President George Washington was finally signed and ratified by the federal senate at this point during the administration of President John Adams. Article 11 of the English-language version of this treaty, curiously, declares that “the United States is in no sense based on the Christian religion.” (This English version inclusive of the curious declaration would have been what was signed by our President and duly ratified by our Senate. There is a mystery about this, since no such article appears in the Arabic version! Refer to Bevans’s Treaties and Other International Agreements of the United States of America, 1776-1989, Volume 11, and to David Humphreys’s Miscellaneous Works of 1804.) The agreement cost us \$56,000, a sum which was not to be considered to be “tribute.” Our vessels would henceforth be granted most-favored-nation status, the same as if they were English or French.

In London, [Charles Lamb](#) was becoming an intimate in a group of young writers who believed in political reform, such as [Percy Bysshe Shelley](#), [William Hazlitt](#), and (eventually) Leigh Hunt. He and his friend [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) went for a short summer holiday at Nether Stowey, where they had an opportunity to get to know [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#). Lamb contributed additional blank verse for a 2d edition of POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. Within the next year Coleridge would be authoring “Kubla Khan,” Part I of “Christabel,” “Frost at Midnight,” and “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.”

June: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) visited [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#) and their close friendship began. Within the next year he would write “Kubla Khan” and Part I of “Christabel” and “Frost at Midnight” and “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.”

July: The [Wordsworths](#) and [Charles Lamb](#) visited [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) and found him writing away at “This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison.” Publication of POEMS, SECOND EDITION by [Coleridge](#), [Lamb](#), and Charles Lloyd.¹

1. After a temporary fall-out with Coleridge, Lamb’s poems were to be excluded in a 3d edition — but this edition never materialized.



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July 14: The [Wordsworths](#) moved in at Alfoxden House near Nether Stowey, within three miles of [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#)'s residence.

1798

[Dorothy Wordsworth](#)'s THE ALFOXDEN JOURNAL appeared in this year.

March-May: [William Wordsworth](#)'s "Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A True Story," describing how a person was seized for taking sticks from a hedge for fuel. Making reference to this sad incident in British history, [Henry David Thoreau](#) would extrapolate on our need for warmth:

WALDEN: It is remarkable what a value is still put upon wood even in this age and in this new country, a value more permanent and universal than that of gold. After all our discoveries and inventions no man will go by a pile of wood. It is as precious to us as it was to our Saxon and Norman ancestors. If they made their bows of it, we make our gun-stocks of it. Michaux, more than thirty years ago, says that the price of wood for fuel in New York and Philadelphia "nearly equals, and sometimes exceeds, that of the best wood in Paris, though this immense capital annually requires more than three hundred thousand cords, and is surrounded to the distance of three hundred miles by cultivated plains." In this town the price of wood rises almost steadily, and the only question is, how much higher it is to be this year than it was the last. Mechanics and tradesmen who come in person to the forest on no other errand, are sure to attend the wood auction, and even pay a high price for the privilege of gleaning after the wood-chopper. It is now many years that men have resorted to the forest for fuel and the materials of the arts; the New Englander and the New Hollander, the Parisian and the Celt, the farmer and Robinhood, Goody Blake and Harry Gill, in most parts of the world the prince and the peasant, the scholar and the savage, equally require still a few sticks from the forest to warm them and cook their food. Neither could I do without them.

PEOPLE OF
WALDEN

FRANÇOIS ANDRÉ MICHAUX

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Along these lines of “How much do we actually need?”, this happens to have been the year in which the new United States of America was becoming entangled in a struggle with its former ally, France, and in which in consequence the US Congress was levying a “Direct Tax” upon each American household for purposes of our national defense. An inventory was being taken of the nation’s housing to aid in assessing this tax, and it revealed that the most prosperous 10% of American households were living in structures that represented 50% of the private-residence structure value. Comparing that situation with 1970, we note that the statistic has declined from 50% to 30%. The conclusion we might reach from such a decline is that the difference in living standards, between the well-to-do and the not well-to-do, was more extreme then than it is now. The most expensive mansions in America, *circa* the turn of the 19th Century, were the mansion of Peter Stuyvesant overlooking the Hudson River and the 3-story, 15-room mansion of Elias Hasket Derby (King Derby) in Salem. These homes were each listed at over \$30,000.⁰⁰. We may be misled as to the adequacy of homes of that period, due to the fact that the less adequate ones have not survived, so we should keep in mind statistics such as that, in the country towns of Worcester County, only one home out of each three possessed a 2nd story. One home in four was listed as being worth less than \$100.⁰⁰. Only one home in ten was worth more than \$700.⁰⁰, with 6-7 rooms. Only one in a hundred was worth over \$3,000.⁰⁰, with 10-12 rooms.

September: With [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#), [William Wordsworth](#) issued LYRICAL BALLADS. Coleridge’s contributions included “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” and “The Nightingale.” The publication may function for us to



illustrate the nature of our culture’s myth of sole authorship, for it appeared without any author’s name attached to it. Within this volume several references of the prefatory Advertisement were to monolithic constructs such as “the author,” “his expressions,” “his personal observation,” “his friends,” and to “the author’s own person,” yet the volume included poems bearing the titles “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner” and “Tintern Abbey” which we now routinely ascribe to different British poets. There would be subsequent editions, in 1800, in 1802, and in 1805, in which the prefatory materials would mention “the assistance of a Friend,” but the title page would be extended only to mention “By W. Wordsworth” and the name “S.T. Coleridge” would nowhere appear. Only in 1817 would Coleridge obtain credit for his “The Ancient Mariner” and “The Nightingale” and other poems. Why was this? —For two overlapping reasons, neither of which has to do with Wordsworth wanting to take undue credit for another’s productions. First, in a very important respect the affiliation between these two poets and their writerly collaboration was so intense that in a very important manner a number of these poems actually were co-authored, and, second, the myth of solitary genius which was prevalent in those days, a myth inherited from the legitimization myth current for sacred scripture, and the myth of undivided authorial authority which was prevalent in those days, a myth inherited from the legitimization myth current for kingship or sole-leader status (*Führerprinzip*), were so overwhelming, that they simply **had** to be deferred to

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as the default understanding

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This famous book, which included Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," introduced Romanticism into England.

In this month the boy friends, and [Dorothy Wordsworth](#), went together to Germany to learn of [Herr Professor Immanuel Kant](#)'s Transcendental idealism. Coleridge would prepare himself in Germany to argue, for the benefit of his friends in England, that as soon as we knew enough about universal science, and the manner in which attractive and repulsive forces created a web of interactions throughout nature, both our ideas about matter and our ideas about deity would be seen as subsumed within one simple explanatory structure, as "different modes, or degrees in perfection, of a common substratum." This would impress almost everyone. Coleridge, in Germany in this year and the next, would be studying under Johann Friedrich Blumenbach, the professor of natural history who had in the 1770s classified the human races into 28 varieties and attributed the differences between these varieties to varying sorts of degeneration or deterioration on account of influences of gender, of geography, or both gender and geography, from a uniform originary white male standard. However, while Herr Professor Blumenbach had thus laid the groundwork for the Nazi racial thinking which would come later by coined the term "Caucasian," the term "Aryanism" had not yet come into



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being and he presumed Semites to be a portion of his honorable white race.²

As [Martin] Bernal has argued in one of the most interesting parts of [BLACK ATHENA: THE AFROASIATIC ROOTS OF CLASSICAL CIVILIZATION. VOLUME I, THE FABRICATION OF ANCIENT GREECE 1785-1985 (London: Free Association Books, 1987, page 220)], the curious and disturbing fact is that the rise of professional scholarship and the transmutation of knowledge into the different forms of academic disciplines, decisively established at the University of Göttingen (founded in 1734) and then in the new university of Berlin and elsewhere, was intimately bound up with the development of racial theory and the ordering of knowledge on a racial basis. As [Edward W.] Said observes, "What gave writers like [Joseph Ernest] Renan and [Matthew] Arnold the right to generalities about race was the official character of their formed cultural literacy" [ORIENTALISM: WESTERN REPRESENTATIONS OF THE ORIENT (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1978, page 227)]. The blunt fact that has even now not been faced is that modern racism was an academic creation. What we are dealing with here is the dominance of racial theory so widespread that it worked as an ideology, permeating both consciously and implicitly the fabric of almost all areas of thinking of its time. This racialization of knowledge demonstrates that the university's claim to project knowledge in itself outside political control or judgement cannot be trusted and, in the past at least, has not been as objective as it has claimed; the university's amnesia about its own relation to race is a sign of its fear of the loss of legitimation.

1799

"That boy," [Thomas De Quincey](#)'s master at King Edward's School in Bath reported, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." His mother, somehow displeased by this, promptly packed him off to an inferior establishment, the Winkfield School at Wiltshire. There, however, Thomas would encounter [William Wordsworth](#)'s and [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#)'s recently published LYRICAL BALLADS — which later he would characterize as "the greatest event in the unfolding of my own mind."

[William Wordsworth](#) wrote the "Two-Part Prelude" of 1799 (corresponding roughly with books I and II of the later, full Prelude plus the Gibbet Mast and Blasted Hawthorn "spots of time"), "There Was a Boy," "Nutting," "Lucy Gray" and the "Lucy poems," the "Matthew" poems, and many poems for the 1800 volume of Lyrical Ballads--mostly while in Goslar, Germany, from the latter part of 1798 through the first part of 1799

Mary Hays's THE VICTIM OF PREJUDICE

Hannah More's STRICTURES ON THE MODERN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION

MARY ALCOCK, POETICAL WRITER (published posthumously by Joanna Hughes)

2. Refer to THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL TREATISES OF JOHANN FRIEDRICH BLUMENBACH [1775-1795], edited and translated by T. Bendyshe and published by the Anthropological Society in London in 1865. Young, Robert J.C. COLONIAL DESIRE: HYBRIDITY IN THEORY, CULTURE AND RACE (London: Routledge, 1995, page 64).

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April 21: [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#) returned to England from Germany.

September 10 (approximately): As a bad consequence of the complete failure of the French Revolution, [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) saw, some “have thrown up all hopes of the amelioration of mankind, and are sinking into an almost epicurean selfishness, disguising this under the soft titles of domestic attachment and contempt for visionary *philosophes*.” One such person Coleridge might have been instancing would have been Thomas Holcroft, who



had conceded in 1798 that although he remained republican in his sympathies, he had come to understand how it might be that “political revolutions are not so well calculated to better man’s condition, as during a certain period I, with almost all the thinking men in Europe, had been led to suppose.” Another such person would have been Joseph Priestley, who would be led by events to comment that “Melioration of mankind by means of political revolutions is, indeed, a noble subject of speculation ... but, for my own part, I have only the **wish** left — the **confidence** is gone.” For such persons, Coleridge told his friend [William Wordsworth](#), a corrective would be indicated. The result of this advice would be Wordsworth’s “Prelude” as we now have this poem, which showed the path that remained toward “Despondency Corrected.”

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October 26: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) first met [Sara Hutchinson](#) (sister of [William Wordsworth](#)'s future wife [Mary Hutchinson Wordsworth](#)), of whom he, a married man, would become enamoured.

[Wordsworth](#) and [Coleridge](#) went on a walking tour of the Lake District that would last into November.

December: The [Wordsworths](#) moved to Dove Cottage at Grasmere in the Lake Country of England, and [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) resumed his affectionate relationship with Charles Lamb.

1800

→ [William Wordsworth](#) wrote THE RECLUSE, Book I ("Home at Grasmere," not published until 1888; as described in his Preface to THE EXCURSION, published 1814, THE PRELUDE, THE EXCURSION, and THE RECLUSE were to be three parts of a projected masterwork).³

HERMITS



Between this year and 1803, [Dorothy Wordsworth](#) would be putting out THE GRASMERE JOURNAL.

→ At age 15, [Thomas De Quincey](#)'s translation from [Horace](#)'s TWENTY-SECOND ODE won 3d prize in a contest and was published in [The Monthly Preceptor](#). Accidentally, he encountered [King George III](#) in the Frogmore gardens near Windsor Castle. During his summer holiday he went to Ireland. He was sent to the Manchester Grammar School because in that establishment he might after studying for 36 months qualify for a scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford (he would not, however, complete this agenda, for after 19 months he would run away in an attempt to make contact with [William Wordsworth](#)).

→ July 24: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) moved his family into Greta Hall in Keswick, in the Lake Country of England. There he would complete his translation of Schiller's *WALLENSTEIN* and superintend the 2d printing of the LYRICAL BALLADS with its acclaimed preface by [William Wordsworth](#) outlining his poetic principles. The name "S.T. Coleridge" still would not appear in the credits.

3. Wordsworth also wrote the famous Preface to the 1800 (2d) edition of LYRICAL BALLADS.



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1801

➡ January: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#)'s and [William Wordsworth](#)'s LYRICAL BALLADS, 1800 edition, with preface by Wordsworth.

1802

➡ There was a 3d edition of [William Wordsworth](#)'s LYRICAL BALLADS. The name "S.T. Coleridge" still did not appear.

➡ August: The [Wordsworths](#) visited Annette Vallon and Caroline in Calais, France. On this trip and immediately after, [William Wordsworth](#) writes a sequence of political sonnets about England and France (later included in the section of his collected poems titled at various times "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty" and "Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty.") Also from this trip: "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge."

Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802
- Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August 1802
- Calais, August 1802
- Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802
- Calais, August 15, 1802
- It is a beauteous evening, calm and free
- On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic
- The King of Sweden
- To Toussaint L'Ouverture
- Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing
- September 1, 1802
- Near Dover, September 1802
- Written in London, September 1802
- London, 1802
- Great men have been among us
- It is not to be thought of
- When I have borne in memory
- Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire
- Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"
- To H. C. Six years old
- To the Daisy (first poem)
- To the same Flower (second poem)
- To the Daisy (third poem)
- The Green Linnet
- Yew-trees
- Who fancied what a pretty sight
- It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown

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October 4: [William Wordsworth](#) got married with [Mary Hutchinson](#) at Gallow Hill. [Dorothy Wordsworth](#), in a famous episode recorded in her journals, did not attend the church ceremony but waited in the house. On the seventh anniversary of his loveless union with Sara Fricker Coleridge, [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) published a compacted and rearranged and dignified version of the verse letter he had originally written in April of that year to another Sara – [Sara Hutchinson](#) – while he was dejected about his marriage and hopeless of obtaining this other Sara. The title the poet gave this piece of work was “Dejection: An Ode.”⁴



In this poem Coleridge’s narrator insists not only that human beings are superior to the rest of nature but also that only human subjectivity gives nature meaning and value:

“O Lady! we receive but what we give

4. What is it that [Coleridge](#) is lamenting, in his lament? Imagination, for Coleridge, is a principle of interconnection, a joining together, a rendering inseparable of the various areas of human experience. It is Coleridge’s mechanism for joining back together, the way they are together, the way they belong together, of all the various connections which our impoverishment by our everyday preoccupations has torn asunder. Perception, for Coleridge, is an act or process which does not merely bring into juxtaposition two separate and fixed entities, an inside thing known as the subject and a thing of the external world known as the object. It is rather a process of continual dialectical synthesis in which subject and object are continually fusing and dissolving the boundary between themselves or altering each other. True perception is transformation. What Coleridge is lamenting, in “Dejection: An Ode,” is a failure of perception in which such transformation is not achieved.

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And in our life alone does Nature live.”

It has been suggested that it was this piece of work to which [Henry Thoreau](#) would be referring, on the title page of [WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS](#), when in Draft **G** of 1854 he would set down that he did not “PROPOSE TO WRITE AN ODE TO DEJECTION.”

[WALDEN](#): I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.



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WALDEN: The present was my next experiment of this kind which I purpose to describe more at length; for convenience, putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.



We should be clear that such propositions as the above would be determinedly repudiated by Thoreau. By making this reference to Coleridge's famous poem at the start of his book, it has been suggested by various scholars, perhaps what our Henry was trying to do was to point up, on the one hand, a covert connection between despair and alienation, while pointing up, on the other hand, a covert connection between despair and this human exceptionalism so favored by Coleridge.

1803



Summer: Reconciled with his mother and guardians, the runaway Thomas De Quincey spent the season in Everton reading avidly in Gothic romances. He began to think of Samuel Taylor Coleridge as the "greatest man that has ever appeared." He wrote a fan letter to William Wordsworth, who responded, and a correspondence began. At the end of this vacation season he was allowed to enter Worcester College, Oxford on a reduced income.

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803
- Departure from the vale of Grasmere, August 1803
- At the Grave of Burns, 1803. Seven years after his death
- Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence
- To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father



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- To a Highland Girl
- Glen Almain; or, The Narrow Glen
- Stepping Westward
- The Solitary Reaper
- Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe
- Rob Roy's Grave
- Sonnet. Composed at ——— Castle
- Yarrow Unvisited
- The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband
- Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!
- The Blind Highland Boy
- October 1803
- There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
- October 1803
- England! the time is come when thou should'st wean
- October 1803
- To the Men of Kent. October 1803
- In the Pass of Killicranky, an invasion being expected, October 1803
- Anticipation. October 1803
- Lines on the expected Invasion
- The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale
- To the Cuckoo
- She was a Phantom of delight
- I wandered lonely as a cloud
- The Affliction of Margaret ———
- The Forsaken
- Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad
- The Seven Sisters; or, The Solitude of Binnorie
- Address to my Infant Daughter, Dora
- The Kitten and Falling Leaves
- To the Spade of a Friend
- The Small Celandine (third poem)

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August 15: [William Blake](#) had evicted a drunken soldier from his garden in Felpham. John Scofield went to the authorities with a tale about things that Blake had said while evicting him, and on the basis of this tainted testimony Blake went on trial for his life at Chichester on the charge of high treason: “Blake said the French knew our strength very well, and if the French set foot on English ground that every Englishman would be put to his choice whether to have his throat cut or to join the French and that he was a strong man and would certainly begin to cut throats and the strongest man must conquer — that he damned the King of England — his country and his subjects — that his soldiers were all bound for slaves and all the poor people in general.” After being duly relieved of this preposterous accusation, Blake would move back to London.

Sir James Douglas, who would become the “father of British Columbia,” was born.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) went on a tour of Scotland with [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#).



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DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1805

➡ [William Wordsworth](#) completed a 2d version of THE PRELUDE, a long autobiographical poem that would not see publication until after his death (the other versions are as of 1799 and as of 1850).

There was a 4th edition of LYRICAL BALLADS and the name “[S.T. Coleridge](#)” still did not appear.

➡ [Thomas De Quincey](#) journeyed to the Lake District of England to meet his famous pen-pal [William Wordsworth](#), only to suffer a failure of nerve and turn back.

➡ February 5: [William Wordsworth](#)’s brother John drowned in the shipwreck of the *Earl of Abergavenny*, which he captained. As attested in Wordsworth’s grieving letters at the time (“Our loss is one which never can be made up,” “my loss is great, and irreparable,” “there is something cut out of my life which cannot be restored,” “the set is now broken”) and “Elegiac Stanzas” (composed summer 1806), this was one of the defining moments in his personal and poetic life.

TIMELINE OF ACCIDENTS

➡ May: [William Wordsworth](#)’s 1805 version of “The Prelude” was finished.

1806

➡ Earliest possible year for any of [Percy Bysshe Shelley](#)’s poems in THE ESDAILE NOTEBOOK (latest written 1813).

[Thomas De Quincey](#) journeyed a 2d time to the Lake District of England, in his attempt to actually meet his famous pen-pal [William Wordsworth](#), only to again suffer a failure of nerve and turn back.

Wordsworth’s Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- November 1806
- Address to a Child, during a boisterous winter Evening, by my Sister
- Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

➡ December: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) would reside at Coleorton with [William Wordsworth](#), [Dorothy Wordsworth](#), [Mary Wordsworth](#), and [Sara Hutchinson](#), until April 1807.

1807

→ William Wordsworth's POEMS, IN TWO VOLUMES ("Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" ends the last volume).



Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- A Prophecy. February 1807
- Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland
- To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade
- The Mother's Return, by my Sister
- Gipsies
- O Nightingale! thou surely art
- To Lady Beaumont
- Though narrow be that old Man's cares
- Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle
- The White Doe of Rylstone; or, The Fate of the Nortons
- The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory. A tradition
- Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra
- Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion,
- George and Sarah Green
- Hoffer
- Advance — come forth from thy Tyrolean ground
- Feelings of the Tyrolese
- Alas! what boots the long laborious quest
- And is it among rude untutored Dales
- O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain
- On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese
- Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
- Say, what is Honour? — 'Tis the finest sense
- The martial courage of a day is vain
- Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
- Call not the royal Swede unfortunate
- Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid
- Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
- Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
- In due observance of an ancient rite
- Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals



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- On a celebrated Event in Ancient History
- Upon the same Event
- The Oak of Guernica
- Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard
- Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind
- O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied
- The French and the Spanish Guerillas
- Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera
- Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
- Perhaps some needful service of the State
- O Thou who movest onward with a mind
- There never breathed a man who, when his life
- True is it that Ambrosio Salinero
- Destined to war from very infancy
- O flower of all that springs from gentle blood
- Not without heavy grief of heart did He
- Pause, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates
- Maternal Grief
- Characteristics of a Child three Years old
- Spanish Guerillas
- The power of Armies is a visible thing
- Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise
- Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the South-West Coast of Cumberland
- Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle thirty years after its Composition
- Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.
- Inscriptions
- In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Leicestershire
- In a Garden of the Same
- Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his Name, for an Urn
- For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton
- Song for the Spinning-Wheel
- Composed on the eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere
- Water-Fowl
- View from the top of Black Comb
- Written with a Slate Pencil on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb



August: [Thomas De Quincey](#) had absented himself from his course of studies at Worcester College, Oxford. [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) met him in Bristol and handed him £300 with the pretence that it was a loan. De Quincey then escorted the Coleridge family to the Lake District and finally was able to meet his famous pen-pal [William Wordsworth](#), at Grasmere.

1808



Late May: In Grasmere, [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#) left Dove Cottage –where they had lived since 1799– for the Allen Bank house in Grasmere.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

 September: [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#) settled at Newstead Abbey.



[Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) went to reside with the family of [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#) at the Allen Bank house in Grasmere (until May 1810).

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

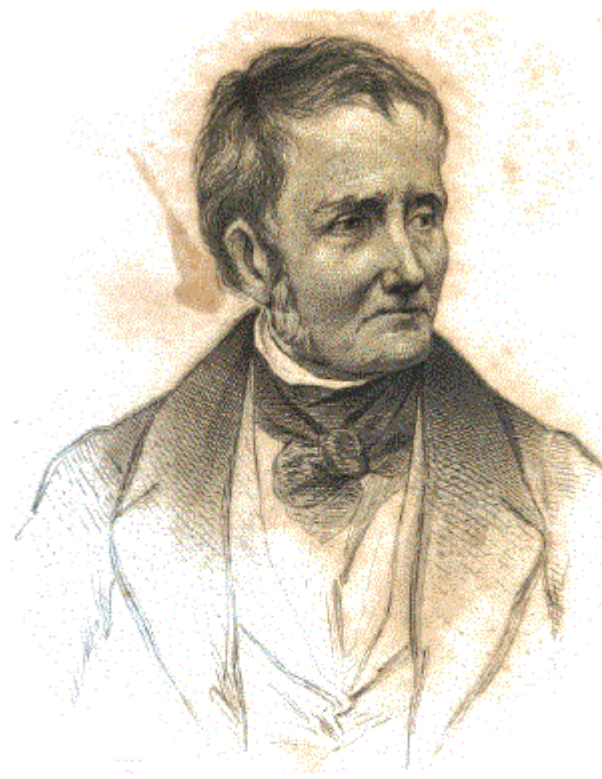
DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1809

➡ [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#)'s [The Friend](#) was being published, and he was making frequent stopovers at the home of [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#) in Dove Cottage at Grasmere in the beautiful Lake District of England, where [Sara Hutchinson](#) was residing.

[Percy Bysshe Shelley](#) wrote five or six poems into The Esdaile Notebook.

[Thomas De Quincey](#) rented Dove Cottage because it had been Wordsworth's home. He would reside there for a decade.



*Very truly yours,
Thomas De Quincey.*

In this year he supervised the printing of Wordsworth's pamphlet on "The Convention of Cintra," and contributed a lengthy "Postscript on Sir John Moore's Letters."

➡ June: [William Wordsworth](#)'s pamphlet "Convention of Cintra."



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1810

→ [Thomas De Quincey](#) entered his period of greatest intimacy with [William Wordsworth](#) and [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#). He read the manuscript of “Prelude.” He, John Wilson, and Alexander Blair contributed the “Letter of Mathetes” (μαθητής means “disciple” or “student”) to Coleridge’s metaphysical gazette, [The Friend](#). That gazette folded.

→ March: [Sara Hutchinson](#) left Grasmere, abandoning [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#).

→ October 16-18: At odds with [William Wordsworth](#), [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) departed from Grasmere for London.

1812

→ [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#)’s REMORSE was published and performed. The author made an unsuccessful visit to the Lake Country to reconcile with [William Wordsworth](#). He continued to lecture on [Shakespeare](#). Half his life annuity of £150 per year from the fortune of the Wedgewood brothers was withdrawn.

[Thomas De Quincey](#) was griefstricken at the death of [Wordsworth](#)’s 3-year-old, [Catherine](#). He briefly enrolled at the Middle Temple with the intent of reading for the Bar.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1813

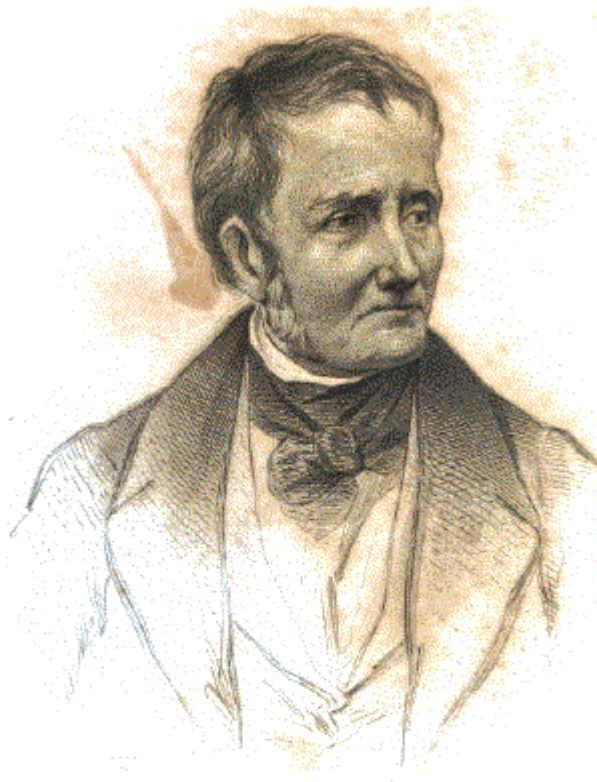


The Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance damned not only [rum](#), but all of the “kindred vices, profaneness and gambling” and beseeched members to “discourage... by ... example and influence, every kind of..... immorality.”

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

During this period retailers’ and distillers’ licenses would bear a federal tax, although beginning in 1818 the industry would begin to enjoy a tax-free era which would endure until 1862.

In England, by this point [Thomas De Quincey](#) had become a “faithful and confirmed [opium](#)-eater” with a decanter of [laudanum](#) always by his elbow.



*Very truly yours,
Thomas De Quincey.*

His relations with [William Wordsworth](#) became strained. He courted Margaret Simpson, daughter of a Lake District farmer.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

 April: [William Wordsworth](#) received a government patronage position as Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland County.

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- November 1813
- The Excursion. Note & Preface
- Book First: The Wanderer
- Book Second: The Solitary
- Book Third: Despondency
- Book Fourth: Despondency Corrected
- Book Fifth: The Pastor
- Book Sixth: The Churchyard among the Mountains
- Book Seventh: The Churchyard among the Mountains — (continued)
- Book Eighth: The Parsonage
- Book Ninth: Discourse of the Wanderer, and an Evening Visit to the Lake
- Laodamia
- Dion (see Plutarch)

1814

 August: [William Wordsworth](#)'s THE EXCURSION. (This contained "Despondency Corrected," the poem which would in 1835 so influence Jones Very.)

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
His mournful narrative — commenced in pain,
In pain commenced, and ended without peace:
Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains
Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his,
While we sate listening with compassion due.
A pause of silence followed; then, with voice
That did not falter though the heart was moved,
The Wanderer said:—

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists — one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
— The darts of anguish 'fix' not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonour of his holy name.
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine!"

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
 To heaven: — “How beautiful this dome of sky;
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
 At thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
 Human and rational, report of thee
 Even less than these? — Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
 My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
 Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast built,
 For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
 In such a temple as we now behold
 Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound
 To worship, here, and everywhere — as one
 Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
 From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
 From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
 And from debasement rescued. — By thy grace
 The particle divine remained unquenched;
 And, ’mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
 Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
 From paradise transplanted: wintry age
 Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
 If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
 — Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires
 Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
 And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
 But leave me unabated trust in thee —
 And let thy favour, to the end of life,
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things—
 Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal? — powers depart,”
 The grey-haired Wanderer stedfastly replied,
 Answering the question which himself had asked,
 “Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
 Duty exists; — immutably survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.
 Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish? — Thou, dread source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place;
 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained; — thou, who didst wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might’st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor’st us, daily, to the powers of sense
 And reason’s stedfast rule — thou, thou alone
 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
 Which thou includest, as the sea her waves:
 For adoration thou endur’st; endure
 For consciousness the motions of thy will;
 For apprehension those transcendent truths
 Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
 (Submission constituting strength and power)
 Even to thy Being’s infinite majesty!
 This universe shall pass away — a work
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
 A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
 No more shall stray where meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned Mind
 May yet have scope to range among her own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top
 Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld
 The sun rise up, from distant climes returned
 Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day
 His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the deep
 Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
 Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude;
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;
 And, since their date, my soul hath undergone
 Change manifold, for better or for worse:
 Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire
 Heavenward; and chide the part of me that flags,
 Through sinful choice; or dread necessity
 On human nature from above imposed.
 'Tis, by comparison, an easy task⁵
 Earth to despise; but, to converse with heaven—
 This is not easy: — to relinquish all
 We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,
 And stand in freedom loosened from this world,
 I deem not arduous; but must needs confess
 That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
 Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
 And the most difficult of tasks to 'keep'
 Heights which the soul is competent to gain.
 — Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,
 Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
 Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke,
 That with majestic energy from earth
 Rises; but, having reached the thinner air,
 Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.
 From this infirmity of mortal kind
 Sorrow proceeds, which else were not; at least,
 If grief be something hallowed and ordained,
 If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
 Yet, through this weakness of the general heart,
 Is it enabled to maintain its hold
 In that excess which conscience disapproves.
 For who could sink and settle to that point
 Of selfishness; so senseless who could be
 As long and perseveringly to mourn
 For any object of his love, removed
 From this unstable world, if he could fix
 A satisfying view upon that state
 Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
 Which reason promises, and holy writ
 Ensures to all believers? — Yet mistrust
 Is of such incapacity, methinks,
 No natural branch; despondency far less;
 And, least of all, is absolute despair.
 — And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped
 Even to the dust; apparently, through weight
 Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
 An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
 Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld

5. "'Tis, by comparison, an easy task

Earth to despise," etc. — See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

When wanted most; a confidence impaired
 So pitifully, that, having ceased to see
 With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
 Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
 Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
 Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
 To realize the vision, with intense
 And over-constant yearning, — there — there lies
 The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.
 Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
 This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
 Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
 For any passion of the soul that leads
 To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
 Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
 Along the line of limitless desires.
 I, speaking now from such disorder free,
 Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
 I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
 Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
 From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief
 In mercy, carried infinite degrees
 Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
 Hope, below this, consists not with belief
 In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
 That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed
 The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
 To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
 Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
 That, though immovably convinced, we want
 Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
 As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
 Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
 Alas! the endowment of immortal power⁶
 Is matched unequally with custom, time,
 And domineering faculties of sense
 In 'all'; in most, with superadded foes,
 Idle temptations; open vanities,
 Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world;
 And, in the private regions of the mind,
 Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
 Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
 Distress and care. What then remains? — To seek
 Those helps for his occasions ever near
 Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renewed
 On the first motion of a holy thought;
 Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer—
 A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
 Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
 Without access of unexpected strength.
 But, above all, the victory is most sure
 For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
 To yield entire submission to the law
 Of conscience — conscience revered and obeyed,
 As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
 And his most perfect image in the world.
 — Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard;
 These helps solicit; and a stedfast seat
 Shall then be yours among the happy few
 Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air
 Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
 Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
 Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away;
 With only such degree of sadness left
 As may support longings of pure desire;
 And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly

6. "Alas! the endowment of immortal Power
 Is matched unequally with custom, time," etc.: — This subject is treated at length in the Ode – Intimations of Immortality.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In the sublime attractions of the grave.”

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
 Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
 His judgments, near that lonely house we paced
 A plot of greensward, seemingly preserved
 By nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,
 And from encroachment of encircling heath:
 Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
 Smooth and commodious; as a stately deck
 Which to and fro the mariner is used
 To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
 Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
 While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
 Stillness prevailed around us: and the voice
 That spake was capable to lift the soul
 Toward regions yet more tranquil. But, methought,
 That he, whose fixed despondency had given
 Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
 Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
 Shrinking from admonition, like a man
 Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
 Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
 The Sage continued:—

“For that other loss,
 The loss of confidence in social man,
 By the unexpected transports of our age
 Carried so high, that every thought, which looked
 Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
 To many seemed superfluous — as, no cause
 Could e'er for such exalted confidence
 Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair:
 The two extremes are equally disowned
 By reason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
 You have been driven far as its opposite,
 Between them seek the point whereon to build
 Sound expectations. So doth he advise
 Who shared at first the illusion; but was soon
 Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
 Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields;
 Nor unproved by Providence, thus speaking
 To the inattentive children of the world:
 ‘Vainglorious Generation! what new powers
 ‘On you have been conferred? what gifts, withheld
 ‘From your progenitors, have ye received,
 ‘Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
 ‘Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
 ‘For you should undergo a sudden change;
 ‘And the weak functions of one busy day,
 ‘Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
 ‘What all the slowly-moving years of time,
 ‘With their united force, have left undone?
 ‘By nature's gradual processes be taught;
 ‘By story be confounded! Ye aspire
 ‘Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,
 ‘Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
 ‘Hope of a flight celestial, will produce
 ‘Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons
 ‘Shall not the less, though late, be justified.’

“Such timely warning,” said the Wanderer, “gave
 That visionary voice; and, at this day,
 When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
 The groaning nations; when the impious rule,
 By will or by established ordinance,
 Their own dire agents, and constrain the good
 To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
 This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
 Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
 By which mankind now suffers, is most just.
 For by superior energies; more strict

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Affiance in each other; faith more firm
 In their unhallowed principles; the bad
 Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
 The vacillating, inconsistent good.
 Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait — in hope
 To see the moment, when the righteous cause
 Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
 As they who have opposed her; in which Virtue
 Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
 That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
 By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
 That spirit only can redeem mankind;
 And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
 Then shall 'four' triumph be complete as theirs.
 Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise
 Have still the keeping of their proper peace;
 Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
 They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;
 'Knowing the heart of man is set to be'
 The centre of this world, about the which
 Those revolutions of disturbances
 Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
 Predominate; whose strong effects are such
 As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
 "And that unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!"

Happy is he who lives to understand,
 Not human nature only, but explores

7. "Knowing the heart of man is set to be," etc.: — The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
 Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
 Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
 Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
 The storms of sad confusion that may grow
 Up in the present for the coming times,
 Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
 But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
 Cannot but pity the perplexed state
 Of troublous and distressed mortality,
 That thus make way unto the ugly birth
 Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
 Affliction upon Imbecility:
 Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
 He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
 And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
 And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
 And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
 And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
 To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
 As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
 And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
 A rest for his desires; and sees all things
 Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
 Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
 The best of glory with her sufferings:
 By whom, I see, you labour all you can
 To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near
 His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

All natures, — to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each; and where begins
 The union, the partition where, that makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
 Which they inherit, — cannot step beyond,—
 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
 To every class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
 Such converse, if directed by a meek,
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
 For knowledge is delight; and such delight
 Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
 To thought and to the climbing intellect,
 It teaches less to love, than to adore;
 If that be not indeed the highest love!”

“Yet,” said I, tempted here to interpose,
 “The dignity of life is not impaired
 By aught that innocently satisfies
 The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
 Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
 Of speculation not unfit, descends;
 And such benign affections cultivates
 Among the inferior kinds; not merely those
 That he may call his own, and which depend,
 As individual objects of regard,
 Upon his care, from whom he also looks
 For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
 But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
 Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
 Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
 And solitude, that they do favour most,
 Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
 These pure sensations; that can penetrate
 The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
 Are not unfelt; and much might recommend,
 How much they might inspirit and endear,
 The loneliness of this sublime retreat!”

“Yes,” said the Sage, resuming the discourse
 Again directed to his downcast Friend,
 “If, with the froward will and grovelling soul
 Of man, offended, liberty is here,
 And invitation every hour renewed,
 To mark ‘their’ placid state, who never heard
 Of a command which they have power to break,
 Or rule which they are tempted to transgress:
 These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
 May we behold; their knowledge register;
 Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find
 Complacence there: — but wherefore this to you?
 I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
 The redbreast, ruffled up by winter’s cold
 Into a ‘feathery bunch,’ feeds at your hand:
 A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
 For the small wren to build in; — not in vain,
 The barriers disregarding that surround
 This deep abiding place, before your sight
 Mounts on the breeze the butterfly; and soars,
 Small creature as she is, from earth’s bright flowers,
 Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
 In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
 Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,
 When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
 Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
 This shaded valley leaves; and leaves the dark
 Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
 A proud communication with the sun
 Low sunk beneath the horizon! — List! — I heard,

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From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth
 As if the visible mountain made the cry.
 Again!" — The effect upon the soul was such
 As he expressed: from out the mountain's heart
 The solemn voice appeared to issue, startling
 The blank air — for the region all around
 Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
 Save for that single cry, the unanswered bleat
 Of a poor lamb — left somewhere to itself,
 The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
 He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
 Through consciousness that silence in such place
 Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
 But soon his thoughts returned upon themselves,
 And, in soft tone of speech, thus he resumed.

"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
 Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
 Too easily, despise or overlook
 The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
 Her sad dependence upon time, and all
 The trepidations of mortality,
 What place so destitute and void — but there
 The little flower her vanity shall check;
 The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless pride?

These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
 Does that benignity pervade, that warms
 The mole contented with her darksome walk
 In the cold ground; and to the emmet gives
 Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
 The tiny creatures strong by social league;
 Supports the generations, multiplies
 Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
 Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
 Their labour, covered, as a lake with waves;
 Thousands of cities, in the desert place
 Built up of life, and food, and means of life!
 Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
 Creatures that in communities exist,
 Less, as might seem, for general guardianship
 Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
 Than by participation of delight
 And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
 What other spirit can it be that prompts
 The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
 Their sports together in the solar beam,
 Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
 More obviously the self-same influence rules
 The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pensive flock,
 The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
 Hovering above these inland solitudes,
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call
 Up through the trenches of the long-drawn vales
 Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
 Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
 That seek yon pool, and there prolong their stay
 In silent congress; or together roused
 Take flight; while with their clang the air resounds:
 And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
 Is the mute company of changeful clouds;
 Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
 The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
 The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;
 And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
 Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not asked,
 Large measure shall be dealt. Three sabbath-days
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
 Of mere humanity, you clomb those heights;

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And what a marvellous and heavenly show
 Was suddenly revealed! — the swains moved on,
 And heeded not: you lingered, you perceived
 And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
 There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
 And inward self-disparagement affords
 To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
 Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
 You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves
 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
 Depresses the soul's vigour. Quit your couch—
 Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
 Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven
 Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
 Look down upon your taper, through a watch
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
 That run not parallel to nature's course.
 Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain
 Grace, be their composition what it may,
 If but with hers performed; climb once again,
 Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze
 Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
 That from your garden thither soars, to feed
 On new-blown heath; let yon commanding rock
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the stone
 In thunder down the mountains; with all your might
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer
 Fly to those harbours, driven by hound and horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit;
 So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
 And sink at evening into sound repose.”

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
 A kindling eye: — accordant feelings rushed
 Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
 “Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
 To have a body (this our vital frame
 With shrinking sensibility endued,
 And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
 And to the elements surrender it
 As if it were a spirit! — How divine,
 The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
 To roam at large among unpeopled glens
 And mountainous retirements, only trod
 By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
 To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
 That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
 Be as a presence or a motion — one
 Among the many there; and while the mists
 Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
 And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
 As fast as a musician scatters sounds
 Out of an instrument; and while the streams
 (As at a first creation and in haste
 To exercise their untried faculties)
 Descending from the region of the clouds,
 And starting from the hollows of the earth
 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way before them — what a joy to roam
 An equal among mightiest energies;
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 ‘Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
 With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
 From day to night, from night to day, prolonged!’”

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“Yes,” said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
 The strain of transport, “whosoe’er in youth
 Has, through ambition of his soul, given way
 To such desires, and grasped at such delight,
 Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
 In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
 Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught to own
 The tranquillizing power of time, shall wake,
 Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
 Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry’s hills,
 The streams far distant of your native glen;
 Yet is their form and image here expressed
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
 Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,
 Are various engines working, not the same
 As those with which your soul in youth was moved,
 But by the great Artificer endowed
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
 Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
 For you a stately gallery maintain
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
 With no incurious eye; and books are yours,
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
 Preserved from age to age; more precious far
 Than that accumulated store of gold
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
 The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will:
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,
 Sounds which the wandering shepherd from these heights
 Hears, and forgets his purpose; — furnished thus,
 How can you droop, if willing to be upraised?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
 Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours
 Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
 And unenlivened; who exists whole years
 Apart from benefits received or done
 ’Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
 Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
 Of the world’s interests — such a one hath need
 Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
 That, for the day’s consumption, books may yield
 Food not unwholesome; earth and air correct
 His morbid humour, with delight supplied
 Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
 — Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
 And easy contemplation; gay parterres,
 And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
 And shady groves in studied contrast — each,
 For recreation, leading into each:
 These may he range, if willing to partake
 Their soft indulgences, and in due time
 May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
 And course of service Truth requires from those
 Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
 And guard her fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,
 And recognises ever and anon
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
 Why need such man go desperately astray,
 And nurse ‘the dreadful appetite of death?’
 If tired with systems, each in its degree
 Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
 Let him build systems of his own, and smile
 At the fond work, demolished with a touch;
 If unreligious, let him be at once,
 Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled

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A pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge;
And daily lose what I desire to keep:
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditional sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch: and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my way;—
To this would rather bend than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
On outward things, with formal inference ends;
Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
At once — or, not recoiling, is perplexed—
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;
Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
On its own axis restlessly revolving,
Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth.

Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked; and when and wheresoe'er he moved,
Alone or mated, solitude was not.
He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice
Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared
Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and talked
With winged Messengers; who daily brought
To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love. — From those pure heights
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intuitions moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind — to banishment condemned
That flowing years repealed not: and distress
And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom
Of destitution; — solitude was not.
— Jehovah — shapeless Power above all Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localised in heaven;
On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim — on the chosen Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense
Judgments, that filled the land from age to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;
And with amazement smote; — thereby to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty.
And when the One, ineffable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulfed; nor Man,
The rational creature, left, to feel the weight
Of his own reason, without sense or thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mightier power: —
Whether the Persian — zealous to reject
Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of temples built by human hands—
To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,
With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
And to the winds and mother elements,

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And the whole circle of the heavens, for him
 A sensitive existence, and a God,
 With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise:
 Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
 Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
 For influence undefined a personal shape;
 And, from the plain, with toil immense, upreared
 Tower eight times planted on the top of tower,
 That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
 Descending, there might rest; upon that height
 Pure and serene, diffused — to overlook
 Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
 Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
 With grove and field and garden interspersed;
 Their town, and foodful region for support
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never closed
 His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
 With a submissive reverence they beheld;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
 And, by their aspects, signifying works
 Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
 — The imaginative faculty was lord
 Of observations natural; and, thus
 Led on, those shepherds made report of stars
 In set rotation passing to and fro,
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned
 With answering constellations, under earth,
 Removed from all approach of living sight
 But present to the dead; who, so they deemed,
 Like those celestial messengers beheld
 All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,—
 Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every God,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
 On fluent operations a fixed shape;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet — triumphant o'er this pompous show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt
 Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
 Amid the wrangling schools — a SPIRIT hung,
 Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
 And emanations were perceived; and acts
 Of immortality, in Nature's course,
 Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
 As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
 And armed warrior; and in every grove
 A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
 When piety more awful had relaxed.
 — 'Take, running river, take these locks of mine' —
 Thus would the Votary say — 'this severed hair,

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‘My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
 ‘Thankful for my beloved child’s return.
 ‘Thy banks, Cephissus, he again hath trod,
 ‘Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph
 ‘With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
 ‘And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!’
 And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
 Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
 Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
 That hath been, is, and where it was and is
 There shall endure, — existence unexposed
 To the blind walk of mortal accident;
 From diminution safe and weakening age;
 While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
 And countless generations of mankind
 Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
 And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
 In dignity of being we ascend.
 But what is error?” — “Answer he who can!”
 The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
 “Love, Hope, and Admiration, — are they not
 Mad Fancy’s favourite vassals? Does not life
 Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
 Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
 Imagination’s light when reason’s fails,
 The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
 — Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
 What error is; and, of our errors, which
 Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats
 Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
 With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?”

“Methinks,” persuasively the Sage replied,
 “That for this arduous office you possess
 Some rare advantages. Your early days
 A grateful recollection must supply
 Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed
 To dignify the humblest state. — Your voice
 Hath, in my hearing, often testified
 That poor men’s children, they, and they alone,
 By their condition taught, can understand
 The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
 For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
 How feelingly religion may be learned
 In smoky cabins, from a mother’s tongue—
 Heard where the dwelling vibrates to the din
 Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength
 At every moment — and, with strength, increase
 Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,
 Assaulting and defending, and the wind,
 A sightless labourer, whistles at his work—
 Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,
 And piety is sweet to infant minds.
 — The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,
 On the green turf, a dial — to divide
 The silent hours; and who to that report
 Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
 Throughout a long and lonely summer’s day
 His round of pastoral duties, is not left
 With less intelligence for ‘moral’ things
 Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
 Within himself, a measure and a rule,
 Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
 That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.
 Experience daily fixing his regards
 On nature’s wants, he knows how few they are,
 And where they lie, how answered and appeased.
 This knowledge ample recompense affords
 For manifold privations; he refers

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His notions to this standard; on this rock
 Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
 Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.
 Imagination — not permitted here
 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
 And trivial ostentation — is left free
 And puissant to range the solemn walks
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
 (Take from him what you will upon the score
 Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
 For noble purposes of mind: his heart
 Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
 His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
 And those illusions, which excite the scorn
 Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
 Are they not mainly outward ministers
 Of inward conscience? with whose service charged
 They came and go, appeared and disappear,
 Diverting evil purposes, remorse
 Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
 Or pride of heart abating: and, when'er
 For less important ends those phantoms move,
 Who would forbid them, if their presence serve—
 On thinly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,
 Filling a space, else vacant — to exalt
 The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

Once more to distant ages of the world
 Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
 The face which rural solitude might wear
 To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
 — In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose:
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,
 Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
 Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
 Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
 And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard,—
 These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood

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Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"

The strain was aptly chosen; and I could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream
Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed:—

“’Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth was taught.
The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them, — the souls retaining yet
The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be such—
How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne;
And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded streets,
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed. — "You have turned my thoughts
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;
Why? — for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,
A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
Beyond their own poor natures and above
They looked; were humbly thankful for the good
Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed; were gladsome, — and their moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave.

"Now, shall our great Discoverers," he exclaimed,
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason, less than these obtained,
Though far misled? Shall men for whom our age
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world within,
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits—
Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains
Have solved the elements, or analysed

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The thinking principle — shall they in fact
 Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
 Renown, if their presumption make them such?
 Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!
 Inquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand
 Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
 That we should pry far off yet be unraised;
 That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
 Viewing all objects unremittingly
 In disconnection dead and spiritless;
 And still dividing, and dividing still,
 Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
 With the perverse attempt, while littleness
 May yet become more little; waging thus
 An impious warfare with the very life
 Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
 An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
 Our dark foundations rest, could he design
 That this magnificent effect of power,
 The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
 By day, and all the pomp which night reveals;
 That these — and that superior mystery
 Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
 And the dread soul within it — should exist
 Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
 Probed, vexed, and criticised? Accuse me not
 Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
 If, having walked with Nature threescore years,
 And offered, far as frailty would allow,
 My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
 I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
 Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
 Revolts, offended at the ways of men
 Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed;
 Philosophers, who, though the human soul
 Be of a thousand faculties composed,
 And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
 This soul, and the transcendent universe,
 No more than as a mirror that reflects
 To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
 That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
 Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
 And his compeers — the laughing Sage of France.—
 Crowned was he, if my memory do not err,
 With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
 In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
 And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
 His stooping body tottered with wreaths of flowers
 Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
 Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering tree;
 Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
 And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
 Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
 This sorry Legend; which by chance we found
 Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,
 Among more innocent rubbish.” — Speaking thus,
 With a brief notice when, and how, and where,
 We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
 And courteously, as if the act removed,
 At once, all traces from the good Man’s heart
 Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
 Restored it to its owner. “Gentle Friend,”
 Herewith he grasped the Solitary’s hand,
 “You have known lights and guides better than these.
 Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
 A noble mind to practise on herself,
 And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
 Of passion: whatsoe’er be felt or feared,

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From higher judgment-seats make no appeal
 To lower: can you question that the soul
 Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
 To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
 By each new upstart notion? In the ports
 Of levity no refuge can be found,
 No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
 He, who by wilful disesteem of life
 And proud insensibility to hope,
 Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
 That her mild nature can be terrible;
 That neither she nor Silence lack the power
 To avenge their own insulted majesty.

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
 The law of duty; and can therefore move
 Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
 Linked in entire complacency with her choice;
 When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
 And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
 When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
 Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
 In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
 To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
 Of unreprieved enjoyment; and is pleased
 To muse, and be saluted by the air
 Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents
 From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
 And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.
 O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
 Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive
 To reconcile his manhood to a couch
 Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
 Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past
 For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset
 With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
 The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
 That with interpositions, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal that they become
 Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 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 encumbrances of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment — nay, from guilt;
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
 From palpable oppressions of despair.”

The Solitary by these words was touched
 With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
 “But how begin? and whence? — ‘The Mind is free—
 Resolve,’ the haughty Moralist would say,
 ‘This single act is all that we demand.’
 Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
 Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
 His natural wings! — To friendship let him turn
 For succour, but perhaps he sits alone
 On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!
 Religion tells of amity sublime

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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 from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
 Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
 Devout above the meaning of your will.
 — Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
 The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
 If false conclusions of the reasoning power
 Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
 Through which the ear converses with the heart.
 Has not the soul, the being of your life,
 Received a shock of awful consciousness,

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
 At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
 To rest upon their circumambient walls;
 A temple framing of dimensions vast,
 And yet not too enormous for the sound
 Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst
 Sublime of instrumental harmony,
 To glorify the Eternal! What if these
 Did never break the stillness that prevails
 Here, — if the solemn nightingale be mute,
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant
 Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
 And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
 The little rills, and waters numberless,
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
 With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
 One voice — the solitary raven, flying
 Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight —
 An iron knell! with echoes from afar
 Faint — and still fainter — as the cry, with which
 The wanderer accompanies her flight
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
 Diminishing by distance till it seemed
 To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,
 And yet again recovered!

But descending
 From these imaginative heights, that yield
 Far-stretching views into eternity,
 Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
 Even here, where her amenities are sown
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
 Where on the labours of the happy throng
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace
 City, and town, and tower, — and sea with ships
 Sprinkled; — be our Companion while we track
 Her rivers populous with gliding life;
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
 Where living things, and things inanimate,
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
 And speak to social reason's inner sense,
 With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—
 Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
 Of nature, who with understanding heart
 Both knows and loves 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,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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,
Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream,
Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
An Indian Chief discharges from his breast
Into the hearing of assembled tribes,
In open circle seated round, and hushed
As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
Stirs in the mighty woods. — So did he speak:
The words he uttered shall not pass away
Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up
By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;
No — they sank into me, the bounteous gift
Of one whom time and nature had made wise,
Gracing his doctrine with authority
Which hostile spirits silently allow;
Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life;
To hopes on knowledge and experience built;
Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Though bound to earth by ties of pity and love,
From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were reached,
Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
He had become invisible, — a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest;
A dispensation of his evening power.
— Adown the path that from the glen had led
The funeral train, the Shepherd and his Mate
Were seen descending: — forth to greet them ran
Our little Page: the rustic pair approach;
And in the Matron's countenance may be read
Plain indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong:
But we are kindly welcomed — promptly served
With ostentatious zeal. — Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose;
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we lay,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814
- Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch Lomond
- Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace's Tower
- Effusion in the Pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld
- Yarrow Visited, September 1814
- From the dark chambers of dejection freed
- Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem, "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal
- To B. R. Haydon
- Artegal and Elidure

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1815

→ [William Wordsworth](#)'s POEMS OF 1815 and THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE. His "Laodamia."



Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- September 1815
- November 1
- The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade
- "Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind
- Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
- The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said
- Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
- Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose
- To the Poet, John Dyer
- Brook! whose society the Poet seeks
- Surprised by joy — impatient as the Wind

1816

→ Margaret Penson bore a son to [Thomas De Quincey](#). The couple named their infant William Penson.

In this year [De Quincey](#) became estranged from [William and Dorothy Wordsworth](#).

ATTITUDES ON DE QUINCEY

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Ode. — The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816
- Ode
- Invocation to the Earth, February 1816
- Ode composed in January 1816
- Ode
- The French Army in Russia, 1812-13
- On the same occasion
- By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim
- Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski
- Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February 1816
- Occasioned by the same battle
- Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung
- Feelings of a French Royalist
- Translation of part of the First Book of the Aeneid
- A Fact, and an Imagination; or, Canute and Alfred, on the Seashore
- To Dora
- To ———, on her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn
- Vernal Ode

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



August 26: Charles Lamb wrote [William Wordsworth](#) about the condition of [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#). He was “at present under the medical care of a Mr. Gilman (Killman?) a Highgate Apothecary, where he plays at leaving off [Laudanum](#). I think his essentials not touched: he is very bad, but then he wonderfully picks up another day, and his face when he repeats his verses has its ancient glory, an Archangel a little damaged.”



1817



There was a 5th edition of LYRICAL BALLADS. In this edition, at last, [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) was able to obtain credit for his “The Ancient Mariner” and “The Nightingale” and other of his poems, alongside his friend [William Wordsworth](#).



([Dorothy Wordsworth](#), however, being merely a female and merely a sister, of course would remain entirely unacknowledged.)

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Ode to Lycoris. May 1817
- To the Same
- The Longest Day. Addressed to my Daughter
- Hint from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders
- The Pass of Kirkstone
- Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year
- Sequel to the “Beggars,” 1802. Composed many years after
- The Pilgrim’s Dream; or, The Star and the Glow-worm
- Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit’s Cell
- Hopes what are they? — Beads of morning Inscribed upon a Rock
- Pause, Traveller! whosoe’er thou be.
- Hast thou seen, with flash incessant.
- Troubled long with warring notions.
- Not seldom, clad in radiant vest.
- Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty
- Composed during a Storm
- Pure element of waters! wheresoe’er.
- Malham Cove
- Gordale
- Aerial Rock — whose solitary brow
- The Wild Duck’s Nest
- Written upon a Blank Leaf in “The Complete Angler”
- Captivity — Mary Queen of Scots
- To a Snowdrop
- On seeing a tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm
- Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday
- Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
- I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret
- I heard (alas! ’twas only in a dream)
- The Haunted Tree. To ———

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



December 28, Sunday: [William Wordsworth](#) and [John Keats](#) met for the first time, at the home of [Benjamin Robert Haydon](#) in St. John's Wood near London.



Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

1st day 28 of 12 M / Since Moy [Monthly] Meeting I have had the Ague in my face & teeth & tho' relieved by the operation of a dose of Jalap & Calomel last night - am unfit to attend meeting today. -

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1818



February 3, Tuesday: Very early on this day, the lower Ohio Valley experienced the harshest winter storm since white settlement had begun in 1788. Dr. Sam Hildreth of Marietta reported a blanket of snow fully 26 inches in depth, undrifted. Severe cold was to follow throughout eastern Ohio, with the Fahrenheit thermometer displaying 20 degrees below 0.

[John Keats](#) wondered, in regard to the work product of [William Wordsworth](#) (whom he had recently met), whether we should allow ourselves to be "bullied into a certain philosophy engendered in the whims of an egotist"?

It may be said that we ought to read our Contemporaries, that Wordsworth &c should have their due from us. but for the sake of a few fine imaginative or domestic passages, are we to be bullied into a certain Philosophy engendered in the whims of an Egotist- Every man has his speculations, but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself - Many a man can travel to the very bourne of Heaven, and yet want confidence to put down his half seeing....



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Poetry should be great & unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself but with its subject. – How beautiful are the retired flowers! how would they lose their beauty were they to throng into the highway crying out, admire me I am a violet! dote upon me I am a primrose! Modern poets differ from the Elizabethans in this.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

3rd day 3rd of 2nd M 1818 / Set out this morning in a Sleigh in company with Isaac Mitchell Richard Mitchell & their sister Anne & Sister Eliza Rodman for [Providence](#) Quarterly Meeting - We reached [Warren](#) by dinner time, & dined at Cobs Tavern while there it began to Snow, & we rode in an increasing Storm of Wind Rain & Snow - sister E & myself Stopped at O Browns where were were soon joined by our dear Acquaintance from Lynn vizt Daniel Johnson Ezra Collins Isaac Bassett & wife & Mary Newhall & Saml Rodman from [New Bedford](#) & several others from this Q[arterly] Meeting we passed a very pleasant evening after a pretty suffering ride & lodged

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1819

 [William Wordsworth](#)'s "Peter Bell" and THE WAGGONER. John Hamilton Reynolds's satirization, PETER BELL.

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- September 1819
- Upon the same Occasion
- There is a little unpretending Rill
- Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream
- On the death of His Majesty (George the Third)
- The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand
- To the Lady Mary Lowther
- On the Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem

1820

 [William Wordsworth](#)'s THE RIVER DUDDON, A SERIES OF SONNETS: VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA: AND OTHER POEMS; THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH in four volumes; MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Oxford, May 30, 1820
- June 1820
- Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820
- Dedication



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- Fish-women — On Landing at Calais
- Bruges
- Bruges
- After visiting the Field of Waterloo
- Between Namur and Liege
- Aix-la-Chapelle
- In the Cathedral at Cologne
- In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine
- Hymn for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg
- The Source of the Danube
- On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen
- The Fall of the Aar — Handec
- Memorial, near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun
- Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons
- After-thought
- Scene on the Lake of Brienz
- Engelberg, the Hill of Angels
- Our Lady of the Snow
- Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell at Altorf
- The Tower of Schwytz
- On hearing the “Ranz des Vaches” on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard
- Fort Fuentes
- The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano
- The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd — Part I, Part II
- The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci
- The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820
- The Three Cottage Girls
- The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan
- Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass
- Echo, upon the Gemmi
- Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny
- Elegiac Stanzas
- Sky-Prospect — From the Plain of France
- On being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne
- After landing — the Valley of Dover, November 1820
- At Dover
- Desultory Stanzas, upon receiving the preceding Sheets from the Press
- The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets
- To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth
- Not envying Latian shades — if yet they throw
- Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
- How shall I paint thee? — Be this naked stone
- Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
- Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
- Flowers
- “Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!”
- What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled
- The Stepping-stones
- The same Subject
- The Faery Chasm
- Hints for the Fancy
- Open Prospect
- O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
- American Tradition
- Return
- Seathwaite Chapel
- Tributary Stream
- The Plain of Donnerdale
- Whence that low voice? — A whisper from the heart
- Tradition
- Sheep-washing
- The Resting-place
- Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat
- Return, Content! for fondly I pursued
- Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap
- Journey renewed
- No record tells of lance opposed to lance
- Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
- The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
- Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep
- Conclusion
- After-thought
- A Parsonage in Oxfordshire
- To Enterprise
- Ecclesiastical Sonnets. In Series
- Part I. — From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion
- Introduction
- Conjectures
- Trepidation of the Druids
- Druidical Excommunication
- Uncertainty
- Persecution
- Recovery
- Temptations from Roman Refinements
- Dissensions
- Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians
- Saxon Conquest
- Monastery of Old Bangor
- Casual Incitement
- Glad Tidings
- Paulinus
- Persuasion
- Conversion
- Apology
- Primitive Saxon Clergy
- Other Influences
- Seclusion
- Continued
- Reproof
- Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion
- Missions and Travels
- Alfred
- His Descendants
- Influence Abused



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- Danish Conquests
- Canute
- The Norman Conquest
- Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
- The Council of Clermont
- Crusades
- Richard I
- An Interdict
- Papal Abuses
- Scene in Venice
- Papal Dominion
- Part II. — To the close of the Troubles in the Reign of Charles I
- How soon — alas! did Man, created pure —
- From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed
- Cistercian Monastery
- Deplorable his lot who tills the ground
- Monks and Schoolmen
- Other Benefits
- Continued
- Crusaders
- As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
- Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
- Transubstantiation
- The Vaudois
- Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
- Waldenses
- Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V.
- Wars of York and Lancaster
- Wicliffe
- Corruptions of the higher Clergy
- Abuse of Monastic Power
- Monastic Voluptuousness
- Dissolution of the Monasteries
- The same Subject
- Continued
- Saints
- The Virgin
- Apology
- Imaginative Regrets
- Reflections
- Translation of the Bible
- The Point at Issue
- Edward VI.
- Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent
- Revival of Popery
- Latimer and Ridley
- Cranmer
- General View of the Troubles of the Reformation
- English Reformers in Exile
- Elizabeth
- Eminent Reformers
- The Same
- Distractions



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Gunpowder Plot
- Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen
- Troubles of Charles the First
- Laud
- Afflictions of England
- Part III. — From the Restoration to the Present Times
- I saw the figure of a lovely Maid
- Patriotic Sympathies
- Charles the Second
- Latitudinarianism
- Walton's Book of Lives
- Clerical Integrity
- Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters
- Acquittal of the Bishops
- William the Third
- Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty
- Sacheverel
- Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
- Aspects of Christianity in America — I. The Pilgrim Fathers
- II. Continued
- III. Concluded. — American Episcopacy
- Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep
- Places of Worship
- Pastoral Character
- The Liturgy
- Baptism
- Sponsors
- Catechising
- Confirmation
- Confirmation continued
- Sacrament
- The Marriage Ceremony
- Thanksgiving after Childbirth
- Visitation of the Sick
- The Communion Service
- Forms of Prayer at Sea
- Funeral Service
- Rural Ceremony
- Regrets
- Mutability
- Old Abbeys
- Emigrant French Clergy
- Congratulation
- New Churches
- Church to be Erected
- Continued
- New Churchyard
- Cathedrals, etc.
- Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge
- The Same
- Continued
- Ejaculation
- Conclusion

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Memory
- To the Lady Fleming
- On the same Occasion
- A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found
- Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell
- To ———
- To ———
- How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
- To ———
- A Flower Garden at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire
- To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1822



[William Wordsworth](#)'s MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE LAKES. He also wrote "The [Egyptian](#) Maid," a poem featuring Merlin and the Lady of the Lake.



KING ARTHUR

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1823



Gas lighting, although hot and smelly and not all that bright, had become very popular in England, and [Sir Walter Scott](#), being the world's richest author, was living up to his role by building new digs for himself at Abbotsford in Scotland – a Gothic fantasy that would eventually be completed at a cost of £76,000, which was about seven years of royalty income on his fictions– so he had a system of gas lights installed for the entire place. While they were at it, he had them install a central steam heating system, as well. Because of this, but even more because of his business dealings and the businessmen with whom he was entangled, who lived well and did business out of fine offices, he would spend the rest of his life digging out from under a pile of debt, and having meetings with creditors.



And him “a baronet, too,” as [Dorothy Wordsworth](#) would comment when she learned that Sir Walter had partners:



*He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow
the pillow of a debtor.*

*I will be their vassal for life and dig in the mine of
my imagination to find diamonds.*

Four Approaches to the Writer's Estate

Approach	"Old Money"	"New Money"	"Sweat Equity"	"Just Enough Money"
Writer	Lord Byron	Sir Walter Scott	Henry Thoreau	Virginia Wolff
Estate	Newstead Abbey	Abbotsford	Walden Pond	A Room of One's Own
Results	Bailout	Insolvency	Immortality	Feminism

1824



The market for gift-book/annual cheap anthologies began to be fed in England by [Alaric Alexander Watts](#)'s THE LITERARY SOUVENIR; OR, CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE. This would prove to be a lucrative venue for Hemans and other female writers, as well as for men of sentiment such as [William Wordsworth](#) and Sir Walter Scott.

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824
- Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales
- Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law, 1824
- Cenotaph
- Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland
- The Contrast. The Parrot and the Wren
- To a Sky-lark
- Ere with cold beads of midnight dew
- Ode, composed on May Morning
- To May
- Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
- The massy Ways, carried across these heights
- The Pillar of Trajan
- On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp. The work of E. M. S.
- Dedication. To ———
- Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
- "Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings —"
- To S. H.
- Decay of Piety
- Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned
- Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild
- Retirement
- There is a pleasure in poetic pains
- Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge
- When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle



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- While Anna's peers and early playmates tread
- To the Cuckoo
- The Infant M ——— M ———
- To Rotha Q ———
- To ———, in her seventieth year
- In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
- Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
- In the Woods of Rydal
- Conclusion, To ———
- A Morning Exercise
- The Triad
- The Wishing-gate
- The Wishing-gate destroyed
- A Jewish Family
- The Gleaner, suggested by a picture
- On the Power of Sound
- Incident at Bruges
- Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase
- Liberty (sequel to the above)
- Humanity
- This Lawn, a carpet all alive
- Thought on the Seasons
- A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral
- A Tradition of Oker Hill in Darley Dale, Derbyshire
- The Armenian Lady's Love
- The Russian Fugitive
- The Egyptian Maid; or, The Romance of the Water Lily
- The Poet and the Caged Turtledove
- Presentiments
- In these fair vales hath many a Tree
- Elegiac Musings in the grounds of Coleorton Hall
- Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride
- To the Author's Portrait
- The Primrose of the Rock
- Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems
- Yarrow Revisited
- On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples
- A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland
- On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland
- Composed in Roslin Chapel during a Storm
- The Trosachs
- The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute
- Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive
- Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban
- In the Sound of Mull
- Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm
- The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion and Family Burial-place, near Killin
- "Rest and be Thankful!" At the Head of Glencroe
- Highland Hut
- The Brownie
- To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond
- Bothwell Castle. (Passed unseen on account of stormy weather)



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- Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace
- The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan
- Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest
- Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith
- Fancy and Tradition
- Countess's Pillar
- Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)
- Apology for the foregoing Poems
- The Highland Broach
- Devotional Incitements
- Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
- Rural Illusions
- Loving and Liking. Irregular Verses addressed to a Child. (By my Sister)

1827

➡ [William Wordsworth](#) published a 5-volume edition of his poems.

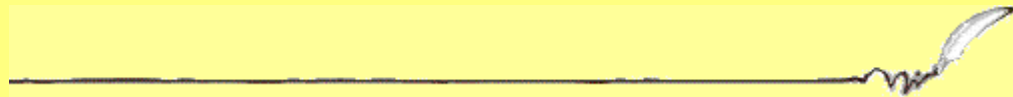
➡ At Lowther Castle, Sir Humphry Davy and [William Wordsworth](#) met for the last time and found they had little grounds for communication between their two estranged cultures, the culture of the natural philosopher (scientist) and the culture of the artist.

➡ January/February: During this month or the following one the Reverend [Waldo Emerson](#) made an entry in his journal listing "Peculiarities of the present Age":

2. *It is said to be the age of the first person singular.*

...

4. *Transcendentalism: Metaphysics & ethics look inward – and France produces Madame de Staël* [MADAME DE STAËL](#) *; England,* [William Wordsworth](#) *; America, Sampson Reed* [SAMPSON REED](#) *; as well as Germany, Emanuel Swedenborg* [EMANUEL SWEDENBORG](#) *....*



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1828

 June 21, Saturday: [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) and [William Wordsworth](#) with his daughter Dora went on a tour of the Netherlands and the Rhine.

[Ferdinand André Fouqué](#) was born.

The initial steps for the foundation of King's College in London were taken at a meeting over which the Duke of Wellington presided.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

7th day 21st of 6 M 1828 / Our friends have mostly left us today, for their homes & different services & my time has been wholly devoted to them & unable to attend the School committee which met at 7 O'clock at the Meeting house. —

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

 August 7, Thursday: Friend [Benjamin Lundy](#) and William Lloyd Garrison staged an abolitionist meeting in the vestry room of the [Baptist](#) church in Boston. After they had said their piece the reverend of the church arose to caution his parishioners against allowing themselves to be swayed by such dangerous enthusiasms as these.



(What was the Reverend suggesting? Was he suggesting “Remember, we’re white people here, this really isn’t any of **our** problem”? —Well then, can you offer a **more plausible** parsing of what he was suggesting?)

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) and [William Wordsworth](#) with his daughter Dora returned from their tour of the Netherlands and the Rhine.

Russian forces captured Akhalkalaki from the Turks.

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

5th day / Our public Quarterly Meeting was not a very



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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satisfactory one, the preaching was far from being sound tho' charity would induce the hope that the preacher was honest in her views, & what she said did not convey her real meaning else she was very ignorant of what our principles – In the Meeting for buisness we had several cases of importance – particulalry an appeal from a Woman & a case of difference between two Monthly Meetings was referred to the Quarterly Meeting & by them to a committee. – The excellent epistle from the Yearly to the subordinate Meetings was read &c. – After Meeting I rode with Wm Jenkins to Bristol ferry & Dined at Jeremiah Giffords, after crossing the ferry – I rode the rest of the distance to Providence with John Farnum & lodged at Wm Jenkins's

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

1829

Mrs. Felicia Hemans's THE FOREST SANCTUARY was republished with new lyrics.

Maria Jane Jewsbury dedicated her LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS to Mrs. Hemans.

Kenelm Henry Digby's ORLANDUS, the BROAD STONE OF HONOUR Part IV.

Catherine Grace Godwin dedicated her THE WANDERER'S LEGACY to William Wordsworth.

From this year into 1833, serial publication of Michael Scott's novel TOM CRINGLE'S LOG:

After landing our hides, we next sent ashore ... among other things, the pig-sty, and with it "old Bess." This was an old sow that we had brought from Boston.... She had been the pet of the cook during the whole passage, and he had fed her with the best of everything, and taught her to know his voice, and to do a number of strange tricks for his amusement. Tom Cringle says that no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig; and I believe he is right, for it almost broke our poor darcy's heart when he heard that Bess was to be taken ashore, and that he was to have the care of her no more during the whole voyage. He had depended upon her as a solace, during the long trips up and down the coast. "Obey orders, if you break owners!" said he. "Break hearts," he meant to have said; and lent a hand to get her over the side, trying to make it as easy for her as possible. We got a whip up on the main-yard, and hooking it to a strap around her body, swayed away; and giving a wink to one another, ran her chock up to the yard. "'Vast there! 'vast!" said the mate; "none of your skylarking! Lower away!" But he evidently enjoyed the joke. The pig squealed like the "crack of doom," and tears stood in the poor darcy's eyes; and he muttered something about having no pity on a dumb beast. "Dumb beast!" said Jack; "if she's what you call a dumb beast, then my eyes a'n't mates." This produced a laugh from all but the cook. He was too intent upon seeing her safe in the boat. He watched her all the way ashore, where, upon her landing, she was received by a whole troop of her kind, who had been sent ashore from the other vessels, and had multiplied and formed a large commonwealth. From the door of his galley,

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the cook used to watch them in their manoeuvres, setting up a shout and clapping his hands whenever Bess came off victorious in the struggles for pieces of raw hide and half-picked bones which were lying about the beach. During the day, he saved all the nice things, and made a bucket of swill, and asked us to take it ashore in the gig, and looked quite disconcerted when the mate told him that he would pitch the 'I overboard, and him after it, if he saw any of it go into the boats. We told him that he thought more about the pig than he did about his wife, who lived down in Robinson's Alley; and, indeed, he could hardly have been more attentive, for he actually, on several nights, after dark, when he thought he would not be seen, sculled himself ashore in a boat with a bucket of nice swill, and returned like Leander from crossing the Hellespont.



October 1829: Francis Jeffrey reviewed [Mrs. Felicia Hemans](#) in the Edinburgh Review, arguing that she was some sort of female [William Wordsworth](#).



(not a deathmask, this was a "lifemask" of Wordsworth)

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1831

→ [William Wordsworth](#)'s final meeting with [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#) (who will die on July 25th, 1834 → in Highgate, London at the age of 61).

A sketch of [Wordsworth](#) by [Benjamin Robert Haydon](#):



His "Napoleon at St Helena," for Sir Robert Peel. His "Xenophon, on his Retreat with the 'Ten Thousand,'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH**DOROTHY WORDSWORTH**

first seeing the Sea.” His “Waiting for the Times,” purchased by the Marquis of Stafford.



(Notice, above, how short he has made Napoleon’s legs. The artist himself had unusually short legs — and as one of his many peculiarities, such as painting canvasses for which he could find no buyers because they were too enormous to fit on any ordinary-sized wall, he could not refrain from depicting all his subjects as if their legs were also as short as his own!)

1832

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (New edition).

Wordsworth’s Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Upon the late General Fast. March 1832
- Filial Piety
- To B. R. Haydon



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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- If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven
- A Wren's Nest

1833

 August 27: [Waldo Emerson](#) had an unsatisfactory meeting with [William Wordsworth](#).

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- To ———, on the birth of her First-born Child, March 1833
- The Warning. A Sequel to the foregoing
- If this great world of joy and pain
- On a high part of the coast of Cumberland, Easter Sunday, April 7, the Author's sixty-third Birthday
- By the Seaside
- Poems Composed or Suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833
- Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
- Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle
- They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time
- To the River Greta, near Keswick
- To the River Derwent
- In sight of the Town of Cockermouth. (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid)
- Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle
- Nun's Well, Brigham
- To a Friend. (On the Banks of the Derwent)
- Mary Queen of Scots. (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington)
- Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head, on the coast of Cumberland
- In the Channel, between the coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man
- At Sea off the Isle of Man
- Desire we past illusions to recall?
- On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man
- By the Seashore, Isle of Man
- Isle of Man
- Isle of Man
- By a Retired Mariner, H. H.
- At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man
- Tynwald Hill
- Despond who will — 'I' heard a voice exclaim
- In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17
- On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steamboat)
- On revisiting Dunolly Castle
- The Dunolly Eagle
- Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's "Ossian"
- Cave of Staffa
- Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had departed
- Cave of Staffa
- Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave
- Iona
- Iona. (Upon Landing)
- The Black Stones of Iona



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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- Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell
- Greenock
- "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
- The River Eden, Cumberland
- Monument of Mrs. Howard
- Suggested by the foregoing
- Nunnery
- Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways
- The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the River Eden
- Lowther
- To the Earl of Lonsdale
- The Somnambulist
- To Cordelia M —, Hallsteads, Ullswater
- Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
- Composed by the Seashore
- Not in the lucid intervals of life
- By the Side of Rydal Mere
- Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge — the Mere
- The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill
- The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn
- The Redbreast. (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage)
- Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone
- The foregoing Subject resumed
- To a Child. Written in her Album

1834



For the following six years autobiographical offerings by [Thomas De Quincey](#) would be appearing in [Tait's Magazine](#) under the rubric LAKE REMINISCENCES — what he would reveal would be considered by [William Wordsworth](#) and other of the Lake poets to constitute an offensive invasion of their privacy. Upon the death of William Blackwood his sons Robert and Alexander Blackwood would take over management of this magazine.

During this period the author would be three times summoned into court on account of his debts.

ATTITUDES ON DE QUINCEY

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale. November 5, 1834
- To the Moon. (Composed by the Seaside, — on the Coast of Cumberland)
- To the Moon. (Rydal)
- Written after the Death of Charles Lamb
- Extempore Effusion upon the death of James Hogg
- Upon seeing a coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album
- Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day
- By a blest Husband guided, Mary came
- Sonnets
- Desponding Father! mark this altered bough

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire
- St. Catherine of Ledbury
- Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
- Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein
- To _____
- Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



February: Over the next seven months [Bronson Alcott](#) would read [Plato](#),⁸ [Johann Wolfgang von Goethe](#), [Immanuel Kant](#), [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#), [Thomas Carlyle](#), and [William Wordsworth](#) in the Loganian Library in Philadelphia, and gradually be weaned out of his Lockean empiricism and 18th-Century rationalism into the Platonic idealism which he would maintain for the duration of his long life. The pre-existence of the soul and its inherently good godlikeness were at the core of all his subsequent thought. Plato's doctrine of the paideutic drawing out of pre-existent, half-forgotten ideas became the basis of his educational efforts, and he began his manuscript OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPIRITUAL NURTURE OF MY CHILDREN. Unfortunately, over these months of study, he became practically estranged for a time from his wife and his little girls, and remained so until Abba Alcott had a miscarriage.



Before the evening was half over, Jo felt so completely *désillusionnée*, that she sat down in a corner to recover herself. Mr. Bhaer soon joined her, looking rather out of his element, and presently several of the philosophers, each mounted on his hobby, came ambling up to hold an intellectual tournament in the recess. The conversations were miles beyond Jo's comprehension, but she enjoyed it, though Kant and Hegel were unknown gods, the Subjective and Objective unintelligible terms, and the only thing 'evolved from her inner consciousness' was a bad headache after it was all over. It dawned upon her gradually that the world was being picked to pieces, and put together on new and, according to the talkers, on infinitely better principles than before, that religion was in a fair way to be reasoned into nothingness, and intellect was to be the only God. Jo knew nothing about philosophy or metaphysics of any sort, but a curious excitement, half pleasurable, half painful, came over her as she listened with a sense of being turned adrift into time and space, like a young balloon out on a holiday.

THE ALCOTT FAMILY

8. Eventually a group of English educators would come to consider Bronson to be "the Concord [Plato](#)."



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1835



April 7, Easter Sunday: [Richard Henry Dana, Jr.](#) experienced a California Catholic funeral.



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AND NOW, FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, A REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR:

The next Sunday was Easter Sunday, and as there had been no liberty at San Pedro, it was our turn to go ashore and misspend another Sabbath. Soon after breakfast, a large boat, filled with men in blue jackets, scarlet caps, and various colored under-clothes, bound ashore on liberty, left the Italian ship, and passed under our stern; the men singing beautiful Italian boatsongs, all the way, in fine, full chorus. Among the songs I recognized the favorite “O Pescator dell’ onda.” It brought back to my mind pianofortes, drawing-rooms, young ladies singing, and a thousand other things which as little befitted me, in my situation, to be thinking upon. Supposing that the whole day would be too long a time to spend ashore, as there was no place to which we could take a ride, we remained quietly on board until after dinner. We were then pulled ashore in the stern of the boat, and, with orders to be on the beach at sundown, we took our way for the town. There, everything wore the appearance of a holyday. The people were all dressed in their best; the men riding about on horseback among the houses, and the women sitting on carpets before the doors. Under the piazza of a “pulperia,” two men were seated, decked out with knots of ribbons and bouquets, and playing the violin and the Spanish guitar. These are the only instruments, with the exception of the drums and trumpets at Monterey that I ever heard in California; and I suspect they play upon no others, for at a great fandango at which I was afterwards present, and where they mustered all the music they could find, there were three violins and two guitars, and no other instrument. As it was now too near the middle of the day to see any dancing and hearing that a bull was expected down from the country, to be baited in the presidio square, in the course of an hour or two we took a stroll among the houses. Inquiring for an American who, we had been told, had married in the place, and kept a shop, we were directed to a long, low building, at the end of which was a door, with a sign over it, in Spanish. Entering the shop, we found no one in it, and the whole had an empty, deserted appearance. In a few minutes the man made his appearance, and apologized for having nothing to entertain us with, saying that he had had a fandango at his house the night before, and the people had eaten and drunk up everything.

“Oh yes!” said I, “Easter holydays!”

“No!” said he, with a singular expression to his face; “I had a little daughter die the other day, and that’s the custom of the country.”

Here I felt a little strangely, not knowing what to say, or whether to offer consolation or no, and was beginning to retire, when he opened a side door and told us to walk in. Here I was no less astonished; for I found a large room, filled with young girls, from three or four years of age up to fifteen and sixteen, dressed all in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and bouquets in their hands. Following our conductor through all these girls, who were playing about in high spirits, we came to a table, at the end of the room, covered with a white cloth, on which lay a coffin, about three feet long, with the body of his child. The coffin was lined on the outside with white cloth, and on the inside with white satin, and was strewn with flowers. Through an open door we saw, in another room, a few elderly people in common dresses; while the benches and tables thrown up in a corner, and the stained walls, gave evident signs of the last night’s “high go.” Feeling, like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy, an uncertainty of purpose and a little awkwardness, I asked the man when the funeral would take place, and being told that it would move toward the mission in about an hour, took my leave.

To pass away the time, we took horses and rode down to the beach, and there found three or four Italian sailors, mounted, and riding up and down, on the hard sand, at a furious rate. We joined them, and found it fine sport. The beach gave us a stretch of a mile or more, and the horses flew over the smooth, hard sand, apparently invigorated and excited by the salt sea-breeze, and by the continual roar and dashing of the breakers. From the beach we returned to the town, and finding that the funeral procession had moved, rode on and overtook it, about half-way to the mission. Here was as peculiar a sight as we had seen before in the house; the one looking as much like a funeral procession as the other did like a house of mourning. The little coffin was borne by eight girls, who were continually relieved by others, running forward from the procession and taking their places.



THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONTINUED:

Behind it came a straggling company of girls, dressed as before, in white and flowers, and including, I should suppose by their numbers, nearly all the girls between five and fifteen in the place. They played along on the way, frequently stopping and running all together to talk to some one, or to pick up a flower, and then running on again to overtake the coffin. There were a few elderly women in common colors; and a herd of young men and boys, some on foot and others mounted, followed them, or walked or rode by their side, frequently interrupting them by jokes and questions. But the most singular thing of all was, that two men walked, one on each side of the coffin, carrying muskets in the coffin, which they continually loaded, and fired into the air. Whether this was to keep off the evil spirits or not, I do not know. It was the only interpretation that I could put upon it.

As we drew near the mission, we saw the great gate thrown open, and the padre standing on the steps, with a crucifix in hand. The mission is a large and deserted-looking place, the out-buildings going to ruin, and everything giving one the impression of decayed grandeur. A large stone fountain threw out pure water, from four mouths, into a basin, before the church door; and we were on the point of riding up to let our horses drink, when it occurred to us that it might be consecrated, and we forbore. Just at this moment, the bells set up their harsh, discordant clang; and the procession moved into the court. I was anxious to follow, and see the ceremony, but the horse of one of my companions had become frightened, and was tearing off toward the town; and having thrown his rider, and got one of his feet caught in the saddle, which had slipped, was fast dragging and ripping it to pieces. Knowing that my shipmate could not speak a word of Spanish, and fearing that he would get into difficulty, I was obliged to leave the ceremony and ride after him. I soon overtook him, trudging along, swearing at the horse, and carrying the remains of the saddle, which he had picked up on the road. Going to the owner of the horse, we made a settlement with him, and found him surprisingly liberal. All parts of the saddle were brought back, and, being capable of repair, he was satisfied with six reals. We thought it would have been a few dollars. We pointed to the horse, which was now half way up one of the mountains; but he shook his head, saying, “No importer” and giving us to understand that he had plenty more.

Having returned to the town, we saw a great crowd collected in the square before the principal pulperia, and riding up, found that all these people—men, women, and children—had been drawn together by a couple of bantam cocks. The cocks were in full tilt, springing into one another, and the people were as eager, laughing and shouting, as though the combatants had been men. There had been a disappointment about the bull; he had broken his bail, and taken himself off, and it was too late to get another; so the people were obliged to put up with a cock-fight. One of the bantams having been knocked in the head, and had an eye put out, he gave in, and two monstrous prize-cocks were brought on. These were the object of the whole affair; the two bantams having been merely served up as a first course, to collect the people together. Two fellows came into the ring holding the cocks in their arms, and stroking them, and running about on all fours, encouraging and setting them on. Bets ran high, and, like most other contests, it remained for some time undecided. They both showed great pluck, and fought probably better and longer than their masters would have done. Whether, in the end, it was the white or the red that beat, I do not recollect; but, whichever it was, he strutted off with the true *veni-vidi-vici* look, leaving the other lying panting on his beam-ends.

This matter having been settled, we heard some talk about “caballos” and “carrera,” and seeing the people all streaming off in one direction, we followed, and came upon a level piece of ground, just out of the town, which was used as a race-course. Here the crowd soon became thick again; the ground was marked off; the judges stationed; and the horses led up to one end. Two fine-looking old gentlemen—Don Carlos and Don Domingo, so called—held the stakes, and all was now ready. We waited some time, during which we could just see the horses twisting round and turning, until, at length, there was a shout along the lines, and on they came—heads stretched out and eyes starting;—working all over, both man and beast. The steeds came by us like a couple of chainshot—neck and neck; and now we could see nothing but their backs, and their hind hoofs flying in the air.



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE REPORT FROM OUR SAILOR DANA, CONCLUDED:

As fast as the horses passed, the crowd broke up behind them, and ran to the goal. When we got there, we found the horses returning on a slow walk, having run far beyond the mark, and heard that the long, bony one had come in head and shoulders before the other. The riders were light-built men; had handkerchiefs tied round their heads; and were barearmed and bare-legged. The horses were noble-looking beasts, not so sleek and combed as our Boston stable-horses, but with fine limbs, and spirited eyes. After this had been settled, and fully talked over, the crowd scattered again and flocked back to the town.

Returning to the large pulperia, we found the violin and guitar screaming and twanging away under the piazza, where they had been all day. As it was now sundown, there began to be some dancing. The Italian sailors danced, and one of our crew exhibited himself in a sort of West India shuffle, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who cried out, "Bravo!" "Otra vez!" and "Vivan los marineros!" but the dancing did not become general, as the women and the "gente de razon" had not yet made their appearance. We wished very much to stay and see the style of dancing; but, although we had had our own way during the day, yet we were, after all, but 'foremast Jacks; and having been ordered to be on the beach by sundown, did not venture to be more than an hour behind the time; so we took our way down. We found the boat just pulling ashore through the breakers, which were running high, there having been a heavy fog outside, which, from some cause or other, always brings on, or precedes a heavy sea. Liberty-men are privileged from the time they leave the vessel until they step on board again; so we took our places in the stern sheets, and were congratulating ourselves upon getting off dry, when a great comber broke fore and aft the boat, and wet us through and through, filling the boat half full of water. Having lost her buoyancy by the weight of the water, she dropped heavily into every sea that struck her, and by the time we had pulled out of the surf into deep water, she was but just afloat, and we were up to our knees. By the help of a small bucket and our hats, we bailed her out, got on board, hoisted the boats, eat our supper, changed our clothes, gave (as is usual) the whole history of our day's adventures to those who had staid on board, and having taken a night-smoke, turned-in. Thus ended our second day's liberty on shore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Meanwhile, [William Wordsworth](#) was making the most of his 63d birthday, on a high part of the coast of Cumberland, of course by writing a poem:

The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
 Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
 Look round; — of all the clouds not one is moving;
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
 Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie:—
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore!
 No 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
 And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
 Of ocean roused into its fiercest mood,
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
 For the brief course that must for me remain;
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
 In admonitions of thy softest voice!
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear;
 Glad to expand, and, for a season, free
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!



Whee! — I'm sixty-three!



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1836

 [Walter Savage Landor](#)'s DEATH OF CLYTEMNESTRA. FRIENDLY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THREE INFANT SCHOOLS IN THE PARISH OF KENSINGTON. PRINTED SOLELY FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY MARY FOX.

There were other publications during this year, such as his LITERARY HOURS, THE LETTERS OF A CONSERVATIVE; IN WHICH ARE SHOWN THE ONLY MEANS OF SAVING WHAT IS LEFT TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH, ADDRESS TO LORD MELBOURNE (London: Saunders and Otley), [A SATIRE ON SATIRISTS, AND ADMONITION TO DETRACTORS](#) (London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street) which included a criticism of [William Wordsworth](#)'s failure to appreciate [Robert Southey](#), ALABIADAS THE YOUNG MAN, and a satire on Irish priests, TERRY HOGAN; AN ECLOGUE LATELY DISCOVERED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE PROPAGANDA AT ROME, AND NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH. THERUNTO IS SUBJOINED A DISSERTATION BY THE EDITOR, PHELM OCTAVIUS QUARLE, S.T.P. ... (London: printed by J. Westheimer and Co.).

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- November 1836
- Six months to six years added he remained

1837

 [William Wordsworth](#) traveled through France and [Italy](#).

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

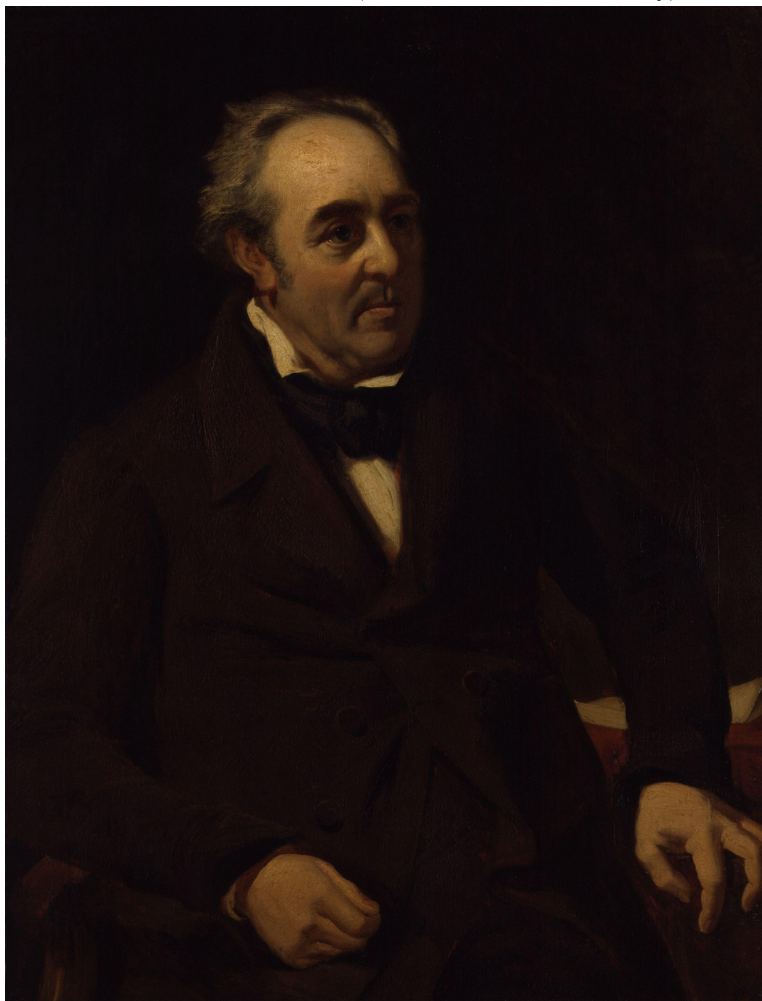
- Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837
- To Henry Crabb Robinson
- Musings near Aquapendente. April 1837
- The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome
- At Rome
- At Rome — Regrets — In allusion to Niebuhr and other modern Historians
- Continued
- Plea for the Historian
- At Rome
- Near Rome, in sight of St. Peter's
- At Albano
- Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
- From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome
- Near the Lake of Thrasymene
- Near the same Lake
- The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837
- At the Convent of Camaldoli
- Continued
- At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli
- At Vallombrosa
- At Florence

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence
- At Florence — From Michael Angelo
- At Florence — From M. Angelo
- Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines
- In Lombardy
- After leaving Italy
- Continued
- At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837
- Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
- Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
- As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
- What if our numbers barely could defy
- A Night Thought

Walter Savage Landor's HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY, created in 1831, finally made its way into print. Also, his THE PENTAMERON AND PENTALOGIA (London: Saunders and Otley).



After December 23, 1845: ... {*One-fourth page blank*} Landor's works are
1st A small volume of poems 1793 out of print

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

next Poems of “Gebir” “Chrysaor”, the “Phocaeans” &c
The “Gebir” eulogized by Southey & Coleridge
Wrote verses in Italian & Latin.
The dramas “Andrea of Hungary” “Giovanna of Naples” and “Fra Rupert.”
“Pericles & Aspasia”
“Poems from the Arabic & Persian” 1800 pretending to be translations.
“A Satire upon Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors” printed 1836 not published
Letters called “High & Low Life in Italy”
“Imaginary Conversations”
“Pentameron & Pentalogia”
“Examination of William Shakspeare before Sir Thomas Lucy, Knt., touching Deer-stealing.”
{*One-fourth page blank*} Vide again Richard’s sail in “Rich. 1st & the Abbot”
Phocion’s remarks in conclusion of “Eschines & Phocion”
“Demosthenes & Eubulides”
In Milton & Marvel speaking of the Greek poets –he says
“There is a sort of refreshing odor flying off it perpetually; not enough to oppress or to satiate; nothing is beaten or bruized; nothing smells of the stalk; the flower itself is half-concealed by the Genius of it hovering round.”
Pericles & Sophocles
Marcus Tullius Cicero & his Brother Quinctus in this a sentence on Sleep and Death.
Johnson & Tooke for a criticism on words. {*Three-fifths page blank*} ...

1838

January: [William Wordsworth](#)’s poems, in chronological sequence:

- To the Planet Venus. Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January 1838
- Composed at Rydal on May Morning, 1838
- Composed on a May Morning, 1838
- Hark! ’tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest
- ’Tis He whose yester-evening’s high disdain
- Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
- A Plea for Authors, May 1838
- A Poet to his Grandchild. (Sequel to the foregoing)
- Blest Statesman He, whose Mind’s unselfish will
- Valedictory Sonnet. Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838
- Sonnet, “Protest against the Ballot”
- Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In series.
- Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South)
- Tenderly do we feel by Nature’s Law
- The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
- Is ‘Death,’ when evil against good has fought
- Not to the object specially designed
- Ye brood of conscience — Spectres! that frequent
- Before the world had passed her time of youth
- Fit retribution, by the moral code
- Though to give timely warning and deter
- Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
- Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
- See the Condemned alone within his cell
- Conclusion



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Apology
- Sonnet on a Portrait of I. F., painted by Margaret Gillies
- Sonnet to I. F.
- Poor Robin
- On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon
- To a Painter
- On the same Subject
- When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
- Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake
- Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years"
- Floating Island
- The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love
- To a Redbreast — (in Sickness)
- Miscellaneous Sonnets
- 'A Poet!' — He hath put his heart to school
- The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
- Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
- In allusion to various recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution
- Continued
- Concluded
- Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
- Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance
- The Norman Boy
- The Poet's Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy
- The Widow on Windermere Side
- Farewell Lines
- Airey-Force Valley
- Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live
- To the Clouds
- Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot
- The Eagle and the Dove
- Grace Darling
- While beams of orient light shoot wide and high
- To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.
- Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick
- On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway
- Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old
- At Furness Abbey
- Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base
- The Westmoreland Girl. To my Grandchildren —
- At Furness Abbey
- Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved
- What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
- To a Lady
- Glad sight wherever new with old
- Love lies Bleeding
- Companion to the foregoing
- The Cuckoo-Clock
- So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive
- To the Pennsylvanians
- Young England — what is then become of Old

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

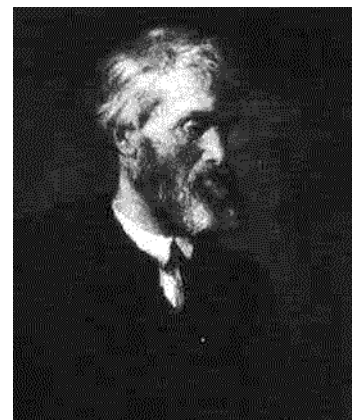
- Though the bold wings of Poesy affect
- Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise
- Sonnet
- Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed
- I know an aged Man constrained to dwell
- How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
- Evening Voluntaries — To Lucca Giordano
- Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
- Illustrated Books and Newspapers
- The unremitting voice of nightly streams
- Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian)
- On the Banks of a Rocky Stream

1839

[Thomas De Quincey](#)'s "Second Paper on Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts" in [Blackwood's Magazine](#). His "[William Wordsworth](#)" in [Tait's Magazine](#).

1840

[Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney](#) went abroad and was received by [William Wordsworth](#), and [Thomas Carlyle](#), and was presented at the court of King Louis Philippe. When back home in America, she would of course write about all this.⁹



9. I am not, however, aware that any of these Europeans returned the favor, by writing a book about having been granted the opportunity to receive this American poet.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1842

[William Wordsworth](#)'s POEMS, CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS (containing previously unpublished early works: THE BORDERERS. A TRAGEDY and some MATTHEW poems; another revised version of SALISBURY PLAIN now called GUILT AND SORROW; OR, INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN; part of the first version, "The Female Vagrant," was published in 1798).

[Benjamin Robert Haydon](#)'s "[William Wordsworth](#)."



After the Houses of Parliament had been consumed by fire on October 16, 1834, Barry had been commissioned in 1840 to design a new edifice for the Houses of Parliament, complete with decoration in fresco. In this year a Fine Arts Commission called for a cartoon competition in preparation for such frescos, and [Benjamin Robert Haydon](#) sent two cartoons that were exhibited at Westminster Hall, "The Curse of Adam" and "Edward the Black Prince." When both were ignored, he painted "The Banishment of Aristides," which was exhibited with other productions at Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, the location at which General Tom Thumb, Jr. (Charles Sherwood Stratton, a five-year-old Bridgeport, Connecticut boy who had stopped growing when about two feet tall) was making his London debut. The public went to see the midget and ignored the paintings, and the artist's finances suffered to such an extent that, in the midst of his last grand effort, "Alfred and the Trial by Jury," his indebtedness had increased to more than £3,000.

21 April. Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week. B.R. Haydon 133
1/2 (the 1/2 a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English
people!

1843

Having long since put aside radicalism, [William Wordsworth](#) was named poet laureate of England.



(The Poet Laureate of England was considered a life member of the Royal Household, charged with creating occasional verse upon occasion — but he no longer received his traditional annual award of one “pipe,” or double-hogshead cast containing 126 gallons, of Canary wine. The monarchy, which had begun that practice in 1630, had for reasons unknown discontinued it as of 1790.)

“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT”: The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned money **merely** is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet-laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

January: [William Wordsworth](#) wrote “While Beams of Orient Light Shoot Wide and High.”



(not a deathmask, this was a “lifemask”)

January 3, Tuesday: Thoreau made reference in his journal to the *RELIGIO MEDICI* of Sir [Thomas Browne](#), from Simon Wilkins (ed.) *SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S WORKS, INCLUDING HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE* (London: W. Pickering, 1835: “It ... rhythm.” Volume II, in the library of Waldo Emerson), and to [Thomas De Quincey](#)'s report of [William Wordsworth](#)'s explanation of a psychological state conducive to imagination.



Tuesday Jan 3d 1843 I hardly know of any subject upon which so little to the purpose has been said as Musick — few ever have indicated their sense of this inadequacy so that I am inclined to mark a passage which expresses any such feeling— Richter's single line is a gem. [De Quincey](#) shows that he heard music in the lines— “Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the bye, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, i do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio medici* of Sir T. Browne; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects.”

The whole of the passage referred to is this. “It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain “the music of the spheres”: for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my Catholic [this word “Catholic” does not appear in most editions] obedience, but my particular genius, i do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God, — such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. It unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of myself, and by degrees methinks resolves me into heaven. [This previous sentence is omitted in most editions.] I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humors the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, II

March 21: [Robert Southey](#) died, mentioning to the last the name of his friend [Walter Savage Landor](#). The body would be placed in the churchyard of Crosthwaite Church in Keswick. A memorial to him, written by his friend [William Wordsworth](#), is inside this church.

1844

J.M.W. Turner painted "Rail, Steam, and Speed — The Great Western Railway," depicting the 200-mile line between London and Birmingham, England that had been constructed by Brunel between 1834 and 1838. The painting is now in the National Gallery at London.



When a railroad threatened to provide inexpensive access to Windermere in the Lake District of England, [William Wordsworth](#), Poet Laureate of England, rose up in protest. Why? One suspects that the cult of scenery was an important marker of one's social standing, and that he correctly perceived that this marker would be being cheapened by the introduction of people of more moderate means.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

1845

Prosper Merimee's novel about CARMEN, a feisty Gypsy girl in an Andalusian [cigarette](#) factory.

[Mary Godwin Wollstonecraft Shelley](#) was invalidated by what would eventually be discovered to be a tumor in her brain.

John Quincy Adams wrote to the Reverend Samuel H. Cox: "In my early youth I was addicted to the use of [tobacco](#) in two of its mysteries, smoking and chewing. I was warned by a medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves."

[Thomas De Quincey](#)'s "[Coleridge](#) and [Opium](#)-Eating" and "Suspiria de Profundis" appeared in [Blackwood's Magazine](#). His "On [Wordsworth](#)'s Poetry" and "Notes on [Gilfillan](#)'s Gallery of Literary Portraits: Godwin, Foster, Hazlitt, [Shelley](#), Keats" (which would run until 1846) appeared in [Tait's Magazine](#).

SUSPIRA DE PROFUNDIS

[Perry Davis](#)'s patent vegetable painkiller consisted of [opiates](#) and [ethanol](#) and—as is evident in the globe map on its label—originated from that known center of "Joy to the World" sensory satisfaction, [Providence](#), [Rhode Island](#):

1846

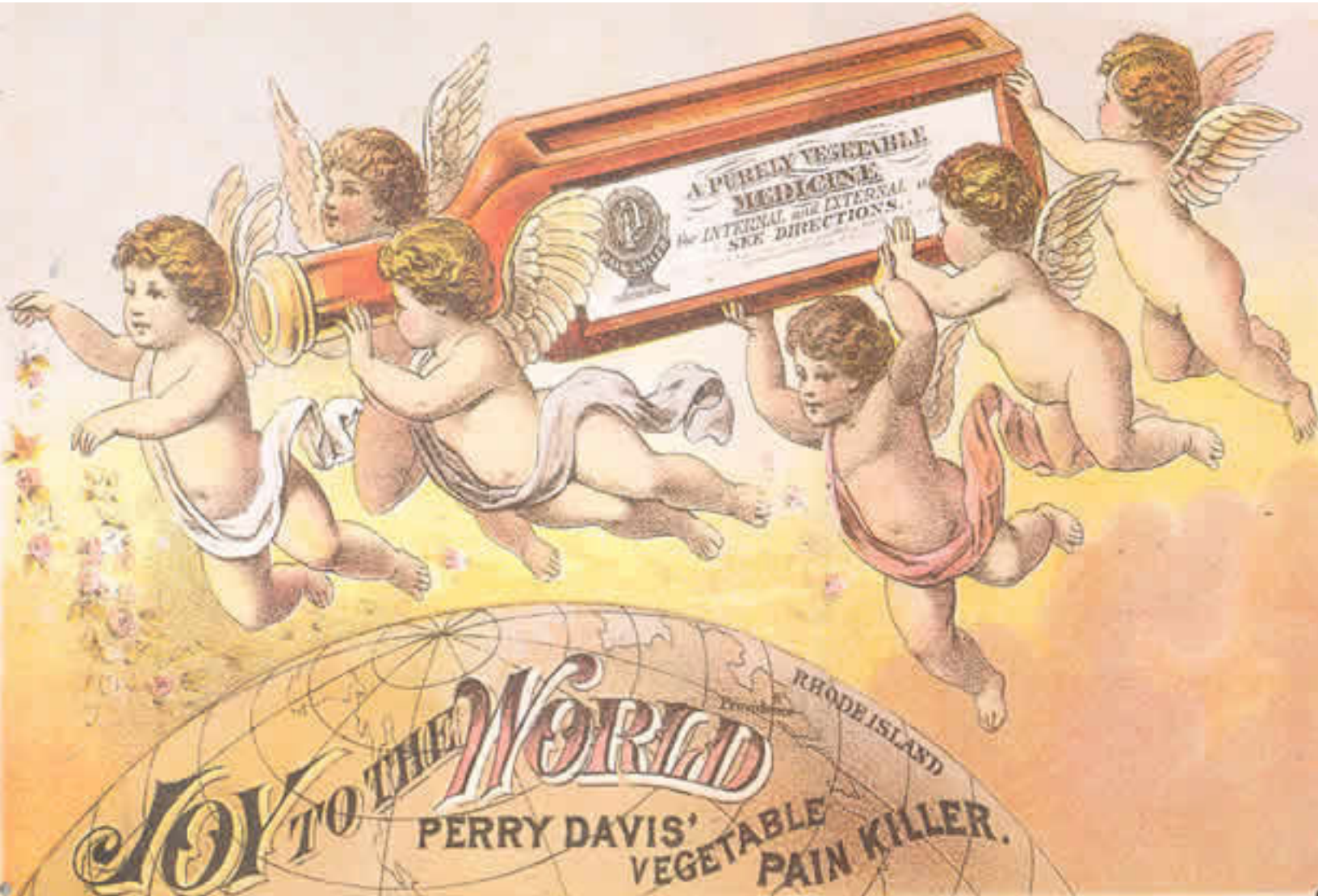
Margaret Fuller had sailed from Boston to Liverpool, and had visited London. She and Harriet Martineau then visited [William Wordsworth](#) at Rydal Mount.

Harriet Martineau toured the Middle East.



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



1847

July: Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

BLACKWOOD'S — JULY

William Wordsworth's "Ode on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July 1847."

Wordsworth's Poems, in Chronological Sequence

- At Applethwaite, near Keswick, 1804



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- To the Supreme Being. From the Italian of Michael Angelo.
- Ode to Duty
- To a Skylark
- Fidelity
- Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog
- Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog
- To the Daisy (fourth poem)
- Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont
- Elegiac Verses in memory of my Brother
- When, to the attractions of the busy world
- Louisa. After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion
- To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country
- Vaudracour and Julia
- The Cottager to her Infant, by my Sister
- The Waggoner
- French Revolution
- The Prelude or, Growth of a Poet's Mind: Advertisement
- Book First: Introduction — Childhood and School-time
- Book Second: School-time (continued)
- Book Third: Residence at Cambridge
- Book Fourth: Summer Vacation
- Book Fifth: Books
- Book Sixth: Cambridge and the Alps
- Book Seventh: Residence in London
- Book Eighth: Retrospect — Love of Nature Leading to Love of Man
- Book Ninth: Residence in France
- Book Tenth: Residence in France (continued)
- Book Eleventh: France (concluded)
- Book Twelfth: Imagination and Taste; How Impaired and Restored
- Book Thirteenth: Imagination and Taste; How Impaired and Restored (concluded)
- Book Fourteenth: Conclusion
- 1800: The Recluse
- Character of the Happy Warrior
- The Horn of Egremont Castle
- A Complaint
- Stray Pleasures
- Power of Music
- Star-gazers
- Yes, it was the mountain Echo
- Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room
- Personal Talk
- Admonition
- "Beloved Vale!" I said, "when I shall con
- How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
- Those words were uttered as in pensive mood
- Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake
- With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky
- The world is too much with us; late and soon
- With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh
- Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?
- To Sleep
- To Sleep
- To Sleep



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

- Michael Angelo in reply to the passage upon his Statue of Night sleeping
- From the Italian of Michael Angelo
- From the Same
- To the Memory of Raisley Calvert
- Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne
- Lines composed at Grasmere

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1848

February 27: Charles Hubert Hastings Parry was born at Bournemouth, the 6th child born to Thomas Gambier Parry, a painter and art collector, and Anna Maria Isabella Fynes Clinton, of aristocratic lineage and daughter of a former member of Parliament. Mrs. Parry gave birth in the final stages of tuberculosis and would die in twelve days. The couple was in Bournemouth in an attempt to recover her health.

Giacomo Meyerbeer contributed 500 francs to a fund for those wounded in the fighting in Paris.

A large political demonstration took place in Karlsruhe, Baden calling for the Radical-Liberal demands of free press, trial by jury, and a [German](#) parliament.

Late in the month, [Waldo Emerson](#) traveled by train to Ambleside to visit Harriet Martineau and [William Wordsworth](#).

Mr. Emerson did come. He spent a few days in February with me; and, unfavourable as the season was for seeing the district, – the fells and meadows being in their dunnest haycolour instead of green, – he saw in rides with a neighbour and myself some of the most striking features in the nearer scenery. I remember bringing him, one early morning, the first green spray of the wild currant, from a warm nook. We met soon after in London, where Mr. Atkinson made acquaintance with him. It was a great pleasure to me to have for my guest one of the most honoured of my American hosts, and to find him as full as ever of the sincerity and serenity which had inspired me with so cordial a reverence twelve years before.

1850

When [William Wordsworth](#) died, Alfred, Lord Tennyson replaced him as poet laureate of England. (The Poet Laureate of England was considered a life member of the Royal Household, charged with creating occasional verse upon occasion, but no longer received his traditional annual award of one “pipe,” or double-hogshead cast containing 126 gallons, of Canary wine. The monarchy, which had begun that practice in 1630, had for reasons unknown discontinued it as of 1790.)

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is the most correct.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1851

July 16: On this day, also, special negotiators Governor Alexander H. Ramsey and Richard W. Thompson carried out their mission as they had been instructed on August 9, 1849 by Secretary of the Interior Thomas Ewing in Washington DC. They gave “presents” to “Sioux” negotiators but did not exceed the limit of \$6,000.⁰⁰ that the



Secretary had placed upon them. They made no binding written commitments that the USA would disburse any cash but arranged that all distributions to the Dakota people would be in the form of annuities of useful goods, agricultural implements, and cattle. They entered into **no** binding, enforceable agreements as to **how** the US would handle its annual distribution to the Dakotas, and they agreed to pay not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents



per acre for what was to become the state of Minnesota. The crippled politician *Taoyateduta* “Our Red Nation,” the Little Crow V of the Dakota band at Kaposia, became a power broker for all the various bands of the

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

Eastern or Woodland Dakota people: the Mdewakantons, the Wahpetons, the Wahpekutes, the Sissetons, the



Yanktons, the Yanktonais, and the Tetons, amounting all told to about 2,000 people who traditionally camped during the summers along the river valleys of the upper Mississippi and lower Minnesota region. His policy was the well-tested one of gradually negotiating away the choice land along the rivers to the overwhelming intrusives in treaties that were not ever honored by the intrusives, in order to buy time and forestall immediate military assaults, while retreating west onto the plains of the Lakota peoples. He was to follow this policy until the warriors of the starving bands would no longer heed him and rose in rebellion in 1862 in an attempt to defeat the volunteer military detachment at The Soldiers' House, "Fort Ridgely," and massacre the immigrants who had been arriving by boat from Germany at Place Where There is a Cottonwood Grove on the River, "New Ulm." When the Dakota negotiators were presented with the papers at the negotiation ground at the old French cemetery near the ford of Traverse des Sioux in July of the Year of Our Lord 1851, two of the documents were read aloud in English and Dakota but the third document was not mentioned by the intrusives. When the series



of documents was laid out on the barrel heads, it seems that the third document was passed off by those able to read English as a mere "extra copy" — although some of the Dakota negotiators, rightly suspicious, refused to put their sign upon this "extra copy." Their intuition was correct, of course, for the third document was in fact not a copy, but was, as those able to read English well knew, the infamous untranslated "Trader's Paper" which would authorize the US government to pay the proceeds of the treaty to the white traders rather than to the Dakotas, on the basis of the unsubstantiated and unverifiable "accounts" submitted by white men to white men. What the right white man giveth, the left white man taketh away, blessed *et cetera*. *Taoyateduta* "Our Red Nation," Headman Little Crow V, and his sub-Headman relative *Marpiyawicasta* "Man of the Clouds," among other headmen, signed this "Traverse des Sioux" treaty of 1851.

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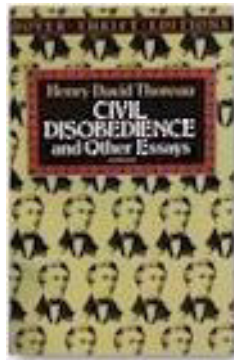
The negotiating team had “purchased” 24,000,000 acres of land for a mere \$1,360,000.⁰⁰ (although most of this \$1,360,000.⁰⁰ was, in the course of events, never paid). The 15% of the total claimed by Alexander H. Ramsey and his secretary Hugh Tyler as their reward for negotiating this deed with the Dakota nation was of course disbursed to them posthaste. Evidently this official Ramsey of the Minnesota territory was cheating Dakota natives not for personal gain but out of simple delight, for he later hotly declared:

The insinuation that I have been interested in speculation in the Indian department I suppose, is stupidly mean, false and malicious.

Bear in mind that ten years later, approaching the final frenzy of this genocide, Henry Thoreau of Concord MA rode on a steamboat with Governor and Mrs. Ramsey and the new Indian Agent in charge, as the steamboat ventured up the Minnesota River past the scene of this crime.



It does not appear that the author of WALDEN and of the essay “Civil Disobedience,” and the governor of the



frontier state, had anything much to say to each other. Other than having to ride on a riverboat together, would either of these gentlemen have been willing to be in the same room with the other? As near as I can

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guesstimate, the Ramsey family's official published take amounted to \$75,250.⁰⁰. However, we know that Ramsey's sidekick Hugh Tyler, **in addition to** the cut he took of the main money, **also** drew down \$55,000.⁰⁰ out of the moneys appropriated for securing the Senate's approval of the treaty, so we may speculate that Tyler's total take exceeded \$75,250.⁰⁰ and we may wonder whether in this case the main man in a scam drew down a lesser reward than his helper—which is unprofessional—or whether there was yet **more** graft, as yet unaccounted for, that went into the Ramsey coffer and helped him build his sizeable mansion and his substantial estate, in the saintly city in the county of Ramsey.



Among the others who fed at this trough was Henry Hastings Sibley, who took \$145,000.⁰⁰ (roughly equivalent, in today's money, to \$15,000,000.⁰⁰ or \$16,000,000.⁰⁰).

Colonel Henry Hastings Sibley, a few years later, would lead the troops that put down Minnesota's race war,



and would march the surviving women and children of the Dakota nation, primarily from the farmlands of the Hazelwood Republic of Christian Indians at the reservation on the south bank of the Minnesota River—who had sheltered white neighbors and had welcomed the arrival of Sibley's army of white men because this meant

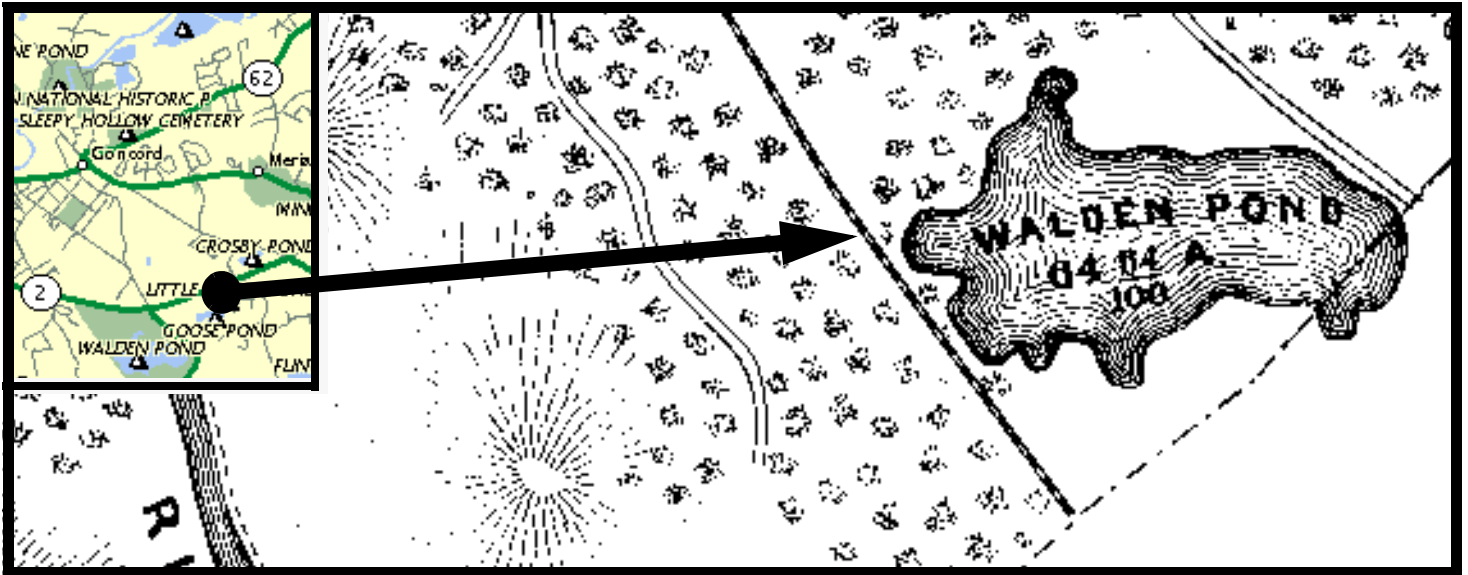
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that their friends were safe— off to the Pike Island Aggregation Facility so they could be held, under the maiming grapeshot-loaded cannon of Fort Snelling, as hostages against the good behavior of any hostiles not yet in captivity.



July 16, Wednesday, 1851: ... Set out at 3 Pm for Nine Acre Corner bridge via Hubbards bridge & Conantum —returning via dashing brook —rear of Bakers & railroad at 6¹/₂ Pm. ... Came thro the pine plains behind James Bakers —where late was open pasture now open pitch pine woods —only here and there the grass has given place to a carpet of pine needles— These are among our pleasantest woods —open —level —with blackberry vines interspersed & flowers, as ladies slippers earlier —& pinks On the outskirts each tree has room enough & now I hear the wood thrush [*Catharus* mustelina] from the shade who loves these pine woods as well as I.— I pass by walden's scolloped shore.



The epilobium reflects a pink gleam up the vales & down the hills— The chewink [*Rufous-Sided Towhee* Pipilo Erythrophthalmus] jingles on a bushes top— ...



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The maker of me was improving me.

When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved.

For years I marched to a music

in comparison with which

the military music of the streets

is noise and discord.

I was daily intoxicated,

and yet no man could call me intemperate.

With all your science can you tell

how it is,

and whence it is,

that light comes into the soul?

To explore Thoreau's "Distant Drummer" metaphor in the greatest detail, click here:



July 16, Wednesday: ... The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise & discord. I was daily intoxicated and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is –& whence it is, that light comes into the soul? ...



July 16, Wednesday: Methinks my present experience is nothing my past experience is all in all. I think that no experience which I have today comes up to or is comparable with the experiences of my boyhood— And not only this is true –but as far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experience of a previous state of existence. “Our life is a forgetting” &c¹⁰ Formerly methought nature developed as I developed and grew up with me. My life was extacy. In youth before

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I lost any of my senses –I can remember that I was all alive –and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction, both its weariness & its refreshment were sweet to me. This earth was the most glorious musical instrument, and I was audience to its strains. To have such sweet impressions made on us –such extacies begotten of the breezes. I can remember how I was astonished. I said to myself –I said to others– There comes into my mind or soul an indescribable infinite all absorbing divine heavenly pleasure, a sense of elevation & expansion –and have had nought to do with it. I perceive that I am dealt with by superior powers This is a pleasure, a joy, an existence which I have not procured myself– I speak as a witness on the stand and tell what I have perceived The morning and the evening were sweet to me, and I lead a life aloof from society of men. I wondered if a mortal had ever known what I knew. I looked in books for some recognition of a kindred experience –but strange to say, I found none. Indeed I was slow to discover that other men had had this experience –for it had been possible to read books & to associate with men on other grounds. The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise & discord. I was daily intoxicated and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is –& whence it is, that light comes into the soul?

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Set out at 3 Pm for Nine Acre Corner bridge via Hubbards bridge & Conantum –returning via dashing brook –rear of Bakers & railroad at 6¹/₂ Pm. The song sparrow [*Melospiza* *melodia*] –the most familiar & New England bird –is heard in fields and pastures –setting this midsummer day to music –as if it were the music of a mossy rail or fence post, a little stream of song cooling –ripling through the noon –the usually unseen songster –usually unheard like the cricket it is so common– Like the poet’s song unheard by most men whose ears are stopped with business. Though perchance it sang on the fence before the farmer’s house this morning for an hour. There are little strains of poetry in our annuals. Berries are just beginning to ripen –and children are planning expeditions after them– They are important as introducing children to the fields & woods –and as wild fruits of which much account is made. During the berry season the Schools have a vacation and many little fingers are busy picking these small fruits– It is ever a pastime not a drudgery. I remember how glad I was when I was kept from school a half a day to pick huckleberries on a neighboring hill all by myself to make a pudding for the family dinner. Ah, they got nothing but the pudding –but I got invaluable experience beside– A half a day of liberty like that –was like the promise of life eternal. It was emancipation in New England. Oh what a day was there my country-man. I see the yellow butterflies now gathered in fleets in the road –& on the flowers of the milkweed *Asclepias pulchra* by the roadside, a really handsome flower. Also the smaller butterfly with reddish wings –& a larger black or steel blue with wings spotted red on edge and one of equal size reddish copper-colored –now you may see a boy stealing after one hat in hand. The earliest corn begins to tassel out, and my neighbor has put his hand in the hill some days ago and abstracted some new potatoes as big as nuts –then covered up again –now they will need or will get no more weeding. The lark [*Eastern Meadowlark* *Sturnella magna*] sings in the meadow –the very essence of the afternoon is in his strain. This is a New England sound –but the cricket is heard under all sounds. Still the cars come & go with the regularity of nature

10. [William Wordsworth](#)’s “Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,” 1.58: “Our birth is but a sleeping and a forgetting.”

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—of the sun & moon (If a hen puts her eggs elsewhere than in the barns—in woods or among rocks—she is said to steal her nest!) The twittering of swallows [redacted] is in the air reminding me of water— The meadow sweet is now in bloom & the yarrow prevails by all road-sides— I see the hard-hack too, homely but dear plant—just opening its red clustered flowers The small aster too now abounds Aster miser—and the tall butter cup still. After wading through a swamp the other day with my shoes in my hand I wiped my feet with Sassafras leaves which reminded me of some Arabian practices The bruised leaves perfuming the air—and by their softness being adapted to this purpose. The tree primrose or Scabish still is seen over the fence. The red wings [Red-winged Blackbird [redacted] *Agelaius phoeniceus*] & crow blackbirds [Common Grackle [redacted] *Quiscalus quiscula*] are heard chattering on the trees—and the cowtroopials [Brown-headed Cowbird [redacted] *Molothrus ater*] are accompanying the cows in the pastures for the sake of the insects they scare up. Oftentimes the thoughtless sportsman has lodged his charge of shot in the cow's legs or body in his eagerness to obtain the birds. St Johns wort one of the first of yellow flowers begins to shine along the road side—the mullein for some time past. I see a farmer cradling his rye John Potter— Fields are partly mown some English grass on the higher parts of the meadow next to the road. The farmers work comes not all at once. In haying time—there is a cessation from other labors to a considerable extent— Planting is done & hoeing mainly—only some turnip-seed is to be scattered amid the corn. I hear the kingbird [Eastern Kingbird [redacted] *Tyrannus tyrannus*] twittering or chattering like a stout-chested swallow. The prunella sends back a blue ray from under my feet as I walk—the pale lobelia too. The plaintive spring-restoring peep of a blue-bird [Eastern Bluebird [redacted] *Sialia sialis*] is occasionally heard. I met loads of hay on the road—which the oxen draw indifferently—swaggering in their gate as if it were not fodder for them. Methinks they should testify sometimes that they are working for themselves. The white-weed is turning black. Grapes are half grown and lead the mind forward to autumn. It is an air this afternoon that makes you indifferent to all things—perfect summer—but with a comfortable breeziness—you know not heat nor cold— What season of the year is this? The balls of the button bush are half formed with its fine glossy red stemmed leaf atoning for its nakedness in the spring.

My eye ranges over green fields of oats—for which there is a demand then somewhere. The wild-rose peeps from amid the alders & other shrubs by the roadside— The elder blow fills the air with its scent. The angelica with its large umbels is gone to seed. On it I find one of those slow-moving green worms with rings spotted black & yellow—like an East Indian production. What if these grew as large as elephants

— The honest & truly fair is more modestly colored

— Notwithstanding the drifting clouds you fear no rain today As you walk you smell some sweet herbage but detect not what it is— Hay is sticking to the willows & the alders on the causeway, & the bridge is sprinkled with it— The hemlock *Cicuta* Am. displays its white umbels now— The yellow lilies reign in the river— The painted tortoises drop off the willow stumps as you go over the bridge— The river is now so low that you can see its bottom shined on by the sun—and travellers stop to look at fishes as they go over—leaning on the rails. The pickerel weed—sends up its heavenly blue. The color of the cows on Fair Haven Hill—how fair a contrast to the hill-side—how striking & wholesome their clean brick red— when were they painted? How carelessly the eye rests on them or passes them by as things of course.

The tansey is budded— The Devils needles seem to rest in air over the water. There is nothing New English about them. Now at 4 Pm I hear the Pewee in the woods [Wood Pewee [redacted] *Contopus virens*] & the Cuckoo [Black-billed Cuckoo [redacted] *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*] reminds me of some silence among the birds I have not noticed— The vireo (red-eyed?) [*Vireo* [redacted] *olivaceus*] sings like a robin [Northern Oriole [redacted] *Icterus galbula*] at even incessantly. for I have now turned into Conants woods. The oven bird [*Seiurus* [redacted] *Aurocapillus*] helps fill some pauses. The poison sumack shows its green berries now unconscious of guilt. The heart leaved loosertrife—*Lysimachia Ciliata* is seen in in low open woods— The breeze displays the white under sides of the oak leaves & gives a fresh & flowing look to the woods. The river is a dark blue winding stripe amid the green of the meadow What is the color of the world.— Green mixed with yellowish & reddish for hills & ripe grass—and darker green for trees & forests—blue spotted with dark & white for sky & clouds—and dark blue for water. Beyond the old house I hear the squirrel chirp in the wall like a sparrow [redacted] so Nature merges her creations into one. I am refreshed by the view of Nobscot and the South-western vales from Conantum seething with the blue element— Here comes a small bird with a ricochet flight & a faint twittering note like a messenger from Elysium. The rush-sparrow [Field Sparrow [redacted] *Spizella pusilla*] jingles her small change—pure silver, on the counter of the pasture. From far I see the rye stacked up. A few dead trees impart the effect of wildness to the landscape—though it is a feature rare in an old settled country.

Methinks this is the first of dog-days. The air in the distance has a peculiar blue mistiness or furnace-like look—though, as I have said it is not sultry yet— It is not the season for distant views— Mountains are not **clearly** blue now— The air is the opposite to what it is in october & november. You are not inclined to travel. It is a world of orchards & small fruits now—and you can stay at home if the well has cool water in it. The black thimble berry is an honest homely berry now drying up as usual— I used to have a pleasant time stringing them on herds grass stems tracing the wall sides for them. It is pleasant to walk through these elevated fields—terraced upon the side of the hill so that the eye of the walker looks off into the blue cauldron of the air at his own level.

Here the haymakers have just gone to tea—at 5 o'clock the farmers hour—before the afternoon is end—while he still thinks much work may still be done before night.— He does not wait till he is strongly reminded of the night— In the distance some burdened fields are black with haycocks. Some thoughtless & cruel sports man has killed 22 young partridges [Ruffed Grouse [redacted] *Bonasa umbellus*] not much bigger than robins [American

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Robin [■ *Turdus migratorius*], against the laws of Massachusetts & humanity. At the Corner bridge the white lilies are budded. Green apples are now so large as to remind me of codling & the autumn again. The season of fruits is arrived. The dog's bane has a pretty delicate bell-like flower.— The jersey tea abounds. I see the marks of the scythes in the fields showing the breadth of each swath the mowers cut. Cool springs are now a desideratum. The geranium still hangs on. Even the creeping vines love the brooks & I see where one slender one has struggled down & dangles into the current which rocks it to & fro.¹¹ Filberts are formed & you may get the berry stains out of your hands with their husks, if you have any— Night shade is in blossom. Came thro the pine plains behind James Bakers —where late was open pasture now open pitch pine woods —only here and there the grass has given place to a carpet of pine needles— These are among our pleasantest woods —open —level — with blackberry vines interspersed & flowers, as ladies slippers earlier —& pinks On the outskirts each tree has room enough & now I hear the wood thrush [*Catharus* ■ *mustelina*] from the shade who loves these pine woods as well as I— I pass by walden's scalloped shore. The epilobium reflects a pink gleam up the vales & down the hills— The chewink [Rufous-Sided Towhee ■ *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*] jingles on a bushes top— Why will the Irishman drink of a puddle by the railroad instead of digging a well —how shiftless —what death in life. He cannot be said to live who does not get pure water. The milkweeds or silkweeds are rich flowers now in blossom— The Asclepias syriaca or Common Milk weed —its buds fly open at a touch —but handsomer much is Asclepias Pulchra or water silkweed —the thin green bark of this last & indeed of the other is so strong that a man cannot break a small strip of it by fair means. It contains a mass of fine silken fibers arranged side by side like the strings of a fiddle bow & may be bent short without weakening it.

What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to be becoming pure. It is almost desirable to be impure that we may be the subjects of this improvement. That I am innocent to myself. That I love & reverence my life! That I am better fitted for a lofty society today than I was yesterday to make my life a sacrament— What is nature without this lofty tumbling May I treat myself with more & more respect & tenderness— May I not forget that I am impure & vicious May I not cease to love purity. May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new & more perfect day.

May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy. May I treat myself tenderly as I would treat the most innocent child whom I love —may I treat children & my friends as my newly discovered self— Let me forever go in search of myself— Never for a moment think that I have found myself. Be as a stranger to myself never a familiar —seeking acquaintance still. May I be to myself as one is to me whom I love —a dear & cherished object— What temple what fane what sacred place can there be but the innermost part of my own being? The possibility of my own improvement, that is to be cherished. As I regard myself so I am. O my dear friends I have not forgotten you I will know you tomorrow. I associate you with my ideal self. I had ceased to have faith in myself. I thought I was grown up & become what I was intended to be. But it is earliest spring with me. In relation to virtue & innocence the oldest man is in the beginning spring & vernal season of life. It is the love of virtue makes us young ever— That is the fountain of youth— The very

11. William M. White's version is:

*Green apples are now so large
As to remind me of coddling and the autumn again.
The season of fruits is arrived.*

*The dog's-bane has a pretty, delicate bell-like flower.
The Jersey tea abounds.*

*I see the marks of the scythes in the fields,
Showing the breadth of each swath the mowers cut.*

*Cool springs are now a desideratum.
The geranium still hangs on.*

*Even the creeping vines love the brooks,
And I see where one slender one has struggled down
And dangles into the current,
Which rocks it to and fro.*

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aspiration after the perfect. I love & worship myself with a love which absorbs my love for the world. The lecturer suggested to me that I might become better than I am –was it not a good lecture then? May I dream not that I shunned vice– May I dream that I loved & practiced virtue.¹²



November 18, Tuesday: Surveying these days the ministerial-lot. Now at Sundown I hear the hooting of an owl [Great Horned Owl  *Bubo virginianus*]– hōō hoó hōo—hoorer—hōo. It sounds like the hooting of an idiot or a maniac broke loose. This is faintly answered in a different strain apparently from a greater distance—almost as if it were the echo—i.e. so far as the **succession** is concerned.

This is my music each evening. I heard it last evening. The men who help me call it the “hooting owl” and think it is the cat-owl. It is a sound admirably suited the swamp & to the twilight woods—suggesting a vast undeveloped nature which men have not recognized nor satisfied. I rejoice that there are owls. They represent the stark twilight unsatisfied thoughts I have. Let owls do the idiotic & maniacal hooting for men. This sound faintly suggests the infinite roominess of nature—that there is a world in which owls live— Yet how few are seen even by the hunters! The sun has shone for a day over this savage swamp where the single spruce stands covered with *esnea*? moss—which a Concord merchant mortgaged once to the trustees of the ministerial fund & lost—but now for a different race of creatures a new day dawns over this wilderness—which one would have thought was sufficiently dismal before. Here hawks  also circle by day & chickadees [Black-capped Chickadee  *Parus atricapillus*] are heard—and rabbits & partridges [Ruffed Grouse  *Bonasa umbellus*] abound.

The chopper who works in the woods all day for many weeks or months at a time becomes intimately acquainted with them in his way. He is more open in some respects to the impressions they are fitted to make than the naturalist who goes to see them. He is not liable to exaggerate insignificant features. He really forgets himself— forgets to observe—and at night he **dreams** of the swamp its phenomena & events. Not so the naturalist; enough of his unconscious life does not pass there.

A man can hardly be said to be **there** if he **knows** that he is there—or to go there, if he knows Where he is going. The man who is bent upon his work is frequently in the best attitude to observe what is irrelevant to his work. (Mem. Wordsworth’s obs. on relaxed attention¹³) You must be conversant with things for a long time to know much about them—like the moss which has hung from the spruce—and as the partridge & the rabbit are acquainted with the thickets & at length have acquired the color of the places they frequent. If the man of science can put all his knowledge into propositions—the wood man has a great deal of incommunicable knowledge. Dea. Brown told me today of a tall raw-boned fellow by the name of Hosmer who used to help draw the sein behind the Jones’ House—who once when he had hauled it without getting a single shad—held up a little perch in sport above his face—to show what he had got— At that moment the perch wiggled and dropped right down his throat head foremost—and nearly suffocated him—and it was only after considerable time, during which the man suffered much that he was extracted or forced down.— He was in a worse predicament than a fish hawk [Osprey  *Pandion haliaetus*] would have been.

In the woods S of the swamp are many great holes made by digging for foxes

12. Henry Thoreau would later adapt this into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 97] I would fain hunger and thirst after life forever and rise from the present enjoyment unsatisfied. I feel the necessity of treating myself with more respect than I have done—of washing myself more religiously in the ponds and streams if only for a symbol of an inward cleansing and refreshment—of eating and drinking more abstemiously and with more discrimination of savors—recruiting myself for new and worthier labor.

13. This citation refers to [Thomas De Quincey](#)’s report of [William Wordsworth](#)’s explanation of a psychological state conducive to imagination, which is in Thoreau’s journal entry for January 3, 1843.





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1855

January 25, Thursday: [Dorothy Mae Ann Wordsworth](#) had been seriously ill since 1829, and in “a deepening haze of senility” for two decades. On this day, at the age of 84, she died at Rydal Mount. Throughout her life she had shared in the poetic vision of her famous brother and eventually her journals would see publication.

Henry Thoreau was written to by Ann E. Brown in Brattleboro.

*Brattleboro
Vt } Jan. 25. 1855
Mr Thoreau,
Having heard that
you purpose visiting Brattleboro
next summer, I take the liberty
of inviting you to make our
house your stopping place, while
you stay. Mr Brown and
I shall be happy to see you
and make you welcome to such
accommodations as we have.
Our friend, Mr C. Frost is
anticipating the delight of making
excursions in your company,
and introducing you to our
hills and woods. Myself,
a votary of Nature, though an
untaught one, I have a reverence*

*[Page 2]
for her priesthood, and if
you accept our invitation,
it will give me real pleasure.
I promise not to lay any
visiting trammels upon you,
to interfere with your chosen
pursuits.
In proof that we are
real personages, I refer you
to Mr Emerson, whom we had
the pleasure of seeing at our
house, for a few minutes, when
[he] was in Brattleboro.
Yours with kind regards
Ann E. Brown
Address
Mrs Ann E. Brown
Brattleboro
Vt*



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May 18, Friday: Marshall Tufts died in Lexington, Massachusetts.

From Franklin Benjamin Sanborn's journal, comparing Henry Thoreau with [Waldo Emerson](#):

To-night Mr. Thoreau came in as I was reading Demosthenes, and we fell to talking about Greek, Latin, Milton, [Wordsworth](#), Emerson, Ellery Channing, and other things. But first of all let me describe Thoreau.... He is a sort of pocket edition of Mr. Emerson, as far as outward appearance goes, in coarser binding and with wood-cuts instead of the fine steel-engravings of Mr. Emerson. He is a little under size, with a huge Emersonian nose, bluish gray eyes, brown hair, and a ruddy, weather-beaten face which reminds one of that of some shrewd and honest animal, some retired philosophic woodchuck or magnanimous fox. He dresses very plainly, wears his collar turned over like Mr. Emerson, and often an old dress-coat, broad in the skirts, and by no means a fit. He walks about with a brisk rustic air, and never seems tired. He talks like Mr. Emerson and so spoils the good things which he says; for what in Mr. Emerson is charming, becomes ludicrous in Thoreau, because an imitation.



May 18. P.M. — Boat to Nut Meadow.

Large devil's-needle. Sassafras well open. How long? Celtis will probably shed pollen to-morrow; shoots already an inch long. Sorrel pollen. First veery strain. Green-briar leafed several days. *Veronica serpyllifolia* well out (how long?) at Ash Bank Spring. Saw the yellow-legs feeding on shore. (C[hanning]. now thinks he has not seen it before.) Legs **not** bright-yellow. Goes off with the usual whistle; also utters a long monotonous call as it were [*sic*] standing on the shore, not so whistling. Am inclined to think it the lesser yellow-legs (though I think the only one we see). Yet its bill appears quite two inches long. Is it curved up? Observed a blackbird's (red-wing's) nest finished. (Four eggs in it on the 25th.) At Clamshell a bay-wing sparrow's nest, four eggs (young half hatched) - some **black**-spotted, others not. [Three young partly (slightly) fledged the 26th.] These last warmer days a great many fishes dart away from close to the shore, where they seem to lie now more than ever. I see some darting about and rippling the water there with large back fins out, either pouts or suckers (not pickerel certainly). Apparently their breeding-season arrived. Is not this where the fish hawks get them? Rhodora; probably some yesterday. Black scrub oak pollen. Fir balsam pollen; say begins to leaf at same time. The clump of golden willows west of new stone bridge is very handsome now seen from hill, with its light-yellowish foliage, because the stems of the trees are seen through it.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1858

December 7, Tuesday: Henry David Thoreau checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), Enrico “Iron Hand” de Tonti’s *RELATION DE LA LOUISIANA OU MISSISSIPPI PAR LE CHEVALIER DE TONTI* (1734).¹⁴



14. Henry, Chevalier de Tonti was born in Gaeta, Italy in about 1650, a son of Lorenzo Tonti. He entered the French army as a cadet and served in addition in the French navy. In 1678 he accompanied René-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle (1643-1687) to Canada. In 1680, during an exploration of the Mississippi he was left in command of Fort Crevecoeur on the Illinois River near Peoria, Illinois. After making an unsuccessful attempt to found a settlement in Arkansas, in 1685 he took part in an expedition of the Western Indians against the Senecas. He twice went down the Mississippi to its mouth while in search of La Salle, and then needed to go down the river a third time to meet M. D’Iberville. During September 1704 he died at Fort Saint Louis (now Mobile, Alabama). There is a report by him in Margry’s *RELATIONS ET MEMOIRES*, and an English translation of this report, “An Account of Monsieur de la Salle’s Last Discoveries in North America. Presented to the French King, and Published by the Chevalier Tonti, Governour of Fort St. Louis, in the Province of the Illinois ...,” would be printed in London by J. Tonson, S. Buckley, and R. Knaplock in 1698 and reprinted in New-York in 1814. Refer to Benjamin Franklin French’s *HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA AND FLORIDA* (Volume I, 1846).

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Thoreau also checked out Volume IV of the five volumes of Benjamin Franklin French's HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA, EMBRACING MANY RARE AND VALUABLE DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE NATURAL, CIVIL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF THAT STATE. COMPILED WITH HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, AND AN INTRODUCTION... (New York: Wiley & Putnam). Part I of this, Historical Documents from 1678-1691, contains La Salle's memoir of the discovery of the Mississippi, Joutel's journal, and Hennepin's account of the Mississippi. Part II contains Marquette and Joliet's voyage to discover the Mississippi, De Soto's expedition, and Coxe's "Carolana." Part III contains La Harpe's journal of the establishment of the French in Louisiana, Charlevoix's journal, etc. Part IV, the volume from which Thoreau was extracting into his Indian Notebook #11, printed in 1852, contains narratives of the voyages, missions, and travels among the Indians, by Marquette, Joliet, Dablon, Allouez, Le Clercq, La Salle, Hennepin, Membre, and Douay, with biographical and bibliographical notices of these missionaries and their works, by John Gilmary Shea, and contains the 1673 Thevenot chart of the "R. Mitchisipi ou grand Riviere" indicating the native tribes along its tributaries, "Carte de la decouverte faite l'an 1673. dans l'Amerique Septentrionale."

THE MITCHISIPI RIVER



Part V contains Dumont's memoir of transactions with the Indians of Louisiana, from 1712 to 1740, and

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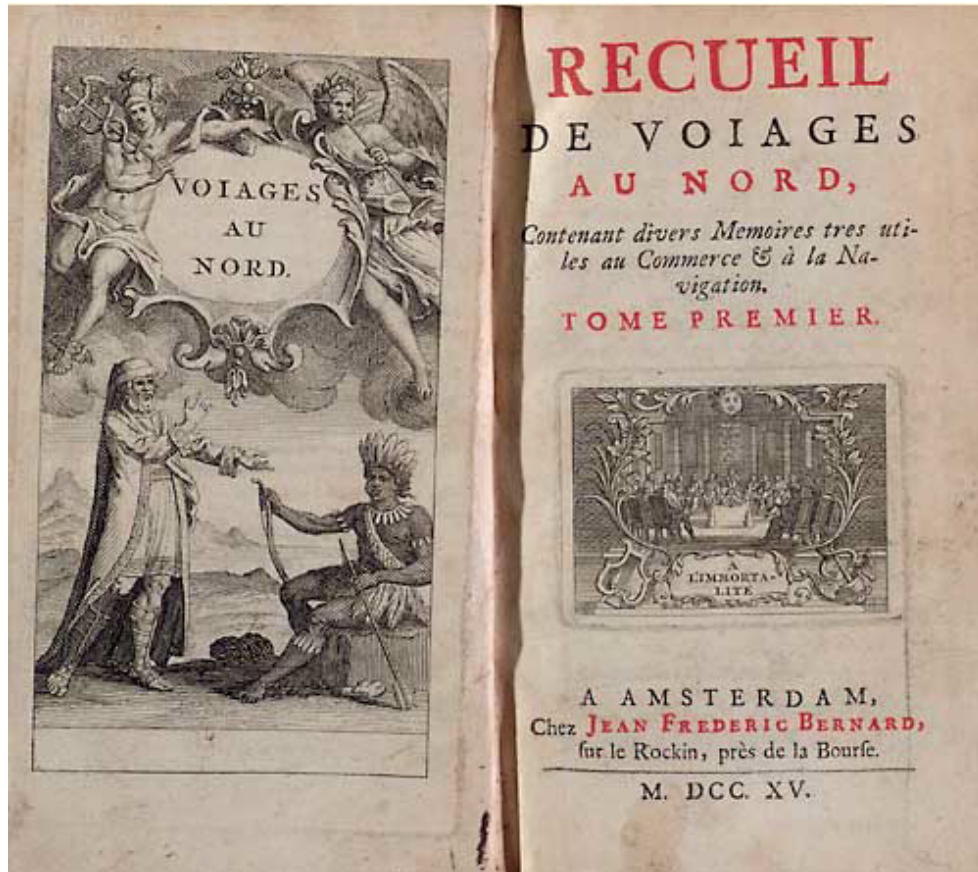
Champégný's memoirs.



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Henry David Thoreau also checked out [Jean-Frédéric Bernard](#)'s *RECUEIL DE VOYAGES AU NORD, CONTENANT DIVERS MÉMOIRES TRÈS UTILES AU COMMERCE & À LA NAVIGATION, 1715-1738* (A Amsterdam, Chez J.F. Bernard), and would make extracts in his Indian Notebook #11. According to the edition statement contained in the 4th volume, this is the 4th edition of the work and Volume 2 had been printed in 1715, Volumes 1 and 3 in 1716, Volume 6 in 1723, Volume 5 in 1724, Volume 7 in 1725, and Volume 8 in 1727 (of the final two of the 10 volumes, Volumes 9 and 10, this 1732 printing says nothing, of course because they had not yet been put through the press).



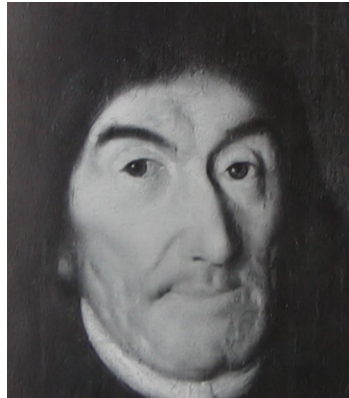
Unfortunately, Google Books has scanned so far of these ten volumes only Volume 4 — so that is all I am able to provide for you here:

JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC BERNARD

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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Henry David Thoreau also checked out [Father Louis Hennepin](#)'s *VOYAGES | CURIEUX ET NOUVEAUX | DE MESSIEURS | HENNEPIN & DE LA BORDE, | OU L'ON VOIT UNE DESCRIPTION TRÈS PARTICULIERE, D'UN GRAND PAYS DANS L'AMERIQUE, ENTRE LE | NOUVEAU MEXIQUE, & LA MER GLACIALE, AVEC UNE RELATION CURIEUSE DES | CARAIBES SAUVAGES DES ISLES ANTILLES DE L'AMERIQUE, | LEURS MŒURS, COÛTUMES, RELIGION &C. | LE TOUTE ACCOMPAGNÉ DES CARTES & FIGURES NECESSAIRES. | [Emblem.] | A AMSTERDAM, AUX DEPENS DE LA COMPAGNIE. MDCXI* (this was an exact reprint of the edition of 1704, with merely a slight change to the title page).



[Sieur de la Borde](#) is a mysterious figure, for all we know for sure is that he worked, perhaps as a lay brother, for a short period with Jesuit missionaries, especially with Father Simon at the mission on St. Vincent Island in the Antilles.



I am guessing that he was part of the Langlade family that had come over from Castle Sarrasin in Bassee, Guyenne, France (at first known as the family Mouet de Moras) that had settled at Trois-Rivières, Québec in

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1668, and I am guessing that his full name was Louis Mouet De Moras, Sieur de la Borde and that he was the 4th of the sons of Pierre Mouet, Landlord of Moras, who was an ensign in the Carignan-Salières regiment, with Marie Toupin, Madame de Moras (born on August 19, 1651 at Québec, died on March 13, 1722/1723 at Trois-Rivières),

1. — MOUET, PIERRE, (1) b 1639, fils de Bertrand et de Marthe de Thosin, de Castel-Sarrasin, en Basse Guyenne; s 24 nov. 1693.
TOUPIN, Marie, [TOUSSAINT I.
s 14 mars 1723.
Pierre, b 1^{er} nov. 1669; m 18 avril 1694, à Elizabeth JUTRAS; s 31 oct. 1708. — *Jacques*, b 26 janv. 1672. — *René*, b 1^{er} mars 1674. — *Louis*, (2) b 9 oct. 1676; s 27 mars 1699. — *Michel*, b 20 janv. 1679; m 30 janv. 1725, à Catherine DESJORDIS. — *Marie-Madeleine*, b 2 juillet 1681; s 8 déc. 1703. — *Joseph*, b 21 juillet 1683. — *Thérèse*, b 14 mars 1688; m 27 oct. 1715, à Michel TROTIER.

(1) Sieur de Moras, enseigne dans la compagnie de Loubias, régiment de Carignan.

(2) Sieur de la Borde.

that he had been baptized on October 9, 1676 and would die on March 27, 1699 (but this is guesswork based on family genealogies, and does not at all jibe with an original date of his publication of 1674 at Paris; none of this makes sense if his book was published before he was born, and everything of this makes somewhat more sense if his book actually was published in 1694, when he was perhaps 18 years of age and had perhaps already in his teens as a lay brother assisted Father Simon at his mission in St. Vincent Island, and simply went through the press with a numerical typo on its title page).



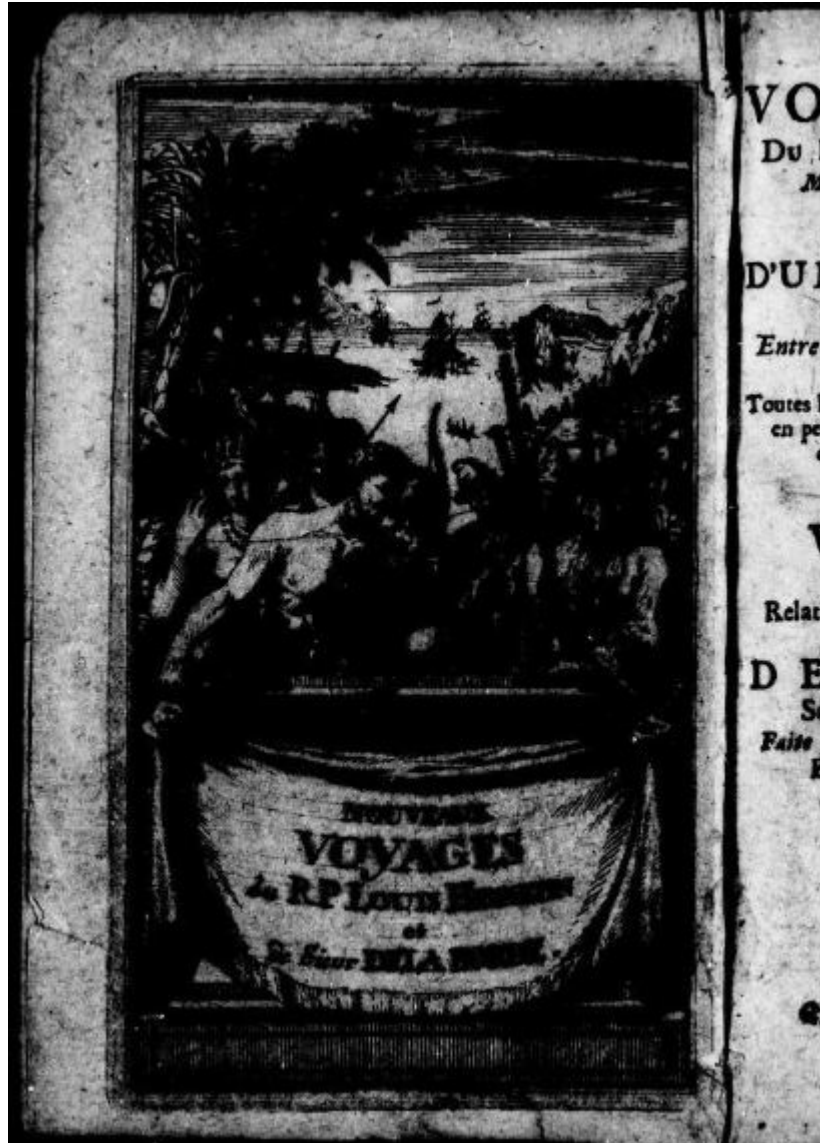
WHAT?



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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Thoreau would extract something about heavy surf from this source, for use in Chapter 8 “The Highland Light” of CAPE COD.]



CURIEUX ET NOUVEAU

HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

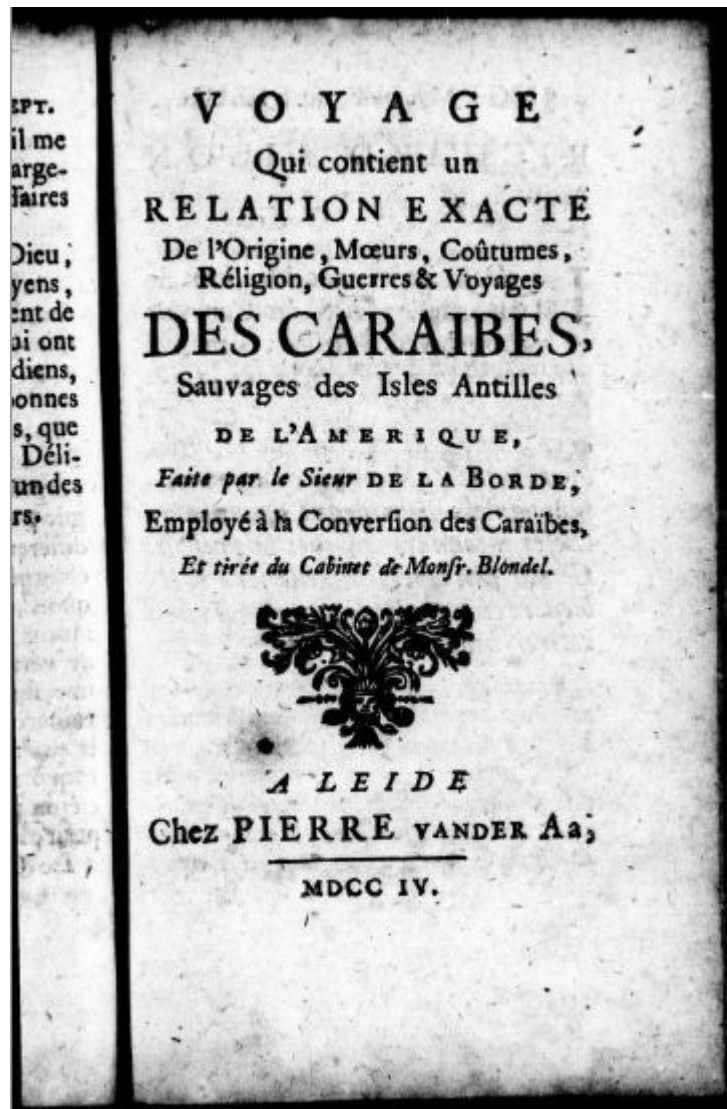
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CAPE COD: Our host said that you would be surprised if you were on the beach when the wind blew a hurricane directly on to it, to see that none of the drift-wood came ashore, but all was carried directly northward and parallel with the shore as fast as a man can walk, by the inshore current, which sets strongly in that direction at flood tide. The strongest swimmers also are carried along with it, and never gain an inch toward the beach. Even a large rock has been moved half a mile northward along the beach. He assured us that the sea was never still on the back side of the Cape, but ran commonly as high as your head, so that a great part of the time you could not launch a boat there, and even in the calmest weather the waves run six or eight feet up the beach, though then you could get off on a plank. Champlain and Poitrincourt could not land here in 1606, on account of the swell (*la houlle*), yet the savages came off to them in a canoe. In the Sieur de la Borde's "Relation des Caraibes," my edition of which was published at Amsterdam in 1711, at page 530 he says:-

DE LA BORDE

"Couroumon a Caraipe, also a star [*i.e.* a god], makes the great *lames à la mer*, and overturns canoes. *Lames à la mer* are the long *vagues* which are not broken (*entrecoupees*), and such as one sees come to land all in one piece, from one end of a beach to another, so that, however little wind there may be, a shallop or a canoe could hardly land (*aborder terre*) without turning over, or being filled with water."

But on the Bay side the water even at its edge is often as smooth and still as in a pond. Commonly there are no boats used along this beach. There was a boat belonging to the Highland Light which the next keeper after he had been there a year had not launched, though he said that there was good fishing just off the shore. Generally the Life Boats cannot be used when needed. When the waves run very high it is impossible to get a boat off, however skilfully you steer it, for it will often be completely covered by the curving edge of the approaching breaker as by an arch, and so filled with water, or it will be lifted up by its bows, turned directly over backwards and all the contents spilled out. A spar thirty feet long is served in the same way.

I heard of a party who went off fishing back of Wellfleet some years ago, in two boats, in calm weather, who, when they had laden their boats with fish, and approached the land again, found such a swell breaking on it, though there was no wind, that they were afraid to enter it. At first they thought to pull for Provincetown, but night was coming on, and that was many miles distant. Their case seemed a desperate one. As often as they approached the shore and saw the terrible breakers that intervened, they were deterred. In short, they were thoroughly frightened. Finally, having thrown their fish overboard, those in one boat chose a favorable opportunity, and succeeded, by skill and good luck, in reaching the land, but they were unwilling to take the responsibility of telling the others when to come in, and as the other helmsman was inexperienced, their boat was swamped at once, yet all managed to save themselves.

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The full title of the book to which Thoreau refers in [CAPE COD](#), “the Sieur de la Borde’s ‘Relation des Caraïbes,’ my edition of which was published at Amsterdam in 1711,” is *VOYAGES | CURIEUX ET NOUVEAUX | DE MESSIEURS | HENNEPIN & DE LA BORDE, | OÙ L’ON VOIT UNE DESCRIPTION TRÈS PARTICULIÈRE, D’UN GRAND PAYS DANS L’AMÉRIQUE, ENTRE LE | NOUVEAU MEXIQUE, & LA MER GLACIALE, AVEC UNE RELATION CURIEUSE DES | CARAIBES SAUVAGES DES ISLES ANTILLES DE L’AMÉRIQUE, | LEURS MŒURS, COÛTUMES, RELIGION &C. | LE TOUT ACCOMPAGNÉ DES CARTES & FIGURES NECESSAIRES. | [Emblem.] | A AMSTERDAM, AUX DEPENS DE LA COMPAGNIE. MDCXI* (this is an exceedingly rare volume, but was a mere reprint of the more available edition of 1704, with slight change in the title page). The original date of his publication *RELATION CURIEUSE DES CARAIBES SAUVAGES DES ISLES ANTILLES DE L’AMÉRIQUE* had been 1674, when it had appeared at Paris under the title *RELATION DE L’ORIGINE, MOEURS, COÛTUMES, RELIGION, GUERRES & VOYAGES DES CARAIBES, SAUVAGES DES ISLES ANTILLES DE L’AMÉRIQUE. FAITE PAR LE SIEUR DE LA BORDE EMPLOYÉ A LA CONVERSION DES CARAIBES, ESTANT AVEC LE R.P. SIMON JESUITE; ET TIRÉE DU CABINET DE MONSIEUR BLOUDEL ... DIVIDÉE EN 12 COMPARTIMENTS, EXHIBANT LES UTENSILS, DWELLINGS, AND MANUFACTURES OF THE CARIBS.*

While he was in Cambridge, Henry David Thoreau also checked out [Père Claude Dablon](#)’s *RELATION OF THE VOYAGES OF FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, 1673-75 (1677).*



“There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away”

— Emily Dickinson

After leaving the [Harvard Library](#) with his load of books of the history of French [Catholic](#)¹⁵ exploration to study, such as *JESUIT RELATIONS* for 1670-1672, from which he would copy into his Indian Notebook #11, Henry David Thoreau visited the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) to do some ornithology.



December 7. To Boston.
At Natural History Rooms.

15. It never ceases to amaze me how Thoreau, with his Huguenot family history of persecution by French Catholics, and despite the rampant anti-Catholicism that marred the USer attitudes of those times, was able so benignly to consider the positive accomplishments of [French Catholics](#)! Clearly he carried with him no grudge at all in regard to what had been in its day the largest mass religious expulsion and genocide (prior, of course, to the Holocaust).



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The egg of *Turdus solitarius* is light-bluish with pale-brown spots. This is apparently mine which I call hermit thrush, though mine is [sic] redder and distincter brown spots.

The egg of *Turdus brunneus* (called hermit thrush) is a clear blue.

The rail's egg (of Concord, which I have seen) is not the Virginia rail's, which is smaller and nearly pure white, nor the clapper rail's, which is larger. Is it the sora rail's (of which there is no egg in this collection)?

My egg found in R.W.E.'s garden is not the white-throated sparrow's egg.

Dr. Bryant calls my seringo (i.e. the faint-noted bird) Savannah sparrow. He says Cooper's hawk is just like the sharp-shinned, only a little larger commonly. He could not tell them apart. Neither he nor Brewer¹⁶ can identify eggs always. Could match some gulls' eggs out of another basket full of a different species as well as out of the same basket.

On this day his letter arrived in [New Bedford](#), so in the evening [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#) was waiting for the train from Boston at the Tarkiln Hill depot at the head of the river, and picked up Thoreau with his load of books, and Thomas Cholmondeley, and took them to his Shanty — where they talked of the English poets [Thomas Gray](#), Alfred, Lord Tennyson, [William Wordsworth](#), etc. until they retired at 10 PM.

On this day Henry David Thoreau was being written to by Ticknor & Fields in Boston.

Boston Decr 7/58

Henry D. Thoreau Esq

Concord Mass.

Dear Sir

Referring to our file of letters for 1857 we find a note from you of which the enclosed is a copy. As our letter —to which it is a reply— was missent, we doubt not but our answer to yours of a few months since has been subjected to the same, or a similar irregularity.

Respectfully

Yours &c.

Ticknor & Fields

pr Clark

16. [Thomas Mayo Brewer](#) had written in the Proceedings of the [Boston Society of Natural History](#) for the years 1851-1854, on page 324 of volume 4, that Thoreau copied into his Commonplace Book #2. [Spencer Fullerton Baird](#), [Thomas Mayo Brewer](#), and Robert Ridgway would create the 3-volume A HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. LAND BIRDS (Boston: Little, Brown, 1874-1884). Brewer's specialty in bird study was nesting and eggs.

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1940

W.H. Auden wrote in a poem about [William Wordsworth](#)'s youthful 2d tour of the continent of Europe during the French revolution, and temporary infatuation with Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity:



Thus WORDSWORTH fell into temptation,
In France during a long vacation
Saw in the fall of the Bastille
The Parousia of liberty ...
A liberal fellow-traveller ran
With Sans-culotte and Jacobin,
Nor guessed what circles he was in,
But ended as the Devil knew
An earnest Englishman would do,
Left by Napoleon in the lurch
Supporting the Established Church.



(not a deathmask, this was, alas, a "lifemask")

Edwin Way Teale's THE GOLDEN THRONG.



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1988

Sattelmeyer, Robert. THOREAU'S READING: A STUDY IN INTELLECTUAL HISTORY. Princeton NJ: Princeton UP, 1988

"A Review From Professor Ross's Seminar"

ROMANTICISM

Sattelmeyer suggests a possible connection between Thoreau and Romanticism through the medium of [Coleridge](#). He points out that in 1848 Thoreau read Coleridge's HINTS TOWARD ... A MORE COMPREHENSIVE THEORY OF LIFE. This treatise argued for a theory of metamorphosis or evolution, and summarized the laws of nature (polarity and individuation) by which evolutionary change takes place. Sattelmeyer contends that Thoreau's reading of the treatise acted as a powerful catalyst for his own work as a naturalist. The natural science that Coleridge outlined in terms of theory and practice was not like the natural science of the eighteenth century, but more in tune with the epistemology and philosophy of Romanticism. Moreover, Coleridge's THEORY OF LIFE was closely allied to a detailed study of nature, necessary in understanding nature's principles and processes. Such an emphasis on detail suited Thoreau's practice.

Sattelmeyer suggests that the THEORY OF LIFE helped Thoreau move from a simple love of nature where nature became a meaningful and satisfying life's work.

Significantly, Sattelmeyer sees Coleridge's treatise, which describes a creative force working through nature, as being linked to Schilling's Naturphilosophie. Thus, according to Sattelmeyer, Thoreau was introduced to the profundities of Romantic philosophy through Coleridge, the treatise being a pivotal point influencing Thoreau's later writings. (Martin L. Warren, April 13, 1989)

1998

In this year, Kerry McSweeney professed to have been able to note some sort of resemblance between the later Henry Thoreau, who had been observing the seasons as “simply and plainly phenomena or phases of life,” and [William Wordsworth](#)’s “leech-gatherer, a figure of resignation and endurance.”¹⁷



(not a deathmask, this was a “lifemask”)

(One of the curious things you begin to notice when you’ve been around as long as I have, is that some folks always have something to say even when they have nothing to say. :-)

17.  McSweeney, Kerry. THE LANGUAGE OF THE SENSES: SENSORY-PERCEPTUAL DYNAMICS IN WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, THOREAU, WHITMAN, AND DICKINSON. Québec: McGill-Queen’s UP, 1998



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: September 11, 2012

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ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, upon someone's request we have pulled it out of the hat of a pirate that has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (depicted above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of data modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture. This is data mining. To respond to such a request for information, we merely push a



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button.

Commonly, the first output of the program has obvious deficiencies and so we need to go back into the data modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and do a recompile of the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process which you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place your requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>.
Arrgh.