

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

### A Tour in Wordsworth's Country

Of all the rural attractions presented to the tourist in England none probably surpasses in variety of natural scenery and in the valued associations, the Lake district in the country of Wordsworth. There are spots sacred to the memory of greater poets, there are walks about Learnington and Warwick and Stratford upon Avon, famous for their beauty and association with Shakespeare, which are more frequented and excite a more general admiration. The house where the greatest of all departed men was born, the grammar school which he attended in boyhood, and even the lineal descendents of the Mulberry tree he is said to have planted, will never cease to interest mankind so long as the laws of mental association are unrepealed.

Among the English Lakes, however, there is a higher charm. Here are the mountains, the lakes, the streams, the woods, and the fields which Wordsworth loved for half a century and which, immortalized in his works, seem to form a part of the poet's own existence.

It was my good fortune to see this country in the summer of 1882 in company with Prof. Irving J. Manatt a most genial traveling companion, a ripe scholar of highly cultured taste, and with an enthusiastic appreciation of the beauties of poetry and natural scenery that was contagious to the most phlegmatic temperament. It is not for us prosaic mortals to worship at the shrine of nature without a Priest; and it was a rare pleasure to have a poetic interpreter who could not only point out the finer aspects of rural beauty, and the objects and localities of special interest as connected with Wordsworth's poems, but could also stimulate those latent poetic sentiments which are common to all humanity. An account of this part of our tour may not be uninteresting, tho it may only serve to recall scenes which many of you may have witnessed.

We entered the Lake district by the Kendal and Windermere Rail-way, a branch road leading from Oxonholme, on the main line of travel between Glasgow and London, to Ambleside on Lake Windermere. The building of this railroad in 1844 encountered strenuous opposition from Wordsworth, the poet could not conjure the thought of his quiet mountain home being invaded not only by the rude iron horse, with its smoke and noise, but by the ruder pilgrims whose commercial spirit he feared would corrupt the tastes and habits of the simple dales-man. He writes,

“Is there no nook of English ground secure?  
From rash assault, . . . . .  
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,  
Speak passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong  
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.”

The voice of the torrent, however, was unheeded. The winds spoke in vain. The spirit of progress easily overcame these gentle influences, and the shrill whistle and the noise of the passing train soon drowned all voices of nature in their vicinity.

Wordsworth's highest poetic rapture was inspired by a quiet, lingering contemplation of nature. He objected even to Sir Walter Scott's habit of making a memorandum of what he observed, saying that "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms."

To catch the spirit and intent of any written instrument, whether a contract or a poem, it is prime Canon of construction to place yourself as nearly as possible in the situation of the writer. Actuated by these considerations we concluded to take a pedestrian tour, and, alighting from the cars at Ambleside, on a beautiful afternoon in July, started forth our principal equipment being a copy of Wordsworth poems. The village of Ambleside is situated on the hillside above Lake Windermere. It is a very old settlement but has been rebuilt in modern times, in the clean, fresh looking stone houses are almost concealed by the profuse shrubbery of the gardens. The flowers extend to the line of the traveled street, so that, as you pass along the sidewalk, geraniums, verbinas, mignonette and foliage plants greet you on either side. This "little rural town deep in the vale" has not only escaped the evil anticipated by Wordsworth, and conspicuous notices of "Rooms to let" and "Lodgings" appeared in the windows of nearly every house. There really seemed to be no other visible means of gaining a livelihood, and such of the denizens as we interviewed did not exhibit those qualities that are supposed to live long and flourish on poetry alone.

Most of the old folks had some recollections of "Wordsworth" and many of them professed to have enjoyed an intimacy that seem to have been barren of any permanent refining influence. One old man said "Ay, I know'd Wadsworth, he was a nice man, but I never liked them pomes." Evidently,

"A Primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

From Ambleside we had a delightful walk along the shore of the lake to Bowness, about three miles Southward. It is a small watering place for persons of moderate means, but was free from "merry go rounds" "hurdi-gurdis", "lollipops" and such obvious concomitants as usually infest these popular resorts. The pinnacle of a hotel floated the American flag. It was the first we had seen since leaving our native land. The professor had an abundance of music in his soul, but none whatever in his body. An effervescent patriotism forced him to give vent, through his vocal organs, to what he claimed was the "Star-Spangled Banner," but its best friends could not have recognized it.

Lake Windermere is about twelve miles in length, and one mile in width. Opposite Bowness are very high, rugged and precipitous mountains. A most beautiful island almost on a level with the surface of the water, covered with trees and soft velvety grass of the brightest green, lies close to the village. From the top of a neighboring eminence, I obtained an excellent view of the whole lake, (winding Is its name signifies) among the

mountains, some of which seemed ready to tumble into the placid waters beneath. A gorgeous sunset gave more distinct outline to the summit of the intervening mountains, and their reflection in the water and cast a rich glow over the landscape.

The whole regions seemed a worthy habitation for the poet whose life and soul were so closely identified with the nature he worshiped, and who so beautifully describes the effect of such union in those lines from

“Tintern Abby.”

“Nature never did betray  
the heart that loved her; tis her privilege  
Through all the year of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.”

From Bowness we returned by one of the little steamers that ply on the lake to Ambleside. Though offered the freedom of the city by window advertisements, we were unable to secure lodgings in the village, but were admitted to a neat little stone cottage with thatch roof, standing in a meadow on the bank of the river Rotha just above the town. The pleasant memory of the cleanliness and comfort of that cottage with its pervading order of new mown hay, and a beautiful supply of the best mountain mutton chops, and Jersey cream that we could cut with a knife, still makes life worth living.

From Ambleside we pursued our walk northward through Rydal and Grasmere to Keswick and Derwentwater. Two roads lead to Grasmere one passing “Fox [ ]” Dr. Arnold’s cottage the other passing Rydsal Mount. We of course chose the latter. We sauntered leisurely along, enjoying the stone fences on either side, thickly covered with ivy, the hedges of hawthorne and holly and frequently turning aside into Meadow or Woodland where the scenery appeared especially inviting. Never was there a more perfect day. Early morning showers had freshened the verdure which sparkled in the sunshine, and in every tree and shrub the birds were warbling their notes “in unison with the murmuring of mountain brooks.”

The air was exhilarating and all nature, animal and vegetable seemed buoyant with life and the emotions that make life desirable. On a rustic bridge over one of the mountain streams that fed the lakes, we sat down and read aloud that poem which Emerson has pronounced “the high water mark which the intellect has reached in this age” the Ode on Intimations of Immortality. What the poet may have believed on the subject of a future existence, is uncertain. Some passages seem to indicate an opinion similar to that of the

eminent scientist Prof. W.K. Clifford who has said, "we may therefore, I think conclude about the end of things that, so far as the earth is concerned, and end-of-life upon it is probable as science can make anything." To those who see the cogency of the evidences of modern physiology and modern psychology it is a very serious thing to consider that, not only the earth itself and all the beautiful face of nature we see, but also the living things upon it, and all the consciousness of men and the ideas of society, which have grown up upon the surface, must come to an end." However this may be, there is a matchless tenderness and pathos in the concluding lines.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
do take a sober coloring from an eye  
that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live.  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

From the same profound sympathy and lofty principles comes the exhortation of Prof. Clifford, "do I seem to say, 'Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die?' Far from it; on the contrary I say; "let us take hands and help for this day we are alive together."

The village of Rydal, about a mile and a half from Ambleside, contains half a dozen houses and the small Parish church where the poet used to attend services. Rydal mount, the home of Wordsworth for at least thirty seven years of his life and the place of his death in 1850, is a few rods to the right of the main road, and stands on the rocky slope of "Nab Scar" nab being one of the terms in West Moreland dialect for "mount." It is approached by a broad avenue lined with large and handsome shade trees. The house makes no pretensions to magnificence. It is a plain brown stone, moderate in size, much weather stained, and is said to have tested severely the poet's temper by its smoky chimneys. An aristocratic family named Fleming, who boast of the genealogy covering twenty-three folio pages and point with pride to an ancestry who came over with William the conqueror, own 4000 acres, including the Village of Rydal, Rydal Mount and all its surroundings.

They absolutely exclude all visitors both from the house and the premises, so we had to content ourselves with catching such glimpses of the house, with its gable end towards the road, as could be obtained through the thick foliage. Mr. Fleming held the office of High Sheriff but we did not then know with what ease a Sheriff's barricades might be surmounted by a judicious use of political influence. We obtained a good view of the broad grass terraces where the poet composed so many of his poems. A member of the Wordsworth Society at Grasmere had recently interviewed the poet's old gardener, and, at the meeting of the Society in May 1882, gave an amusing account of how this out-door work was done.

It seems the gardener had advanced to the dignity of keeping a public beer-hall, and was addicted to the habit of partaking too freely of his own stock in trade, so his version may

not be entirely accurate. He said, "I think I can see him at it now. He was trible thrang with visitors and folk you mun kna, at times but if he could get away from them for a spell, he was out upon his gris walk; and then he would set his head a bit forward, and put his hands behind his back. And then he would start a humming and it was hum, hum, hum, stop; then hum, hum, hum, hum, reet down til other end, and then he'd sit down and git a bit o' paper out and write a bit; and then he git-up and hum, hum, hum, and gua on humming long enough write down and back again. I suppose, ye kna, the humming helped him out a bit. However, his lips was always goan' whoale upon the gres walk.

The gardener's statement is partly corroborated by Wordsworth himself, who tells us that nine tenths of his verses were murmured out in the open air, and that, after a long absence from home, the college neighbors used to say "Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him humming about again." The testimony may, perhaps, be reconciled by assuming that the old gardener, a specialist himself in "humming" naturally mistook the poetic vernacular is him, "[looting]." Be prepared to believe the poetic muse could be courted by such uncouth circum-gyrations.

About half a mile back in the forest by Rydal Mount are the two Rydal waterfalls which were favorite resorts of Wordsworth and which are described in "An Evening Walk." The stream is not a large one, but the water is clear, and at the upper fall which is by far the most romantic, plunges from a height of about thirty feet in one of the wildest and most picturesque of ravines.

In the rocky basin it's wild waves repose,  
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,  
Clings from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between.

Returning to Rydal and continuing our walk towards Grasmere, we noticed the "glowworm rock" upon which Wordsworth had a favorite seat, and where he composed when not moved by the "booing" inspiration. Beyond the rock we came suddenly upon a number of young ladies, evidently tourists, whom we took to be school teachers from our own country. One most beautiful and stately maiden, "pregnant with celestial fire" was reading aloud to her companions those melodious lines from "The Sparrow's Nest."

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
The heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought and joy."

American beauty among English lakes, and the voice of girls, falling in poetic cadence upon the still Rydal Water, presented a thrilling combination, and I have ever since better understood how Wordsworth twenty years after his tour in Scotland wrote,

Sweet Highland Gail a very shower  
Of beauty was by earthly dower,  
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,

Gay Vision under some skyes,  
While Hope and Love around thee played  
With something of angelic light.

had she not known it was intended for the little rustic beauty of Inversnyed, there are chambers of the heart which my Lady Bluebeard ought not to be permitted at all times to enter. Rydal Water, along which a road lay with, one of the smallest of the Lakes, is very shallow and has a rank growth of rushes, and water lilies floating in profusion on its surface. It contains a few very pretty, wild, rocky islands.

About three miles beyond Rydal Mount is Lake Grasmere, the center of attraction of the Lake District. Wordsworth lived in the village on the border of the lake from 1799 until his removal to Rydal Mount in 1813. He had three different residences in the village during this period. From December 1799 till the spring of 1808 at Dove College, Townend; from 1808 till 1811 at Allen Bank; and from 1811 to 1813 The Parsonage. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the merits of Wordsworth's poetry there is a general consensus that his poems of the highest order were composed while he resided at Grasmere, and Matthew Arnold maintains that all his first rate work was done between 1798 and 1808.

The lake is small, covering an area of about a square mile and containing a single island near the center. Some of the sheep were grazing there, presenting a very pleasing picture of quiet, pastoral life.

“Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee  
Take - - I give it willingly  
For invisible to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.”

“for, said he, as we walked up the bank, “it is very evident that there will be, at least twins.” Wordsworth has been accused of attempting to poetize upon subjects unsusceptible of poetic treatment, but “Peter Bell” is eclipsed by the Parturient Nymph who plied the oars on Lake Grasmere.

The church-yard among the mountains is the place around which are clustered the most precious memories of the poet, as the scene of the finest portion of “The Excursion”, and his final resting place.

It lies upon the bank of the Rotha in the village, and is as plain and unostentatious today, as when it received the mortal remains of the poet in 1850. The church is a small ancient structure, noticeable only for its simplicity. The roof is supported by two rows of heavy, arched, masonry, standing, in double tiers in the center of the building. A plan of architecture that seems to serve no useful purpose, other than to conceal half of the sleepy congregation from the Parson. Above, there is no ceiling or ornamentation of any kind to conceal the bare rafters. In ancient times the parishioners brought rushes to church for carpeting the cold stone floor, and this custom is commemorated by an annual celebration,

called "Rush-bearing." This ceremony occurred while we were at Grasmere. A long procession of men, women, and children, bearing rushes and wreaths of flowers, and preceded by a brass band, and a "Queen," filed through the streets into the church and strewed the floor with their rushes and flowers. The church yard is small and filled with old graves only. Its appearance as described by Wordsworth was unchanged

"Green is the church yard, beautiful and green,  
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,  
A heaving surface, almost wholly free  
From interruption of Sepulchral stones,  
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
And everlasting flowers. These dalesmen trust  
The lingering gleam of their departed lives  
To oral record, and the silent heart;  
Depositions faithful and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph."

There are buried the unfortunates referred to in "The Excursion." We saw the grave of the hapless Ellen and her infant, and of Wilfred Armathwaite, the simple story of whose sufferings will endear forever the memory of Wordsworth to all who have felt the softening influence of sin. In a corner, close by the river Rotha, under the branches of a hawthorne and yew, planted by his own hand, lie the remains of the poet. In accordance with the approved custom of the dalesmen, upon his plane, brown gravestone is inscribed simply, "William Wordsworth, 1850." Close by his side rest his wife, his beloved sister Dorothy, his daughter Dora, and his warm friend Hartley Coleridge. And here, among these hallowed graves,

"In the center of a world, whose soil  
is rank with all on kindness,"

was realized the poet's fondest wish

"To have one Enclosure, where the voice, that speaks  
In envy or detraction, is not heard;  
Which malice may not enter; where the traces  
Of evil inclination are unknown;  
Where love and pity tenderly unite  
With resignation; and no jarring tone  
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb  
Of Amity and gratitude"

Whether from a lack of appreciation of their profession which "in its theory employs the noblest faculties of the soul and in its practice exerts the cardinal virtues of the heart," or from an erroneous impression that the polemical life of a lawyer unfits him for a place of such peaceful serenity.

Wordsworth did not want any lawyer lingering around his grave. With a harshness in striking contrast with his usual gentleness he says in "A Poet's Epitaph,"

A lawyer art thou? Draw not nigh  
Go, carry to some fitter place  
The keenness of that practice eye  
The hardness of that sallow face."

By way of apology (for the poet, not the lawyer) it may be said that this poem was written in 1799, when the great Lord Eldon was the first lawyer in the land, of whom his biographer, Lord Campbell, has written, "he was utterly devoid of imagination, and overall taste for what is elegant and refined;" and his ascension to the bar, that during a long vacation he had read Milton's Paradise lost was received with quiet derision. Wordsworth was, however, mistaken. It is the hard workers in life who enjoy rest; it is the hard fighters who appreciate peace. Other allusions in this scene: indicate that Wordsworth's recluse life led him into error, regarding the effect upon character of other vocations.

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

A moralist per chance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod;  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God."

No more complete or appropriate refutation of this unjust estimate could be made, than the high testimonial given by that Philosopher and moralist, John Stuart Mill, to Wordsworth's own poetry. In his autobiography, speaking of the lasting influence made upon him by Wordsworth's poems, he says "in them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connection with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence."

Mr. Leslie Stephen has said that Wordsworth "hates science because it regards facts without the imaginative and emotional coloring." There is certainly much in his poetry to support the charge and it is an illustration of the truth, that no calling in life, however noble, is free from a special narrowing influence. Yet above the petty prejudices which mar all that is human, the poet and the philosopher, the scientist, the physician and the lawyer may unite in common admiration of character built upon the broad foundations of human sympathy. And of such character, nor calling nor vocation can boast of a

monopoly. In the village of Grasmere we spent some very pleasant hours at the public library where there is an excellent collection of literature relating to Wordsworth, and lunches are served by sprightly maidens whose conversation facilitates the digestion of their good roast beef.

We left the village on a clear evening about eight o'clock and ascended gradually, for nearly two miles in a straight course toward Keswick, one of the most beautiful vales in the Lake Region. Looking back frequently upon the village mellowed by the parting day, the scene was one of exquisite beauty and grandeur. The mountains at our side were smooth and green, and, being destitute of trees, the little rills, trickling from their summits, and white with foam, could be seen for their entire length down the mountain side.

In the distance around the Lake, the mountains were precipitous and cragged, one of them having at its summit the curious form of a gigantic lion feeding upon a lamb. The stars soon appeared overhead under the leadership of the brilliant Jupiter recalling the lines, as the little churchyard faded in the twilight,

“That glorious star,  
In its untroubled element, will shine  
As now it shines, when we are laid in earth  
And safe from all our sorrows.”

Night kindly let its curtain down over the havoc and destruction about Lake Windermere made by the Manchester Water Works Company, which was then preparing to raise the water of the Lake several feet by the construction of dykes. This once lovely spot was a favorite trysting place for Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the former coming from Grasmere and the latter from his home at Greta Hall, Keswick. Close by the roadside along the margin of the lake, we saw the rock upon which they had inscribed their initials and to which Wordsworth had ineffectually appealed to guard the beauties of the locality:

“O thought of pain  
That would impair it or profane,  
And fail not thou, loved Rock, to keep  
Thy charge when we are laid to sleep.”

Yet this mercenary agency of mammon was threatening to submerge the very Rock itself for the purpose of furnishing water to the inhabitants of Manchester – for a consideration. The country is but thinly settled between Grasmere and Keswick. At many places along the lonely mountain road no dwellings were in sight, and in some of the darker spots apparitions of Robin Hood and his merry men, and the redoubtable Dick Turpin seemed to hover in the air, but did not assume such tangible shape as to inflict any injury upon us. The region appears to be favorable to spectres and Wordsworth in the Prelude testifies to having seen the ghost of a mountain. While taking a view upon the lake one summer evening, he says,

“lustily  
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
Went heaving through the water like a swan ;  
When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
The horizon’s bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
As if with voluntary power instinct  
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,  
And growing still in stature the grim shape  
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
And measured motion like a living thing,  
Strode after me.”

When the mountains begin to skip like rams and to assault and threaten, in a menacing manner inoffensive poets, no ordinary mortal can feel secure, and, not knowing what see preternatural visions, or terrestrial marauders, might confront us, we were delighted at half past eleven o’clock to find a picture of the king’s hand on a signboard, indicating that a plain little wayside in of that name offered its hospitality to benighted travelers. After considerable effort in arousing the landlady, and removing her settled convictions that we were thieves, and robbers, and burglars, we were soon comfortably quartered for the night and lulled to sleep by the melody of a mountain brook. The next day was Saturday and, as we had determined to hear Dean Howson on Sunday, at the old Cathedral of Chester, we took an early start and pushed rapidly on toward Keswick. We paused for a few moments to enjoy the view down the romantic vale of St. John, at the end of Thirlmere and to catch a last frown from the “dark brow of the mighty [ ]” which rears its head far above the surrounding mountains, and has hurled from its perilous rocks many adventuresome tourist who has aspired to scale its heights.

Our road passed over the summit of Castlerigg, close by Keswick from which we had an extensive view of Derwentwater and the whole vale of Keswick, with Skiddaw, one of the loftiest mountains, in the distance and the River Greta, winding four miles through a fertile valley, between banks covered with verdure to the waters edge. Gray was so charmed with this view from Castlerigg on leaving Keswick that he “had almost a mind to go back again.” We walked around and beyond the village to the Parish Church at Crossthwaitte where Robert Southey is buried. The church is 800 years old, a plain Saxon structure resembling in general appearance that at Grasmere. It contains a stone effigy of Southey, with an epitaph by Wordsworth. The grave of Southey in the church yard is marked by a plain, black slate tablet.

Greta Hall, the joint residence of Southey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is a modest, smooth, stone building, three stories in height situated on a grassy knoll above the village, and surrounded by trees. Here the two poets struggled together with poverty, for many years, with few enjoyments, save the society of their friends, of whom Wordsworth and his sister and De Quincy were at Grasmere, and Prof Wilson was at Ambleside. The

house was occupied as a female seminary and we inspected it from the outside only. It had not the cheerful air nor the quiet seclusion of Wordsworth's home at Rydal Mount.

It was the home of Southey for forty years and will ever be associated with his sorrows. Here, in 1834, his first wife became insane and, in 1839, the poet himself was attacked with softening of the brain which terminated his life four years later. His love of books alone defied the power of disease; and to the last moment of his life he fondly handled the books, of which he was unable to understand a word. In the evening, we secured seats on the top of a stage-coach, and had a delightful review of the country through the which we had walked. The total distance of twenty miles we drove in about two hours, taking a fond parting glance at the many spots where we had lingered so pleasantly. At nine o'clock we were again seated in the anathematized railway coach on our way to the old Roman town of Chester.

One of the chief criticisms of Wordsworth's poetry has been that it lacks tumultuous passion. If the poet is obliged to depict all the sentiments and emotions of the heart, the objection is well taken. The ardent lover, accepted or rejected, will turn to Byron, rather than to Wordsworth, to find the expression of his ecstasy or despair. The deepest feelings of the religious mind will find their solace in Milton. The profounder emotions and intenser passions are not the subjects of Wordsworth's poetry. He deals with the "homely joys" of the people, and such shades of thought and feeling as arise from a pure and cultivated love of nature. Poetic words, that burn with too vivid incandescence, are not so well adapted to bring permanent enjoyment to the mind.

The mass of cultivated people, Who are today struggling for existence in the overcrowded professions or in the fierce competition of trade will enjoy literature that brings repose, rather than such as excites the already over-wrought nervous system. To De Quincy, the restless and impulsive youth of 18, whose exquisite sensibilities were incomprehensible to his own mother, Wordsworth wrote in 1804, "I need not say to you that there is no true dignity but in virtue and temperance, and, let me add, chastity; and that the best safe ground of all these is the cultivation of pure pleasures, namely, those of the intellect and affections.

I do not mean to preach; I speak in simplicity and tender apprehension, as one lover of nature and virtue, speaking to another. Love, nature and books, seek these and you will be happy for virtuous friendship, and love and knowledge of mankind must inevitably accompany these, all things ripening in their due season."

Such were the principles of Wordsworth, and such was the aim of this poetry. It has survived the most caustic criticism and merciless ridicule, ever heaped upon an author whose name has become immortal. That it has brought pleasure to the mass of English speaking people is attested by the fact, that he is more frequently quoted than that of any other author except Shakespeare.

To the tourist who seeks rest from the ordinary vocations of life, who finds recreation, not in mental stagnation, but in an easy flow of tranquilizing thought and sentiments, no

peaceful haven is more inviting than the charming country, among the lakes, and the mountains, and the valleys where lived and died the great master of the Poetry of Nature.

F.F. Oldham

Cincinnati Ohio  
Nov 21<sup>st</sup> 1891