# Scholarly Editing and the Interpretation of Wordsworth and Landor: The Hinge of Critique

William Michael Pickard Jackson, Mississippi

B.A., Millsaps College, 2004 M.A., Boston University, 2005

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#### Preface

In this dissertation, I apply a model of historical scholarship to three "problem sets" from the scholarship on British Romanticism. The problem sets, though distinct, stem from an interest in the mechanism of academic possession: how does scholarly discourse reproduce itself? Specifically, how has scholarly discourse about the British Romantic period reproduced itself between the end of the nineteenth century, when scholars began to organize English literature as a field of academic study, and 2015? The problem sets correspond to my chapters:

- 1. Why do so few Wordsworth scholars read his poems using his own classification? Why do the major scholarly editions forego this classification in favor of chronological arrangements? Few Blake scholars would now imagine reading Blake's poems in isolation from the plates which carry his texts and put them into play with his depictions. Why do Wordsworth scholars continue to divest his poems of the key that he developed to represent them to readers, especially when this classification organized the poems for the majority of the nineteenth century?
- 2. When did Wordsworth scholars decide that Wordsworth wrote all, or almost all, of his best poems during a "great decade"? What is the history of this idea? What should scholars make of those works that fall outside this period? Should they go on seeing them as emblems of the poet's sad decline? What

- kinds of work do the later poems do in relation to the earlier ones? How should scholars now, in 2015, conceive that work?
- 3. What obligations does scholarship have to writers who exist on the margins of the discourse of British Romanticism? No scholar or group of scholars, of course, can preserve every instance of the culture under their remit. What about Landor? Should Romantic scholars let him go? Does his authorship matter more than others that call out for conversation? Supposing one thinks it does, why?

The model I have chosen distinguishes three "moments of interpretation." In the "originary discursive moment," the interpreter specifies an initial event (an authorship, for example, or a work) in the history of a discourse (conceived as ongoing). "Secondary moments of discursive production and reproduction" occur as the event "pass[es] through processes of transformation engineered by the agencies that act within and upon" discursive fields. Investigation of this sort ranges synchronically—encompassing the agencies "invested in the process of cultural production" and reproduction, the "institutional frameworks" that mediate them, the "material and cultural inheritances" that bear upon them—and with an eye to diachronic trajectories.4

In the pages that follow, I adhere more to the spirit than to the letter of this law. The first of my chapters originates with Wordsworth's decision to publish, through the Table of Contents of the 1815 *Poems*, his own classification of his shorter poems. That decision sets in motion the chain of events, extending into the

present, which the chapter examines. William Knight's edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* serves, for example, as a secondary moment of interpretation within this history. By replacing Wordsworth's classification with a chronological arrangement, Knight altered the fabric of the twentieth-century reception of Wordsworth.

My second chapter plainly states, at its outset, the originary and secondary moments of interpretation with which it deals. I pass by them here without further comment. By contrast, my third chapter sets out from 2015, with Landor—his archive a mess—at the edge of scholarly attention. From this present, I work backward to Victorian England, to a time in which Landor mattered deeply to contemporary poets.

The model's third moment of interpretation coextends with the dissertation as an act of interpretation. This moment enjoins the interpreter, above all, to self-reflection. It stipulates transparency, or the highest amount possible, about the motivations that impinge upon analysis, determining its shape. In the remainder of this Preface, I seek to fulfill this remit.

The dissertation combines, to my knowledge, three sets of interests, each shaped by the climate of academic discussion at the beginning of the twenty-first century. It stems, first of all, from an interest in authorships, and parts of authorships, which resist the subjectivist analysis on which so much scholarship about the British Romantic period turns.

Over the course of my doctoral work, I learned to detect, behind the ideas of some of the most influential critics in this field, a predisposition in favor of poems

which rejoice in the free-play of subjectivity, as it comes up against other things and other minds. Finding pleasure in this kind of poem, I nonetheless came to distrust the assertion that it constituted the chief feature of the best lyric writing of this period.

I learned, in consequence, to value Romantic short poems of other kinds. Such poems typically embed lyricality within social and historical contexts that, among other things, correct the claims to primacy of any single interiority. Hence my focus, in Chapters One and Two, on Wordsworth's socialization and historicization, after 1814, of poems that he wrote as a younger man; and, in chapter three, on a poet, in Landor, who objectified his style from the beginning.

Second, the dissertation desires to keep faith with the premise of formalist analysis that verse works differently from prose, and makes different thinking possible. Such analysis may seem, for some readers, too often lost within the historical narratives that drive my chapters. But I began doctoral study as a working poet interested, most of all, in how poetry works. That interest stands behind my reading of the story of Margaret alongside *Beppo* and *Enoch Arden*, as well as of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, in Chapter Two. It surfaces in the analysis of Landor's stylistic complexities and love of hoax in Chapter Three.

In the case of Landor, I have proceeded with such analysis even when the third of my interests, bibliographical in the broad sense of that word, has led me to question the existence of a reliable text from which to quote. All three chapters endorse the dictum of textual criticism that editing, like translation, serves as a form of interpretation. Editorial agents determine which texts critics read. The interplay

between interpretation and material object forms the core of the textual situations I examine.

Thus I contrast Wordsworth's careful husbanding of his public reception with Landor's aristocratic diffidence toward the same. This difference in their appreciations of print culture helped determine, I argue, the positions they now hold within the cultural inheritance. I also show how generations of Wordsworth editors rolled back the decisions he made, over the course of his life, about which versions of his poems to publish. They did so, I propose, to meet the needs of chronological scholarship, on the one hand, and formalist analysis on the other. Their editions helped establish, in turn, the horizons of interpretations within which later critics work.

In a famous passage from *On the Genealogy of Morals* with clear implications for scholarship, Friedrich Nietzsche compares memory with digestion. The purpose of "active forgetfulness," he writes, is

to make room for something new, above all for the nobler functions and functionaries, for ruling, predicting, predetermining (our organism runs along oligarchic lines, you see).... The man in whom this apparatus of suppression is damaged, so that it stops working, may be compared ... with a dyspeptic; he cannot 'cope' with anything.<sup>5</sup>

As Nietzsche understood, however, and his book itself demonstrates that understanding, scholarship stewards these regulatory faculties of memory and

forgetting by submitting them to a continual critique, which keeps them in proper working order. "Wordsworth, Landor, and the Hinge of Critique" undertakes this work at a textual level that it sees as both prior and central to the work of interpretation. By recovering the logics that decide which system of classification should organize a collection of poems, which text of a beloved poem editors should prioritize, and whether and how critics should read writers on the margins of romantic discourse, I hope to enjoin readers to remake, through new acts of self-reflection, the field we share.

### Wordsworth and the Hinge of Critique

The paratext of greatest consequence for a collection of literary works, especially poetry, is the Table of Contents (ToC). This device is far more than a mechanism for locating the individual pieces in a book. It gives a snapshot of how the author—or the editor—has conceptualized the material as a whole. ToCs make the first move to supply a book's material with a general interpretive framework.

Two of Wordsworth's ToCs provide especially striking examples. One—

Lyrical Ballads—is famous, the other—the 1815 collected edition—infamous. The importance of the order of the poems in Lyrical Ballads is underscored by the difference between the very different orders in the first and second editions.

Although Lyrical Ballads was jointly conceived and authored by Wordsworth and Coleridge, Wordsworth insisted that the order of the poems be changed in the second edition. He was responding to reviewers who had been stymied by Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere," which had a prominent position in the first edition.

The infamous example of the ordering of the 1815 *Poems* is even more interesting. "Much Ado about Nothing" was how *The Monthly Review* described it,6 and later readers—particularly readers in the twentieth-century—have found Wordsworth's categorical ordering bizarre and unhelpful. Nonetheless, Wordsworth kept that basic framework in all the editions of his collected poems that he oversaw during his lifetime, and his posthumous editors preserved it for many years.<sup>7</sup>
Obscure as the classification may seem, it manifestly represents Wordsworth's own

interpretation of his work. Scholars now scarcely remember Wordsworth's 1815

Table of Contents and no longer try to fathom its significance. Chronological arrangements began to be installed in the late nineteenth century and they are now regulative and commonplace.

Understanding Wordsworth's poetry today, I believe, should begin with a recovery of the meaning of those two radically different arrangements that governed the reception of his poetry. I begin with an investigation of the now dominant chronological ToC because it represents an interpretational focus that has not been critically examined. So universal is this interpretive framework that it has gained the very bad eminence of self-transparency. But it is a framework that has a distinct historical shape. Exposing that history to critical reflection will help us to understand some basic and unexamined interpretive preconceptions that we now bring to Wordsworth's poetry. It will also put us in a better position to begin a much-needed reconsideration of Wordsworth's own interpretive schema.

### I. GETTING AND SPENDING

All authorized collected editions of Wordsworth's poems until the first scholarly edition of 1882-9 used the 1815 classification. After Wordsworth's death in 1850, the classification became as much a part of his literary estate as any of his poems. Those who oversaw the posthumous distribution of his poetry—his sons and publisher, Edward Moxon—had no financial incentive to change it. The 1815

classification was a key facet of the exclusive copyrights they enjoyed. For Victorian readers, it had the cardinal advantage of being the fruit of Wordsworth's mind.

Victorian copyright law afforded protection for the longer of two eventualities: the author's life plus seven years or forty-two years. The 1815 classification thus came out of copyright in 1858, at the same time as *Lyrical Ballads* and the *Poems in Two Volumes* of 1807. This fact was not lost on Moxon's enterprising competitors, chief among them George Routledge and Co. Neither Routledge nor any other publisher save Moxon, however, could incorporate Wordsworth's revisions to the 1815 classification. They had to, and did, take the arrangement as it stood in that year. Wordsworth scholars habitually understate this aspect of the poet's famously "compulsive" revisions.<sup>8</sup> As he retraced his steps through the vale of soul-making, Wordsworth was also helping Moxon's sales.<sup>9</sup>

Routledge's *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (1858) sold for approximately a fourth of the cost of Moxon's cheapest available collected edition. Routledge banked on readers accepting an outdated classification for a steep discount. Neither his firm nor any other Victorian publisher went to the market with a collected edition arranged chronologically or by any other scheme. Even older versions of Wordsworth's classification seem to have been preferable, from a commercial point of view.

Wordsworth's understanding of this side of his vocation is bourgeois.

Lacking the popularity and social position of Scott and Byron, he advocated for copyright extension and conceived poems as a form of property. 11 They bought his

passage into the cultural and social aristocracy. By embracing capitalization of his labor, Wordsworth avoided the plight that he depicts so movingly in "Michael."

Anxieties about transmission lay at the heart of that poem. Michael is the lord of his own, humble corner of England. He has no servants and lives in strict frugality, but he identifies work and land with life itself. His whole identity is bound up with landownership and turning his fields over, with improvements, to the next generation. No wonder, then, that he loses desire to continue working on the sheep hold when he loses his son Luke to the world. That project has no meaning in the new economy that confronts him, one that separates a working family from its land.

As Marjorie Levinson observes, Michael fails to adjust to the forces of capital that increasingly shape his life. His decision to send Luke off to learn a trade is not itself unreasonable. He needed money and this was probably the best risk he could take. What is unforgivable is Michael's lack of understanding of the world into which he sends his son, like a lamb to the slaughter. Wordsworth's open trading on the *akedah*, which Levinson so brilliantly explicates, looks forward to Wilfred Owen's even bitterer poem on this theme.

The Parable of The Old Man and The Young

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together,
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,

Behold the preparations, fire and iron,

But where the lamb for this burnt-offering?

Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,

And builded parapets and trenches there,

And stretched forth the knife to slay his son.

When lo! an Angel called him out of heaven,

Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,

Neither do anything to him, thy son.

Behold! Caught in a thicket by its horns,

A Ram. Offer the Ram of Pride instead.

But the old man would not so, but slew his son,

And half the seed of Europe, one by one.<sup>13</sup>

Owen's exploded sonnet, the terrible volta coming in the final couplet (the fifteenth and sixteenth lines), indicts those politicians of the older generation who perpetrated and perpetuated an—in the poem's view—unnecessary war. By contrast, Wordsworth evokes a more diffuse capitalist agency that brings Michael and his family to its knees. But in both poems the Ram of Pride that will not be brought to sacrifice is Land.

In the fiction of "Michael," Wordsworth's narrator points a group of tourists to Michael's spot of time and tells his story as though it is a recollection of time past.

Yet the narrator belongs to Michael's world far more than he does to Wordsworth's. Michael's story, he tells us, is one "of those domestic tales" that does not belong to him so much as it does to his community. He takes it up, makes it his own "history / Homely and rude," and hands it down to the "youthful Poets, who among these hills / Will be [his] second self when [he is] gone". In the narrator's refusal to allow these younger poets their own subjectivities—he sees them one and all as his sole second self—we find him at his most Wordsworthian.

The resemblance extends no further. Unlike his creator, the narrator conceives his ownership of Michael's story as co-extensive with his life. Its materiality extends no further than his own voice and the rhetorical situation in which he delivers it. He might receive recognition, in his own lifetime and afterward, for having discovered in the "domestic tale" a genuine poem. He might receive and possibly even expects compensation from the tourists for having told it so well. This is the extent, however, to which he puts it on sale. In this sense, Wordsworth's narrator expresses a nostalgic relationship between poetry and economy. Michael has passed from the land and the industrialists have divided it up. But in the world of "Michael" a poet can still walk the public byways and tell the old stories, not yet alienated from his labor.

That world was never Wordsworth's. His poems did not make a fortune for his publishers in the way that Byron's did for Murray or Scott did for Constable until the collapse of 1826. They had enough real or cultural value, though, to carry the partnership between family and publishers through the Victorian period. Once the last of Wordsworth's poems entered the public domain in 1892, the terms of this

partnership changed. Ultimately, his family sacrificed the Ram of Pride and reached an agreement with William Knight, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of St. Andrews. The family gave Knight access to some of Wordsworth's manuscripts and to Dorothy Wordsworth's journals, and they endorsed his scholarly edition. In exchange, they continued, though in a more limited form, their stewardship of Wordsworth's poems.<sup>17</sup>

## II. POET OF THE MOUNTAINS, POET OF THE PARLOR

Knight took up Wordsworth in the context of a massive, late Victorian effort to give the English literary inheritance a clear chronological order. At the center of this project was the philologist, lexicographer, editor and scholarly impresario Frederick James Furnivall. In 1873, Furnivall—already the founder of the Early English Text Society (1864), the Chaucer Society and the Ballad Society (both 1868)—announced the creation of a New Shakespere Society [sic]. Its purpose, he wrote, was

to get the plays as nearly as possible into the order in which he wrote them; to check that order by the highest tests of imaginative power, knowledge of life, self-restraint in expression, weight of thought, depth of purpose; and then to use that revised order for the purpose of studying the progress and meaning of Shakespere's mind. 18

A year later, an Irish scholar named Edward Dowden published *Shakespere: His Mind and Art* (1875). In this book, Dowden realizes at the level of literary criticism what Furnivall hoped to accomplish through the founding of the New Shakespeare Society. Specifically, he used the table of dates that Furnivall developed for Shakespeare's plays "to trace the growth of Shakespeare's genius and character through his works." Dowden's book and a follow-up primer that he published in 1877<sup>20</sup> enjoyed great scholarly and commercial success. His division of Shakespeare's life and work into four major periods ("In the workshop," "In the world," "Out of the depths," "On the heights") set the baseline narrative for Shakespeare studies until the publication of A.C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* in 1904.

Dowden's work on Shakespeare made his name, but—as he would later write—"Wordsworth, more than any other writer, was for [him] a teacher and inspirer during many years."<sup>21</sup> During the final decade of the nineteenth century, Dowden would in fact emerge as Knight's chief editorial rival. But it was Knight and not Dowden who first published Wordsworth's poems in a chronological arrangement. "Chronology above all," writes Stephen Gill, "was [Knight's] obsession."<sup>22</sup> Using much the same language as Furnivall and Dowden, Knight argued that

The chief advantage of a chronological arrangement of the works of any author is that it shows us, as nothing else can do, the growth of his mind, the progressive development of his imaginative power. By such a redistribution

of [Wordsworth's] poems we can trace the rise, the culmination, and it may also be the decline of his genius.<sup>23</sup>

The phrase "Growth of his mind" invokes Wordsworth's oft-repeated description of *The Prelude* as "the poem on the growth of my own mind." In Knight, poetic vision and editorial method intertwine. Interestingly, however, Knight barely mentions Wordsworth's epic in the Preface to his edition. Except by implication in the passage above, he does not use it to justify chronological arrangement.

In this sense, Knight's edition exposes a Wordsworthian irony in the Victorian reception of Wordsworth. Matthew Arnold's disparaging judgment of *The Prelude*—he wrote that it was not among Wordsworth's "best work"—enjoyed wide influence and remained authoritative until the turn of the century. <sup>24</sup> Victorians like Arnold preferred the Wordsworth of the shorter, ostensibly simple poems for the elementary joy they expressed. <sup>25</sup> Without at all challenging this preference, Knight's edition and specifically his choice of chronological arrangement help create the taste by which later readers would relish *The Prelude* and the very different Wordsworth it foregrounds. We might follow A.C. Bradley in framing this as a contrast between "Wordsworth of the daffodils" and "Wordsworth of the yew trees." <sup>26</sup> By the end of the nineteenth century, the project of *The Prelude* has become, by and large, the project of Wordsworth studies at large.

As editor, Knight surrounded Wordsworth's poems with contextual information. In effect, he presented a Wordsworth archive containing an edition.<sup>27</sup> Collectively, the material forms Knight's argument on behalf of the Wordsworth he

wished readers to see. This interpretation begins with Wordsworth's place, literally, in English culture. Knight's first scholarly book, *The English Lake District, as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth* (1878), had parsed the many topographical references in Wordsworth's poetry. Now, he incorporates this scholarship into the critical apparatus for his edition, along with a justification of its interpretive value: "No imaginative writer ... in the whole range of English Literature is so peculiarly identified with locality as Wordsworth is." True, Wordsworth does not adhere to strict literalism when it comes to representing places, yet the poems register his "reading of the text of Nature, and his interpretation of it." Moreover, Knight observes, modernity had already effaced large areas of Wordsworth's Lake District. By "localiz[ing] the poems in which Wordsworth idealized the localities," Knight's edition wishes to restore legibility to the text of nature, shoring up the fragments against further ruin.

Knight also preserves a key feature of the commercial Wordsworth editions: the placement of the "Isabella Fenwick notes" at the head of their respective poems. Fenwick (1783-1856) was a cousin of Sir Henry Taylor, the dramatist and man of letters. In his *Autobiography* (1885), Taylor includes stanzas from a poem he wrote about her in 1829, including this one:

Superior to the world she stood apart

By nature, not from pride; although of earth

The earthy had no portion in her heart;

All vanities to which the world gives birth

Were aliens there; she used them for her mirth

If sprung from folly, and if baser born,

Asserted the supremacy of worth

With a strong passion and a perfect scorn

Which made all human vices seem wretched and forlorn.<sup>31</sup>

This Byronic heroine was to become one of Wordsworth's closest friends during the last decade of his life. The notes that bear her name date to 1843. In them, "for each of approximately 350 poems . . . Wordsworth dictated . . . what came to mind as relevant to the reader's understanding of the circumstances of composition, historical context, and the poet's intention."<sup>32</sup> Financial as well as personal considerations drove the notes' inclusion as part of Wordsworth's printed corpus. Wordsworth died in 1850, Fenwick in 1856. Wordsworth's secretary John Carter published her notes at the head of each poem in 1857, as part of a new edition commissioned by Moxon and the Wordsworth family.<sup>33</sup> Besides throwing valuable light on the poems, the notes helped distinguish Moxon's edition at the very time that the first of Wordsworth entered the public domain.

In fact, Fenwick's notes do more than relate "circumstances of composition, historical context, and the poet's intention": they frame the poems within the Victorian cultures of autobiography, Wordsworthianism and literary tourism. For Victorian readers, they serve analogously to the critical, historical and textual headnotes that introduce Wordsworth's poems in, for example, Nicholas Halmi's 2014 Norton Critical Edition, *Wordsworth's Poetry and Prose.* Knight, who felt much

the same "gravitation and filial bond"<sup>34</sup> toward the aging poet as Fenwick, preserves these cultures in his scholarly edition.<sup>35</sup> The terms of this edition reject the dissociation of Wordsworth from his poems as well as from the Lake District as the tangible theater in which he worked. Knight's edition holds out to readers the possibility of knowing the poet almost as well as one of his dearest friends. It suggests readers can come to know his world almost as well as he knew it himself. By giving the poems a chronological arrangement, it proposes that readers can come to understand the rise and fall of Wordsworth's poetic life even better than he understood it himself.

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When Knight's edition first appeared in 1882, Cornelius H. Patton was a junior at Amherst College. He subsequently distinguished himself in public life as clergyman and author, with a particular focus on the mission field. As Secretary for the Home Department of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he wrote such books as *The Lure of Africa* (1917), *World Facts and America's Responsibility* (1919), and *The Business of Missions* (1924). Patton also became a devoted Wordsworthian. In the opening pages of *The Rediscovery of Wordsworth*, published in 1935, he describes his discovery:

It was my custom, when I was a pastor, each year to make a study of the works of some particular poet, with special reference to the religious

message he might contain, and then, during Lent, to give my people the benefit of my studies by a series of readings. When in the course of years I came to Wordsworth I became conscious of such a mighty appeal, and the response of my reading circle was so unmistakable, that I continued the studies into the following year. Feeling that I must have the best possible edition of the Poems, I purchased Professor Knight's eight-volume edition published in 1896.<sup>36</sup>

The whole of Patton's book offers an interesting index to Wordsworth's reception in America at the turn of the twentieth century. For the present, however, consider just the final sentence, its celebration of Knight's *Poetical Works*, especially the revision published in 1896, as "the best possible edition of [Wordsworth's] poems." Although Knight overshadowed Dowden as an editor of Wordsworth, Dowden's edition was, in many respects, sounder bibliographically. In 1804, Friedrich Schlegel spoke of

two activities [that] constantly remained the hinges of classical critique: the selections from the classical writers, which were supposed to give Greek poesy and literature a clear order, and secondly the manner in which multiple textual versions were to be handled.<sup>37</sup>

In effect, Dowden argues in his Preface that Knight fails readers on both of these counts. In the management of multiple textual versions, Dowden observes, Knight leaves very much to be desired. Knight's "collation in the early volumes, where

collation was most important, is of a kind which cannot be called final. I have found it necessary to do the whole work over again." When it came to giving Wordsworth's poems a clear order, Dowden emphasized that his edition offers "such a presentation of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* as Wordsworth himself would have approved." As the author of *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, Dowden knew as well as anyone the value of a chronological schema for interpretation. Even so, he preserved the 1815 classification: "It may not have been a happy classification," he wrote, "but much of Wordsworth's mind went into it, and it forms a portion of the history of literature." Dowden thought that editors had to sacrifice their interest in clarifying the growth of Wordsworth's mind in order to preserve that larger order, the history of English literature. On this view, Knight's edition confuses editorial method and interpretative exigency. Unable to temper his impulse to remediate, Knight distorts Wordsworth's corpus in order to bring his own view of Wordsworth to the forefront.

Dowden also doubted that Wordsworth would have approved the decision to use the Fenwick notes as introductions to individual poems. The notes, he writes, "sometimes ramble into gossip and garrulity."<sup>41</sup> However useful the information they provide, from Dowden's point of view they threaten to misgender Wordsworth and should be safely tucked away in the apparatus. It is up to editors to save their beloved poet of the mountains from the Victorian cultures of domesticity and sentimentality that have transformed him into a poet of the parlor.

### III. OBSTINATE IDEALISM

Cornelius Patton discovered Wordsworth "during Lent." He was to spend the rest of his life atoning for having come so late to the poet. Love of Wordsworth led to love of collecting Wordsworth. In consequence, Patton went about accumulating his own small cache of Wordsworthiana, beginning with a first edition of the 1850 *Prelude*. Just as Patton's *Rediscovery of Wordsworth* serves to index Knight's prominence as Wordsworth editor, it also suggests the role played by Wordsworth's grandson Gordon in helping to steward the poet's ongoing reception. For, having determined to buy the 1850 *Prelude*, Patton found it both possible and expedient to write directly to Gordon Wordsworth, himself a bibliophile and amateur scholar, to ask for advice. Not only was Gordon Wordsworth happy to dispense what he knew, he had his own dealer sell Patton the desired book for nine shillings, sixpence—a steal of a price.<sup>42</sup>

Patton's anecdote points up the Wordsworth family's continuing involvement in the transmission of Wordsworth during the early twentieth century. As his father and uncle had done with Knight, Gordon Wordsworth entered into strategic partnerships with scholars whose goals aligned with those of the family. The most comprehensive and significant of these scholarly partners was Ernest de Sélincourt, still the most influential of Wordsworth's editors.

In 2015, the work of scholarly editing takes place within a charged context.

"The entirety of our inherited archive of cultural works," writes Jerome McGann,

"will have to be re-edited within a network of digital storage, access, and

dissemination."<sup>43</sup> Editors must work with programmers, or become programmers themselves, to invent new possibilities for transmission. These new possibilities will cause editors, in turn, to rethink the best practices of textual scholarship.<sup>44</sup>

Editors of de Sélincourt's generation witnessed no comparable transformation in the media of scholarly communication. <sup>45</sup> But they also felt a need to re-edit the cultural inheritance to reflect changes in the reception of literary texts. They faced two main challenges. The first came from the New Bibliography (as scholars now call it) which grew out of the work of Henry Bradshaw at Cambridge. <sup>46</sup> New Bibliographers believed that editors could not understand the problems arising from the transmission of literary texts unless they first understood the technologies of printing. Such scholarly editions as neglected the bibliographical dimension therefore could not claim to have followed a properly critical method.

The New Bibliographers pursued the implications of this insight into every corner of the field. Perhaps most influentially, they reversed one of the foundational principles of textual scholarship. Traditional thinking held that editors should choose as their copy-text—that is, the text on which an editor bases an edition—the last edition that an author is known to have endorsed. In the case of Wordsworth, for example, the texts of poems printed in the 1850 *Poetical Works* take precedence over those printed in the collected *Poems* of 1815. Editors should give the later version priority, where differences arise, because Wordsworth himself signed off, in theory, on those differences.

In a now famous article, "The Rationale of Copy-Text," Greg took the opposite position.<sup>47</sup> Far better, he argued, to choose the first edition and incorporate those

changes that the author is known subsequently to have made. Why? Each new edition, Greg observed, introduces new errors. Compositors make mistakes or introduce willful corruption. Type and plates wear down from continued use.

Greg thought that anyone who studied multiple copies of an edition, and multiple editions across time, would see that technological entropy posed the greatest threat to accurate edition. To be sure, editors who began with the first edition might fail to include a change the author inserted in a subsequent version of the text. But editors who began with the last authorized edition would necessarily transmit a greater number of errors than their counterparts. They would be choosing a text that itself copied an earlier text, which in many cases would have copied a still earlier text. As the child's game of "telephone" shows so well, messages deteriorate in transmission.

The second idea, broader in scope, played out chiefly in Anglo-American universities, which began to see the English literary inheritance as worthy of the same programmatic study afforded the works of classical antiquity. This new way of thinking about English literary texts included "modern" ones written at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The formation of English departments created a need for editions that could also serve as textbooks. Such editions had, beside the obligation to reproduce an accurate text, the further obligation to provide an introduction to the author and works.

De Sélincourt made his name as the editor of this kind of edition. Having first taken a degree in *literae humaniores*, he remained at Oxford to prepare himself for a career teaching English. University College appointed him its first lecturer in English

Literature. Subsequently he served as Oxford's first lecturer in modern English

Literature and played a key role in the formation and early years of the English

Honour School at this university. A colleague at the University of Birmingham,

where he arrived to chair the English Department in 1909, described him as "one of
the men whose obstinate idealism and creative vision transformed a group of
unimportant provincial institutions ... into the Modern Universities as we know
them today."49

The special quality of de Sélincourt's first book, an edition of *The Poems of John Keats* (1905), does not come from its textual scholarship, although de Sélincourt "establish[ed] a text nearer to Keats's manuscripts than any of his predecessors." Rather, it comes from the "attention" that he gave "to questions of meaning and aesthetic quality." <sup>50</sup> De Sélincourt's *Poems of Keats* stands out, in other words, as a hybrid scholarly edition, including literary criticism. More concerned with textual matters than, for example, Arnold's selection of Wordsworth, it yet includes within its scope interpretive questions that the New Bibliographers, for example, regard as beyond their remit.

De Sélincourt was committed to the critical and editorial project that Knight and Dowden initiated. *The Poems of John Keats* reveals the method he was apply as editor throughout his life. The chief goal at all textual and paratextual levels is to expose the growth of Keats's mind. De Sélincourt's Introduction is a choice piece of literary biography, focusing on Keats's development as poet. The text proper moves chronologically, from first published volume to the textual remains. Finally, in an

Appendix on "Keats's Poetic Vocabulary" de Sélincourt tracks the individuation of Keats's mature poetic diction out of literary and nonliterary sources.

De Sélincourt was a contemporary of the New Bibliographers, but his editions remain, in fact, almost untouched by the developments of this school. The nature of de Sélincourt's training helps account for this irony. He graduated from Oxford in 1893, before the university had an English Honours school. Having determined to pursue a career in the professoriate, he undertook two years of further study with Arthur S. Napier, at the time Oxford's Merton Chair of English Language and Literature.<sup>51</sup> Napier's title was in fact deceptive. Having studied under Julius Zupitza, the founder of English studies in Germany, Napier pursued philological scholarship within very narrow bounds.<sup>52</sup> According to contemporary accounts, he saw literary texts chiefly as occasions for linguistic analysis, and he refused to address content or style in his lectures. As a scholar, he published learned editions that sift multiple versions of old English texts. His work was almost entirely pre-print in focus.<sup>53</sup>

It would be easy to overstate Napier's influence on de Sélincourt. In truth, scholars know little about their work together other than that it occurred. Still, the conceptual problems that de Sélincourt confronted as editor more resembled those facing Napier than those facing the New Bibliographers. At least initially, the New Bibliographers concerned themselves chiefly with books from the hand-press period. For during the hand-press period, Wordsworth lived through the shift to industrialized print. He left his editors the labor of collating all the revisions that he

made to his print editions, and the further difficulty of sorting through his manuscripts.

Wordsworth is not the first author for whom we possess so many authorial working manuscripts. He may be the first for whom we possess so many authorial working manuscripts who also revised so much and held so large a portion of his corpus back from print in his lifetime. When Gordon Wordsworth opened the family collection of Wordsworth papers to de Sélincourt, he placed him in a unique position. The papers contained previously unknown versions of many of Wordsworth's major poems. Of these poems, we know the 1805 version of *The Prelude* best, but there are many others: *The Ruined Cottage*, early texts of *Guilt and Sorrow, The White Doe of Rylstone*, "Home at Grasmere," and so on. De Sélincourt, in other words, had to re-edit Wordsworth from the ground up.

In an essay called "The Early Wordsworth," de Sélincourt wrote of "that fascinating and, as I think, illuminating study, the growth of a poet's mind and art." The essay itself exemplifies that study, associating Wordsworth's disaffection with the French Revolution with his abandonment of a Gothic aesthetic. We might, therefore, expect de Sélincourt to follow Knight's arrangement of Wordsworth's poems. In fact, de Sélincourt concluded that any attempt to organize Wordsworth chronologically faced terminal difficulties. An editor of Wordsworth had four choices: arrangement by date of composition, arrangement by date of publication, arrangement by a new method devised by the editor, or Wordsworth's 1815 classification.

De Sélincourt, who knew Wordworth's manuscripts extremely well, felt uncomfortable with the level of conjecture that arrangement by date of composition required. He saw arrangement by date of publication as yielding a contradiction. De Sélincourt belonged to the older editorial school that gave priority to the final authorized text. In Wordsworth's case, the final authorized text was that of the 1850 collected edition. An editor could print Wordsworth's poems in the order that he published them, but the texts would have to remain as Wordsworth left them in 1850. De Sélincourt doubted such a method would be clear or useful. And he felt certain that coming up with one's own arrangement was a sure way to please nobody else. No, an editor had to go with Wordsworth's arrangement: "since he gave it much thought and set some store by it, it is, in a measure, illuminative of his mind."56

De Sélincourt's *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* thus takes a step back from Knight's chronological edition, returning Wordsworth's classification to his poems. Arguably, however, de Sélincourt did more than anyone else to bring about the current editorial approach to Wordsworth, which regards that classification as obsolete. As a rule, de Sélincourt's *Poetical Works* distinguishes Wordsworth's manuscripts from the print versions of his poems. The manuscripts remain in the critical apparatus, while the text proper replicates, to the extent possible, the 1850 collected edition.

For *The Prelude*, however, de Sélincourt adopted a different practice. In 1926, he published a parallel-text edition that put the 1805 draft of the poem on equal footing with the authorized text of 1850. Critics immediately and understandably

hailed the parallel-text *Prelude* as a "monument of scholarship."<sup>57</sup> "Truly a literary landmark" wrote Cornelius Patton.<sup>58</sup> Seven years later, de Sélincourt went farther, publishing a stand-alone edition of the 1805 text.<sup>59</sup> Conceptually, this edition severs all ties between the draft Wordsworth held back and the draft he elected to print.

In effect, de Sélincourt brought Knight's chronological approach full circle, reinscribing Wordsworth's poem on the growth of his mind within the chronological sequence of his works. For the first time, readers at large could encounter *The Prelude* as only the closest of Wordsworth's friends and family had known it. The poem could be read not as the final offering of the aged poet, but as Wordsworth completed it at thirty-five, still in the fullness of his powers. Twentieth-century readers could vicariously join the Wordsworth circle and simulate the poem's early coterie readership. In his introduction, de Sélincourt did his duty, stressing the advantages of the 1850 version. If Wordsworth lost inspiration as he aged, for example, he became a better craftsman. But de Sélincourt had already made up his mind: "of the vital sources and hiding places of [Wordsworth's] power," he writes, "the original is the frankest and most direct expression." By publishing the 1933 stand-alone edition, de Sélincourt made this case expressly: if readers don't have time for both versions of *The Prelude*, best to choose the 1805.

#### IV. HIGHER CHRONOLOGIES

For much of his life, William Wordsworth (to borrow a phrase from Roger Stoddard) wrote manuscripts that other people turned into books. His publishers financed

production and distribution, coordinated sales, and shared a portion of what they made with Wordsworth and (after his death) his family. Wordsworth, as I have said, did not romanticize the business of his vocation. He may not have achieved the success his more popular contemporaries enjoyed, but he husbanded his literary properties and prospered over time.

Once the works contained in Wordsworth's books entered the public domain, the pattern of distribution shifted. In this new state of affairs, commercial publishers retained some of their former interest. (After all, trade editions of Wordsworth continue, if infrequently, to appear.) So did the Wordsworth family. If they could no longer expect to profit from the sale of his works, they still possessed his manuscripts and copyrights to paratextual materials, such as the Fenwick notes.

Gradually, scholars took responsibility for curating Wordsworth and distributing his works. In order to accomplish these aims, they gave his poems a new organization and (understandably) based the organization almost wholly on their own interests. They detached Wordsworth's poems from the material context of their nineteenth-century publication and prepared them for storage in the acid-free pages of scholarly editions.

Scholarly possession has proved felicitous for the poet. During this time, he has come to stand astride the canon of the literature of his time. At present he seems secure from the vicissitudes of literary fashion. His poems welcome critics and theorists of all stripes. Museums hold Wordsworth exhibitions. Universities and public trusts have invested in the creation of research centers to hold materials from his archive, including one at his beloved home at Grasmere. Scholars

congregate in Wordsworth societies and meet yearly for the express purpose of conferring about his work. They can publish their research, among other places, in *The Wordsworth Circle*. Even a company of publishers has taken his name.<sup>61</sup>

Readers can access more versions of Wordsworth's poems than ever before. They benefit from over a hundred years of collation, which allows them to examine the relation between those different versions more easily and, as it were, in high definition. They can make such examinations possessed of a reasonable faith, certified by the Modern Language Association's Committee on Scholarly Editions, in the reliability of the texts before them.<sup>62</sup> They can extend this faith to all or almost all of the more than 800 poems that Wordsworth published as well as to the handful of important manuscripts that he held back from publication.

Any author would be fortunate to receive such treatment. Indeed, my final chapter takes up one of the greater number of opposite cases. Plagued from the beginning by the cavalier attitude that its author took to publication, the archive of Walter Savage Landor exists in what can only be described as a state of limbo. It is not at all clear that scholars who quote from the standard scholarly edition of Landor can do so with full faith in the accuracy of its texts: only one such edition exists, and no one to my knowledge has checked its collations. Landor's position as part of the cultural inheritance remains precarious. Other sad captains of the nineteenth century appear beside him in the darkness, awaiting new attention.

Wordsworth scholars, by contrast, have made for themselves pictures of his life and writings with a detail unique, to my knowledge, among English poets. They have catalogued his reading, submitted his manuscripts to exhaustive scrutiny, and

published annotated chronologies of almost his daily affairs. Yet for all the good they have done, they have also made some tactical decisions about the representation of his work that countermand their own cherished principles.

The nineteenth-century publishers who stewarded the publication of Wordsworth's poems after his death in 1850 preserved the 1815 classification. It disappeared on the watch of scholars, who should have tasked themselves with understanding and preserving it. Instead, they have naturalized the alternative, chronological approach, so that it now requires minimal justification:

To examine the progress of this or that aspect of Wordsworth's art, one would have to unpick his classification using other research materials. The ordering of the poems from 1815 on was designed to frustrate chronological study, but since historically based, chronologically inflected discussion is what most Wordsworth scholars and critics deal in, editors nowadays for the most part acknowledge and then ignore his classification.<sup>63</sup>

One understands what this veteran scholar means. Wordsworth's classification does frustrate chronological study. Indeed, it seems to have frustrated Wordsworth himself, since he soon revised it to account for additional, topical categories of experience that, in 1815, it could not accommodate.<sup>64</sup> Still, the methodological pragmatism underlying this passage carries with it greater consequences than, I think, the scholar realizes.

This argument reduces to the proposition that editors produce editions to meet the needs of scholars "nowadays." They do, surely. They must, after all, convince someone in a position of authority, whether academic publishers or funding institutions, of the value of their labor. It seems reckless, at best, in the climate of scholarly publishing of 2015, to propose a new edition of Wordsworth that does anything other than facilitate the discussion that "most … scholars and critics now deal in." Just such an edition, however, is what Wordsworth scholarship most needs.

When a scholarly edition has facilitated such discussion as scholars and critics deal in, editors have not exhausted their remit. They must also engage in a further act of anticipatory retrospection: they must try to foresee, in other words, what readers of other times, and not just readers "nowadays," will need from editions of the present. Thinking in this way leads, in my view, to something other than the current scholarly editions of Wordsworth provide. Editors must transmit the literary inheritance entrusted to their care as fully as possible. They must do this work while, at the same time, subjecting their own methodological and ideological commitments to scrutiny.

The current generation of Wordsworth editors disregard the 1815 classification because it interferes with the chronological procedures that they consider paramount to the study of Wordsworth. They either do not see or overlook the fact that Wordsworth's classification itself belongs to the history of the texts that they have committed to discuss from a historical perspective.

The 1815 and successive classifications are a unique feature of Wordsworth's text, the poet's attempt to invest his own work with an interpretative frame of reference. It amounts, in this sense, to his most comprehensive and sustained effort at self-reflection. Scholars and critics, many of whom value Wordsworth as a poet of subjectivity, should prize it for this very reason. Instead, the editions that are standard in 2015 either obscure Wordsworth's classification or invisibilize it altogether. Such editions neither reflect nor promote historically informed scholarship.

The preceding sections have discussed the question why the chronological arrangement came into prominence. In truth, this question admits no easy answer. A climate for chronological study of the English poets, especially but not limited to Shakespeare, already existed. William Knight edited Wordsworth in such a way as to make him relevant within this climate, and accessible for such study. Although the next two scholarly editors, Dowden and de Sélincourt, walked this organization back, replacing it with Wordsworth's classification, Knight's approach bore undeniable fruit. Simply put, chronological study yielded influential interpretations of the poet.

Perhaps the most influential of those interpretations, Geoffrey Hartman's Wordsworth's Poetry, 1787-1814 (1964), included a long middle section entitled, "The Chronological Approach." When Hartman traces Wordsworth's discovery of, and retreat from, the autonomy of his imagination, he comes from a different angle and arrives at different conclusions from Knight or, for another example, Raymond Dexter Havens. But Hartman relies no less than they do on the basic chronological

sequence, modified over time, which Knight first established. A critic of
Romanticism in both senses of the double genitive, Hartman brought psychological
and phenomenological insight to bear upon poems that, like Coleridge, he read as
revelations of the author's mind.

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The rise of the chronological arrangement is, if anything, even more complex. In the abstract, it involves a cycle of inflection—editing upon theory and criticism, criticism and theory upon editing. Textual critics justify their minute researches on the basis that such decisions as they make, even the smallest among them, determine which text of a work critics read. They are right, from this point of view, to see editing as a form of interpretation, perhaps the primary form.

The opposite reaction, however, has an equal claim to truth. Theory influences the stance that editors take towards the textual object, in fact assists editors in identifying that object at all. As theorists widened the idea of authorship to encompass a number of agents beyond the individual whose name attaches to a work in circulation, so editors began to produce social-text editions. By facilitating new readings, these same editions create the conditions for theorists to generate new theories.

The history of the reception of the 1815 classification is, in some measure, the story of this cycle. Theorists developed an idea about how to read Wordsworth (and other poets), editors drew on those theories to produce editions that would

repay such readings, the editions that they produced enabled the next generation of theorists to refine their thinking, this refined thinking influenced the production of new editions, and so on, down to the present.

From this point of view, Wordsworth was his own first editor and theorist. Victorians such as Knight and Dowden drew from Romantic critics the idea of literature as an expression of an author's personality, and of course also of criticism as itself a kind of literature. To that insight they added a further, broadly Hegelian interest in the development of ideas in and through history. Wordsworth himself, of course, prototyped this idea. In this sense, one feels no surprise that *The Prelude*—the most complete of his prototypes—lay almost unread until the end of the nineteenth century. Even in 1850 it was ahead of its time. It acquired the status it now enjoys once the line of thinking that Wordsworth anticipates came into vogue.

Knight helped launch a new era of chronological study of Wordsworth, an era that continues into the present. Books such as Cornelius Patton's—which, though appearing after Knight's edition and, indeed, based on a study of it, offer a moral and topical interpretation—fall on the other side of this dividing line.<sup>67</sup> Most Wordsworth scholars, to parrot the passage I quoted a few minutes ago, still largely deal in the kind of discussion that Knight, as much as anyone, helped to define.

That de Sélincourt, in the next generation, returned to Wordsworth's classification seems to run counter to this argument—and, to some extent, of course, it does. Not all twentieth-century Wordsworth scholars inclined toward chronological study or put their interest in the chronology of his development above the poet's own preferences for the arrangement of his work.

De Sélincourt, in particular, had a greater affiliation than Wordsworth's earlier editors with his family. When he accepted Wordsworth's manuscripts in trust, he committed himself, to some extent, to represent the interests of Wordsworth's family to his fellow scholars, now the poet's primary custodians. Even as de Sélincourt took the irreversible step of converting a text Wordsworth left in manuscript into a published poem, he cleaved to Wordsworth's final authorized text of 1850. His introduction to the parallel-text edition of *The Prelude* mounts, against his evident preference for the poem of 1805, a strong defense of the version Wordsworth himself published.

De Sélincourt's editions made it possible to study the growth of Wordsworth's mind (by following the progress of his poems) with an unprecedented comprehensiveness. To be sure, Knight and Dowden already disclosed, through their editions, a partial history of Wordsworth's revisions, especially across the published volumes. De Sélincourt made contributions of another order. He introduced into the documentary record whole versions of poems that neither of the earlier editors had ever seen. His editorial labors set the stage for the higher chronology which arose, over the course of the twentieth century, in Wordsworth studies. A new generation of critics drew on texts first printed in de Sélincourt's editions (and many more besides, of course) to give the mental world behind Wordsworth's text an even fuller exposure.

In turn, those books influenced the creation, in the 1960s and 1970s, of the Cornell Series of Wordsworth editions. Especially in its early, ideological phase, the Cornell Wordsworth aimed to flesh out what Hartman terms "The Chronological

Pattern" of Wordsworth's poems. Although the Cornell editors soon expanded the series to include the whole of Wordsworth's text, they initially limited themselves to a core group of poems.<sup>68</sup> These were longer narratives or dramas in verse, with a strong philosophical bent. Wordsworth wrote them in the 1790s, just as he was on the cusp of finding his poetic way, but held them back from publication, for various reasons, until he was an older man.

The first Cornell editors sought to correct the bad judgment of the aging poet. One impeccably edited volume followed the next, each bringing Wordsworth studies a step closer to realizing a dream shared, over the years, by so many of the poet's most loving readers. By consulting the Cornell editions, one could encounter Wordsworth's poems as they stood during the great decade, before the rot sat in. One would have no need to toll, with the Coleridge of 1817, the passing of the poet who, as late as 1805, looked so much like the future author of *The Recluse*, the great philosophical poem of the time. One need not bother with the Wordsworth whom Byron and Shelley ridiculed, the Wordsworth who prompted Jeffrey's "This will never do."

## V. BEYOND THE CHRONOLOGICAL IMAGINARY

Thus far, my argument about Wordsworth's classification has skirted a crucial problem. For all that it may do to "frustrate" chronological study, the poet himself invested his arrangement with a significant chronological component:

From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was, that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, "The Recluse."

Wordsworth has already proposed, in the paragraphs leading up to this one, that poets can divide poems in at least three ways. First, they can arrange them "with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them."<sup>71</sup> This statement may seem like a circumlocution, but in fact admits a complex explanation. Wordsworth means, first, that poems reflect the poet's mind in the act of writing. Second, he supposes that the mind writing poems avails itself of multiple faculties (both affection and imagination, for example). Finally, he supposes that, in retrospect, the poet can determine which of the faculties the poem best exemplifies.<sup>72</sup>

To this method of division, Wordsworth adds the more familiar classifications by genre and by topic. What is crucial to understand about each of

these three preliminary methods is that, whether by themselves or in combination, they place poems in an array.<sup>73</sup> They impart a sequence without implying a chronology. The conventions of printing may force a poet or his printer to give the sequence a linear representation, down one page and over to the next, but a logic of parataxis binds that sequence. Conceptually, poems so displayed exist independently within the categories assigned to them, and the categories exist independently of each other.

Such a paratactic method, while he makes use of it, does not satisfy

Wordsworth. Rather, he now applies two further templates to the poems as divided into classes. Both templates are hypotactic (implying subordination of one element to another) and chronological (chronology being, after all, but one form of hypotaxis, one moment always subordinate to the next). The works in the 1815

Poems, writes Wordsworth, should "correspond with the course of human life." But they are also not of life but art, so that they also should exhibit the proper

Aristotelian sequence of beginning, middle, and end. (Not all persons, one might say, take such a clear-cut path through life.)

Wordsworth, in other words, first splits his poems three different ways, then arranges them within not one but two temporalities, all for the purpose of having the poems stand both as imaginative works in themselves, and as auxiliaries to that larger philosophical poem—large parts of which, in 1815, remain unwritten or unpublished.

Wordsworth is not done. Not only does he include, as part of the 1815 Table of Contents, the dates of composition and/or publication for many, though not all, of

his poems. He also superimposes yet another, poetic order of time. The occasion is a scruple which, improbably, begets an imaginative leap. Readers may find, Wordsworth observes in a footnote, that he has revised the selections from *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, included under the heading of "Juvenile Pieces," from their first appearances in print. He seems troubled by the idea that such revisions might, in effect, render the poems less juvenile than the heading leads readers to expect. He anticipates those readers wondering why he included them at all:

The Extracts seem to have a title to be placed here as they were productions of youth, and represent implicitly some of the features of a youthful mind, at a time when images of nature supplied to it the place of thought, sentiment, and almost of action; or, as it will be found expressed, of a state of mind when

'the sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colours and their forms were then to me

An appetite, a feeling and a love,

That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, or any interest

Unborrowed from the eye.'74

"The Juvenile Pieces" are, to the classification of 1815, what the young Wordsworth, who bounds like a roe beside the Wye, is to the later poet who sublimes the experiences of his younger self and incorporates them into a mature subjectivity. So, too, the poet who collects these extracts and places them in relation to the poems of his maturity recollects them, extracting their fructifying virtue for the present collection. The classification of 1815 thus itself reflects the "two consciousnesses" that *The Prelude* celebrates. It refines the "spots of time" that the individual poems comprise into the broader sequence of Wordsworth's imagination.

Wordsworth fully understood, in other words, the advantages of chronology for the study of his poems. Indeed, his arrangement exceeds, in chronological richness, the one-dimensional scheme now favored by his scholarly editors. This fact alone makes it difficult to understand why so few Wordsworth scholars have insisted on its primacy. Yet Wordsworth himself does not give primacy to the chronologies that he builds into the 1815 *Poems*, any more than he contents himself with arraying the poems into their constituent faculties. Instead, by placing the "Intimations" Ode at the end of his volume, he resolves his classification into immortality.

Thus, one could say that Frances Ferguson's ingenious reading of Wordsworth's classification only bends the poet's array to its own purposes. One might suppose she errs when she discovers, in the "facultative" categories, an internalized quest-romance, Wordsworth's long day's journey into sublimation of all desires.<sup>75</sup> To make matters worse, Ferguson collapses the historicity of the

classification, rummaging across its historical instantiations for poems that connect with the interpretation she lays on top of it.

Neither of these objections, however, seems to me crucial. To be sure, the "Poems founded on the Affections," "Poems of the Fancy," "Poems of Imagination," and "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" are just what Ferguson sees them to be: "facultative." Distribution into faculties, by definition, resists narrative. No one imagines, for example, that a narrative connects the faculties of a university—as though one begins in religious studies, passes through history, and ends in philosophy.<sup>76</sup>

Still, Ferguson's interpretation coheres with the spirit of the 1815 classification, to the extent that it endorses chronological reading. In a sense, Ferguson's combining of the various historical versions of the classification functions as a hermeneutic analogue of the list of dates of composition and/publication that Wordsworth himself provides in the Table of Contents. As that list makes clear, Wordsworth composed the 1815 classification itself to establish a synchronic interpretation of poems that he published elsewhere, in different historical and material instantiations.

But one may well object that Ferguson discounts the wider frame in which Wordsworth places the facultative categories. The "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" may reveal a mind that has minimized its attachment to the world of objects, such that language itself no longer runs counter to spirit but serves, by the very reason of its tenuousness, as spirit's sole support. This is not, however, the last word that Wordsworth gives the 1815 *Poems*. Like Hartman, who reads the

"Intimations" Ode chiefly as a defining text of the *via naturaliter negativa*, Ferguson does not account for the fact that Wordsworth places the Ode outside his classification's other sequences. In 1815, at least, the "Intimations" Ode marks journey's end, the place to which the ladder of Wordsworth's heart ascends.

In the "Intimations" Ode, Wordsworth's child arrives on the scene trailing clouds of glory, only to discover, as the celestial light fades, that he has touched down in prison. Yet the adult that this child fathers feels that the pre-world from which he shot his being forth still exists. The prison house of human life is neither so dark, nor so possessed of the character of infinity, as he, the adult, has occasion to fear. He can feel sure of this consolation because he has experienced his own memory recoil from contact with a surface that resists it—a vacancy which, for all its blankness, offers the possibility, at least, that something lies on its other side, a *noumenal* world, a realm most perceptible when the lights of sense go out.

The adult of the "Intimations" Ode is, in this sense, like the poet whose mind stutters at the thought of the child of "We Are Seven." He cannot fathom why she does not see death as death. It is a difficulty that, in his "enlightened" perspective, she comes by way too easily, and yet it prods him with the possibility that a better philosophy exists than his own.

The glorious world that lay before the child in his infancy, when he still wore the trappings of infinity, vanishes as he assimilates to the human condition. That condition includes, among other things, a division between the interior world and the world "of sense and outward things."<sup>77</sup> Although the growing mind divides its consciousness in this way, the world before the child has never stopped being what

it always was. The world is, in other words, no less "given" by whatever being sent the child down in the first place. No longer recognizing it, the child moves about among the "misgivings"<sup>78</sup> with which his divided consciousness presents him.

The celestial world that is at once everywhere around him and evermore about to be continues, however, to beckon the child's high instincts, now encrusted with the sensations of a fallen world. That continued beckoning is the great felicity that underwrites Wordsworth's human hopes. Felt but not understood, it prompts the obstinate questionings, the blank misgivings, the guilty tremblings which the maturing mind transmutes, by a species of Cartesian alchemy, into the "fountain-light of all our day." 79

The procedure is Cartesian in method, not in outcome. Wordsworth remembers forgetting the radiant world of childhood, therefore that forgotten world exists. Yet this world, which the poet recalls forgetting, precedes, by definition, the later one in which mind, which can think its own existence, stands apart from the heavy body that encloses it.

From this perspective, *The Prelude* is, of course, Wordsworth's golden poem. It contains the poet's fullest and most nuanced account of the process which he sketches in the "Intimations" Ode. No wonder, then, that, as soon as critics recognized the poem for what it does, they moved it to the center of his corpus. It could even be said that they rearranged Wordsworth's poems to ascend and stumble down from it, like a mountain.

Wordsworth does not, however, end the passage from the "Intimations" Ode with the moving evocation of "the master-light of all our seeing." Rather, the evocation leads him to a further conclusion:

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.81

These children sporting upon the shore of that immortal sea live far beyond blank misgivings. They do not obstinately question sense and outward things. Those questions and the recollections they produce matter to Wordsworth only so far as they propel the mind backward to its future. Locked in chronological time, humans avail themselves of the mechanism of recollection, but for the Wordsworth of the 1815 *Poems* recollection is only, though crucially, means to an end. Such time-travel as it facilitates has meaning chiefly because it also promises travel out of time to "the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In the 1815 *Poems*, Wordsworth's poems of time-travel—"Michael," for example, or "Tintern Abbey"—take their place as way stations along the road that ends in the "Intimations" Ode. The volume's internal quest ends, not in the

postmodern state of mind that Ferguson sees as characteristic of the "Poems on Sentiment and Reflection," but in a latter-day sporting upon celestial shores.

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As time passes, the shadows of recollection deepen. One lives ever more wholly in the world of misgivings, contending with its blankness. The vision of the 1815 classification, which is also the vision of the "Intimations" Ode, gives way, gradually, to a different vision. In 1815, Wordsworth still saw his shorter poems as the "little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses" to the Gothic cathedral that would be *The Recluse*. Expectation of that coming time hangs over the volume, not unlike the golden promise of utopia regained that swept away his youth.

Wordsworth did not, of course, publish *The Recluse*. He published new collections of his poems. As those collections came to stand, increasingly, not as adjuncts to the greater work but as the work itself, Wordsworth revised his classification to better suit the purposes he now had for it. Alan Liu usefully remarks, in the successive classifications, a widening "middle zone of topicality."<sup>83</sup> Wordsworth now frames such expressions of private sentiment as he now permits himself within social and historical contexts. He devises a style of "peripatetic meditation"<sup>84</sup> that enables him to serve his nation—not the redeemed nation that he once envisioned, but the England of history and now—as public memorialist.

In this role he wanders on the Continent as well as through English history—
a more learned, more comfortable, and more politically current version of the

Pedlar he first imagined all those years before at Racedown. But this later frame of mind is less that of the "Intimations" Ode than it is of *The Excursion*. Unsurprisingly, that poem—with its vision of despondency corrected within, and by means of, the communities of England—comes in 1827 and successive iterations to occupy its own volume and serve, in this context, as Wordsworth's final word.

Wordsworth's classification belongs, as Edward Dowden understood, to the history of English literature. Although such chronological editions of Wordsworth as editors from Knight to the Cornell Wordsworth have provided clearly have their uses, scholars should leverage Wordsworth's organization for all its historical and interpretive potency. That arrangement possess a remoter charm supplied by Wordsworth's thought, beckoning a reader's own. By such measures Wordsworth invites readers to join the work of interpretation, creating the taste by which later readers will relish his poems.

## The Discursive Reproduction of Wordsworth's Story of Margaret

Three contexts together define the history of Wordsworth's story of Margaret: 1797-1814, when the poem circulated in manuscript among Wordsworth's coterie; 85 1814-1969, when it circulated in print as Book One of *The Excursion* (1814); and after 1969, when Jonathan Wordsworth published the MS D text of the story as a standalone poem, under the title of "The Ruined Cottage." 86 In this third phase, the poem continues to circulate as Book One of *The Excursion*, but almost everyone who reads it reads "The Ruined Cottage." Scholarly understanding of the second context, 1814-1969, suffers in consequence.

In this chapter, I investigate Book One of *The Excursion* as a discursive reproduction that, in turn, prompts further discursive reproductions. I conduct this study by placing the poem within both an internal and an external sequence.

Internally, I move among "The Ruined Cottage," Book One of *The Excursion*, and *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815). All three poems feature abandoned women and cogitate questions of human suffering. In the later texts, I argue, Wordsworth treats these issues within communal and historical frames of reference that countermand the specifically individualist conclusions that he draws in "The Ruined Cottage." The later texts form, in other words, Wordsworth's reading of his own early romanticism.

Externally, I examine the textual afterlives of Book One of *The Excursion* in Byron's *Beppo* (1818) and Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* (1864). Published just four years apart, Book One of *The Excursion* and *Beppo* respectively transpose a shared story

into nationalist and cosmopolitan frames of reference. Specifically, Byron's poem travesties the system of values and version of Englishness that *The Excursion* promotes. Forty-six years later, *Enoch Arden* both christens and renationalizes this shared story and the English system of values that attaches to it. Tennyson also moves the story inward toward the cultural center. Wordsworth and Byron, by contrast, deploy first person narrators who mediate between English readers and the marginalized characters they represent.

I have divided my argument into three sections. The first discusses the history of the text of "The Ruined Cottage" and the publication of the story of Margaret as Book One of *The Excursion*. In the second, I explore Book One's connection with the poems by Byron and Tennyson. The third focuses exclusively on *The White Doe*. This poem encapsulates the problems I address in the other sections and best focuses the question with which, in this chapter, I am most concerned: what should Wordsworth critics do with those poems which, in the common understanding, fall outside the "great decade"?

## I. THE RESTORATION OF "THE RUINED COTTAGE"

The textual history of the story of Margaret is, of course, more complex than my introduction makes it out to be. Over the years, many have seen the merits of separating Book One from the rest of *The Excursion*. Coleridge himself, who first heard the poem all those years ago at Racedown, proposed it. The story of Margaret

was, he felt, "one of the most beautiful poems in the language." Once Wordsworth's copyright expired, Routledge published the 1814 text of Book One as *The Deserted Cottage* (1859). Arnold, too, saw the story of Margaret as one of Wordsworth's touchstones. For his selection of Wordsworth, published 1879, he made it an exception to his general rule of not "detaching portions of poems, or … giving any piece otherwise than as Wordsworth himself gave it." Ernest de Selincourt also "reproduced … *in extenso*" a manuscript version of the story in the apparatus to his edition of *The Excursion*, the final volume of his edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* (1949). To suggest that Jonathan Wordsworth put the story of Margaret on the map of Wordsworth scholarship when he printed the D text of "The Ruined Cottage" would be, in other words, to get history wrong.

Nevertheless, scholars began to see the story of Margaret differently after the publication of *The Music of Humanity* in 1969. Specifically, they began to refer to "The Ruined Cottage" as a Wordsworth poem in the same way that "Tintern Abbey" or "Michael" are Wordsworth poems. I hope it will be clear why it is not.

Convenience and critical parlance have elided an important conceptual distinction. "The Ruined Cottage" is, of course, a poem that Wordsworth wrote, but it acquired its status as a Wordsworth poem for the general public through the agency of Wordsworth's editors. Not unlike Armytage, those editors believed that they saw something in this manuscript that Wordsworth himself did not see: namely the best version of the story that he himself elected to publish as Book One of *The Excursion*.

I insist on this (pedantic) distinction—though I too first read "The Ruined Cottage," with Jonathan Wordsworth as my teacher—because Wordsworth

scholarship should not forget the history of the poem's origins in an editorial intervention. To be clear, I am not suggesting that there is only one text of the story of Margaret (or any other poem, for that matter). Wordsworth, after all, read "The Ruined Cottage" in several versions to members of his coterie. This alone would justify, in my view, the publication of the MS B and D texts, for their historical value. It is rather editorial hubris that I reject. Reversing Wordsworth's own decision about the presentation of his verse is not necessarily the best way to address the poem. Wordsworth critics and editors alike should try to understand Book One of *The Excursion* on its own terms, whether or not it suits the current taste.

In this case, moreover, historical and aesthetic claims for preferring "The Ruined Cottage" blend together. As I wrote in my first chapter, the editors and critics who organized Wordsworth's body of work once it came into academic possession did not simply wish to establish the chronology of his writings. They wanted to show how he grew into the poet he was evermore to become. "The Ruined Cottage" fills an important gap in this story. It represents a phase in the poet's development from *The Borderers*, on the one hand, to the lyrical poems of the *annus mirabilis*, on the other.

Reading the story of Margaret as a poem of 1796-1798 clarifies, for example, how Wordsworth's work on Armytage—the Wanderer of *The Excursion*—helped him put the experience of his own childhood into a visionary perspective. Not long after finishing "The Ruined Cottage" proper, Wordsworth determined to give Armytage a life history in order to account for how he arrived at the position of sage that he occupies in the poem. As Jonathan Wordsworth observed, this life history,

which became known as "The Pedlar" biography, closely mirrors Wordsworth's own. Indeed, not long after writing "The Pedlar," Wordsworth began drafting the lines that begin "Was it for this." In these lines, which serve as the ur-text of *The Prelude*, he begins to explore the experiences of his childhood as an index of his readiness for the high-poetic calling that he hopes to answer in *The Recluse*. From this perspective, an editor rightly places the story of Margaret in a sequence that also includes "Tintern Abbey" and the *Two-Part Prelude* of 1799. Such a sequence uniquely illumines, or so the thinking runs, the major development of Wordsworth's life: how he came to write an epic poem about his own formation as a poet.

At the same time, those most responsible for bringing "The Ruined Cottage" back to light also thought that it was a better poem than Book One of *The Excursion*. In *The Music of Humanity*, Jonathan Wordsworth sets out his view of "The Ruined Cottage" as tragedy, arising from Margaret's hope that Robert will return, contending with her despair that he will not. Wordsworth's revisions, in Jonathan Wordsworth's view, vitiate this tension, taking away the poem's sting. Knowing that Margaret has availed herself of Christian consolations, one finds her plight less terrible, at least ostensibly. Surely the eternal happiness she will enjoy—a happiness that (for all a reader knows) includes a redeemed Robert—compensates for the afflictions of her short life. Moreover, "The Ruined Cottage" contains few ideas that it does not show in things. Later versions of the poem preempt some of the work of interpretation, at least from one point of view, by offering the poet's own, increasingly orthodox interpolations. Already by 1802, Jonathan Wordsworth

writes, "Wordsworth has begun the process of making explicit which spoils so much of *Excursion*, Book I."90

In retrospect, this way of reading Wordsworth looks like an effort to bring him into conformance with the aesthetic protocols of literary modernism. Those who theorized this movement in England and the United States prized certain features of literary texts. The dictum of Williams to which I just alluded ("No ideas but in things") represents this manner of thinking. Pound's "dichten equals condensare" or Eliot's "objective correlative" would work just as well. The influence of these poets over generations of critics—they were creating the taste by which their poems would be relished—created pressure to produce a version of Wordsworth that best repaid New Critical analysis.

That revisionist impulse culminated, editorially, in the Cornell Series of Wordsworth editions, published 1975-2007. As first conceived, this series sought, as I wrote in Chapter One, to bring to light the early texts of Wordsworth's longer, narrative poems. The editors took their inspiration from the lapidary opening of Jonathan Wordsworth's *The Music of Humanity*, "On the whole poets are known by the best versions of their works: Wordsworth is known almost exclusively by the worst." The chief way that the editors sought to restore the best of Wordsworth was to bring as many works as possible within the "great decade" of the poet's creative efflorescence. They could not have achieved this aim, of course, if it did not have a basis in the documentary record. Wordsworth after all drafted many lines during these years that he withheld for later publication, or repurposed to meet new needs. Why not open his notebooks to the public?

The Cornell editors did just that. Building on the work of de Selincourt and Jonathan Wordsworth they published manuscript texts of many poems that general readers had only seen in the later versions that Wordsworth published. To such texts as the early versions of *The Prelude* and "The Ruined Cottage," which de Selincourt and/or Jonathan Wordsworth had already published, they gave a full-dress editorial treatment. It would be difficult to overstate the impact that they had. Thanks to their efforts, critics could track the growth of Wordsworth's ideas more closely than ever before. They could slice his poems into distinct compositional temporalities, observe their several historical instantiations, follow significant permutations of image and idea, locate cracks in one version that Wordsworth plastered over in the next.

In short, the Cornell series remade the poet's archive in such a way as proved highly responsive to the major twentieth-century literary theories, from formalism to the New Historicism. It did so by relocating as many of Wordsworth poems as possible within the agreed-upon period when he worked, it was judged, at the height of his powers. But where did this agreement come from? Where, in other words, did Wordsworth studies get the notion of Wordsworth's "great decade"? I find the earliest specific expression of that idea in Arnold: "it is no exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced." Yet Wordsworth had to contend with this idea—that like an athlete his skills declined with age, that he did not remake himself, as Yeats was later to do—during his own lifetime. Jeffrey's reviews hurt,

even if, as I shall go on to discuss, they implied Wordsworth's worthiness among the poets of his time.

Coleridge, so aware of his own early promise, understandably preferred those of Wordsworth poems that belonged to their years of closest collaboration. He as understandably saw a diminishment in those that Wordsworth wrote when their friendship had cooled. Hazlitt also judged Wordsworth through the lens of those golden days of Alfoxden, when he made his first acquaintance with poets. The second generation romantics, dismayed at Wordsworth's congealing conservatism, denounced him as "a lost leader":

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!93

Browning followed Shelley in his estimate of Wordsworth, though other Victorians, as Stephen Gill has shown, exalted him. Seeking to save Wordsworth from these Wordsworthians, Arnold had his own reasons for preferring the poems of 1798 to 1808. He too, like Jonathan Wordsworth, recoiled from the ostensible tendentiousness of the later work, in which a too orthodox faith bogged down the current of Wordsworth's feeling.

From this perspective, the great twentieth century criticism of the poet seems less to break with than to follow from the key nineteenth-century discursive

formations. Bloom and Hartman, for example, applied the insights of psychology, phenomenology, and Wallace Stevens to innovate the narrative they received from Coleridge, Hazlitt, Shelley, and Arnold. To say that Wordsworth lost his great poetic strength, or that he ceased to enjoy the free-play of his imagination, or that he became more abstract and more doctrinal, is really to explain, in a new key, why the later poems seem so much less appealing than the earlier ones.

The Cornell Wordsworth and the related late twentieth-century editions sought, at bottom, to provide a version of Wordsworth consistent with this interpretation. In the case of the story of Margaret, this meant giving priority, where possible, to "The Ruined Cottage." The Cornell editions of "The Ruined Cottage" and "The Pedlar" (1979) and of The Excursion (2007) do more than serve as figurative bookends for the series as a whole. They mark, as well, the difference between the early ideological phase, when the editors sought to bring the primal Wordsworth into view, and the later period in which they sought to provide a comprehensive scholarly edition.

More to the point, they index the situation of Wordsworth's text in the final decades of the twentieth century, when it was possible to find a current scholarly edition of a manuscript text that he withheld from publication, but not of the version of the same poem that he himself published. Scholarship of this period found itself in the uncomfortable position of having recovered one version of the story of Margaret at the expense of—for all practical purposes—burying another.

## BYRON, TENNYSON, AND THE ABANDONMENTS OF WORDSWORTH

Preference for "The Ruined Cottage" has, in an important sense, obscured the traffic between Wordsworth's poems and Byron's during the 1810s. Unlike Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Southey and others of Wordsworth's circle who heard or read the poem in draft, Byron would have known the story of Margaret chiefly as part of *The* Excursion. The second edition of Leigh Hunt's The Feast of the Poets, which appeared in 1815, is a useful index of that moment. Although he had his misgivings about Wordsworth's poetry, Hunt knew that Wordsworth's was the leading voice, and Byron knew it, too. "I do allow him to be 'the prince of the bards of the time," Byron wrote to Hunt on 7 October, quoting *The Feast of the Poets*: "upon the judgment of those who must judge more impartially than I probably do."94 Yet Byron must have been nonplussed to find himself overawed, later in the same poem, when Wordsworth offers a rousing sample of his "exquisite art." Before his great contemporary, Byron is described as "wrapt in his place,"96 both enchanted and (we might also infer) where he belongs. Wordsworth comes in for his fair share of ridicule in Hunt's poem, but in the end he takes his place as the "Prince of the Bards of his Time."97

Writing again to Hunt on 30 October, Byron returns to *The Feast of the Poets* and to the character it paints of Wordsworth:

I still think his capacity warrants all you say of it, but . . . his performances since 'Lyrical Ballads' are miserably inadequate to the ability that lurks

within him:—there is undoubtedly much natural talent spilt over 'The Excursion' but it is rain upon rocks where it stands & stagnates—or rain upon sands where it falls without fertilizing—who can understand him?—let those who do make him intelligible.98

Byron's assessment rhymes not only with that of Francis Jeffrey but of a later Geoffrey: Hartman, of course. Even this great lover of Wordsworth's poetry reluctantly admits that "to read carefully [the] nine books [of *The Excursion*] is a massively depressing experience, and it is hard to think of a corrective for that despondency."99 Byron and Francis Jeffrey, however, share an understanding, less in evidence in Hartman, that The Excursion; being a portion of the Recluse, a Poem, whether or not it would ever do, marked Wordsworth for his contemporaries as potentially the greatest poet since the days of Cromwell. Hunt makes this point explicitly in the notes to *The Feast of the Poets*: Wordsworth alone among his contemporaries deserves a place beside Spenser and Milton, even though he "abuses [his] genius so as Milton and Spenser never abused it."100 Coleridge, as we know, was also preparing publicly to put Wordsworth in such company. However much he, too, felt that *The Excursion* fell short of the golden promise of the 1790s, the poem also vindicated the leap of faith that he had made all those years ago at Alfoxden. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine Coleridge publishing the Biographia Literaria in the absence of Wordsworth's poem and the massive ambition it announced. In this sense, the poem merits Keats's high praise of *The Excursion* as one of the "three things to rejoice at in this Age."101

Within a year, Wordsworth followed *The Excursion* with two other works, each in its own way major: *The White Doe of Rylstone* and *Poems* (1815), including a new Preface and extensive Supplementary Essay. Together, the volumes represented a summation and a bold step forward for a poet who, whatever his protestations about having to create the taste by which his poems were to be enjoyed, aspired to compete with Byron and Scott in the market. Arnold was later to observe that Wordsworth's reputation reached its peak in the 1830s and 1840s, which has been been so as much in the reviews as in the minds of his contemporaries. Hazlitt devoted consecutive numbers of *The Round Table* to *The Excursion*, and Hunt gave Wordsworth pride of place in *The Feast of the Poets*, the second, revised edition of which also appeared in 1815. Jeffrey's famous reviews of *The Excursion* and *White Doe* stung Wordsworth and reinforced his belief that the critics were out to depress his sales. But they also brought attention to his efforts and implied their worthiness.

None of these volumes was commercially successful. Only Wordsworth scholars now read *The Excursion*. *The White Doe* disappointed even the modest expectations of Wordsworth and his publishers. Subsequent editors, as we have seen, discarded the organization that was, in many respects, the major innovation of the 1815 collection. To his contemporaries, however, these volumes would have looked like the work of a poet determined to preside as the second Milton, not of a new English Republic, but of an England that has reconnected with its rural communities, the anchors of its national identity. In *The Excursion*, Byron would have seen a poem that sought not only to cultivate taste but also a national ethics

grounded, ultimately, in Tory social policies. For Byron, *The Excursion* proved just how insular Wordsworth's vision was. And so in the Dedication to *Don Juan* I-II (1819) he wished that Wordsworth would "change [his] lakes for ocean." As of course Byron had famously been doing since 1809.

Book One of *The Excursion* unfolds as a conversation between two characters: the Solitary, who stands in for Wordsworth, and the Wanderer, a pedlar whom the Solitary meets lounging beside a ruined cottage in the shade. At once reticent and peculiarly forthcoming, the Wanderer tells the story of Margaret, who with her husband, Robert, and their children formerly inhabited the cottage. In Francis Jeffrey's description,

They are very happy for a while; till sickness and want of work came upon them; and then the father enlisted as a soldier, and the wife pined in that lonely cottage—growing every year more careless and desponding, as her anxiety and fears for her absent husband, of whom no tidings ever reached her, accumulated. Her children died, and left her cheerless and alone; and at last she died also; and the cottage fell to decay.<sup>105</sup>

The central problem has almost always been how we as readers should make sense of the poem's treatment of Margaret's suffering. On the one hand, her story is terribly moving and leads Wordsworth (or his narrator) to "bless her in the impotence of grief." On the other, the Wanderer labors to persuade the Solitary, and by extension Wordsworth's readers, to let go of such grief and look to nature for

the happiness that persists in the face of suffering. Depending on one's perspective, the poem teaches us how to recover hope and cultivate tranquility in the face of injustice and despair, or it abandons the anger that one reasonably feels at Margaret's story and the social and political responses to which it might lead. On the latter view, Margaret's plight reduces to an empty moral about the power of nature to restore inner harmony at the cost of papering over actual, and potentially reversible, human tragedies.

At core, the purpose of *The Excursion* is to represent a model community of Wordsworth's devising—to a readership defined, as he put it in the 1800 Preface, by "the increasing accumulation of men in cities" and the urbanities that they, in consequence, acquire. 107 This aspect of the poem is more explicit in the text of 1814 than in the draft versions of "The Ruined Cottage" and "The Pedlar" that one finds in the Cornell editions. In 1814, the stance taken by the poet who introduces us to the Wanderer is closer to that of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." No Burns or Clare or Bloomfield, the Wanderer is one of those mute inglorious Miltons who mostly has dispensed his stories and reflections upon the ears of the unlettered. Yet, so the Wordsworthian logic runs, his wisdom is crucial for those whose lives have carried them beyond the fields and villages. "In the great City pent,"108 no longer free to wander the commons and waste spaces, they have become alienated from the simpler sensibility that flourishes in those rural areas for which The Wanderer speaks. The story of Margaret, one of his "poems," is explicitly presented as a message from this community, now all but lost from view, Wordsworth implies, for most of his readers. In this sense, his procedure is

decidedly antiquarian and reminiscent, among other poems, of the beginning of "Michael." It simulates the experience of opening a volume of relics or ancient ballads. The reader will require some knowledge of the Wanderer's life, of the social conditions out of which his thinking has developed, to make sense of the set of values that he professes.

What that background helps us to understand about the Wanderer, his key attribute, is that he is at once visionary ("I see around me here / Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend")<sup>109</sup> and attuned to Margaret and her suffering ("my spirit clings / To that poor woman"). 110 His development in and through nature has led him to cultivate an independence of place, freeing him to minister, even after he has retired, to his natural and human constituencies. At the same time, his independence, which is not egotism, does not preclude the inclination and ability to feel with other people; he is the closest thing Margaret has to a caretaker, the one person who appears to share, however transiently, in her suffering. Once she dies, he assumes a stewardship over her memory and will not recite her story if it involves "hold[ing] vain dalliance with the misery / Even of the dead." 111 We may wonder why he does not do more to help her while she lives, attached to her as he claims to be. 112 But we have to believe in the strength of that attachment if we are to endorse his judgment, at the end, that we should turn from her suffering to accept the beauty and equanimity that nature holds out to us.

Beppo also takes off from, and is addressed to, a diminished England, in which heroism and largesse of spirit no longer take root. What distinguishes it from, for example, earlier Byron poems like *The Giaour* (1813), but also, in a different

sense, from *The Excursion*, is that *Beppo* does not attempt the recovery of these values from some historical or geographically isolated culture. Instead it opposes to England in 1819 a Venice that is decadent, shallow, charming, Catholic but not inquisitionally so, and tolerant. It is a city that has grown to a human appreciation of sin and loss. It is crucial to the vision of humanity in the poem, for example, that Laura and Beppo should process his sudden return through a series of conversational superfices ("Bless me! Your beard is of amazing growth"), 113 and that their small talk paves the way for reconciliation. Such values facilitate independence, though of a different kind from that espoused by Wordsworth's spokesman. Laura's long association with her "Cavalier Servente" is made possible, in large part, not by a profound connection but by ties that bind minimally: "Their chains [are] so slight," it is "not worthwhile to break them."114 Facing a bereavement that compares, at least hypothetically, to Margaret's, Laura does not allow herself the luxury of pining away. She is too selfish for that. She has possessions to protect and a social life to maintain, and though she "waited long, and wept a little," she ultimately does what prudence and pleasure dictate to one in her position. In Byron's telling, her actions are characteristic of the Venice in which she lives, which will provide for her loss with a "vice-husband" and may gossip but won't blink when she resumes her position as Beppo's wife.

That Beppo wishes to return at all is equally a measure of the distance between Byron's Venice and the world of *The Excursion*. It is unthinkable, for example, that Robert might actually reappear in the poem, however devoutly Margaret wishes this consummation. Like Leonard in "The Brothers" he would find

home uninhabitable on the same terms as before. Lacking the social structure that, in Byron's Venice, might stretch to accommodate such vicissitudes as those that drive Robert from his wife in the first place, how could he hope to resume with her the fair seed-time of their marriage? Margaret herself is as cut off from their former life as Wordsworth is from the youth who first bounded by the sides of the Wye. Her tragedy from his view lies in her inability to discover abundant recompense, whether in her work, in the lives of her children, or by some other method. The Wanderer's injunction that we not dwell on her sad fate amounts to a warning (to Wordsworth as much as to us) not to repeat her mistake. This is why Wordsworth would have disagreed with those who criticize the poem's ending on the grounds that it takes Margaret's suffering too lightly, as matter for reflection instead of as a call to action. And yet it is the intransigence of her connection to the spot of time in which she lived happily with Robert within the walls of the now ruined cottage that marks her out to the Wanderer and activates his refined imagination. It begets his own comparable, though moderated, attachment to her story and home, and makes the cottage one of his sites of visitation.

Such intransigence would violate the manners of Byron's Venice and the equally fierce individualism that lies beneath them. Such insights as the Wanderer prizes—

we die, my Friend,

Nor we alone, but that which each man loved

And prized in his peculiar nook of earth

Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon

Even of the good is no memorial left—115

have less force in a world that, we might say, lives everywhere amid the past without being absorbed into it. Beppo comes home again not only because of a sense of belonging and desire to live out his days among his countrymen, but also because he thinks it likely his wife and friends will take him back without making judgments or asking tough questions. If Margaret collapses under the weight of her own purity, Laura endures Beppo's absence through the graces of her adultery, which is the sign of her intention to keep living, to become a living person rather than a living soul. And like the Wanderer who feels as deeply though more wisely than his heroine, Byron's narrator operates from within a similar, though more self-conscious, version of the worldview he ascribes to his Venetians. He feels as little (and as much) obligation to his story as Laura and her "Cavalier Servente" feel for each other. The poem asks no more (and no less) than that of us as readers. The narrator of Beppo is himself a "perfect cavaliero," 116 as learned and charming as one could hope. The poem offers less an attempt to "see into the life of things" 117 or to toll the passing of purity in a life that demands adulteration and more an attempt to live fully among the things of the world, "to burn," as Pater would later put it, though he meant it differently, "with a hard, gemlike flame." 118 In this sense, the small talk of this "broken Dandy lately on [his] travels" 119 achieves at the macrolevel of the poem what Laura and Beppo (and the Count, who helps facilitate their reunion) achieve in the moment of his reappearance. It helps us slip into a community which has let go

of sanctimonies and which turns out to be as full of generosities as it is of controversies.

In another sense, Beppo extends and revises a vein of comic verse narrative that Wordsworth explores in poems such as "The Thorn" and "The Idiot Boy." In these earlier "simple" poems, Byron claimed to Hunt, Wordsworth's productions equaled his "capacities." He writes them at a moment, we might say, in which he was not yet fully the Poet of Romantic Ideology. In them, as in the prose analysis of Rivers, the antagonist of *The Borderers*, the moralist in Wordsworth steps aside in favor of the psychologist and ironist. In the note on Rivers he is less interested in damning his villain, though the play clearly does, than in understanding how he has arrived at his unique "constitution of his character." 120 "The Thorn" displays a similar inquisitiveness and develops, Wordsworth tells us, from an interest in "the general laws by which superstition acts on the mind."121 Although the poem stops short of holding vain dalliance with the misery of Martha Ray, it moralizes her situation less than one expects. The second narrative perspective, that of the poet who transcribes the tale and writes the explanatory note, comes between the reader and the sentiments expressed by the former "Captain of a small trading vessel" who serves as narrator. 122

"The Idiot Boy" handles, in a romance framework, a theme that Wordsworth elsewhere (in "Lucy Gray," for instance) treats as tragedy: the innocent quester who wanders off and must be found. Byron was to use the story in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* to ridicule Wordsworth, which confirms at the least that he knew

the poem, and the narrative method of slipping back and forth from teller to tale characterizes both it and *Beppo*:

Oh Reader! Now that I might tell

What Johnny and his Horse are doing!

What they've been doing all this time,

Oh could I put it into rhyme,

A most delightful tale pursuing....

I to the Muses have been bound

These fourteen years, by strong indentures:

O gentle Muses! Let me tell

But half of what to him befell;

He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! Is this kind?

Why will ye thus my suit repel?

Why of your further aid bereave me?

And can ye thus unfriended leave me;

Ye Muses! Whom I love so well?<sup>123</sup>

\* \* \*

LI

Oh that I had the art of easy writing

What should be easy reading! Could I scale Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing

Those pretty poems never known to fail,

How quickly would I print (the world delighting)

A Grecian, Syrian or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII

But I am but a nameless sort of person

(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)

And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,

The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,

And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,

Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;

I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,

But verse is more in fashion—so here goes!124

That the passage from *Beppo* travesties the terms on which Wordsworth's joke proceeds only sets the affinity between these passages in relief. No "moon-struck silly lad"<sup>125</sup> in bonds to musedom, Byron's "nameless sort of person" knows just what the public wants and he will serve it up as fast as his pen allows. A self-professed hack, a poet who picks his rhyme and sets to work, he takes fashion instead of inspiration for his guide. For poetry is as debased as everything else in

Byron's England or in Venice, and one either strives to purify one's style, as perhaps Wordsworth does, or one learns to grub, which, like Byron's Venice, has its own charms. Among other things, such a view frees a poet of the task of salvaging Western culture from its ruins one poem at a time. Should old Saturn one day return and reinstate his "reign of sugar-candy," 126 then so much the better for us all. Until then, Byron argues, better to enjoy "Love in full life and length, not love ideal." 127 Such a stance explains, too, the whiff of sentimentalism that comes through in these lines, for all their worldliness and defiance. Our Dandy narrator comes before us cracked and that, too, has its pleasures.

By contrast, Wordsworth's narrator appears, conventionally, in chains. He himself poses within the fiction of romance as he tells of gentle Johnny Foy pricking upon the plains. Nevertheless his turn of phrase and knowledge of conventions mark him as belonging to a different world from his characters, an outsider to the drama he describes. Indeed, one way to read Wordsworth's portion of *Lyrical Ballads*, even its weightier pieces like "Tintern Abbey" and the prose Advertisement, is to measure the distance between the narrative voice and those persons whose stories he tells. Collectively the poems turn on the presence of an educated observer who delights and sympathizes, even as he strives to comprehend, figures that speak to him from a world he can only partly enter. It may be that Wordsworth feels he can only bring such people before the public as the characters of romance, creatures of a world of superstition, or through some other mode of caricature. The poems that he later writes on rural subjects increasingly tend either to attempt a more direct representation or to voice instead a wonder brought about by seeing through

mundane objects into the life of things. One feels that even the Wanderer, tucked away (under the name Armytage) in manuscript, would have to come before Wordsworth's readers in 1798 as a grotesque. One subtext of Jeffrey's criticism of the Wanderer in 1814 is surely that *The Excursion* does not use literary conventions to put the rustic philosopher in his place. Had Wordsworth's narrator come to town with a bundle of lyrics in his pocket, he might have found a publisher and a few dinner invitations besides. Presuming to lecture on the basis of his election to the faculty of Nature, he is sent packing by the reviewers.

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In *Enoch Arden*, Tennyson in a sense transplants the story of *Beppo* back onto Wordsworthian grounds: not that Enoch is an Italian in England any more than Beppo is an Englishman in Italy, but he too is a marine merchant and also suffers Ulyssean obstacles on a voyage home. His wife Annie Lee, like Byron's Laura, ultimately accepts the resources that society affords to one in her position, a proposal from Philip, the childhood friend of Enoch and Annie both. In this sense *Enoch Arden* brings out one of the peculiar aspects of Wordsworth's poem by reprising Byron's in more acceptable English terms. Margaret and Robert seem to have no relations in their community beyond the itinerant pedlar who looks in on them but does not belong in any fixed sense to their locale. It is unclear whether this derives from the locale itself (do they live beyond the reach of other residents?) or from something else in Wordsworth's imagination. "The Female Vagrant," who first

appears in *Salisbury Plain* before her story is published as a discrete poem, also figures a woman, a foil of sorts for Margaret, who is almost inexplicably isolated after her husband dies, as though by her own preference. Tennyson provides Annie with a community, or a least a friend more stationary and involved than the Wanderer.

Yet from another point of view Annie has far more of Margaret in her than Laura, in large part because the world she lives in more resembles Wordsworth's England than Byron's Venice. Annie, too, might well have wasted away had Philip not come to her assistance. She, too, is helpless to save her infant, in no small part, the poem implies, because she lacks the kind of business acumen that might allow her to get health care for her children. Her pining for Enoch does not harden into obsession but she, too, bears his absence with great difficulty. She only fully embraces the second life that Philip offers her when she finds, through the birth of her child with him, a new center for her maternal instincts.

For his part, Philip exposes a possessiveness in desire that *Beppo*, in which desire is not dangerous, seems to gloss over. He steps aside when Annie marries Enoch and he strives with himself, after Enoch disappears, to help her without compromising her independence. But his dissatisfaction affects the whole of who he is: when he comes across Annie and Enoch at the moment of their profession of love, he slips away unseen "like a wounded life" and "has his dark hour" by himself among the woods. Once he exacts a promise from Annie that she will marry him in a year he is not to be denied. Possibly, Annie's own equivocations suggest that there is a part of her, too, that desires the marriage not simply out of gratitude but

based upon an early stirring of the heart. In allowing Annie to grow beyond the initial stage of happiness in her marriage to Enoch and to find a second companionship that brings health and content, if not the happiness of the first, Tennyson in effect endows her with the wisdom that the Wanderer teaches the Solitary. It's as though Annie has read Wordsworth's poem.

Enoch is somehow even closer to Margaret and at the same time close as well to Beppo. His tragic flaw, if we wish to read the poem as taking place within a tragic framework, lies in a purity of purpose. He possesses a single-mindedness that guides him, first, to success and respectability. The same trait sets his mind to recover his fortunes by voyaging on the ship Good Fortune and it enables him to endure on the deserted island even as his companions succumb to injuries or errors of judgment. Finally it is what resolves him against revealing himself to Annie and his children. Miriam, the landlady who cares for him in his final illness, wishes to bring his son and daughter to him at the least. His response is to insist that he must "hold [his] purpose till [he] dies." 129 In this way his purity is as fiercely preserved within *Enoch Arden* as Margaret's is by Wordsworth: he is unable to conceive how a reconciliation, which must involve compromise, might be made, or if he does conceive it, rejects the possibility.

At the same time, his life involves adjustments Margaret never makes. Like Beppo, for example, he acknowledges his wife's transfer of her love and companionship to another man and accepts the abandonment it implies without challenge or attempt at retribution. This is perhaps why Tennyson's poem treats his death less ambiguously than Wordsworth or his narrator treats the death of

Margaret. The only hint of censure in the poem, if any exists at all, comes in the final two lines: "And when they buried him the little port / Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."130 Not only is this costliness material, an indication, most likely, of the respects that the well-to-do Philip and Annie pay to the childhood friend and husband who has sacrificed so much for them. It is also an expression of the costliness of Enoch's death for his community and specifically for his wife and children. Surely they would have benefitted from the chance to get to know their father, however difficult this would be to do, and Annie, too, deserves at least the opportunity to make her peace with Enoch, too. It is hard to imagine that his death will be less hard on her because she didn't have a chance to see him while she lived. Beyond a purely familial frame of reference Enoch seems also to have been, until his final months, an able-bodied man, a jack-of-all-trades who seems easily to find a place among the workers of the port when he returns. One so enlightened, who has been through so much, would be well placed to add to the life of his community. Instead he dies with the same single-mindedness with which he lived. Read in relation to Beppo, its other precursor text, the poem, not least of all its ending, can seem dark indeed—a sad story, and more sad because so far from tragic.

Unlike Book One of *The Excursion* and *Beppo, Enoch Arden* lacks a firstperson narrator who orchestrates the story as it unfolds. Surely, a number of
considerations, aesthetic and otherwise, account for this decision. One is that the
poem emerges from and speaks to a middle-class readership that forms the
Victorian cultural center. Wordsworth and Byron, writing as outliers about
characters that reside on the margins of English culture, introduce by necessity a

mediating narrative voice. Both earlier poets oppose to that England a community that offers rejuvenation, in Wordsworth's case, or the pleasure of losing, in Byron's case. In *Enoch Arden* what happens to Enoch is nobody's fault, nor does Enoch's response require correction to make it instructive for Victorian readers.

By contrast, as we have seen, Wordsworth undoes the traditional marriage plot to critique despair that refuses to find new objects of hope. *Beppo* makes use of an analogous plot to express a comic vision of a liberated and adulterated community in which desire meets with tolerance instead of competition. Tennyson's poem offers a more conservative view of human relations than this and a more fully Christian view than Book One of *The Excursion*, despite Wordsworth's efforts to bolster this element through revision. Enoch, who might have had many happy years still before him in Byron's Venice, feels already assured of the place to which he goes before he dies. Appearing before a Victorian readership with which it shared an ideological center, *Enoch Arden* can rely on allusion to ensure that its readers will see the latent Christ in his hero. Wordsworth and Byron use their narrators (with less or greater success) as intermediaries between their readers and characters who stand apart from and critique the values that belong, in their views, to this center.

#### III.

ROMANTICISM'S "LONELY RELIC": THE FATE OF WORDSWORTH'S WHITE DOE

Almost everyone who is now interested in Wordsworth believes that *The White Doe* of *Rylstone* (1815) marks a watershed in his work. Almost no one who is not a

professional Wordsworth scholar reads it. One will not find the poem, or even part of it, in Gill's or Halmi's selections. No does it factor very largely in that handful of books which, among all the scholarship on Wordsworth, has given the field its basic conceptions of the poet. Wordsworth regarded it as one of his very best poems. Critics regard it, by and large, as characteristic of "the leaner years." Among contemporary scholars, only McGann, perhaps from his Byronic perspective, sees it as a "masterpiece." 133

For most of them, *The White Doe* registers the insight of a diminished man. Once upon a time, Wordsworth was a Bloomian strong poet who, fueled by (repressed) anxieties, took what he wanted from his predecessors. He celebrated the exercise of the imagination in its relation to the world. He understood how nature itself taught the poet to use this faculty to grow strong and independent. He wrote, with an eye to Milton, that, to sound the human mind, he would have to ascend higher than Christian heaven, and plunge deeper than its hell.

In *The White Doe*, this great, Romantic poet comes before his readers as a mere sectarian, "distracted by his conception (basically Miltonic) of the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic imaginations." Wordsworth now (it would seem) distrusts action, the exercise of power in any form, and values patience, redemption through suffering, companionship over individual prerogative. He was for a time, though perhaps never wholly or without scruple, the poetic analogue of Nietzsche's "will to power." Now he has left off his striving and accepted a life of Christian weakness.

Or so the thinking runs. It has been shown, of course, that Wordsworth hedged his bets almost from the beginning. "Tintern Abbey"—to take only a single example—is not only about the power "that rolls through all things" but also about the consolations of a retrospective companionship based on the recollection of shared experience. It has been argued that the man who responded so fully and joyously to the conceptual universe that Coleridge opened before him during the *annus mirabilis* never let go, at the same time, of his grounding in "the language of the sense." 135

Yet even those who have sought to roll back the grand Coleridgean interpretation of Wordsworth as philosophical poet of the imagination and restore his basic concerns with psychological and sociological dimensions of human life have not found much time for *The White Doe*. <sup>136</sup> The best accounts remain Hartman's and the final chapter of Danby's *The Simple Wordsworth* (1961). The decision to relegate the poem to the back room of Wordsworth studies, and not to teach it (or part of it) in undergraduate courses as vital to understanding Wordsworth's growth as a poet strikes me as a mistake. The *White Doe* has at least two claims on the attention of Wordsworth readers. First, it offers his own reflection on his earlier romanticism. Second, and perhaps more important, it evolves, from the earlier work, a mature faith in shared recollection and its cultural analogue, history.

Though a poem of 1815, it takes up questions that remain crucial two hundred years later. Studied in these two contexts, Wordsworth's and ours, the poem's continuing relevance emerges from its involvement with the tensions

between action and suffering, faithfulness and zeal, pride and conscientious objection, and forbearance and resignation; as well as from its interest in the nature of human-animal relations. *The White Doe* is, for these reasons, emphatically a poem of our climate.

The White Doe follows an arc recognizable to anyone who has read "The Ruined Cottage," "The Thorn," or "Michael." Wordsworth opens by calling attention to a place, as that place signifies within a community of interpreters. The narrator interfaces between that community and the wider, abstract world of readers—both Wordsworth's contemporaries and those future readers in whom, by 1815, he had placed his main hope. As happens so often in Wordsworth, that narrator comes before his audience less as a raconteur than as a privileged reader of signs. Like Armytage, the retired captain who gossips about Martha Ray, and the poet who tells Michael's story, the narrator of *The White Doe* sees things around him that others do not see. His vision latches onto an object of ruin, from which he extrudes his moral tale.

The tale that *The White Doe* extrudes is unusually rich, even by Wordsworth's standards. The poem centers on a loving, patient, principled, dutiful individual who survives a trauma at once political, religious, and deeply personal. It ends with her rediscovery of a loving relationship with the world that has wounded her. Hartman follows Coleridge in distinguishing between the story of this individual, Emily Norton, and that of the failed Catholic insurrection that provides the narrative context for her suffering. Although Hartman admires Emily's story, he finds the story of the insurrection "polemical," "biased." He wishes that Wordsworth had not

brought religion into the poem at all. But Wordsworth is seeking, Hartman writes, to establish the foundations for a new Protestant romance, based on Spenser but updating the genre. Driving this attempt is Wordsworth's wish to preserve not the fiction but "the presence of a Sympathetic Nature, which is the one superstition for which he had kept his respect." 137

Perceptive as ever, Hartman limns the poem's Wordsworthian theme: how nature fosters "human sympathy" by "drawing out our love toward itself." 138 But he clearly wishes that Wordsworth had gone the way of Wallace Stevens instead, that he had continued to give himself more of a "chance to fall in love with or explore [his] own impressions." 139 Wordsworth has subjected the exercise of his mind to the sterner law of Christian tradition. His attempt to recast his own view of the world—and of the mind's place within the world—in accordance with the conventions of an English Christian ethos—leaves even Hartman, perhaps the fondest of his readers, cold. 140

Few match Hartman as a reader of Wordsworth, but it does not follow necessarily that Wordsworth found less pleasure, because of his increasing orthodoxy, in exercising his imagination. Verse itself teaches nothing if not that the imposition of unnecessary constraints can be constitutive of pleasures, and indeed of thoughts, that would not have become clear in less structured acts of communication. One does not have to find *The White Doe* to one's tastes to acknowledge the possibility that it wantons in its fashion.

Moreover, as Hartman knows, a poet's capacity to go a-roving with his imagination is not the sole criterion for judging the success of a poem. The

Wordsworth of 1815, in the view Hartman ascribes to him, feels closer to the Levinas of "Reality and its Shadow" than to the Stevens who celebrates "the mind's lavishing of itself in change." <sup>141</sup> I do not mean to suggest that Wordsworth shared Levinas's view that fictional works, by definition, lure readers into a shadow world of "eternal duration," seducing them from the responsibilities of living ethically in the world at hand. <sup>142</sup> Wordsworth would almost certainly have balked when Levinas writes, "There is something wicked and egoist and cowardly in artistic enjoyment. There are times when one can be ashamed of it, as of feasting during a plague." <sup>143</sup> But the Wordsworth of *The White Doe* would also have balked at the other, Stevensian extreme. Protestant that he was, he believed that readers had to make the most of the time they spent in fictional worlds.

It does not seem likely, in any event, that someone else will take Hartman's interpretation farther than he has already taken it without reaching a point of diminishing returns. Nor does Hartman find pleasure in elaborating what John Danby called "the major re-orientation of the Wordsworthian universe" that *The White Doe* announces. To make the most of their time with this poem, readers in 2015 might do better to turn to *The Simple Wordsworth*. Consider, for example, Danby's blunt but useful discussion of the poem's connection with Wordsworth's own experience:

The Rebellion is a sixteenth-century analogue of the early 1790's. All the terms are transposed but the basic structure is preserved of a situation which divides (every way) society, the family, and the individual—which

insists either on action or passive withdrawal and yet cannot be completely satisfied with either. For the believer in Humanity the outbreak of the wars with France was experienced as a kind of Civil War. And if he were sufficiently conscious the individual had to choose his side.<sup>144</sup>

The narrator who recounts the fate of the Nortons has already folded this narrative into the history of his nation, one of the struggles through which it has modernized itself over time. Not so, of course, his characters. The family patriarch (whom the poem calls "the Norton") finds himself living in a country that, he thinks, has lost its way. As others have noted, the very purity of his religious convictions leaves him unequipped to see the self-interestedness of the leaders of the insurrection, for which he will give his life. They, the narrator makes clear, foment the action out of discontent with their position in Elizabeth's England. The Norton, by contrast, seizes the conflict as a chance to realign the nation with its Catholic imperative:

"Might this our enterprise have sped,

Change wide and deep the Land had seen,

A renovation from the dead,

A spring-tide of immortal green:

The darksome altars would have blazed

Like stars when clouds are rolled away;

Salvation to all eyes that gazed,

Once more the Rood had been upraised

To spread its arms, and stand for aye."145

The Norton is most likeable—that is to say his rhetoric is finest—at this moment in the poem, when (not unlike another successful rhetorician) he reflects, in chains, on his defeat. His zeal at last influences even Francis, the eldest and only Protestant among his sons, who has had to bear the Norton's scorn for refusing to join the family in arms. Francis is, in Danby's words, "the consciousness which knows the two sides of the [poem's] division most deeply." He possesses an anticipatory retrospection that his fathers and brothers do not have. Fiercely loyal, Francis senses the impending obsolescence of his family, the ruin that will come to their lands, though he belongs, in point of belief, to the future that bears down on them.

The future bears down on Francis, too, for he becomes complicit, at the end, in his father's cause. For much of *The White* Doe, he has occupied the high moral ground of conscientious objection. He has followed the other Nortons on the march, unarmed, hoping for an opportunity to convince them to turn their swords back into ploughshares. Finally, however, he consents to become the vehicle of his father's final (Romantic) effort to turn a literal failure into a symbolic victory. He will steal back the family banner from the Queen's men and return it to Bolton Priory, where it will "wither" but testify, nonetheless, to the Norton's aspirations.<sup>147</sup>

However much idealism he grants to his characters, Wordsworth has no illusions about how such quests of the already defeated usually play out. Francis is chased down, knifed in the back, left to die alone, ultimately buried in an unmarked

grave. The ignominy contrasts with the heroic end that Wordsworth gives the other Norton men. They die "a happy death," 148 convinced of the righteousness of their cause, and that Francis will ensure that future generations will understand the principles for which they fought.

Just how far Francis strays from his own best self when he steals the banner Wordsworth makes clear:

Along the plain of York he passed;

Reckless of what impels or leads,

Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds

The sorrow, through the Villages,

Spread by triumphant cruelties

Of vengeful military force,

And punishment without remorse.

He marked not, heard not, as he fled. 149

One, unarmed man could only do so much to combat such atrocities. Still, Francis should have registered them, and they should have brought him to his senses. Like Mortimer of *The Borderers*, he succumbs to rhetoric and finds himself changed utterly by a transitory action. So quick to instruct Emily in her duties and so sure of his own role, Francis has as much hubris as his father. He has guessed the world-to-come correctly, and tried to lead his family into it. Having transgressed its moral boundaries, he will not live to see that world.

Even such prophecies as Francis makes before he compromises himself prove false. Emily, he says, has played the whole of her part when she has hid her tears behind her smiles and woven the Norton banner as her father wished: "Thy part is done—thy painful part; / Be thou then satisfied in heart!" Once the men go to war, nothing remains for her, in his view, but to take no action and to suffer. He is right that she will suffer much, but the poem has just begun to test her.

After she learns the fate of her father and other brothers, and stumbles across Francis's covert burial, Emily enters a phase of experience as Byronic wanderer. She has not, like the Giaour, caused direct harm to anyone she loves. Her sin of commission is acquiescence in the directives of the Norton men. Nevertheless it burns her, and wearies her with life. It will be some time before she has mastered herself sufficiently to return to the family lands, and even longer before she can learn to love them again.

Time alone, moreover, does not suffice. Emily has learned in her personal wilderness to subject herself to a spiritual discipline that *The White Doe* regards as necessary but not sufficient:

The mighty sorrow hath been born,

And she is thoroughly forlorn:

Her soul doth in itself stand fast,

Sustained by memory of the past

And strength of Reason; held above

The infirmities of mortal love;

Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,

And awfully impenetrable. 151

Courage, a sense of high purpose, repose, stability, self-containment, strength of mind and capacity for recollection: Emily possesses, at this moment in the poem, a version of the imperial Romantic self. She has so freed herself from nature that, unlike Leonard Ewbank of "The Brothers," she can return to the place that resonates for her with the spoliation of her family and keep herself in check. But Wordsworth does not make this her final position in the poem. He understands, what Hartman perhaps discounts, just how few minds have freedom (emotional, financial, intellectual) to go on lavishing themselves in change. Emily is strong enough, is wounded enough, to have purchased self-sufficiency at the cost of joy. To rediscover the pleasure of living, she must open herself to the companionship of the white doe, "This lovely chronicler of things / Long past, delights and sorrowings." The communication between them yields, in place of the "stern and rigorous melancholy" that she has won for herself,

a soft spring-day of holy,

Mild, and grateful, melancholy:

Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,

But by tender fancies brightened. 153

The lines look back, as well, to the Norton's final speech. He envisioned the creation of "A spring-tide of immortal green." Emily has found, not a spring-tide, but a spring-day, not "A renovation from the dead" but accommodation to life as "a game that must be lost" but still may be enjoyed. Sites of trauma can be recovered, through the "tender fancies" of shared recollection, as sites of tranquility and even pleasure. Emily eventually fades from life, but she does not "wither" as the Norton banner would have, or as Margaret does, absorbed by her own grief. Emily discovers, instead, the equipoise that Armytage and the narrator achieve at the end of "The Ruined Cottage."

The companionship that makes this discovery possible serves as a counterpoint to the male camaraderie at the end of "The Ruined Cottage," as well as to the exchange between Wordsworth and Dorothy in "Tintern Abbey," and the collegiality with Coleridge which *The Prelude* represents. The doe also looks back, as quasi-totem, to Coleridge's albatross, healing where the other harrows.

"Wordsworth's doe," writes Hartman, "helps the betrayed soul to renew its kinship with nature." \*\*155 The White Doe\*\* predicates this renewal on what Wordsworth elsewhere calls a "fructifying" relation with the past—neither past nor nature in the abstract but rather historical places that resonate with personal associations. The doe serves as a vehicle for this consummation. Emily, having resumed their friendship,

venture[s] . . . to read

Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—

Endless history that lies

In her silent Follower's eyes. 156

With her Companion, in such frame

Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;

And ranging through the wasted groves,

Received the memory of old loves,

Undisturbed and undistrest,

Into a soul which now was blest. 157

The second passage recalls an earlier Wordsworthian transference:

Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise

Has carried far into his heart the voice

Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene

Would enter unawares into his mind

With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,

Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received

Into the bosom of the steady lake. 158

The difference in these receptions suggests the larger difference in Wordsworth's conception of the human-natural interchange between 1800 and 1815. The site of

"There Was a Boy" is Windermere, a specific place in the historical Wordsworth's recollection. The "visible scene" which "enters unawares" into the boy's mind, on the other hand, could be any Wordsworth landscape. The events described could have taken place at almost any time. The "uncertain heaven" of the earlier poem contrasts with the Protestant eschatology that stands behind *The White Doe*. Such transformation as Emily undergoes can happen only in one place, only at the historical moment imagined by the poem. Nature now is differently inflected: it will never betray the heart that loved her because nature has been thoroughly absorbed, by the "tender fancy" of a legend-laden world, into a social world with a deathless history.

Danby observes, parenthetically, "an odd kinship, in more places than one, between Wordsworth's thought in 'The White Doe' and Eliot's in 'The Four Quartets'" (136).<sup>159</sup> I find this instinct right. "Little Gidding," in particular, transposes *The White Doe* into a modernist frame of reference. Eliot finds a resource for the bombed-out London of 1941 in recollection of a trauma from the specifically English past. "This is the use of memory," Eliot writes:

For liberation—not less of love but expanding

Of love beyond desire, and so liberation

From the future as well as the past. Thus, love of a country

Begins as an attachment to our own field of action

And comes to find that action of little importance

Though never indifferent. History may be servitude,

History may be freedom. See, now they vanish,

The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them,

To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern. 160

It would be hard to surpass this passage as a concentrated gloss on *The White Doe*. With the help of the doe Emily is able to return to her own field of action, liberated, her love expanded beyond desire—beyond the desire, for example, to roll back the spoliation of her family and replace it with a different outcome. She accepts the Now of history. She is therefore as free of history as her father has been in servitude to it. The Norton clings to what his country has lost. He wishes to bring Catholic England back, wholesale, into the present. His renovation is not transfiguration but the resumption of a way of life to which—as the narrator of Wordsworth's poem well understands—his nation will not return. (Even so, the Norton's way of life will never die, being preserved forever in fanciful—and still cherished, and still preserved local English traditions.) Emily at last learns to love the "wasted groves" of the family lands as she can. Ultimately she vanishes with them, to be transfigured in the other pattern of Wordsworth's poem. Wordsworth, who understood as well as Eliot how past experience could be refashioned to meet the needs of the present, writes in the dedicatory poem that the story of the Nortons has brought consolation to his own family, reeling from the loss of brother and child. In turn, *The White Doe* sends the story on to other readers, including the present one, who lay their patterns down on it. 161

"The Ruined Cottage" of 1798 also imagines a network of transmission, from Armytage to Wordsworth and from Wordsworth to other readers. The difference between the poems lies in the maturation of the poet's philosophy for, in the words of another, "metabolizing loss." 162 The Wordsworth of 1798 knew how to tell a tragic story. He already possessed a keen eye for social injustice and a profound understanding of its impact on human psychology. What that Wordsworth learned, or began to learn, from Coleridge was a schema for spiritualizing life experience that otherwise threatened to bury him in despair. Wordsworth's attempt to absorb the teachings of his poet-friend accounts, in my view, for the peculiar hesitation of "Tintern Abbey" and the back-tracking that Wordsworth does in the 1799 Prelude. One would expect the latter poem to share the poet's apprehension, by the side of the Wye, of the spirit that rolls through all things, including the mind of man. As he grew apart from Coleridge, developed other attachments, and experienced new loss, Wordsworth relied increasingly on his own central insight: the power of shared recollection to extract pleasure from past experience—from the obstinate questions, vanishings, and blank misgivings that by their very intensity congealed into spots of time. For Wordsworth, these are more than psychic places—or rather, they are deep psychic places because they have been so thickened with the lives of history and tradition.

"Tintern Abbey" and *The White Doe* have much in common, far removed as they seem. Almost the whole of the latter can be seen as the working out of the model of shared memory that Wordsworth puts forward in the former. Such experience of the Wye River valley as Wordsworth shares with Dorothy forms the

ground for his hope in abundant recompense for the journey of his life toward extinction. Such experience of the story of the Nortons as the poet shares with other English readers forms the ground of a hope for ongoing cultural life in which the sufferings of one member of a historical community offer hope for abundant recompense to other, later ones. Not nature but nature in and as a history cherished and preserved in living social institutions now forms the anchor of Wordsworth's hopes.

# IV. THAT STRANGE ABSTRACTION, "NATURE"

Between 1796 and 1815,<sup>163</sup> Wordsworth searched for an abstraction on which to hang his more concrete sensibility. He did not live, as Coleridge did, in a world of ideas, but he excelled in the depiction of human life, as well as the description of the natural world. For a time, the French Revolution—that immense abstraction of politics from history, that supreme fiction—had been that abstraction. Back from France in 1794, disillusioned by what he witnessed there, Wordsworth met with Godwin in London, seeking answers. The philosopher could not give him the assurances he needed to sustain his faith in the idea that political justice was, indeed, at hand.

The friendship with Coleridge provided him, temporarily, with a different and more efficacious abstraction: Imagination, the one life, the power which rolls through all things, measureless to man. Although Wordsworth never let go of it entirely, the force of this idea waned with the friendship. Wordsworth grew apart

from Coleridge, formed a deeper bond with Southey. He replaced Coleridgean imagination with an abstraction of his own, history, the cultural analogue of recollection.

So much, at any rate, my study of the sequence from "The Ruined Cottage" through *The White Doe* seems to warrant. Let me now make a further summary of this case. *The Borderers* (in composition from 1796) stages a Godwinian dilemma of ethical abstraction gone awry. The mind can make a heaven of hell, and a murderer of an innocent man. Wordsworth took a special interest, in the wake of his Godwinism, in the ethical value of concrete scenes of human suffering. Such a scene as he depicts in "The Ruined Cottage" gives way, at poem's end, to a Coleridgean belief in the power of nature to metabolize deprivation. The suffering of Margaret makes the narrator who hears her story wiser and, ultimately, happier. He and Armytage go their ways in gladness, sure that Nature will never abandon the hearts that love her.

The friendship with Coleridge was never purely about ideas, of course.

Community with the like-minded was what Wordsworth most enjoyed and most needed. From Coleridge he also learned, in addition to a theory of the imagination, a model for embedding the free-play of the mind lavishing itself in change within a social context. In the conversation poem, Wordsworth found the anchor of his most cherished hopes. The "pensive Sara" who chides the poet of "The Eolian Harp" for the vanity of his speculations is, in this sense, the prototype of so many Wordsworth characters. She stands behind the girl of "We are Seven" as fully as she does the leech gather, whose equanimity reproves Wordsworth and sets him thinking.

Long after Wordsworth ceased to feel the one life within us and abroad as keenly as he did at Alfoxden, he cleaved to the idea of community that he found there. I think it less accurate, for this reason, to characterize "Tintern Abbey" as representing a mature statement of philosophy that Wordsworth achieved but could not sustain. Rather, it testifies to his flirtation with Imagination as a substitute for Political Justice. He soon moved on.

As the so-called great decade of his majority wore on, Wordsworth shifted focus onto the conversational frameworks that mediate imaginative acts. Coming at his poems from this salient, one remarks, above all, the increasing sophistication with which he handles the conversational model. Margaret of "The Ruined Cottage" is among the first of Wordsworth's Lucys. Only Armytage seems to know about her, only he cares. The narrator with whom he shares her story may now, like Armytage, add her cottage to his sites of visitation, but the poem exhausts its idea of community in the exchange between these two solitaries.

In "Tintern Abbey," Wordsworth transposes this exchange into a familiar register. Sister Dorothy stands in for the almost incidental friendship between Armytage and the narrator, offering her brother a more lasting camaraderie. Wordsworth also of course tethers the drafts of *The Prelude*, for all their ascents of sublimity, to his friendship with Coleridge. What scholars know about the early reception history of this poem underscores the idea that Wordsworth conceived it chiefly to be read within—and as part of—the context of that friendship, which he imagined would be ongoing.

Subsequently, Wordsworth historicizes his idea of community, and nationalizes it. In *The White Doe*, neither politics nor family but English history provides the key Wordsworthian community, comprising all the others. One finds seeds of this development as far back, at least, as the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*. He never specifies, in that document, the rural communities that he postulates as balm for a world corroded by the accumulation of men in cities, though of course the poems themselves flesh them out. The community that converges on Bolton Priory at the beginning of *The White Doe* has a distinct relation to Martha Ray's gossips as well as the company of poets that still circulates Michael's story.

That relation persists despite the varying stylistic procedures that

Wordsworth adopts in these poems. The caricatures of the early lyrical ballads

morph into the realist characterizations of the later ones, these into the historical

actors of *The White Doe*. The chatty sea captain who vouchsafes the lurid story of

infanticide becomes "the homely priest of Ennerdale" who unfolds the story of

James Ewbank. In another sense, Armytage becomes the narrator of "Michael"—

who also sees around him things his audience does not see—before appearing (in a

peculiar atavism) as the Wanderer of *The Excursion*.

However Wordsworth's poems from this period index—as they do for Bloom and Hartman—the transformation of his view of the imagination, stylistically they deepen into a rich understanding of English locality and finally English history.

Coleridge, who knew the story of Margaret as a manuscript poem, recognized that it belonged to a different part of England than the rest of *The Excursion*. Yet within that other region, Margaret's cottage could be anywhere and Margaret any woman.

The story of Michael, by contrast, can take place only in one location: that of the Nortons, only in one location, and only at one time. (They all, of course, as Wordsworth increasingly sees, belong to history.)

Although Wordsworth grew beyond "Tintern Abbey"—and even the "Intimations" Ode and 1805 *Prelude*—many of his best critics have sought to arrest his development at this stage. They present it as the pinnacle of his accomplishment, after which he begins his descent into senescence. Following Coleridge, they prize the weight these poems place on the prerogatives of subjectivity as it interfaces with the world.

I can best express my own, different view by borrowing a concept from Browning's "Essay on Shelley." Wordsworth, as I seem him, was both the subjective poet of the egotistical sublime and the objective poet of English history. Probably both drives existed within him from the onset of his poetic career, but circumstances led him to develop the subjective impulse first. Already within the great decade, however, and more fully afterward, he began to focus on the social and historical contexts that, relating one subjectivity to another, emphasize their commonalties.

Such contexts diminish, by definition, the claims of any one subject to autonomy. They show instead that history makes no final distinction between the Nortons, whatever distinctions they themselves make, or others make of them. It rolls them round together, in reserve until the tender fancies of poet or historian (I do not think Wordsworth, in 1815, sees much of a difference between the two) reintroduces them into the current of English national life.

In the end, *The White Doe* is less about Emily—though in Wordsworth's telling she factors more prominently than others of her family—than about the acts of visitation that reconstitute her story. This idea is also present, of course, in "The Ruined Cottage." In that earlier poem, however, Wordsworth keeps his eye, and the reader's, on Margaret. The poem centers on her suffering, not on the narrative that recollects her suffering, mediates, and ensures its ongoing cultural life. *The White Doe* reverses this focus.

This view holds whether one reads *The White Doe* as (in the fiction of the poem) one of the benefactions of the muse, or (as Wordsworth suggests in the dedicatory poem) a story that offered cheer at a needful hour, or (as Hartman argues) an attempt to create the conditions for a new, Protestant Romance. The poem, itself a discursive reproduction of other, earlier tales and materials, generates its own reproductions, including the narratives of literary criticism.

To read *The White Doe* as a poem of the imagination leads, as it has for two hundred years, to disappointment. Wordsworth does not align the narrative with the viewpoint of the character who looks most like the Bloomian strong poet, the Norton, who sets himself against the tide of history. He does not, indeed, align the poem with the viewpoint of any one character—though, as I have said, Emily does factor largely—so much as with narrative itself, as a cultural and historical practice.

Seen from this perspective, *The White Doe* appears much nearer to what Wordsworth felt it to be, one of his very best poems. It contains an unusually rich deposit of his thinking about the problems of the meaning of loss and suffering which provoked him. The poem has seldom received its due chiefly because

Wordsworth scholars have oriented their discourse, on textual as well as conceptual levels, toward those poems which feature his subjectivity, in Dickinson's phrase, "at the White Heat." Poems such as *The White Doe* point beyond moments of fine frenzy toward the acts of collective recollection that renew them as spots of time. In this Wordsworth, the narrative poem takes the place of the mountain.

#### Landor in a Wordsworthian Frame of Reference

They were, for a time, friends. They had Southey in common, and Southey was the cause, inadvertently, of the break between them. After that, like so many others who dealt with Landor, Wordsworth had enough. "A bad-man, a mad-man, and yet a genius, too," he decided. He retained his admiration, but from a distance.

In 1815, Wordsworth published his belief, now famous, that poets had to create the taste by which readers would enjoy their work. He was no longer the activist he had been in his youth. He did not believe, as he did in 1791, that the revolution was at hand. By 1798, he believed that the right kind of poetry could create, in those who read it carefully, the heart to feel the need for change, and the philosophic mind to bring it about. Such poems as he tried to write, at that time, asked readers to see the ostensibly ordinary world with new eyes. They were the opposite of so much of what he felt was out there on the market, good for a cheap thrill. Wordsworth wrote poems that were, he thought, *dulce*, but above all they were *utile*. They had a worthy purpose.

By 1815 he shifted that belief about the efficacy of his poetry into the future tense. Create the taste, and the readers will come. Readers did not go to Wordsworth in 1815: they went to Byron. Or they went to Scott. Afterward, they went to Hemans, Landon, Tennyson, the novelists. Between 1830 and 1840 Wordsworth enjoyed a brief day in the sun. 167 By his death in the 1850s, and though he was poet laureate, he had already fallen back to earth. Since then he has been,

more or less, the poet's poet he always was. He rose to the head of the nineteenthcentury canon after the fact, on the backs of critics.

Landor has always been a different case. He was as passionate about politics, in his college days and into old age, as Wordsworth. His much greater wealth gave him a greater capacity to foment social change. His sense of entitlement—of being *aristos*—and his temperamental volatility too often short-circuited his attempts to involve himself politically. Stories of that temper are legion: Landor taking pot-shots at the window of a college enemy, Landor throwing a servant out the window, Landor "the libeler and advocate of tyrannicide." The best of his friends had, or developed, a tolerance for the madness and badness that drove others, like Wordsworth, away.

On some level, Landor must have understood what his aesthetic, politics, and temperament cost him. He never entertained for very long the idea that anything he wrote would have a wide popularity. Not even critics, or not many of those now responsible for the stewardship of the history and culture of nineteenth century England, have found them worth the time.

But Landor's loss is, crucially, ours. His career does more than cast a passing shadow on more important ideas and authorships. It is bound up with British romanticism and its various cultural afterlives. The historical and ideological conditions that predisposed twentieth-century scholars toward a specific view of Wordsworth's achievement also led them to write Landor out of the story. Because Landor espoused different political and artistic worlds than Wordsworth, because he objectified his style from the very beginning, those historical and ideological

agencies worked on him differently. His work was not divided, as was

Wordsworth's, into productions of the great decade and the depressing everything
else. He has been, or is in danger of being, let go.

Critics have always seen him as a minor talent, brilliant in flashes but unable to discipline himself. They have seen him as the purveyor of an enervating style—of a handful of beautiful, diffident poems. They have seen him as boisterous and unpredictable, the subject of a few good anecdotes, an aristocratic republican out of step with his times. His writings do not, in general, respond to the interpretive paradigms of romantic ideologists. His version of antiromanticism is richer and has a wider reach than critics have acknowledged.

This part of my dissertation does not attempt to restore Landor to some position of centrality that he formerly enjoyed. He was never central to the intellectual current of the nineteenth century, however vitally he contributed to it. Instead, I will try to give Landor what he professed not to want: a taste for Landor that will prompt future readers to relish and want to understand his poems. Put another way, I will be pursuing, in what follows, an imaginary solution to the problem of Landor's obsolescence.

The timing is as ripe as it has been for twenty-five years. In his excellent new book, *Landor's Cleanness* (2015)<sup>168</sup>, Adam Roberts argues that Landor's writings are vital to contemporary understanding to the extent that they stage a dialectic of purity and contamination. That innovative study, which I discuss below, paves the way for the very different treatment I give to Landor here.

### I. LANDOR'S ARCHIVE: A RUINED COTTAGE

"In a world where there is more literature worth attention than anyone can hope to find time for," writes Leavis, "it seems worse than pointless to keep up the pretence that Landor is, or should be, a current classic, yielding to the elect an elevated light." It is easy to see how a reader of 2015 might agree. There is not world enough and time. Certainly, for almost everyone, there is not world enough and time for Landor. His rarefied, elitist writings have no place in Leavis's great tradition. But what about ours?

What is or should be Landor's role in twenty-first century anthologies, in scholarly narratives, on course syllabi? Should scholars spend precious time to save him from what Franco Moretti calls "the slaughterhouse of literature," 169 when there are so many other authors—thousands, literally—who never had their day, who may be even more worthy of attention?

As it turns out, Landor considered this possibility. "I shall have as many readers as I desire to have in other times than ours," he wrote to his friend and future biographer, John Forster: "I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well-lighted, the guests few and select." For a time, Landor had those readers.

Browning revered him, as did Swinburne. Dickens caricatured him, affectionately, in *Bleak House* (1852-3). Among modernists, Yeats and Pound paid homage, with Pound being especially vehement in his view that Landor was almost the only good

poet to come of out the English Romantic period. With the professionalization of English studies, a modest scholarly literature arose: a scholarly edition, a handful of selections, a couple biographies, a bibliography, and several critical studies all appeared between 1900 and 1950. That Leavis felt the need to put Landor in his place at all testifies to Landor's persistent, if also precarious, relevance at midcentury.

Since that time, however, fewer readers have come to Landor's table. The candles burn low. The Poetry Foundation's website concludes its biography of Landor with the hopeful assertion that "Landor now stands to gain fresh attention because of the current examination of canonicity in Romanticism."171 And yet, history teaches us to heed David Damrosch's cautions about canonicity, in the influential article "World Literature in a Post-Canonical, Hyper-Canonical Age." 172 Using the Romantics as a case study and basing his research on an extensive analysis of data from the MLA bibliography, Damrosch argues that the culture wars at the turn of the twenty-first century did less to change the existing canonical hierarchies than one might imagine. Authors newly introduced or re-introduced into the canon at that time, he observes, end up receiving about the percentage of scholarly attention previously given to so-called "minor" authors like Landor. Meanwhile, "hypercanonical" authors such as Wordsworth and Keats enjoy as much scholarly consideration as they ever have. 173 Diversity was achieved, in other words, without any authentic redistribution of authority. If—as Damrosch suggests—the canon contains attempts to transgress its own hierarchies, can we find room for Landor at the table without grabbing a chair from some other needy soul?

Beyond the vicissitudes of canon formation, other challenges await readers of Landor. His command of classical languages was formidable even when everyone who received formal education had some instruction in them. He composed in Latin as well as English, translated his own poems between these languages, and left untranslated texts in Latin. Only Swinburne, his great admirer, had those kinds of textual resources. Anyone who works on Landor now must confront the polyglot nature of his works.

Landor's aristocracy entailed, moreover, disdain of commercial publication. This view, as it played out in the sixty-plus years of his writing life, led to complications which scholars have only begun to sort. The most recent, and also the most thorough, was R.H. Super. His work on this subject appeared, sixty years since, in 1954. From his *Publication of Landor's Works*, the outlines of a haphazard career emerge.<sup>174</sup>

I use that word career (from the Latin for "wagon" or "wagon-road") in its nineteenth-century sense. Like Byron, Landor would have sneered at the connotation of professionalism that it now carries. He was decidedly not the sort of person who set out to make a living in the world of letters. He published what he wanted, when he wanted, though sometimes he had to negotiate the where and how.

So long as he could possibly afford to, Landor refused to profit by his works.

He was always happy to toss something into print to help a friend or cherished cause. Even such books as he published for his own satisfaction often carry announcements of one or another philanthropic intention. (His sales, unfortunately,

seldom matched his magnanimities.) Moreover, he gave his copyrights away to protégés who took an interest in his work, and whom he hoped to reward, in some small fashion, for their reverence. He did not possess Wordsworth's interest in shaping his career through releasing collected volumes at regular intervals. He already possessed the cultural aristocracy that Wordsworth aspired to achieve through such measures. He did not sell well enough for publishers to undertake the work of collection for him.

Landor published with several major houses and a great many minor ones. 175 Cadell and Davies, the Rivingtons, Henry Colburn, Taylor and Hessey, Longman, Moxon: all variously lent their names to his title pages, but few did so more than once or twice. Landor's orneriness as well as his politics kept him from establishing the sort of lasting association with a firm that Wordsworth found, eventually, with Moxon. Landor, or friends that he enlisted on his behalf, frequently had to shop around. Published from near or far away, privately or with a major house, few of Landor's works enjoyed a wide circulation.

Nearly all Landor's books carry long lists of errata. <sup>176</sup> Landor revised as frequently as Wordsworth without finding a way, as Wordsworth did, to cash his obsession out. Often circumstances forced him to coordinate the publication of his books from afar, which meant, among other things, limited ability to proof his texts. Even when he was near at hand, however, he does not seem to have taken special care in this area. He could be demanding in his expectations of others without expecting the same meticulousness from himself.

Landor's diffidence toward publication creates difficulties, but is not insuperable. The greater problem, by far, will be encouraging a sufficient number of scholars to undertake the work of restoring the archive that he left behind.

Compared with the case of Wordsworth, the history of the academic possession of Landor makes for a fine piece of flash fiction. After Landor's death, John Forster published an edition of the works along with a life of Landor. From 1927 to 1936, a pair of scholars, T.E. Welby and Stephen Wheeler, published the only "complete" scholarly edition that we have.<sup>177</sup>

It is difficult to know how well Welby and Wheeler did their work. One finds no great outcries against it in the literature. Adam Roberts, whose 2014 book on Landor I mentioned just above, uses Welby-Wheeler as the source of his quotations. To my knowledge, however, no one has made a thoroughgoing bibliographical assessment of the volumes. At the very least, such an assessment, were it ever made, would almost certainly turn up crucial differences in tactic and theory from what editors now regard as best practice.

Wheeler, for example, who oversaw the volumes containing Landor's poetry, prints the earliest published texts, without incorporating later authorial revisions to make what Greg or Bowers would regard as a critical edition. His volumes say nothing, of course, about the social dimension of Landor's texts, even though study of this dimension seems crucial, given the number of intermediaries with whom Landor worked. Textual variants appear in the apparatus, but, to my knowledge, no one has checked the collations. Stylistic discussion of Landor happens, in

consequence, under the sign of as if: as if the accidentals as well as the substantives of Landor's texts reflect his own conscious decisions.<sup>178</sup>

Perhaps the lack of bibliographical confidence would seem less damning if so much Landor scholarship did not rest its case in the felicities of his style. Such scholarship—and I treat to key instances of it in the next section—proceeds, out of an understandable but no less regrettable necessity, as though the textual uncertainties do not exist.

One might object that an unruliness lies at the heart of Landor's appreciation of print culture. He resisted concerning himself overmuch, so this line of thought might run, with the fate of his published works. His distaste for professionalism extends, in theory, to the scholar who would give his works a professional treatment. A scholar himself, Landor prized accuracy, but his love of liberty exceeded all else. Editions that manacle his works to the conventions of scholarship betray, to some extent, that vision. Surely the writings themselves resist attempts to make his work accessible to readers other than the elite few that he saw as both his destined and his natural audience.

Landor himself took exceeding care of the classical inheritance that passed into his orbit. Although he lived contemporaneously with the rise of philology and the historical thinking which, above all else, it promoted, Landor was no historicist. His essay on the poems of Theocritus reveals a keen understanding of the problems of transmission, the incompletions and interpolations that accompany a text as it moves across generations. He discusses the idylls one-by-one, identifying

interpretive cruxes, rejecting the readings of his predecessors, and basing his own proposals on his deep reading in classical literatures.

But when Landor plucks characters from his reading for the purposes of his art, he transmutes them into the historical present of the dinner party that he imagined as the site of his own conversation with the few readers he would have in the future. In this procedure, Landor could not be less like Wordsworth, who carries over the past into the present, remaking it for the needs of the moment as he encounters it. (This is why, in a sense, Knight edited Wordsworth as he did. His approach, to renew Wordsworth for late Victorian readers, itself constitutes a species of Wordsworthian recollection.) Landor's style flits across all his characters alike, fitting them to the tune as well as to the purposes of his own imagination.

Robert Pinsky, whose book on Landor I take up presently, names this effect "history-as-tone." 179

Within this imaginary, discursive space, Landor's beloved chivalry prevails. Such characters as he brings there, and such readers as find their ways to his door, receive all the attentions of style—all its courtesies—that Landor has at his disposal. His books dispense his immense learning, to be sure, but also his performances of intellectual hospitality. They create, against the historical and political world in which Landor moved, and which failed him just as much as it failed the young Wordsworth, an interior world that nevertheless comprises history (as tone).

More importantly, Landor's books honor the kind of sociability that

Wordsworth, during his own keenest experiences of interiority, spurns. Editors who
would extend such hospitalities to other readers, even to readers other than those

to which Landor addressed himself, must edit his works in the face of their own reticence, their aristocratic resistance to being pinned down. They must see possibilities in his writings that Landor did not see.

Until they do, critics must take Landor's poems as they come. Criticism will have to do the work, that is to say, of creating the taste by which future readers enjoy Landor's writings, or develop a stronger appreciation of his significance. One cannot wait for the new edition that Landor scholarship badly needs to appear. The following sections work in the shadow of the incompletion of Landor's archive. They do not shy from glossing features of his style. They acknowledge, what I observed a few paragraphs ago, the conditionality of any such discussion.

## II. LANDOR IN 1968, 2014

Whatever else he may have been, Walter Savage Landor was not a romantic poet. His untimeliness from the point of view of literary history raises certain problems of interpretation. Such interiorities as his writings celebrate, for example, belong, as I just suggested, to all time. His mind, as put forth in and through his poems, contains few of the waste spaces that Shelley loved so much. Other people—mythological, historical, Landor's contemporaries—infallibly traverse the byways of his fictions. They bring out his sympathies, win his compliments, provoke his insults, attend his dinner parties. His lyrics, though exalted in subject and tone, steer clear of mountains.

Landor's best critics have always made the most of this difference. Robert Pinsky, for example, places Landor in a "disappearing tradition of the poet as reflective artisan." Poems in this tradition, writes Pinsky, "revitalize, through profound energies of understanding and a cleanly exactitude of style, an already established situation or observation." Landor, in other words, carries over into the nineteenth century a conception of poetry that came under pressure from a new, romantic paradigm. While other poets turned to write greater romantic lyrics, he went on writing poems that had been often thought but never so well expressed.

Both paradigms, of course, predate the nineteenth-century. Consider, for example, another poem that Pinsky would associate with this artisanal tradition. George Herbert's "Church Monuments" rehearses, at core, an old debate between body and soul. It does not innovate on that debate—by, for example, rethinking the Cartesian parameters in which it takes place—so much as it brings that energy of understanding and cleanly exactitude of style. All that skill and attention culminate in the final stanza.

Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem

And true descent: that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark, here below,
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,

That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall. 182

How different is Milton's famous invocation from Book Three of *Paradise Lost*:

## Thus with the Year

Seasons return, but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men

Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair

Presented with a universal blank

Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 183

For our purposes, this difference is a matter of the first person. Milton, of course, represents himself as that first person, himself Adam. The great pathos of these lines derives from Milton's blindness, his coordination of individual suffering with the Christian myth and the Pagan idea of seasonal time. The five lines that end this verse paragraph work out this poet's redemption, the abundant recompense for his loss:

So much the rather thou celestial Light

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence

Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight. 184

"Church Monuments" also contains an "I," but the singularity and authenticity of that "I" is beside the poem's point. 185 What is most distinctive about the passage that I quoted—the crisp rhymes, the distinctive two- and three-beat pacing of the pentameter lines, the arresting metaphor of the hourglass—belongs to the enactment of thought through style. As much as those lines from Milton, "Church Monuments" springs from what Harold Bloom calls the poet's "consciousness of death's necessity." 186 But whatever lies beneath the surface of Herbert's poem, it does not recount the rebellion of the individual against this fate—the search for more or other life than one's allotment. Instead, it emphasizes resolution. "Church Monuments" lacks, in other words, tangible signs of such discontent and drive to rebellion as sharpens one's sense of individuality and, consequently, one's need for individual redress. The difference between this poem and Milton's invocation, we might say, is also the difference between Marianne Moore and Robert Frost, between Four Ouartets and Auroras of Autumn. 187

Or between "Nutting" and "Fæsulan Idyl." The contrast between these poems is not just thematic: not just that Wordsworth's speaker commits "merciless ravage" on the virgin bower of hazelnuts, while Landor's leaves the virginity at the center of

his garden scene intact. Nor is it simply that Wordsworth's poem suggests a turbulent, troubling connection between sexual violence and poetic invention, while Landor's flirts with sex before arriving at the perspective of Keats's Grecian Urn without the vivifying presence of Keats's speaker.

The key difference lies in the opposing views about how poetry does its work. "Nutting" originates in a prolonged bout of self-questioning, one that culminated in the first drafts of *The Prelude*. It takes its warrant from what Wordsworth extracts from an experience of his childhood:

## unless I now

Confound my present feelings with the past,

Ere from the mutilated bower I turned

Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,

I felt a sense of pain when I beheld

The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—

Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand

Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods. 188

This activation of conscience by the perception of witnesses to his violation is what marks "Nutting" as one of Wordsworth's famous "spots of time." Much of the poetry that he wrote during this period (when he was abroad with Dorothy in Germany) in

fact attempts to distil this complex extract, with its combination of nostalgia, pleasure, luxury, violence, guilt, stealth. The insight comes not just from recognition of the violence that accompanies this harvest of the imagination, and the guilt that results, but also from the folding of this experience into a further schema. The adult reflects on, and interacts with, the consciousness of his childhood in a scene that the poet has not incorporated—at least not yet—into a Christian eschatology. To the extent that later critics find it difficult to locate this exact distillation in English poets before Wordsworth, to that extent Wordsworth has accomplished, before the fact, the Poundian feat of making poetry new.

Landor's poem is every bit as sexually charged as "Nutting." <sup>189</sup> It begins with the coitus of the seasons—"Precipitate Spring" jumps "into hot Summer's lusty arms" and "expires." <sup>190</sup> At this auspicious time of year the poem's speaker finds himself in a garden, when he mistakes "a gentle maid" who has come to gather her rosebuds for an "ox ... or mule, or goat" come to find a meal. <sup>191</sup> The speaker announces his long-held and pacific love of flowers:

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way

To let all flowers live freely, and all die,

Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,

Among their kindred in their native place.

I never pluck the rose; the violet's head

Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank

And not reproacht me.<sup>192</sup>

The arrival of this young woman upon the scene threatens this man's principled nonviolence. She cannot reach the flowers which she wants, so he fetches down a few dead ones for her and places them in the gown she holds up to receive them. He watches as "every one her gown receive[s]" turns out to be "fairer than the first." Here, the poem achieves its equipoise: "a tense, luxurious unconsummation," Pinsky terms it. 194 The girl wants to make him a gift of one of the blossoms—hers, of course—as thanks. He asks her to choose the largest of those she has, and she holds one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take

She knew not, nor did I; but taking it

Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.

I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part

Of her own self.195

The species of feeling that this passage conveys has little to do with the speaker's unique subjectivity. It depicts a *locus amoenus*, an older man's infatuation with a younger woman, the wise bowing, in the end, before the beautiful. <sup>196</sup> Certainly, Landor's poem lacks the unique complications that Wordsworth wrings from his more homely story. Yet Landor displays mastery of his art in the delineation of his vignette, as in the handling of its metrical effects, its deft management of the give and take of syntax, the play of horizontal movement across the line and vertical

progress down the page. What one admires about the poem is much what one admires about an especially successful translation: Landor takes a commonplace, something already felt before, and replenishes it.

On its own terms, the passage's attention to social irony is exceedingly fine. Landor's speaker is just the sort of gentleman who, one feels, so comfortably inhabits this *locus amoenus*. He does a chivalrous service for the young woman. The terms of this chivalry, and of the social convention that makes it intelligible to both participants in this transaction, dictate that the lady return a favor to her knight. The young woman not only understands the social propriety that underwrites her offer, but she also has some sense ("and this she felt"197) of what the reciprocal gesture would be. Convention nearly leads the girl into the symbolic deflowering in which the poem almost but does not quite culminate. But convention also dictates the terms on which the speaker refuses to press his advantage. He has absolute, paternalistic control over the situation and, at the same time, chivalry preaches restraint. The particular representation of this insight belongs, of course, to Landor, but the insight itself is, by definition, fully conventional, a matter of nuance in reading social codes. Fashioned in a romantic style, this is where Byron began to move in *Beppo*.

Such "chivalry" may strike readers as no less reprehensible than

Wordsworth's "merciless ravage," yet the contrast between the poems holds.

Wordsworth takes an unpoetic situation and irradiates it with insight drawn from his experience of the world. Landor chooses an eminently poetic situation and reanimates it through dexterous representation and skill in parsing complex social

interactions. In Pinsky's mind, this is the difference between "two kinds of poetry: poetry which emphasizes the discovery of content and poetry which emphasizes the discovery of tone." 198

For all its brilliance, however, Pinsky's argument runs up against a procedural objection that his book does not, in the end, sufficiently address. He writes that, in contrast to Wordsworth, "Landor's 'discourses about human sentiment' *are* his poems, the words, commas, and lines of his poems, the tones which he gives in response to 'the old idea'."<sup>199</sup> Pinsky loads his analysis and supports his claims with detailed formal analyses that reflect his own membership in the tradition of poet as "a reflective artisan" that he identifies for Landor. And yet his book never asks how we know which words and commas belong to Landor. How do we know that a given instance of punctuation does not belong—for example—to editorial judgment or compositorial carelessness? After all, we do not forget Edward Connery Latham's decision to re-punctuate Frost's poems, or the praise heaped on Dickinson's verse by modernist admirers, unaware how much of that poetry was written by her editors.

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Adam Roberts's *Landor's Cleanness* (2015)—billed by its dust jacket as "the first for nearly half a century to address the whole of Landor's prodigious output over the seven decades of his writing life"—is less troubled by such problems.

Roberts puts Landor's poetry at the center of a discursive field defined by a cluster of associated terms: cleanness and mess (or dirt), purity and contamination,

modesty and licentiousness, clarity and obscurity. The relation that structures this field is, for Roberts, dialectical. *Gebir* exemplifies his thesis:

Cleanness is very important to Landor's art, and it is very important, both practically and conceptually, to human life as well. But one of the things Landor can teach us is to attend to the significance, and more to the beauty, of the ways cleanness gets compromised. Stylistically Landor embodies both neoclassical purity and proto-modernist fragmentation and heterogeneity. This is not a question of stylistic intermittency. On the contrary, it is just this dynamic that defines Landor's poetry. It is not, to take one example, that *Gebir* is purely classic for a few lines and then intriguingly ur-modernist and garbled for a few more. It is that it is, somehow, *both these things at once all the way through*. The technical term for this is dialectic, and in a conversational sense (an imaginary conversational sense) that is a very good way of describing the relationship between dirt and cleanness in Landor's art.<sup>200</sup>

Roberts does not shy away from stylistic analysis of the sort in which Pinsky excels, but he resolves such analysis into this dialectical conception of "dirt and cleanness." In this analysis, style matters to the extent that it facilitates the enactment of this tension, but not as by itself the centerpiece of Landor's achievement. Thus, while Roberts does little more than Pinsky to address the textual mess at the center of Landor's reception, his failure to take this problem head on does less to compromise

his local interpretations. For Pinsky, Landor's contribution is his style; for Roberts, the contribution is how that style foregrounds and problematizes a larger set of concepts.

This approach leads to arresting readings of individual works. In the two-hundred line fragment "Crysaor," for example, Roberts persuasively detects a representation of the evils of the transatlantic slave trade. *Gebir* reveals "the contamination of clean myth by grubby history."<sup>201</sup> The poem, writes Roberts, "proceeds by a series of misunderstandings, inabilities to read signs, and hidden codes of signification."<sup>202</sup> It is "an epic of misinterpretation." It discloses—Roberts does sometimes repeat himself—"the contamination of the mythic mode by the unteleological mess of history—and this in turn harmonizes with the structuring pattern of the whole."<sup>203</sup>

Gebir opens, for example, with all the forward thrust of epic convention. Gebir and his Spaniards arrive in Egypt with the express intent of subjugating its people. Once they arrive, however, everything sinks into confusion. Gebir falls in love with Charoba, the queen whom he has sworn to overthrow; his brother, Tamar, swoons similarly over a nymph who cross-dresses as a sailor. Invited by Charoba, the Spaniards try to rebuild a city that belonged, once upon a time, to their forefathers. When they run afoul of the tutelary spirits of the place, who make a mess of their labors, Gebir journeys into the underworld. But for Landor this descent does not end in clarification but with unanswered questions. Back in the world above, Spaniards and Egyptians prepare for the merger of their peoples through Gebir's wedding to Charoba. Both parties welcome matrimony, but

Charoba's nurse, Dalica, fails to get this message. Convinced that Charoba resents and fears Gebir, Dalica poisons him at the very moment of their nuptials. The arrival of these heroes from the West fails to lead to the creation of a glorious empire. It only causes senseless bloodshed. Meanwhile, Landor has his nymph whisk Tamar away to some nether-region safely tucked away, for the moment, from history. Such a republican empire as the poem envisions will take its origins from this simple shepherd, whose virtue is, in an important sense, his weakness.

But Roberts argues that the poem does not just represent the grubbiness of history but enacts it. Returning to the poem in 1803, and feeling very differently about Napoleon by this date, Landor further muddies the poem by adding a set of textual glosses. Those notes throw the poem into moral confusion. In both versions, Tamar has been cast in the Aenean position as the sire of a people that will culminate, historically, in Napoleon. In arguably the most famous lines of the poem, Landor writes that Tamar's line will yield "A mortal man above all mortal praise," 204 and that man is the French general. That such values as Tamar represents can be the foundation of a modern and humane European empire is the great hope of the 1798 edition of the poem. Rather than revise this outcome in light of what he understands, in 1803, about Napoleonic ambition, Landor simply rails against the man in whom he formerly put his faith. This series of events draws a fine observation from Roberts: "We might say that events have overtaken the composition of the poem, but this would be just another way of saying that the process of questioning—of interpretation—has not and cannot come to rest on any particular certainty."205

I find Roberts's own interpretation, which is not offered in hopes of epistemological closure, compelling. And yet Landor does not present his narrative as Roberts, channeling de Man, wants to read it. This is not, as much as we want it to be, a poem that thematizes the philosophical concerns of our moment. In its strangeness Gebir resists even Roberts's reading of it as, at core, a poem of our (twenty-first century academic) climate, even though his reading does valorize the very qualities that previous interpretations find disconcerting. <sup>206</sup> We should be glad that *Gebir* makes that resistance, but not because we might reject postmodern conditionalities like the epistemological veracity of misinterpretation. Rather, we should be glad that even a reading such as Roberts's, felicitous in so many respects, does not exhaust the poem's resonance, but rather propels it forward into other, and new, interpretations.

## III. ODD CHEER

Whether or not Roberts's book prompts a fresh look at Landor, scholars will need to extract a coherent and authoritative text from the obscurity and confusion into which his archive has fallen. So I return to the questions with which I opened: why do such work? Is Landor worth it? In what ways can we cash this work out for a better understanding of the genres in which Landor wrote, the poets and poetry that he influenced, and the period during which he lived?

I want to begin my own response by appealing to a perhaps unlikely source: the philosopher Richard Rorty—specifically his attempt to shift philosophical discussion into an explicitly Romantic frame of reference. Rorty makes this move in two late essays, the first of which, "Romanticism and Pragmatism," finds Rorty choosing Shelley over Plato, because the Romantic poet invents "new language games for us to play," whereas the ancient philosopher is a quester after unmediated access to truth. 207 Rorty sets the second essay, which he calls "The Fire of Life," in the days just after he has completed "Romanticism and Pragmatism." Having finished his Shellevan defense of poetry in the broadest possible sense, Rorty received a diagnosis of inoperable pancreatic cancer. It is with the effect of that diagnosis on Rorty's intellectual life that "The Fire of Life" treats. Movingly, he admits that he finds philosophy of no help in facing death: "neither the philosophy that I had written nor that which I had read seemed to have any particular bearing on my situation." Instead, he turns to poetry—not in the wide Shelleyan sense that he had been discussing, but to particular poems that bring him "odd cheer" 208: a stanza from Swinburne's "Garden of Prosperine" and an epigram of Landor's, appropriately titled "The Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher":

Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.<sup>209</sup>

Rorty sedulously avoids anything approaching sentimentalism in "The Fire of Life," and I have no intention of sentimentalizing his own story for the purposes of my argument. To the contrary, it is in the escape from the very sentiment and effusion which accompany Shelleyan romanticism that I want to offer my first defense of Landor's value. One can see how Landor wins the pragmatist's esteem. Shelley would be unthinkable here. Not for Rorty—or at least not now—the famous ending of *Prometheus Unbound*: "to hope till Hope creates / From its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Nor would Keats's "To Autumn" serve. Neither hoping for the return, against all odds, of Spring, nor the will to focus on fall pleasures, serves the pragmatist's purpose. In Landor, he finds readiness without resignation, 211 a repose as marmoreal as those lapidary lines.

Robert Browning also took Shelley as a point of intellectual and imaginative departure. In *Pauline, a fragment of a confession* (1833), Shelley is the "Suntreader"<sup>212</sup> whose marvelous poems light the younger poet's path. But the exuberant Shelley's influence cuts both ways. In a review of *Pauline*, John Stuart Mill observed that the poem "seems … possessed with a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being."<sup>213</sup> The poet of Pauline wears his emotions too nakedly. It is as though he everywhere cries out with Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind": "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"<sup>214</sup> This line is so startling in Shelley because it departs from the impersonal, vatic register in which the poem chiefly speaks. The orphic Shelleyan poet who has presumed, by ancient rite, to hold converse with the rocks and stones and trees suddenly stands before us as Yeats's "bundle of accident and incoherence that sits down to

breakfast."<sup>215</sup> The mask, if only for a moment, has slipped off. And that slip takes one's breath away.

In *Pauline*, incoherence and accident predominate. As he objectified his voice, Browning found Landor a useful counterbalance to Shelleyan lyricism. "Robert has always said," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "that he owed more as a writer to Landor than to any contemporary."<sup>216</sup> We find a clue to Robert Browning's debt in *Sordello*, that vexing poem, which meant so much to Rossetti and Pound, but has few readers now. In Book Three, Browning hails Landor as a "my friend"<sup>217</sup> whose verse provides "an amulet / Sovereign against low-thoughtedness and fret!"<sup>218</sup> Even in Landor's case, however, that sovereignty was not given but won, and it had to be won anew in every poem. "The most violent of men" was how Yeats described him: "he uses his intellect to disengage a visionary image of perfect sanity."<sup>219</sup> In *The Romantic Movement in the Nineteenth Century* (1909), Arthur Symons argues that "Landor's sensitiveness makes his verse shrink from any apparent self-assertion." Landor "heard a music," Symons goes on to say,

which seemed to beat with too definite a measure, and he often draws back his finger from the string before he has quite sounded the note.... The words pause half-uttered; what they say is never more than a part of what they mean, as the tune to which they say it always supposes a more ample melody completing it behind the silence.<sup>220</sup>

Such stylistic discretion helps account for what Herbert Tucker calls "the telegraphic like[ness]"<sup>221</sup> of *Sordello* and Landor's *Gebir*, published the same year as *Lyrical Ballads*, in 1798. Consider, for example, this bizarre, impacted passage from Landor's poem:

He enter'd; and a mingled sound arose

Like that—when shaken from some temple's roof

By zealous hand, they, and their fretted nest,—

Of birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb,

And tell the Halcyons when Spring first returns.<sup>222</sup>

The dashed parenthetical interrupts Landor's sentence, complicating the extended simile. But behind the broken, Latinate syntax lies a clear image, a more ample completing melody. The lines juxtapose the workaday sound-image of birds chased off a roof with the myth of the Memnonides. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* contains one of several versions of this story. Wishing to honor the fallen warrior Memnon, slain by Achilles during the Trojan War, Zeus forms birds, the Memnonides, from the ashes of his pyre. Each year they return to Memnon's tomb to purify it through ritual combat. Landor possessed extensive knowledge of classical texts, but the presence of the Halcyons in the final line of this passage suggests he may have had Moschus's *Lament for Bion* in mind.

Oh, not the swallows on the ridges high,

Nor the plaintive note of piteous Philomels,

Nor dolphins rolling in the ocean swells

About the sea-banks, nor, in the summer sky,

The halcyon shrilling forth her mournful cry,

Nor that strange bird of Memnon in the dells

Of dawn, e'er sang such touching, sad farewells

As were poured forth, when, Bion thou didst die!<sup>223</sup>

At the moment in Landor's poem that I just quoted, Gebir, his hero, is about to descend into the underworld. One can parse Landor's allusion, but in this case it provides little clarity beyond a sense of the general ritual significance of this descent. There is a sense that he is alluding in the etymological sense, playing an improvisatory ditty with his intertexts. The passage's syntax, to which I have already referred, forms another part of that free play. Straining the expressive capacities of English grammar, Landor begins a comparison: "a mingled sound arose like that"—and then elaborates the comparison before he has even completed it. "Shaken from the temple's roof" comes before the phrase it modifies: "birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb." Not content there, Landor offers a yet further elaboration. Not only are the birds shaken off the roof but also—clearly we are not to miss this point—"their fretted nest" is dislodged from the temple.

Moments like this recur in *Gebir*. It actively solicits interpretation, everywhere reveals Landor's restless, complicating mind—not the least reason that Swinburne honored his work. Such difficulties as the poem presents often do not

come, I find, from too little concern (from error as such), but from an excess of it.

Self-consciousness pervades this poem much as it does Browning's *Pauline*, and is wedded to its aesthetic.

By way of contrast, take Wordsworth's "The Thorn," *Gebir's* exact contemporary. In an important sense, "The Thorn" also takes up the relation between language and interpretation, but Wordsworth structures this interaction on almost the opposite terms. In places where superstition such as that displayed by the narrator of "The Thorn" still exists, Wordsworth locates the kernel of British moral and aesthetic consciousness. He grounds his mature response to the French Revolution not so much in imagination, though he did learn from Coleridge to prize the self-restoring potential of this faculty, as in English history.

The difficulty of "The Thorn" comes not from the language, which—like all the lyrical ballads—is as simple as can be. Rather the reader's struggle stems from "The Thorn's" repeated acts of defamiliarization, the mental shifts the poem requires in order to take the narrator's worldview seriously. Wordsworth's note to this poem makes this problem clear. He fully expects readers to find his narrator absurd: after all, the narrator associates a lurid story of adultery and murder with what is probably only an ordinary patch of land. Wordsworth writes the note to "The Thorn" to persuade readers that it is just this capacity for imaginative invention that forms a vital connection with the great poetry of the English past. English poets—and here Wordsworth is thinking of eighteenth century authors like Pope and Gray—have lost this connection. They have become too civilized for their own good.<sup>224</sup>

Steeped in classical literatures, Landor lacks Wordsworth's link to the English countryside as the privileged site of cultural renovation. He shares Byron's sense that such revolution, if it is to come, must do so from the European theater at large, and most directly from the cultures that gave birth to Western thought and art. He would rather have English readers pick up their books than, as Wordsworth recommends, put them down. Critics have in general regarded *Gebir* as a serious attempt at heroic poetry marred by Landor's Prufrockian inability to say just what he means. Wordsworth, if he even read the poem at all, must have found it impossibly turgid.

But I am not sure that, on one level at least, Landor does not conceive *Gebir* as an elaborate game, for this is how he himself refers to it, in a Post-Script that he wrote to the second edition but later suppressed. Reviewers of the first edition had criticized the poem for taking too many phrases from Milton. Exercising his love of invective, Landor insists that he has far too much reverence "to break open, for the supply of my games or for the maintenance of my veteran heroes, the sacred treasury of the great republican."<sup>225</sup> In a similar vein, Charles G. Crump, who published an edition of Landor's works in 1892, wrote in his introduction that Gebir contained "fatal touches of burlesque."<sup>226</sup>

More recent critics of the poem—which, almost alone of Landor's work, has found scholarly readers—seldom address this aspect of the text. Stuart Curran, for example, finds that *Gebir* "pits the genres of romance and epic against each other" in order to critique epic's generic associations with conquest and cultural imperialism.<sup>227</sup> Alan Richardson qualifies this assertion by noting that Landor folded

this critique into the second edition of the poem as he grew more disaffected with the actual shape of Napoleonic rule.<sup>228</sup> Neither Curran nor Richardson comments, however, on a quality that Elizabeth Barrett Browning saw as central to Landor's work. There is in Landor's work, she writes,

a vein of humour which by its own nature is peculiarly subtle and evasive; he therefore refines upon it, by his art, in order to prevent anybody discovering it without a grave, solicitous, and courtly approach, which is unspeakably ridiculous to all the parties concerned, and which no doubt the author secretly enjoys.<sup>229</sup>

When we try, in other words, to parse such bizarre passages as the one on the Memnonides, the joke may well be on us.

I find touches of this sort of humor throughout *Gebir*. Many instances, as Barrett Browning prepares us to expect, require a degree of explanation that itself becomes absurd. Picking up from the passage on the Memnonides, we can now follow Gebir into the underworld. Once he arrives there, and we are now in Book Three, he hears someone calling his name, but concludes that it is only "the strong vibration of the brain / That struck upon his ear." But in fact a man, whom the poem names Aroar, appears, and he offers to guide Gebir through this shadowy domain. In terms of the epic conventions that Landor deploys throughout the poem, Aroar is Tiresias to Gebir's Odysseus, Virgil to his Dante. As soon as he has made his invitation, Landor ends the verse paragraph and begins the next as follows: "Him

Gebir followed, and *a roar* confused / Rose from a river, rolling it in it's [sic] bed" (my italics)<sup>231</sup>. The pun—or, more formally, paronomasia—is so slight that one hesitates to put weight on it at all. And yet it seems clear that Aroar, who wears the mantle of epic tradition, is in fact no more than that strong vibration, whatever that may be, in Gebir's brain. Later in the book, he offers Gebir this prophecy:

## he who dares

To penetrate this darkness, nor regards

The dangers of the way, shall reascend

In glory, nor the gates of hell retard

That man, nor demon's, nor man's art prevail.<sup>232</sup>

As it turns out in the poem, Aroar's prophecy proves false. Human art prevails. On his wedding day, Gebir becomes the victim of a court poisoning. In retrospect, the pun on Aroar's name suggests that Gebir has been guided not by divine support but by grandiose imperial visions of his own making.

The kind of play that I am attributing to *Gebir* stops short of coalescing into a self-conscious and comprehensive representational strategy. Moreover, Landor seldom combines such ludic elements with the aesthetic difficulties that I have already discussed in his later work. In general, he increasingly writes the kind of poem—and prose, for that matter—that Yeats describes thus: "he uses his intellect to disengage a vision of perfect sanity." Yet if Curran and Tucker can argue persuasively, as they do, for *Gebir's* place in the history of epic, we can just as

persuasively make the case that Landor's poem belongs to the prehistory of modernist and post-modernist irony as representational mode.

As it does in Browning, who loaded the rifts of his verse with such ore, this aesthetic derives from Landor's response to the changing material conditions of his historical moment: from the French Revolution and its Napoleonic aftermath, from the explosions of the book trades, the expansion of suffrage, industrialized production, and the consolidation of bourgeois social and moral norms. The remarkable and still understudied *Imaginary Conversations* (1824-29)—a prose work that reshapes a wide range of classical, medieval and Renaissance materials for consumption by nineteenth-century readers—remains the most complete record of Landor's worldview. In a sense, it forms his attempt to shore up the ruins of culture against a world that he found increasingly unrecognizable, and it looks forward to such works as, for example, Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*.

The *Imaginary Conversations* was also central to establishing Landor's *fin de siècle* reputation as an exponent of pure style. Even a poem such as *Gebir*, which Landor himself conceived expressly in generic terms as a response to the Napoleonic wars, could be recast from an aesthetic perspective. Thus, E.C. Stedman, a prominent American critic, writes that in *Gebir* "art, treatment, imagination are everything; argument very little; the story is ... a cord upon which [Landor] strings his extraordinary language, imagery and versification."<sup>233</sup> For Stedman, *Gebir* "is the prototype of our modern formation . . . this strangely modern poem, which ... has so much of Tennyson's finish, of Arnold's objectivity, and the romance of Morris and Keats".<sup>234</sup>

As late as 1934, Pound could write of Landor as an English Théophile Gautier, from whom the English poets of the late nineteenth-century could have learned the central tenets of art-for-art's sake. The chief exponent in England of that movement, Swinburne, certainly made his debt to Landor clear.

Swinburne connected with a different side of Landor from, for example, Browning did. If you read Landor through the lens of Browning, you can draw out Landor's love of prose complexity, his anxieties about audience, and the interest in style as medium for navigating these difficulties. Landor may not have theorized an aesthetics of difficulty such as one finds in Browning's poem, but his poems perform it, all the same, with the naïveté that I have been ascribing to him. Swinburne also prized Landor's difficulty and sought to defend it from charges of "loose and nebulous incertitude":

The one charge which can ever seriously be brought and maintained against [Landor's poetry] is that of such occasional obscurity or difficulty as may arise from excessive strictness in condensation of phrase and expurgation of matter not always superfluous, and sometimes almost indispensable. ... At times it is wellnigh impossible for an eye less keen and swift, a scholarship less exquisite and ready than his own, to catch the precise direction and follow the perfect course of his rapid thought and radiant utterance. This apparently studious pursuit and preference of the most terse and elliptic expression ... could not but occasionally make even so sovereign a master of two great languages appear "dark with excess of light." 235

Like other Victorian advocates for Landor, Swinburne emphasizes Landor's "rapid thought" and the extent to which, at times, his own best qualities of rigor and condensation undermine him. Swinburne understands, and seeks to guard against, the ease with which the unobservant reader might discard, on account of obscurity, passages that resolve into clarity with more thought.

For Swinburne, admiration of Landor's wide learning and nimble wit goes hand-in-hand with reverence for his "radiant utterance." "Radiant" is probably not the first adjective that will come to mind for twenty-first century readers of Landor's writings. Certainly it differs, for example, from the serenity that, as I suggested, interested Rorty in "The Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher." Let me therefore try to specify what Swinburne means by Landor's radiance.

Swinburne testified in print to his debt to Landor on at least five occasions: the essay from which I have just quoted, the dedication to *Atalanta in Calydon*, "In Memory of Walter Savage Landor" (from *Poems and Ballads*, 1866), "Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor" (from *Studies in Song*, 1880), and "Thalassius" (from *Songs for the Springtides*, also 1880). Long ago, in *Swinburne and Landor*, W. Brooks Drayton Henderson called attention to Landor's role in "Thalassius" and the importance of that poem as a mythopoeic account of Swinburne's own development.<sup>236</sup> But to the extent that Henderson proceeds to treat the poem as an index to that development from a moral and biographical perspective, he reads back onto "Thalassius" the Wordsworthian sincerity model that Swinburne himself avoids.

Swinburne described "Thalassius" as "a symbolical quasi-autobiographical poem after the fashion of Shelley or of Hugo." 237 In fact, the "Intimations" Ode stands, at a Shelleyan remove, behind Swinburne's poem, with Landor serving, as he does in Browning, in a mediatory role. Of Wordsworth's so-called greater lyrics, the "Intimations" Ode is the most conventional. This is one reason why critics find the stanza that begins "O joy, that in our embers / Is something that does live" 238 so riveting. The move is, in some respects, similar to the one I described in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." Wordsworth downshifts from the high rhetoric of the ode into a more conversational gear. He makes this move because he rests his poetic faith not on myth but (what we would call) psychological insight into his mind's "obstinate questionings / Of sense and outward things."

"Thalassius," by contrast, never departs the world of myth and retains its rhetoric—what Swinburne would call Song—throughout. The poem riffs on Wordsworth's ur-story, that of a child who comes into the world trailing clouds of glory, who loses his way, falls into despair, and exits crisis into rejuvenation. But if "Thalassius" presents a quintessentially Romantic dilemma, it does so on Swinburne's terms. Thalassius, child of Apollo and Cymothoe, a nereid, washes up on the human shore, finds a mentor who imparts a value system, falls into the company of false or human love, discovers that the true names of this love are "sorrow" and "grief," 239 gives himself over to lust, and recovers, through nature, the very attunement with the world that he lost. I have presented these events successively because, in the action of the poem, the logic of parataxis prevails. Nothing could be more different from the hypotaxis of the Wordsworthian greater

lyric, which requires the fusion of innocence and experience. Swinburne writes that Thalassius, in his final position in the poem, recovers "the great same joy ... / Of child that made him man."<sup>240</sup> Swinburne's child may, in this sense, be father of the man, but in "Thalassius" the man also finds a way to father a second childhood, to return to an elemental innocence. So aligned, with his "father's fire made mortal in his son,"<sup>241</sup> Thalassius achieves a definitively non-egotistical sublime. Swept-away, in "tidal-throb," from "his own soul's separate sense," he is "now no more a singer, but a song."<sup>242</sup>

What, then, is Landor's role in the poem? The mentorship which he provides does not save the child from the sorrow and grief that come with love-in-life, though maybe those values he lodged in Thalassius helps Thalassius, finally, to find his way back home. The poem's lovely encomium on Landor tells us something about how Swinburne saw him, though the whole thrust of the poem is, as I have said, away from simple biography:

But he that found the sea-flower by the sea

And took to foster like a graft of earth

Was born of man's most highest and heavenliest birth,

Free-born as winds and stars and waves are free;

A warrior grey with glories more than years,

Though more of years than change the quick to dead

Had rained their light and darkness on his head;

A singer that in time's and memory's ears

Should leave such words to sing as all his peers

Might praise with hallowing heat of rapturous tears

Till all the days of human flight were fled.<sup>243</sup>

It is possible to abstract, from this passage and the verse paragraphs that follow, the representative qualities of Landor as Swinburne saw them: love of freedom, hate of injustice; hope for "the birth / Of good and death of evil things on earth" Love, that though body and soul were overthrown[,] / Should live for love's sake of itself alone." Above all, perhaps, Landor represents a stance on final matters, which, for Thalassius, as for Rorty, brings serenity. This last turns out to be crucial to how Landor circulates not only through "Thalassius" but also among the pantheon of Swinburne's poet-heroes: Sappho, Villon, Shelley, Hugo, Baudelaire, among others. "Thalassius" expresses the idea in one of Swinburne's customarily breath-taking epic similes:

Till as the moon's own beam and breath confuse
In one clear hueless haze of glimmering hues
The sea's line and the land's line and the sky's,
And light for love of darkness almost dies,
As darkness only lives for light's clear love,
Whose hands the web of night is woven of,
So in that heaven of wondrous words were life
And death brought out of strife;

Yea, by that strong spell of serene increase Brought out of strife to peace.<sup>246</sup>

One could piece out, for each of the other poets I just mentioned, the specific features of the historical Swinburne's debt: which lines he borrowed, which ideas and dispositions he took over, which values he found in each. Ultimately, what matters is that they exist where Thalassius arrives, in that heaven of wondrous words. It is as representative of Song that Landor acquires, for Swinburne, his radiance. "Thalassius" presents this relation both metaphorically, in such passages as this one, and literally, by incorporating one of Landor's epigrams into his poem:

And gladly should man die to gain, he said, Freedom; and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.<sup>247</sup>

The procedure is the same as in "Anactoria":

Yea, though thou diest, I say I shall not die.

For these shall give me of their souls, shall give

Life, and the days and loves wherewith I live,

Shall quicken me with loving, fill with breath,

Save me and serve me, strive for me with death.<sup>248</sup>

Sappho consumes, that is to say, the reader-lovers whose romance with her goes on resuscitating her as Song. Erotic love fuses into love that "live[s] for love's sake of itself alone." In a sense, "Anactoria" aligns with Swinburne's Leper, whose love for his mistress overwhelms the social codes of decency and restraint and, finally, even his instinct for bodily self-preservation.<sup>249</sup> As Song himself, Swinburne embodies, by turns, Landor's "fine honey of song-notes goldener than gold"<sup>250</sup> and Sappho's voracious eroticism.

It was against Pound as much as anyone, and against the view of Landor as aesthete *avant la lettre*, that Leavis wrote. While he was of course right to remind scholars that Landor was far too much of a republican, far too much of a Miltonist, to have acceded without reservation to the principles of aestheticism, Leavis underrated Landor's importance for generations of nineteenth-century poets. He underestimated his role as an anti-Romantic counterbalance to the central ideological formation of Wordsworthian and Shelleyan romanticism, an important mediating presence for poets from Browning and Swinburne to Yeats and Pound.

IV. CONCLUSION: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTERFACE FOR LANDOR'S POEMS

No one has produced a scholarly edition from Landor's archive since the end of the Great Depression. (A handful of scholars, including de Selincourt, have published selected editions.) As far as I know, no one has given the scholarly edition that exists (Wheeler and Welby) a full bibliographic assessment.

Should scholars, in 2015, undertake this work? As a republican aristocrat confronting the industrialization of print, as a classicist confronting the diminishment of interest in the cultures of Greek and Roman antiquity, as an anti-romanticist who refuses, from the beginning, the solipsism with which so much Romantic poetry must struggle, as a dramatist whose works convene conversations across centuries, Landor deserves more attention than he has received. He merits this attention despite his own protestations against popularity, despite his bluster, despite his aristocratic negligence of the publication of his work.

Even if Landor's writings did not have this relevance, even if scholars believed them "useless and nonsignificant," they would still call out for preservation. Like other cultural phenomena, "their simple existence testifies that they once had value, though what that was we may not—may never—know."251 Uselessness for the present does not entail the next generation. Scholars preserve what comes into their orbit in order to transmit the inheritance as fully as possible to the scholars that come after them.

Supposing, on these grounds, a new edition of Landor, what bibliographical interface should it have? It should not follow Wheeler in distributing the poems into editorial categories. Although my first chapter argues on behalf of Wordsworth's categorical organization, editors should not be in the business of inventing topics for the representation of an author's works. Wordsworth is a special case. In this respect, Wheeler's edition has more in common with Matthew Arnold's selection of Wordsworth—which ranges Wordsworth's poems beneath headings of Arnold's

own imagination—than with the categorically-arranged editions of Dowden and de Sélincourt.

The aristocratic Landor had little of Wordsworth's interest in controlling the dissemination of his works in print. He did not see publication, as Wordsworth did, as a means of social and cultural advancement. Landor wished his writings to be publicized, of course. He felt entitled to publication. It would have been beneath his station to care overmuch about such details as the order of his poems within individual publications. Wordsworth's middle-class meticulousness in this area accounts, to some degree, for the success which, compared to Landor, he has enjoyed. Wordsworth understood the importance of cultivating an audience. Landor preferred that readers come to him, or discover his writings not at all.

In consequence, editors might reasonably fall back upon a chronological Table of Contents. They would almost certainly have to base such a chronology on the publication and not the composition of his works. No collected edition of Landor's letters exists. It has been a long time since T.J. Wise compiled his bibliographies of Landor. It may well be that his archive, scattered among various repositories, contains little information to document the production of his poems.

Arranging them by date of publication, and specifically by volume published, therefore seems preferable. Such a scheme would have to incorporate, among other things, the periodical pieces that Landor published. It would also commit, or it should, to presenting multiple versions of poems that Landor—sometimes intentionally, sometimes not—brought into print.

The case of Landor's idylls underscores the necessity of this treatment. Landor first printed many of them in Latin. He published one such edition in 1815, another in 1820. In 1846, John Forster oversaw the publication of a collected volume of Landor's poems: for the occasion, Landor made English translations of these Latin idylls. Thirteen years later, in 1859, he published new translations of the same idylls as part of a volume of *Hellenics* that he brought out in that year. These translations reimagine the poems, from the ground up. Little evidence of Landor's intentions exist. It seems that the aging Landor (now 84) simply forgot that he had made the earlier translations.

Under these circumstances, a digital environment best suits the storage and representation of Landor's writings. Such an environment would make it possible for editors to display all textual versions of Landor's poems side-by-side. Readers could switch effortlessly between, for example, the 1846 and 1859 texts of the idylls, and toggle the editorial apparatus off and on as desired. They could use digital collation tools, such as Juxta, to visualize the transformation of Landor's texts across the published editions. The dynamic quality of such an edition would do more than print, which favors fixity, to capture the haphazard quality of Landor's careers into print across the several decades of his publishing life.

Any new edition of Landor should respect that haphazard quality.

Disorganization characterizes Landor's archive, and it characterized his own approach to publication. This disorganization both reflects his individual temperament and expresses something of his cultural position. Scholarship that

brings order to Landor's textual mess should seek, at the same time, to preserve the quality of that mess as itself significant to Landor's working habits and his place in the history of English literature.

None of this work will happen, however, unless critics arrive at a greater appreciation of the value of Landor's writings as an interpretation of nineteenth-century literature and culture. It seems unlikely to happen until scholars restore the work of editing, as a form of interpretation, to the priority that it formerly enjoyed.

Until that time, chairs remain available at the dinner party that Landor imagined as the venue of his reception by future readers. Scholars should not spurn this invitation. They should honor it, among other reasons, because Landor mattered to certain crucial poets (Browning, Swinburne) who mattered to others (Yeats, Pound, Eliot). These other poets matter, in turn, to the poets who now write everywhere around us. Landor belongs to a counterhistory of English Romantic literature, one that resists the identification of imagination with individual subjectivity. His writings prompt those moments of what Richard Rorty described as "odd cheer." To borrow copy from Apple, they "elevate the experience of using" our own experience of the world around us, and of engaging, loving, and caring for that world.

Preface

<sup>1</sup> McGann, "Interpretation as a Game That Must Be Lost."

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, 141.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, 141-2.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. 141.

<sup>5</sup> Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morality*, 68.

Chapter One: Wordsworth and the Hinge of Critique

<sup>6</sup> Reiman, "Wordsworth [Collected Edition, 2 Vols.]," 734.

<sup>7</sup> As he did with so many poems, Wordsworth revised the 1815 classification several times between its first appearance and the final authorized edition of his poetical works in 1850. Were my argument pursued to its logical end, scholars would study each iteration of the classification in itself. In the absence of space to make this attempt here, I use "1815 classification" and "Wordsworth's classification" interchangeably as shorthand for all iterations of it in the aggregate, for the purposes of establishing a basic distinction between Wordsworth's system of organization and a chronological organization.

<sup>8</sup> Gill, "Wordsworth's Poems: The Question of Text," 176. Compare, for example, Gill's remark: "Wordsworth's practice of tinkering with published poems could be ascribed to what de Sélincourt called 'the true artist's search for perfection'. The less charitable (or romantic) might call it substitution, a way of avoiding sustained work on *The Recluse*. Whatever the cause, it was compulsive. His inability to leave texts alone caused illness, domestic friction, personal fretfulness … but revision did not

stop. ... Revision was compulsive and continuous" (176). Indeed, but revision also provided Moxon with a marketing tactic for selling new editions.

<sup>9</sup> Wordsworth's death and the appearance of his final text disrupted a mutually beneficial exchange between author and publisher. Moxon had to find other reasons to justify new editions of Wordsworth's poems. In subsequent volumes, the publisher found various ways to add value: he commissioned F.T. Palgrave to make a selection of Wordsworth's poems, for example. *The Earlier Poems of William Wordsworth. Corrected as in the Latest Editions*, which Moxon brought out in 1857, is another example. This volume underscored Moxon's position as holder of the Wordsworth copyrights, which were, in 1857, on the verge of expiring. Moxon's most substantial effort, however, was to commission John Carter, Wordsworth's secretary, to undertake a new edition of the poems. In this edition, Moxon printed what we know as the Isabella Fenwick notes, effectively copyrighting them, for the first time.

There is evidence of some variation. A list of "New Editions and Works Reduced in Price, From the Middle of Nov. 1857, To Middle of Nov. 1858," in *The Literary and Educational Year Book for 1859* for example, lists two copies of Routledge's *Poetical Works*: one for 5s., the other for 3s.6d (71). By contrast, an advertisement in *The Literary Gazette* for September 3, 1859, offers three distinct instances of Moxon's version of *The Poetical Works*: an issue in six volumes, bound in cloth, price 30s.; an issue in six pocket volumes, also in cloth, for 21s.; and a one-volume edition in cloth for 20s (223).

<sup>11</sup> Paul Cantor elaborates this idea in "Resolution and Financial Independence:

Wordsworth's Obsession with Copyright Laws":

https://bastiat.mises.org/files/resolution-and-financial-independence-

wordsworths-obsession-copyright-laws-paul-cantormp3.

- <sup>12</sup> Levinson, Wordsworth's Great Period Poems.
- <sup>13</sup> Owen, "The Parable of the Old Man and the Young."
- <sup>14</sup> Wordsworth, "Michael. A Pastoral Poem," 22.
- <sup>15</sup> Ibid, 34-5.
- <sup>16</sup> Ibid, 38-9.
- <sup>17</sup> Gill, Wordsworth and the Victorians, 221-3.
- <sup>18</sup> The New Shakspere Society, 1.
- <sup>19</sup> Dowden, *Shakespeare*, 177.
- <sup>20</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>21</sup> Wordsworth, *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 1892, xvi.
- <sup>22</sup> Gill, Wordsworth and the Victorians, 225.
- <sup>23</sup> Knight, "Preface," x.
- <sup>24</sup> Arnold, "Wordsworth," 335.
- <sup>25</sup> Lindenberger, "The Reception of The Prelude," 208.
- <sup>26</sup> Bradley, Oxford Lectures on Poetry, 127.
- <sup>27</sup> Jones, "Review of Lyrical Ballads, and Other Poems, 1797-1800 by William Wordsworth, Eds. James Butler and Karen Green," 564. Jones writes: "Cornell Wordsworths include editions, but what they *are* is representations of relevant archives, textual histories, specialized bibliographical studies—all as accurate as

human pains can make them—and also, as I have suggested, polemics for a change in Wordsworths." I find this idea also useful for conceiving Knight's editorial labors.

- <sup>28</sup> Knight, "Preface," xxxi.
- <sup>29</sup> Ibid, xxxiii.
- 30 Ibid. xxxvi.
- <sup>31</sup> Taylor, *Autobiography*, 57-8.
- <sup>32</sup> Wordsworth, *The Fenwick Notes of William Wordsworth*, 12.
- <sup>33</sup> Gill, Wordsworth and the Victorians, 84-5.
- <sup>34</sup> Wordsworth, The Prelude or Growth of a Poet's Mind (Text of 1805), 2.263.
- <sup>35</sup> Knight, "Preface," xxx: "To [Fenwick] inducing Wordsworth to dictate these notes, we owe much of the information that we possess, as to the occasions and circumstances under which the poems were composed."
- <sup>36</sup> Patton, The Rediscovery of Wordsworth, 15.
- <sup>37</sup> Schlegel, "Concerning the Essence of Critique," 269.
- <sup>38</sup> Dowden, "Preface," xiv.
- 39 Ibid. v.
- <sup>40</sup> Ibid, ix.
- <sup>41</sup> Ibid, xii-xiii.
- <sup>42</sup> Patton, *The Rediscovery of Wordsworth*, 15-16.
- <sup>43</sup> McGann, "Our Textual History," 13.
- <sup>44</sup> As McGann observes, "Nearly everyone now sees that scholarly communication will soon be largely organized in digital venues. The digital migration of our museum and library archives is well underway and will continue" (*A New Republic*

of Letters, 4). Scholarly communication and—one might add, thinking of the much debated Massive Open Online Courses (MOOCs)—pedagogy as well. To the extent that those digital venues of which McGann speaks are only just coming into existence, to that extent scholars have the historically rare opportunity of imagining new solutions and giving them material forms. In any event, as McGann points out, corporations and other institutional actors will drive this change whether or not scholars come to the table. "The work of the humanist scholar," he writes, "has not changed with the advent of digital devices. It is still to preserve, to monitor, to investigate, and to augment our cultural life and inheritance" (4).

<sup>45</sup> To be sure, they witnessed significant refinements in the technologies of print. But the difference between the advent of linotype and that of extensible markup language is the difference between innovation and invention.

<sup>48</sup> See Turner, *Philology the Forgotten Origins of the Modern Humanities*, Chapter 10. Turner argues that the second half of the nineteenth century saw the creation, across the Anglophone world, of departments for the study of the English literary inheritance. This movement was gradual, piecemeal, and the opposite of trickledown. There was an English department at Baylor University, for example, long before there was an English School at Oxford or Cambridge. No two departments were much alike before the turn of the twentieth century. Consolidation around canons and authorized critical and interpretive practices was slow. Even so, those who, after 1860, produced evaluative or rhetorical criticism, linguistic and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>46</sup> Tanselle, *Bibliographical Analysis*, 6-13.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>47</sup> Greg, "The Rationale of Copy-Text."

bibliographical studies, and literary histories increasingly tended to do so within a university setting. By the early twentieth century by far the greatest portion of literary scholarship took place in colleges and universities. The practitioners were people who pursued careers as scholars, teachers, and, on occasion, administrators. Since this time, if anything, further consolidation has occurred.

- <sup>49</sup> Darbishire, "Ernest de Sélincourt," 402. The colleague was the classicist E.R. Dodds.
- <sup>50</sup> Jordan, *The English Romantic Poets; a Review of Research and Criticism*, 383: De Sélincourt "[takes] pains with textual matters, establishing a text nearer to Keats's manuscripts than any of his predecessors." The emphasis on manuscripts, rather than the printed texts of Keats's poems, is telling.
- <sup>51</sup> Darbishire, "Ernest de Sélincourt," 394.
- <sup>52</sup> Utz, Chaucer and the Discourse of German Philology, 73-126.
- MacMahon, "Napier, Arthur Sampson (1853-1916)." Napier "concentrated only on the linguistic content of the texts he discussed, without reference, apparently, to any opinions, either his own or anyone else's, about the aesthetic qualities of [these] works. ... [H]e believed strongly that the academic boundaries between linguistic and literary studies had to be respected—a typical German point of view at the time."
- <sup>54</sup> Tanselle, *Bibliographical Analysis*, 6-30.
- <sup>55</sup> de Sélincourt, "The Early Wordsworth," 3.
- <sup>56</sup> de Sélincourt, *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 1952, ix-xi.
- <sup>57</sup> Bernbaum, *Guide through the Romantic Movement*, 153.

- <sup>62</sup> All volumes of the *Cornell Wordsworth* have, to my knowledge, received the endorsement of the MLA's Committee on Scholarly Editions.
- 63 Gill, "Wordsworth's Poems: Textual Considerations," 600-1.
- <sup>64</sup> Liu, Wordsworth: The Sense of History, 494.
- 65 McGann, A Critique of Modern Textual Criticism. For example, "A textual history is a psychic history only because it is first a social history. This is not a metaphysical fact about literary works, but one which is functionally related to and determined by the purposes of literary works, on the one hand, and the programs which seek to study them on the other. The stories one may extract from a textual history are sometimes psychological stories, as we may particularly observe in the case of authorial manuscripts. But even there, especially in the fair copy manuscripts, the stories reflect social interactions and purposes, and as soon as we begin to study the proofs and the editions the psychological focus begins to recede into a subplot. We enter the world of textual versions where intentions are plainly shifting and changing under the pressure of various people and circumstances" (62). <sup>66</sup> See Abrams, *The Mirror and the Lamp* (1953). In Abrams's words, the "characteristic aesthetic orientation of the nineteenth century" called for seeing "literature as an index—as the most reliable index—to personality" (227). "The style, structure, and subject matter" are in this view "said to incorporate the most

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>58</sup> Patton, *The Rediscovery of Wordsworth*, 6.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>59</sup> Wordsworth, *The Prelude or Growth of a Poet's Mind (Text of 1805)*.

<sup>60</sup> Ibid, xxxix.

<sup>61 &</sup>quot;Wordsworth Editions."

persistent, dynamic elements of an individual mind; the basic dispositions, interests, desires, preferences and aversions which give continuity and coherence to a personality" (228). The approach culminates in "the romantic ... concept, that poetry is not a direct, but an indirect and disguised expression of the author's temperament—and therefore, that the author is at the same time in, and not in his poem" (236). This approach, writes Abrams, "swept everything before it in applied criticism for more than a century" (227). Thus the intense nineteenth-century debates whether Shakespeare the man could be read out of his poems, and whether Milton was really of the devil's party unawares.

- <sup>67</sup> Raleigh, *Wordsworth* is another example.
- <sup>68</sup> Stephen Parrish's editorial Foreword to the series makes this point expressly: "Our first purpose is to bring the early Wordsworth into view" (Gill, ed., *The Salisbury Plain Poems*, xiii). Parrish also registers his doubt that readers can use Sélincourt's editions to "trace accurately and fully the stages of a poem's growth" (x). See also Jared Curtis's essay, "The Cornell Wordsworth: A History," available from the Cornell University Press website:

http://www.cornellpress.cornell.edu/html/WYSIWYGfiles/files/Cornell\_Wordsworth\_History.pdf.

69 Later volumes in the Cornell Wordsworth carried a précis of Parrish's Foreward, which included the following: "Wordsworth's practice of leaving his poems unpublished for years after their completion, and his lifelong habit of revision—

Ernest de Sélincourt [sic] called it 'obsessive'—have obscured the original, often thought the best, versions of his work." I quote from the volume entitled, *Lyrical* 

*Ballads,* and Other Poems, 1797-1800, eds. James Butler and Karen Green (Cornell U.P., 1992).

<sup>70</sup> Wordsworth, "Preface to the Edition of 1815." 433-434.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid, 433.

<sup>72</sup> For the present, I set aside the discussion of what Wordsworth means by these faculties. What Wordsworth understood by affection, fancy, or sentiment and reflection is an interesting question, but one that lies beyond the local point I want to make about chronology.

<sup>73</sup> See McGann, "Some Forms of Critical Discourse." For example: "A bibliographical description of some particular literary work or a set of graphs describing population trends in the Middle Ages does not display a narrative form. We commonly assume that such texts require some sort of narrative explanation before they can be said to have a meaning for the historian or the literary critic. This assumption is wrong and merely indicates the terms under which a form of narrative discourse can incorporate texts of these kinds" (402).

<sup>74</sup> Wordsworth, "Preface to the Edition of 1815," 434.

<sup>75</sup> Ferguson, *Wordsworth*, 35-95. Ferguson detects, in the poems under the heading of affection and of fancy, dialectically opposed positions that the poems of the imagination resolve. The "Poems founded on the Affections" expose the mind's fetishizing capacity, its interest to bind itself emotionally to objects of the human world, which all must die. "Poems of the Fancy" show the free-play of the mind in a series of whimsical, low-stakes encounters with the world outside it. The terms of this play preclude any more serious engagement with the problem that overwhelms

the "Poems founded on the Affections," that the mind's very penchant for attachment exposes it to suffering and loss. The "Poems of the Imagination" synthesize these positions: they do not shy from confronting the problems that arise when the mind establishes correspondences between itself and the world outside it, but they also do not make the mistake of expecting such correspondences as the mind forms to last. Only the mind itself, with its power of forming correspondences, persists, when all other objects that it latches onto (whether places or persons) change and fade. In the final category, "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," Wordsworth refines away even the imagination's dissatisfaction with the objects that, in the end, let it down. In these poems language does not run counter to spirit but rather suffices to meet the attenuated claims the spirit now makes of it. Words do not fix objects and nothing else does, either. They can only attain, for a short duration, a provisional, expiring hold. Such a hold as this Wordsworth has learned, through his own sorrows, to accept.

<sup>76</sup> The Academical Village at the University of Virginia is a material example of such a facultative array.

77 Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood."143.

<sup>78</sup> Ibid, 145.

<sup>79</sup> Ibid, 152.

80 Ibid, 153.

81 Ibid. 163-8.

82 The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, Vol. III, 6.

83 Liu, Wordsworth: The Sense of History, 494.

84 Ibid.

Chapter Two: The Discursive Reproductions of Wordsworth's Story of Margaret <sup>85</sup> Those who read the poem in manuscript include Dorothy, Coleridge, Lamb, John Prior Estlin, and Mary Hutchinson. It seems likely that Hazlitt, Southey, de Quincey, as well as several others, would also have read or heard the poem recited during this phase.

- <sup>86</sup> The poem has this title in manuscript. To reduce confusion, I refer to the MS D text of the story of Margaret, in what follows, as "The Ruined Cottage."
- 87 Coleridge, *Table Talk*, 306.
- 88 Arnold, "Wordsworth," 346.
- <sup>89</sup> De Sélincourt, *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, vol. 5, 378.
- 90 Wordsworth, *The Music of Humanity*, 25.
- <sup>91</sup> Ibid. xiii.
- 92 Arnold, "Wordsworth," 336.
- 93 Browning, "The Lost Leader," 9-12.
- 94 Byron, Wedlock's the Devil, 317.
- 95 Hunt, The Feast of the Poets. With Other Pieces in Verse, p. 16.
- <sup>96</sup> Ibid, 17.
- <sup>97</sup> Ibid, 18.
- 98 Byron, Wedlock's the Devil, 324.
- 99 Hartman. Wordsworth's Poetry, 292.
- <sup>100</sup> Hunt, *The Feast of the Poets. With Other Pieces in Verse*, 90.

- <sup>101</sup> Keats, Selected Letters of John Keats, 70.
- <sup>102</sup> David Duff, for example, notes: "this collected edition was Wordsworth's first, an important moment in any writer's life, but especially for Wordsworth, who had been brooding on this moment for many years, who had strong ambitions to the be exemplary poet of his time, and developed ideas about what a poet should exemplify" ("Wordsworth and the Language of Forms: The Collected *Poems* of 1815," 86).
- <sup>103</sup> Arnold, "Wordsworth," 331: "Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840."
- <sup>104</sup> Byron, "Don Juan." 40.
- <sup>105</sup> Jeffrey, "Wordsworth, The Excursion (1814)." 442.
- <sup>106</sup> Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, 1.924.
- <sup>107</sup> Wordsworth, "Preface to the Second Edition of Several of the Foregoing Poems, Published, with an Additional Volume, Under the Title of 'Lyrical Ballads,'" 389.
- <sup>108</sup> Coleridge, "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," 30.
- <sup>109</sup> Wordsworth, "The Excursion," 469-470.
- <sup>110</sup> Ibid, 779-780.
- <sup>111</sup> Ibid, 628-629.
- <sup>112</sup> One recalls, in this context, "the deep tenderness that maniac wrought / Within" Shelley's Julian—his belief that, with "patience," he might "find / An entrance to the caverns of his mind" and "reclaim him from his dark estate." See "Julian and Maddalo, A Conversation," 564-574.

- <sup>113</sup> Byron, *Beppo*, 726.
- <sup>114</sup> Ibid, 313, 428.
- <sup>115</sup> Wordsworth, "The Excursion," 470-474.
- <sup>116</sup> Byron, *Beppo*, 263.
- <sup>117</sup> Wordsworth, "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798," 49.
- <sup>118</sup> Pater, *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*, 189.
- <sup>119</sup> Byron, *Beppo*, 410.
- <sup>120</sup> Wordsworth, *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*. vol. 1, 79.
- <sup>121</sup> Wordsworth, *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, vol. 2, 512.
- 122 Ibid.
- <sup>123</sup> Wordsworth, "The Thorn," 337-346.
- <sup>124</sup> Byron, *Beppo*, 401-416.
- <sup>125</sup> Byron, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 189.
- <sup>126</sup> Byron, *Beppo*, 639.
- <sup>127</sup> Ibid. 97.
- <sup>128</sup> Tennyson, *Enoch Arden*, 75, 78.
- <sup>129</sup> Ibid, 871.
- <sup>130</sup> Ibid, 910-911
- <sup>131</sup> Wordsworth, *The Major Works*; Wordsworth, *Wordsworth's Poetry and Prose*.
- <sup>132</sup> Hartman, Wordsworth's Poetry, 324.
- <sup>133</sup> See McGann, "Reflections on Textual and Documentary Media in a Romantic and Post Romantic Horizon," especially 485-489.

<sup>136</sup> The poem does not figure, for example, in David Bromwich's *Disowned by Memory* (1998).

<sup>137</sup> Hartman, Wordsworth's Poetry, 330.

<sup>138</sup> Ibid, 328.

<sup>139</sup> Ibid, 330.

<sup>140</sup> In a recent discussion, Evan Radcliffe takes *The White Doe* in a different direction. Wordsworth's poem, Radcliffe writes, explores the problem of action and the law of unintended consequences. No one acts from a position of sufficient knowledge, or intervenes in an unchanging world. A person's actions must always therefore be, to some extent, different from her intentions, and each act a person makes has the potential to bring about other ends than the person has envisioned. Wordsworth, in this reading, feels this problem keenly: "Wordsworth's qualms about action are radical, going far beyond the renunciation of revolutionary politics to encompass almost any physical action by one person that affects another person" (158). Yet, as Radcliffe notes, Wordsworth already understood, in *The Borderers*, that not to act is itself to take an action. Wordsworth, in this view, walls himself in, and must appeal to spiritual authority of one kind or another to justify the non/actions that, in *The White Doe*, he wants to applaud. Thus Emily, though she acts by not acting throughout the poem, escapes the fate of the other Nortons because her religion is

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>134</sup> Hartman, Wordsworth's Poetry. 326.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>135</sup> Wordsworth, "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798," 108.

purer than theirs—purer even than that of Francis, the other Protestant in the family.

The other person who escapes judgment in *The White Doe* is, of course, its narrator. Yet as Radcliffe writes, storytelling is no less a form of action than wielding a sword or stealing a banner. Narratives, those belles dames sans merci, also lead persons astray. All too aware of the complicity into which his own fictions bring him, Wordsworth dramatizes their capacity to mislead in the figure of the old friend of the Norton family who brings Emily news of the insurrection. The man aims, among other things, to instill hope that the outcome that Emily most desires—that her father and brothers will lay down arms, escape punishment and come home—will come to pass. Wordsworth knows better. His narrator constructs his plot so that even as the old man paints this picture for Emily, the Queen's forces have already captured the rebelling Nortons and sentenced them to execution. By contrast, Wordsworth appeals to the old poetic conventions to underwrite the version of the story that his narrator tells. He, too, performs a style of Emily's wise-passiveness. Having no personal connections to the story or special reason to tell it, he obliges the muse who gives it to him in his role as poet.

One would be wise to take care before discounting a reading as ingenious as Radcliffe's. And yet, though perhaps he would regard such a discussion as jejune, I wish that he had done more to square his assessment with the worldliness of the poet. Wordsworth may have entertained radical doubts, at the conceptual level, about the ethicality of action. But he was also, as others have shown, very good at taking what actions he needed to market himself and conduct the business of his

poems. Such scruples as he may have felt about the gap between action and intention did not keep him from writing Coleridge out of *Lyrical Ballads*, publishing "The Convention of Cintra," angling for the position as distributor of stamps, advocating for the extension of copyright protection, and voting against the Reform Bill.

- <sup>141</sup> Stevens, "Auroras of Autumn," p. 312.
- <sup>142</sup> Lévinas, *The Levinas Reader*, 141.
- <sup>143</sup> Ibid, 142.
- <sup>144</sup> Danby, *The Simple Wordsworth*, 133.
- <sup>145</sup> Wordsworth, "The White Doe of Rylstone," 1261-1269.
- <sup>146</sup> Danby, *The Simple Wordsworth*, 134.
- <sup>147</sup> Wordsworth, "The White Doe of Rylstone," 1294.
- <sup>148</sup> Ibid, 1339.
- <sup>149</sup> Ibid, 1378-1385.
- <sup>150</sup> Ibid, 495-504.
- <sup>151</sup> Ibid, 1621-1628.
- <sup>152</sup> Ibid, 1674-1675.
- <sup>153</sup> Ibid, 1757-1760.
- <sup>154</sup> The phrase belongs to Ford Madox Ford. See McGann, *Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Game That Must Be Lost*, 144.
- <sup>155</sup> Hartman, Wordsworth's Poetry, 326.
- <sup>156</sup> Wordsworth, "The White Doe of Rylstone," 1714-1717.
- <sup>157</sup> Ibid, 1751-1756.

<sup>158</sup> Wordsworth, "There Was A Boy," 18-25.

<sup>159</sup> Arnold also wanders between these worlds. "Sohrab and Rustum" relates to "Empedocles on Etna" in a similar way as *The White Doe* does to "The Ruined Cottage." Conceptually "Sohrab" presents a like dilemma to that of "Empedocles," but the procedures it applies to explore and resolve it reflect a shift in balance, in Arnold's poetry, from imagination onto history.

<sup>160</sup> Eliot, *Collected Poems: 1909-1962*, p. 205.

<sup>161</sup> How different the world of *Nightwood* (1936), which Eliot published and introduced, yet I see in Barnes's treatment of the relation between nature and history a rejoinder to Wordsworth and Eliot both. History in this novel is debased. It does not nourish the women on whom the novel centers. The novel's final scene, in which a feral Robin resists the sentimental Nora's attempt to re-establish the connection they have had, tacitly rejects the sympathetic kinship that Wordsworth celebrates. It occurs to me, on reflection, that Coetzee's *Disgrace* is also relevant in this context.

<sup>162</sup> Matthews, "In Memory of the Utah Stars," 35.

<sup>163</sup> These dates correspond to the writing of *The Borderers* and the publication of *The White Doe* and collected *Poems* of 1815.

<sup>164</sup> Coleridge, "The Eolian Harp," 1.

<sup>165</sup> Dickinson, "401. Dare You See a Soul at the 'White Heat," 1.

Chapter Three: Landor in a Wordsworthian Frame of Reference

166 Chambers, "Introduction," xii.

<sup>167</sup> Arnold, "Wordsworth." 331.

- <sup>168</sup> Roberts, Landor's Cleanness.
- <sup>169</sup> Moretti, "The Slaughterhouse of Literature."
- <sup>170</sup> Landor, Landor as Critic, 93-4.
- 171 "Walter Savage Landor."
- <sup>172</sup> Damrosch, "World Literature in a Postcanonical, Hypercanonical Age."
- <sup>173</sup> Ibid, 44.
- <sup>174</sup> Super, *The Publication of Landor's Works*. I draw on Supper's account for the outline that follows.

175 Ibid, x: "In an era when many English writers were becoming identified with a single publisher, Walter Savage Landor distinguished himself by the singularity of dealing with perhaps more gentlemen of that trade than any other writer in English literature. Not taking into account the editors of periodicals, Landor's separate volumes (sometimes, to be sure, mere pamphlets) made their appearance from the houses of at least twenty-eight publishers) in the seventy years of his productivity." 176 Ibid, 26, e.g.: "the volumes published while he was in Italy are full of errata and cancellations."

<sup>177</sup> Wheeler also collaborated with T.J. Wise on what remains the standard bibliography of Landor's writings: *A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Walter Savage Landor* (London, 1919). In light of what Pollard and Carter revealed about Wise's forgeries, future scholars will have to reevaluate this bibliography and check its attributions. See Carter and Pollard, *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets* (1934).

178 To be sure, such uncertainty afflicts all interpretation, to one degree or another. Still, in Landor's case scholars have applied few of the measures that they have developed, over hundreds of years, to hedge against textual entropies. Edward Dowden, we know, took greater care with his collations of Wordsworth's poems than William Knight did. De Sélincourt saw himself as making yet further advances in this area than his Victorian predecessors. The Cornell editors tout, among other things, the further accuracies that they have brought the poet's texts. One does not know what the next scholarly editors of Landor will conclude about the Welby-Wheeler edition. Even imagining such editors may turn out, in the end, to have been an exercise in wishful thinking.

<sup>179</sup> Pinsky, *Landor's Poetry*, 11.

<sup>180</sup> Ibid, 27.

<sup>181</sup> Ibid, 26.

<sup>182</sup> Herbert, "Church Monuments," 17-24.

<sup>183</sup> Milton, "Paradise Lost." Book 3, 40-50.

<sup>184</sup> Ibid. 51-55.

<sup>185</sup> It would be possible, theoretically, to analyze the poem in ways that support such biographical facts as we know to be true of George Herbert, but the chief relationship between Herbert the individual and this poem is the one that Foucault identified in his essay on "the author": the historical or legal one conferred by virtue of the poem's circulation in attachment to the author's name.

<sup>186</sup> Bloom, *The Anxiety of Influence*, 10.

personality in time present so that it weaves seamlessly into time past. And in the confluence of time present and time past is the surest hope, for Eliot, of time future. The poet who patrols the streets of London becomes one with the literary and cultural past: with Dante, who found a guide in Virgil, and with those who bore witness to the English Revolution. In these "spots of time" (the memory of a passage from Dante, the visit of Charles I to Little Gidding), Eliot finds what Wordsworth would have called a "fructifying virtue." The chief difference is that these are spots of historical instead of personal time. "Stanzas on the Grand Chartreuse," which shows Arnold once again in the Wordsworthian mode, nevertheless pursues a prototype of Eliot's high argument in "Little Gidding": the desire of one living in a demystified world to return to the seat of faith and to the historical and cultural ties that it binds.

The Wordsworth of 1805 had more faith in subjectivity and its capacity to produce entertaining fictions than either Arnold or Eliot. In this his chief heir among the modernists is of course Wallace Stevens. Stevens's supreme fictions, while they may be abstract, pleasurable and ever changing, are seldom historical or collective. They emerge from the free play of the mind, using its own data. Thus he speaks, in "Sunday Morning," of "the dark / Encroachment of that old catastrophe" or "Palestine, / Dominion of the blood and sepulchre." Such lines gesture towards historical events and places with religious significance in the same way that parts of "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven" gesture toward the city of New Haven: minimally. In Stevens this kind of gesturing stylizes them. His poems do not invest

them as specific places or events with a cultural meaning in the way that Eliot invests Little Gidding and Wordsworth the Bolton priory. They are productions of "the vital, never-failing genius" ("Auroras of Autumn," 316), seized for a moment, enjoyed, and then released as part of the imagination's "lavishing of itself in change" (312). Such communities as form in Stevens—the "supple and turbulent ... ring of men," for example, who "chant in orgy on a summer morn" ("Sunday Morning," 7)—have no historical reality. They are instead provisional, mythopoetic.

The Wordsworth of 1814, the poet of *The White Doe of Rylstone* and *The Excursion*, is a different man, much closer to poets of "Sohrab and Rustum" or "Little Gidding." Wordsworth was after all the first to turn against Wordsworthian Romanticism. For a discussion of *The White Doe*, see chapter two. For a discussion of "Sohrab and Rustum," see below.

<sup>188</sup> Wordsworth, "Nutting," 48-56

<sup>189</sup> With all its fine attention to form and theme, Pinsky's reading of "Fiesolan Idyl" remains the best on offer (see *Landor's Poetry*, 41-52). One in need of a summary gloss to the poem could do much worse than this: "In this poem Landor presents a Romantic subject, and his own Romantic sensibility; without being diminished, these are informed by an ironic self-consciousness, an awareness that there are other kinds of sensibility. This awareness lends a complexity which is not 'metaphysical' but emotional and tonal" (42).

<sup>190</sup> Landor, "Fæsulan Idyl," 1-2.

<sup>191</sup> Ibid, 12-15.

<sup>192</sup> Ibid, 21-27.

<sup>193</sup> Ibid, 45-6.

<sup>194</sup> Pinsky, Landor's Poetry, 47.

<sup>195</sup> Landor, "Fæsulan Idyl," 50-4.

<sup>196</sup> The closest thing to this kind of verse, in a romantic mode, would be Byron's description of Haidee as she first appears coming to the island festival in *Don Juan*.

<sup>197</sup> Ibid, 52.

<sup>198</sup> Pinsky, *Landor's Poetry*, 22.

<sup>199</sup> Ibid, 19.

<sup>200</sup> Roberts, *Landor's Cleanness*, 8.

<sup>201</sup> Ibid, 81.

<sup>202</sup> Ibid, 85.

<sup>203</sup> Ibid. 91.

<sup>204</sup> Landor, *Gebir*, 6.186.

<sup>205</sup> Roberts, *Landor's Cleanness*, 90.

Dialectic, which for Roberts structures the interaction between cleanness and mess in Landor's writings, is itself of the order of cleanness, a way of cleaning up cognitive mess. Roberts's choice of approach, like all such choices, reveals his own epistemological commitments. What distinguishes his reading of *Gebir* is that where other critics see mess he sees a purposive mess. To revert to the passage I quoted at length above, Landor's poem cannot simply be at times classical and at other times "ur-modernist": "It is that it is, somehow, *both these things at once all the way through*" (Roberts's italics). But for some readers, including of course myself, the

bewildering pleasure that *Gebir* produces comes from the contingency and irony of its representations, unredeemed by any "structuring pattern."

Having said as much, I must acknowledge, at this point, what may seem like an inconsistency in my argument. In the section on Landor's archive, I myself advocate the bringing of order to the mess of Landor's corpus. But the relevant difference is between the logic of an archive and that of a literary work. No one benefits from confusion about the range of variants in Landor's texts, about the relationship between multiple versions, or from the absence of scholarly editions that attempt to clarify these problems while being as self-aware as possible of their own place in the history of Landor interpretations. By contrast, recognizing the absence of dialectic (or any structuring pattern) in a work like *Gebir* is itself an act of historical awareness. Reading the poem as and through its mess brings its own pleasures.

<sup>207</sup> Rorty, "The Fire of Life." The quotations in this sentence are Rorty's own characterization of "Romanticism and Pragmatism" in "The Fire of Life."
<sup>208</sup> Ibid.

<sup>209</sup> Ibid. I quote the poem as printed in Rorty's essay.

 $^{\rm 210}$  Shelley, "Prometheus Unbound," 4.573-574.

<sup>211</sup> In "Thalassius," the fictive-Landor teaches Thalassius a similar serenity: "in that heaven of wondrous words were life / And death brought out of strife" (105-106).

<sup>212</sup> Browning, "Pauline; A Fragment of a Confession," 151.

<sup>213</sup> Browning, *The Poems*, 1022.

<sup>214</sup> Shelley, "Ode to the West Wind," 54.

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<sup>215</sup> Yeats, "Essays for the Scribner Edition (1937)," 404.
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- <sup>217</sup> Browning, "Sordello," 3.924.
- <sup>218</sup> Ibid, 3.939-940.
- <sup>219</sup> Yeats, "A Vision," 402.
- <sup>220</sup> Symons, The Romantic Movement in English Poetry, 181.
- <sup>221</sup> Tucker, *Epic*, 81.
- <sup>222</sup> Landor, *Gebir*, 2.237-241.
- <sup>223</sup> Quoted in Martin, *The Birds of the Latin Poets*, 143.
- <sup>224</sup> Byron made fun of "The Thorn"'s prose note, but, great comic writer that he was, he missed the joke.
- <sup>225</sup> Landor, "Post-Script to 'Gebir." 43.
- <sup>226</sup> Crump, "Introduction," xi.
- <sup>227</sup> Curran, *Poetic Form and British Romanticism*, 168.
- <sup>228</sup> See Richardson, "Epic Ambivalence: Imperial Politics and Romantic Deflection in Williams's Peru and Landor's Gebir," 265-282.
- <sup>229</sup> Barrett Browning, "Landor," 164.
- <sup>230</sup> Landor, *Gebir*, 3.20-21.
- <sup>231</sup> Ibid, 3.75-76.
- <sup>232</sup> Ibid, 3.265-269.
- <sup>233</sup> Stedman, Victorian Poets, 40.
- <sup>234</sup> Ibid. One can certainly see, in parts of *Gebir*, a foretaste of what Stedman terms
  Tennyson's "finish." "The Death of Artemidora," for example, burnishes a

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>216</sup> Quoted in Witemeyer, "Walter Savage Landor and Ezra Pound," 149.

commonplace to a very high shine, indeed. Neither Pinsky nor Roberts discusses this poem. Landor may have derived its subject from an artifact now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum's collections include one "Mummy of Artemidora," dated A.D. 90-100, from Egypt. The description emphasizes just how ornate the object is. It bears what the Met calls a "conventional Greek funerary inscription, 'Artemidora, daughter of Harpokras, died untimely, aged 27. Farewell.'" Landor's ornate, conventional poem begins, like Dickinson's, with a disembodied voice. It ends with "a loud deep sob" that belongs to nobody in the poem, but rather to nameless human mourners who have gathered at the bedside. Landor deftly shifts between two scenes. In one, Iris, messenger of the Gods, and "Elpenor" hover "unseen" above Artemidora, welcoming her into an afterlife of "joy / Eternal." Landor seems to have placed Elpenor in the poem chiefly because he, too, died untimely and young. Landor's logic, one suspects, involves a species of pluralist paganism. In the spirit world that the poem imagines, cultural traditions converge.

The other scene is what we might call the real one, the one in which someone "presses" Artemidora's hands. The poem turns on the idea of, as Landor puts it, "that sad word, *joy*." The joy of the shades contrasts with the grief of those in the world below, where death means severance. But a third sense of that key word exists, heightening the irony of the poem. Joy, from the Old French *joie* or *joye*, means "jewel." Landor's lush lines, like the gaudy casket, bring a further joy, the joy of adornment, to this sad occasion. Whatever plays out in the realm of the gods, the ornamented object (casket, poem) will provoke the desire to care for, to preserve,

that, as Elaine Scarry would have us believe, the beautiful inspires (*On Beauty and Being Just*, 66).

- <sup>235</sup> Swinburne, "Landor," 292.
- <sup>236</sup> Henderson, Swinburne and Landor: A Study of Their Spiritual Relationship and Its Effect on Swinburne's Moral and Poetic Development.
- <sup>237</sup> Quoted by Cecil Y. Lang, in *The Pre-Raphaelites and Their Circle*, 2d ed., (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975), 518.
- <sup>238</sup> Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," 130-131.
- <sup>239</sup> Swinburne, "Thalassius," 302-303.
- <sup>240</sup> Ibid. 437-438.
- <sup>241</sup> Ibid, 452.
- <sup>242</sup> Ibid, 407-474.
- <sup>243</sup> Ibid, 37-47.
- <sup>244</sup> Ibid, 193-194.
- <sup>245</sup> Ibid, 142-143.
- <sup>246</sup> Ibid. 99-108.
- <sup>247</sup> Ibid, 88-89.
- <sup>248</sup> Swinburne, "Anactoria," 290-294.
- <sup>249</sup> Mention of "The Leper" brings up one other point of connection between Swinburne and Landor, which I will only mention. Both loved hoax, a lighter form of the pastiche which, in the mode of Song, Swinburne raises to the sublime. In his annotations to this poem, Cecil Lang notes its kinship with "Porphyria's Lover,"

Maud, and Morris's "The Wind" (521). At the level of masquerade, it keeps close company, too, with such works of Landor's as the faux translations published, in 1800, as *Poems from the Arabic and Persian*. The volume is chiefly a playful response to the orientalism of Sir William Jones and John Nott. Having come across a copy of Nott's translations of the odes of Hafez, Landor became "amused at the rigmarole of Nott's notes, [and] was seized with the impulse to imitate the poems and the learned commentaries" (Super 8). Somewhere along the way, he was also moved to compose an "Extract from the French Preface"—the premise of the volume is that it translates French translations of the original—in order to vent his frustrations with the English spoliation of foreign relics. Landor's choice of words raised concerns. Apparently, his publishers pulled the "Extract," but not before a handful of the volumes had gone to press. Swinburne's poem bears, of course, an extract from a similarly false French Preface. It, too, deals with matters that shocked, and continue to shock, readers. In the absence of a firmer link between the works, which research might still turn up, one can at least observe that *Poems from the Arabic and Persian* exhibits just that exercise of freedom from restraints not of one's own choosing which Swinburne valued in the older poet.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>250</sup> Swinburne, "Thalassius," 55.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>251</sup> McGann, "Memory Now."

Appendix: The Distribution of Poems within Wordsworth's Classification, 1815 to 1849-50

Wordsworth's classification has no single identity but many iterations. He modified his arrangement for most of the collected volumes of his poetical works that he published between 1815 and 1850. When the first of his poems came out of copyright in 1858, competing publishers could use the 1815 classification, but not later versions. Several distinct versions thus circulated more or less simultaneously. One has to keep this fact in mind when assessing the classification and its reception.

As little attention as scholars have paid to the 1815 classification, they have paid even less to the other instantiations. Alan Liu comments upon this history, at a broad level, in the conclusion to *Wordsworth: The Sense of History*. He remarks, as I observed in Chapter One, Wordsworth's increasing interest in poetry of a topical nature. Wordsworth sometimes renames a category but he does not delete any of the headings that he devised for the 1815 volume. Instead, over time, he introduces new headings to contain the poems that he adds to each volume. He also occasionally takes a poem from an older category and re-inscribes it within one of the new, topical sequences.

In 1815, for example, Wordsworth places "The Solitary Reaper," so important to Hartman's view of the poet, where one expects to find it: under the heading of Poems of the Imagination. It remains in this category in 1820. But in 1827, Wordsworth replaces it among the poems from his memorial tour of Scotland in 1803. The resonance of this decision is unmistakable. By that later date,

Wordsworth sees "The Solitary Reaper" as a key part of a historical sequence from which, as a younger poet, he first abstracted it.

In 1815, Wordsworth includes twenty-two poems under the heading of Poems founded on the Affections. He subsequently moves five of these poems to other categories: "Ellen Irwin" moves to the same memorial sequence as "The Solitary Reaper"; "The Sparrow's Nest" moves to Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; "Ruth" and "Laodamia" move to Poems of the Imagination; "Her Eyes are Wild" also moves to Poems of the Imagination in the *Poetical Works* of 1827, before returning to Poems founded on the Affections in 1836-7. Wordsworth similarly shuffles the other facultative categories (the Poems of the Fancy changes least). He also adds poems to each of them in later collected volumes.

As prolegomena to further study of the classifications, I submit the following spreadsheet. It identifies the place of over 800 of Wordsworth's poems within his categories in the collected volumes appearing in each of the following years: 1815, 1820, 1827, 1832, 1836-7, 1840, 1845, and 1849-50. (I have omitted editions of *Poetical Works* of 1841, 1843, 1846, 1847, and 1849, which contain few additions or changes.) No one, to my knowledge, has examined Wordsworth's classification at this level of granularity. In *The Cornell Wordsworth: A Supplement*, Jared Curtis prints Tables of Contents for each collected volume from 1827 to 1850. The *Supplement* offers no further mechanism, however, for tracking the distribution of individual poems within the categories.

K	ey
K	ev

C = Poems referring to the Period of Childhood

JP = Juvenile Pieces

A = Poems founded on the Affections

F = Poems of the Fancy

I = Poems of the Imagination

SR = Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

MS = Miscellaneous Sonnets

SL = Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty

NP = Poems on the Naming of Places

RD = The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets

SCO = Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

CON = Memorials of a Tour on the Continent

IN = Inscriptions

ES = Ecclesiastical Sketches

PIL = Poems dedicated to national independence and Liberty

OA = Poems referring to the Period of Old Age

E = Epitaphs and Elegiac Poems

SS = Sonnets Composed or Suggested during a Tour of Scotland

SLO = Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order

MI = Memorials of a Tour in Italy

MP = Miscellaneous Poems

YR = Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems

T = Poems Composed or Suggested during a Tour in the Summer, 1833 (Replaces SS, above, in 1845)

EV = Evening Voluntaries

SPD = Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death

PWY = Poems Written in Youth (Replaces JP, above, in 1845)

SCN = Selections from Chaucer Modernised

U = Unclassified

IO = Intimations Ode

Front = Front of Edition

Edition	1815	1820	1827	1832	1836-7	1840	1845	1849-50
My heart leaps up	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
To a Butterfly	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Foresight	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Characteristics of a Child	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Address to a Child	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
The Mother's return	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Lucy Gray	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Alice Fell	С				С	С	С	С
We are Seven	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Anecdote for Fathers	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Rural Architecture	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
The Pet Lamb	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
The Idle Shepherd Boys	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
To H.C.	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
Influence of Natural Objects	С	С	С	С	С	С	С	С
The Blind Highland Boy	С	С	SCO	SCO 1803				
Extract from a Poem on leaving School (from the Conclu-		JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	PWY	PWY
from An Evening Walk	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	PWY	PWY
(from) Descriptive Sketches	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	PWY	PWY
Female Vagrant (folded into Guilt and Sorrow)	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	JP	PWY	PWY
The Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Α
The Sparrow's Nest	A	Α	A	Α	A	A	С	С
To a Butterfly	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Α
Farewell thou little Nook (A Farewell)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Written in my Pocket Copy of the Castle of Indolence	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ellen Irwin	A	Α	SCO	SCO 1803				
Strange fits of passion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
I met Louisa	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Tis said that some	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
The Complaint of an Indian	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
The last of the Flock	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
A Complaint	Α	Α	Α	A	Α	A	A	A
Ruth	A	A	I	I	I	I	I	I
The Cottager to her Infant	Α	Α	Α	A	A	A	A	A
The Sailor's Mother	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
The Childless Father	A	Α	A	A	A	A	Α	A
The Affliction of (Margaret)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Once in a lonely Hamlet (The Emigrant Mother)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Her eyes are wild	A	A	I	I	A	A	A	A
The Idiot Boy	A	A	A	A	A	A	Α	A
Michael, a Pastoral Poem	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Laodamia	A	A	I	I	I	I	I	I
To the Daisy	F	F	F	F	SR	SR	SR	SR
A whirl-blast	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
With how sad steps	F	MS 1	MS 2					
The Green Linnet	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To the small Celandine	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To the same Flower (Celandine)	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
The Waterfall and the Eglantine	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
The Oak and the Broom	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
The Redbreast and the Butterfly	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To the Daisy (2)	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To the same Flower (Daisy)	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To a Sky-lark	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To a Sexton	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Who fancied what a pretty sight	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Song for the Wandering Jew	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F

The seven Sisters	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
By their floating Mill (Stray Pleasures)	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
The Kitten and falling Leaves	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
A Fragment (The Danish Boy)	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Address to my Infant Daughter	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
There was a Boy	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
To the Cuckoo	I	I	I	I	Ι	Ι	I	I
A Night Piece	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Yew Trees	I	I	I	I	Ι	I	I	I
View from the Top of Black Comb	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Nutting	I	I	I	I	Ι	I	I	I
She was a Phantom	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
O Nightingale	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Three Years she grew	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
A slumber	I	I	I	I	Ι	I	I	I
The Horn of Egremont Castle	I	I	I	I	I	I	MP	MP
Goody Blake and Harry Gill	I	I	I	I	Ι	Ι	MP	MP
I wandered lonely	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Reverie of Poor Susan	I	I	I	I	Ι	I	I	I
Power of Music	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Stepping Westward	I	I	SCO	SCO 1803				
Glen Almain	I	I	SCO	SCO 1803				
To a Highland Girl	I	I	SCO	SCO 1803				
The Solitary Reaper	I	I	SCO	SCO 1803				
The Cock is crowing (Written in March)	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Gipsies	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Beggars	I	I	I	I	I	Ι	Ι	I
Yarrow Unvisited	I	I	SCO	SCO 1803				
Yarrow Visited	I	I	SCO	SCO 1814				

Star Gazers	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Resolution and Independence	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
The Thorn	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Hart-leap well	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Song at the Feast of Brougham	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Yes! full surely (Yes, it was the mountain Echo)	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
French Revolution	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
It is no Spirit	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Tintern Abbey	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Lines left upon a Seat, &c. (Yew Tree)	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	PWY	PWY
Character of the Happy Warrior	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Rob Roy's Grave	SR	SR	SCO	SCO 1803				
A Poet's Epitaph	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Expostulation and Reply	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
The Tables Turned	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
To the Sons of Burns	SR	SR	SCO	SCO 1803				
To the Spade of a Friend	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Written in Germany	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Lines written at a small distance from my House, &c. (To	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
To a Young Lady who had been reproached for taking lo	SR	SR	SR	SR	I	I	I	I
Lines written in early spring	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Simon Lee	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Andrew Jones	SR							
Lines written on a Tablet in a School	SR	SR						
The two April mornings	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
The Fountain	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Lines written in a Boat	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	PWY	PWY
Remembrance of Collins	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	PWY	PWY
I am not one of those, &c.	SR							

Incident characteristic of a favourite Dog	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Tribute to the memory of the same Dog	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
The Force of Prayer, or the Founding of Bolton Abbey	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Fidelity	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Ode to Duty	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Prefatory Sonnet (Nuns fret not)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Upon the sight of a beautiful Picture	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
The fairest, brightest	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Weak is the will of Man	MS	U	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Hail Twilight	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
The Shepherd looking eastward	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
How sweet it is, when	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
Where lies the Land	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Even as a dragon's eye	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Mark the concentred	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Composed after a journey across the Hamilton Hills	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
These words	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Degenerate Douglas (Composed at Castle)	MS	MS 2	SCO	SCO 1803				
To the Poet Dyer	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To Sleep (1)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To Sleep (2)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To Sleep (3)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
With Ships	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To the River Duddon (O Mountain Stream)	MS	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
From the Italian of M. Angelo	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
From the same (1)	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
From the same (2)	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To the Lady (Beaumont)	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
The World is too much with	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1

Written in very early Youth	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	PWY	PWY
Composed on Westminster bridge	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Pelion and Ossa (1801.)	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Brook whose	MS	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Admonition	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Beloved Vale	MS	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Methought I saw	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Surprized by joy	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
It is a beauteous (1836: Air sleeps)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
On approaching Home (Fly, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasn	MS	MS 1	SCO	SCO 1803				
From the dark chambers	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
To (Happy the feeling from)	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS
To (the Memory of) Raisley Calvert	MS	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Composed by the Sea shore near Calais	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Calais	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
To a Friend (Jones! As from Calais)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
I grieved for Buonaparte (1801)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Festivals I have seen (Calais, August 15, 1802)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
On the extinction of the Venetian Republic	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
The King of Sweden	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
We had a Fellow-passenger (September 1, 1801/1802, I	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Composed in the Valley near Dover	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Inland, within a hollow Vale (September, 1802)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Thought of a Briton, &c.	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Written in London (O friend! I know not which)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Milton! (London, 1802)	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
Great Men have been	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1

It is not to be thought of	SL 1st	PIL 1						
When I have borne	SL 1st	PIL 1						
One might believe (October, 1803)	SL 1st	PIL 1						
There is a bondage	SL 1st	PIL 1						
These times (October, 1803)	SL 1st	PIL 1						
England! the time is come	SL 1st	PIL 1						
When looking (October, 1803)	SL 1st	PIL 1						
To the Men of Kent	SL 1st	PIL 1						
Six thousand Veterans	SL 1st	SL 1st						
Anticipation	SL 1st	PIL 1						
Another year! (November, 1806.)	SL 1st	PIL 1						
On a celebrated Event in Ancient History	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
On the same Event	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
To Thomas Clarkson	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
A Prophecy	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a Tr	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
On the same occasion	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Hoffer	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Advancecome forth!	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Feelings of the Tyrolese	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Alas! what boots	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
And is it among rude	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
O'er the wide earth	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
On the final submission of the Tyrolese	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Hail Zaragosa!	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Say what is Honour?	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
The martial courage	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Brave Schill!	SL 2nd	PIL 2						
Call not the royal Swede	SL 2nd	PIL 2						

| Look now on that Adventurer                               | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
|---|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|-------|
| Is there a Power  | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Ah where is Palafox (1810)                                | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| In due observance   | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Feelings of a Noble Biscayan                              | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| The Oak of Guernica                                       | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard                     | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Avaunt all specious                                       | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| O'er-weening Statesmen (1810)                             | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| The French and Spanish Guerillas                          | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Spanish Guerillas   | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| The power of Armies (1811)                                | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Conclusion (Here pause, 1811)                             | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| Added (November, 1813. Now that all hearts are glad)      | SL 2nd | PIL 2 |
| It was an April Morning                                   | NP     | NP    |
| To Joanna   | NP     | NP    |
| There is an Eminence                                      | NP     | NP    |
| A narrow girdle   | NP     | NP    |
| To M.H.   | NP     | NP    |
| When from the attractions                                 | NP     | NP    |
| Lines written upon a stone, &c.                           | INS    | INS   |
| Upon a stone on the side of Black Comb                    | INS    | INS   |
| In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beau  | INS    | INS   |
| In a Garden of the same                                   | INS    | INS   |
| Upon an Urn in the same Grounds                           | INS    | INS   |
| For a Seat in the groves of Coleorton                     | INS    | INS   |
| Written with a pencil upon the wall of the house on the I | INS    | INS   |
| The old Cumberland Beggar                                 | OA     | OA    |
| The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale                               | OA     | OA    |

The small Celandine	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA
Animal Tranquility (and Decay)	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA
The two Theives	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA	OA
The Matron of Jedborough (and her Husband)	OA	OA	SCO	SCO 1803				
Sonnet (Though narrow be that Old Man's cares)	OA	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Inscription (Hermitage, Derwent-Water)	OA	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
1st, Epitaph translated from Chiabrera (Perhaps some)	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	E	Е
2d (O Thou who movest)	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	Е	Е
3d (There never breathed a man)	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	E	Е
4th (Destined to war)	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	Е	Е
5th (Not without heavy grief)	E	E	Е	Е	Е	E	E	Е
6th (Pause, courteous Spirit)	Е	E	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е
Lines composed at Grasmere	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	Е	E
Written on a blank leaf in a Copy of the Excursion	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е
Elegiac Stanzas (Peele Castle)	E	E	E	Е	Е	E	E	Е
To the Daisy	E	E	Е	Е	Е	E	E	Е
OdeIntimations, &c.	10	IO	Е	Е	Е	Е	E	Е
On the longest Day		С	С	С	С	С	С	С
She dwelt among		A	Α	Α	A	A	A	A
I travelled among		A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Artegal and Elidure		A	Α	A	A	A	A	A
Vaudracour and Julia		A	A	A	A	A	A	A
The Waggoner, in Four Cantos		F	Α	Α	A	A	F	F
Hint from the Mountains		F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Song for the Spinning Wheel		F	F	F	F	F	F	F
The Pilgrim's Dream		F	F	F	F	F	F	F
To (Helvellyn)		I	I	I	I	I	I	I
The Brownie's Cell		I	SCO	SCO 1814				
Lord of the Vale		I						

The Haunted Tree	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Beneath the Concave (Vernal Ode)	I	SR	SR	I	I	I	I
Who rises on the Banks	I	SL 1st	PIL 1				
The Pass of Kirkstone	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Evening Ode	I	I	I	EV	EV		
Peter Bell, in Three Parts	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
The White Doe of Rylstone	U	U	U	U	U	U	U
The Prioress's Tale	U	U	U	A	A	SCM	SCM
There is a little	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Aerial Rock	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Written upon a blank Leaf (Compleat Angler)	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
The Wild-Duck's Nest	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Fallen, and diffused	MS 1	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
How clear (November 1)	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2				
To R.B. Haydon, Esq.	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
Composed in One of the Valleys of Westmoreland	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Grief, thou has lost	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To the River Derwent	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1				
I watch, and long	MS 1		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
To a Snow-Drop	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2				
Captivity	MS 1	MS 2	С				
Personal Talk	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	SR	SR
(Personal Talk) continued (1)	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	SR	SR
(Personal Talk) continued (2)	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	SR	SR
(Personal Talk) concluded	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	SR	SR
While not a leaf seems faded (September, 1815)	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Pure Element of Waters!	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Gordale	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Malham Cove	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2

Composed during a severe Storm	MS 2	MS 2					
Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream	MS 2	MS 2					
To the Lady Mary Lowther	MS 2	MS 2					
On seeing a tuft of Snowdrops (Composed a few Days after the for	MS 2	MS 2					
I heard, alas!	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
The Stars are Mansions	MS 2	MS 2					
On the detraction which followed the publication of a certain Poe	MS 2	MS 1	MS 1				
Ye sacred Nurseries (Oxford, May 30, 1820 [1])	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3				
Shame on this faithless heart (Oxford, May 30, 1820 [2])	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3				
On the Death of his late Majesty	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3				
Fame tells of Groves (June, 1820)	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3				
Composed in Recollection of the Expedition of the French into Ru	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
On the same occasion (French into Russia)	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
On the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
Occasioned by the same Battle (Occasioned by the Battle of Water	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
O, for a kindling touch (Siege of Vienna)	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
Ode. The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgivin	SL 2nd	PIL 2					
To the Rev. Dr. W, with the Sonnets to the RD, &c.	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Not envying Shades	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Child of the Clouds	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
How shall I paint thee	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Take, cradled Nursling	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Sole listener, Duddon	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Flowers	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
Change me	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
What aspect bore	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
The Stepping-Stones	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD
The same Subject	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD	RD

The Faery Chasm	RD						
Hints for the F	RD						
Open Prospect	RD						
From this deep Chasm	RD						
American Tradition	RD						
Return	RD						
Seathwaite Chapel	RD						
Tributary Stream	RD						
The Plain of Donnerdale	RD						
Whence that low Voice	RD						
Tradition	RD						
Sheep-washing	RD						
The Resting-place	RD						
Methinks 'twere	RD						
Return, Content	RD						
Journey renewed	RD						
No Record tells	RD						
Who swerves from Innocence	RD						
The Kirk of Ulpha	RD						
Not hurled precipitous	RD						
But here no Cannon (from 1827, Conclusion)	RD						
Conclusion (from 1827, After-thought)	RD						
A Fact, and an I	SR						
Ode to Lycoris	SR						
To the Same (Lycoris)	SR						
Repentance	SR	A	A	A	A	A	A
A little onward lend	SR						
September(, 1819)	SR						
Upon the same occasion (September)	SR						

Dion		SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	I	I
Inscribed upon a Rock		INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
Hast thou seen		INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
Near the Spring of the Hermitage		INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
Not seldom, clad		INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
Invocation to the Earth		E	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е
Departure from the Vale of Grasmere			SCO	SCO 1803				
Address to Kilchurn Castle upon Loch Awe			SCO	SCO 1803				
In the Pass of Killicranky, an Invasion being expected, Oc	tober 180	)3	SCO	SCO 1803				
Composed at Cora Linn, in Sight of Wallace's Tower			SCO	SCO 1814				
Effusion, in the Pleasure-ground on the Banks of the Bra	n, near Du	ınkeld	SCO	SCO 1814				
Hopes what are they &c.		INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS	INS
Clouds, lingering yet (Even the lingering clouds / Compo	sed by th	MS 2	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
Go back to antique Ages			SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
By Moscow self-devoted			SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
The Germans on the Height of Hockheim			SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
Emperors and Kings, how oft have Temples rung			SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
Ode, When the soft hand of sleep (Composed in January,	, 1816. In	I	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	SL 2nd	PIL 2
Fish-WomenOn landing at Calais			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Bruges			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Bruges (2)			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
After visiting the Field of Waterloo			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Scenery between Namur and Liege			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Aix-la-Chapelle			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
In the Cathedral at Cologne			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
In a Carriage upon the Banks of the Rhine			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Hymn for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids, und	der the Ca	stle of Hei	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Source of the Danube			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Memorial, near the Outlet of the Lake of Thun			CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON

Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
On approaching the Staub-Bach, Lauterbrunnen	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Fall of the AarHandec	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Scene on the Lake of Brientz	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Engelberg, the Hill of Angels	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Our Lady of the Snow	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Effusion in Presence of the painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Town of Schwytz	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
On hearing the 'Ranz des Vaches' on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Fort Fuentes	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of	Ma CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Three Cottage Girls	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
The Column intended by Buonaparte for a triumphal Edifice in Milan, nov	vly CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Stanzas, composed in the Simplon Pass	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Echo, upon the Gemmi	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Processions	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Elegiac Stanzas	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Sky-prospectfrom the Plain of France	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
On being stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
After landingthe Valley of DoverNov. 1820	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
Desultory Stanzas	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON	CON
To Enterprise	CON	CON	CON	CON	I	I
Introduction (I, who accompanied)	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1
Conjectures	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1
Trepidation of the Druids	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1
Druidical Excommunication	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1

Uncertainty	ES 1					
Persecution	ES 1					
Recovery	ES 1					
Temptations from Roman Refinements	ES 1					
Dissensions	ES 1					
Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians	ES 1					
Saxon Conquest	ES 1					
Monastery of Old Bangor	ES 1					
Casual Incitement	ES 1					
Glad Tidings	ES 1					
Paulinus	ES 1					
Persuasion	ES 1					
Conversion	ES 1					
Apology	ES 1					
Primitive Saxon Clergy	ES 1					
Other Influences	ES 1					
Seclusion	ES 1					
Seclusion Continued	ES 1					
Reproof	ES 1					
Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion	ES 1					
Missions and Travels	ES 1					
Alfred	ES 1					
His Descendants	ES 1					
Influence abused	ES 1					
Danish Conquests	ES 1					
Canute	ES 1					
The Norman Conquest	ES 1					
The Council of Clermont	ES 1	ES 1			ES 1	ES 1
Crusades	ES 1					

| Richard I.                               | ES 1 |
|--|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| An Interdict                             | ES 1 |
| Papal Abuses                             | ES 1 |
| Scene in Venice                          | ES 1 |
| Papal Dominion                           | ES 1 |
| Cistertian Monastery                     | ES 2 |
| Monks and Schoolmen                      | ES 2 |
| Other Benefits                           | ES 2 |
| Other Benefits continued                 | ES 2 |
| Crusaders                                | ES 2 |
| Transubstantiation                       | ES 2 |
| Waldenses                                | ES 2 |
| Archbishop Chichely to Henry V.          | ES 2 |
| Wars of York and Lancaster               | ES 2 |
| Wicliffe                                 | ES 2 |
| Corruptions of the higher Clergy         | ES 2 |
| Abuse of the Monastic Power              | ES 2 |
| Monastic Voluptuousness                  | ES 2 |
| Dissolution of the Monasteries           | ES 2 |
| The same Subject (monasteries)           | ES 2 |
| The same Subject continued (monasteries) | ES 2 |
| Saints                                   | ES 2 |
| The Virgin                               | ES 2 |
| Apology                                  | ES 2 |
| Imaginative Regrets                      | ES 2 |
| Reflections                              | ES 2 |
| Translation of the Bible                 | ES 2 |
| The Point at Issue                       | ES 2 |
| Edward VI.                               | ES 2 |

| Edward signing Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent | - | ES 2 |
|--|---|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Revival of Popery  |   | ES 2 |
| Latimer and Ridley                                       |   | ES 2 |
| Cranmer  |   | ES 2 |
| General View of the Troubles of the Reformation          |   | ES 2 |
| English Reformers in Exile                               |   | ES 2 |
| Elizabeth  |   | ES 2 |
| Eminent Reformers  |   | ES 2 |
| The Same   |   | ES 2 |
| Distractions   |   | ES 2 |
| Gunpowder Plot   |   | ES 2 |
| Illustration (The Jung-frau)                             |   | ES 2 |
| Troubles of Charles the First                            |   | ES 2 |
| Laud   |   | ES 2 |
| Afflictions of England                                   |   | ES 2 |
| I saw the figure of a lovely Maid                        |   | ES 3 |
| Patriotic Sympathies                                     |   | ES 3 |
| Charles the Second                                       |   | ES 3 |
| Latitudinarianism  |   | ES 3 |
| Clerical Integrity                                       |   | ES 3 |
| Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters                  |   | ES 3 |
| Acquittal of the Bishops                                 |   | ES 3 |
| William the Third  |   | ES 3 |
| Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty                |   | ES 3 |
| Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design             |   | ES 3 |
| Walton's Book of Lives                                   |   | ES 3 |
| Sacheverell  |   | ES 3 |
| Places of Worship  |   | ES 3 |
| Pastoral Character                                       |   | ES 3 |

The Liturgy	ES 3					
Baptism	ES 3					
Catechising	ES 3					
Confirmation	ES 3					
Confirmation continued	ES 3					
Sacrament	ES 3					
Rural Ceremony	ES 3					
Regrets	ES 3					
Mutability	ES 3					
Old Abbies	ES 3					
Emigrant French Clergy	ES 3					
Congratulation	ES 3					
New Churches	ES 3					
Church to be erected	ES 3					
Church to be erected continued	ES 3					
New Church-yard	ES 3					
Cathedrals, &c.	ES 3					
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	ES 3					
The Same	ES 3					
The Same continued	ES 3					
Ejaculation	ES 3					
Conclusion	ES 3					
The Excursion	U	U	U	U	U	U
A Flower Garden, at Coleorton)	F	F	F	F	F	F
On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp	F	F			F	F
Water-fowl	I	F	I	I	I	I
Sequel to the Foregoing (Beggars)	I	I	I	I	I	I
To a Sky-lark	I	I	I	I	I	I
Her only Pilot the soft breeze	MS 1					

Why, Minstrel, these untuneful mournings		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
To S.H.		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Decay of Piety		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
A volant Tribe of Bards		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Fair Prime of life!		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
Retirement		MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 2	MS 2
Scorn not the Sonnet		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Not Love, Not War		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
There is a pleasure in poetic pains		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daugh	iters, near the Ri	ve MS 2	MS 2	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833
Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
A Parsonage in Oxfordshire		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To the Lady E.B. and the Hon. Miss P.		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Strange Visitation! (In the woods of Rydal)		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
When Philoctetes		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
While they, her Playmates once (While Anna's peers)		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To the Cuckoo		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
The Infant M M		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To Rotha Q		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To(in her Seventieth Year)		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
In my mind's eye a Temple		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Conclusion (If these brief Records)		MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew		A	A	A	A	A	A
To (Look at the fate of summer Flowers)		A	A	A	A	A	A
To (Let other Bards of Angels Sing)		A	A	A	A	A	A
To (O dearer far than light and life are dear)		A	A	A	A	A	A
How rich that forehead's calm expanse		A	A	A	A	A	A

Lament of Mary Queen of Scots			A	A	A	A	A	A
A Morning Exercise			F	F	F	F	F	F
Once could I hail			Е	Е	Е	Е	MP	MP
Elegiac Stanzas (O for a dirge!)			Е	Е	Е	Е	Е	Е
If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven			SR	SR	SR	SR	Front	Front
If Nature, for a favourite Child (Matthew)			SR	SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Written in a blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian			SR	SR	SR	SR	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833
To the Lady, on seeing the Foundation preparing for th	ie erectio	n of Cha	SR	SR	SR	SR		
On the same Occasion (Foundation preparing)			SR	SR	SR	SR		
The Contrast. The Parrot and the Wren				F	F	F	F	F
The Triad.				I	I	I	I	I
A Grave-stone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worceste	er Cathed			MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
A Tradition of Darley Dale, Derbyshire.				MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Filial Piety				MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To R.B. Haydon, Esq., on Seeing His Picture of Napoleon B	Bonaparte	on the Isl	and of St	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Sponsors. (Father! To God himself)				ES 3	ES 3	ES 3	ES 3	ES 3
The Wishing-gate. (Hope rules a land)				SR	I	I	I	I
The Gleaner (Suggested by a Picture)				SR	SR	SR	MP	MP
The Pillar of Trajan.				SR	SR	SR	MI	MI
Memory (A pen—to register; a key)				SR	SR	SR	SR	SR
Sonnet on the Late General Fast, March 21, 1832				Е	MS 2	MS 2	SLO	SLO
The Armenian Lady's Love					A	A	A	A
Loving and Liking: Irregular Verses Addressed to a Child					A	A	A	A
The Redbreast.					A	A	A	A
The Poet and the Caged Turtledove					F	F	F	F
A Wren's Nest					F	F	F	F
Rural Illusions					F	F	F	F
The Primrose of the Rock					I	I	I	I
Presentiments					I	Ī	I	I

Devotional Incitements			I	I	I	I
A Jewish Family			I	I	I	I
On the Power of Sound			I	I	I	I
November, 1836 (Even so for me a Vision sanctified)			MS 1	MS 1	MS 1	MS 1
Desponding Father! Mark this altered bough			MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
St. Catherine of Ledbury (When human touch)			MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein			MS 2	MS 2	MS 2	MS 2
To (Wait, Prithee, wait!)			MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Roman Antiquities Discovered at Bishopstone			MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
1830 (Chatsworth! thy stately mansion)			MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
To the Author's Portrait			MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
Why are thou silent			MS 2	MS 2	MS 3	MS 3
What if our numbers barely could defy			SL 1st	SL 1st	SL 1st	PIL 1
The massy Ways, carried across these heights			INS	INS	INS	INS
Writtin in the Album of a Child (Small service)			INS	INS	MP	MP
Lines Written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale (	Lady! A Pe	en)	INS	INS	MP	MP
The Egyptian Maid (While Merlin paced the Cornish Sand	ds)		INS	INS	MI	MI
Dedication. (Dear Fellow-Travellers)			CON	CON	CON	CON
After-Thought (Oh Life!)			CON	CON	CON	CON
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered			ES 1	ES 1	ES 1	ES 1
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground			ES 2	ES 2	ES 2	ES 2
The Vaudois (But whence came they)			ES 2	ES 2	ES 2	ES 2
Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs			ES 2	ES 2	ES 2	ES 2
A Character. (I marvel how Nature could ever find space)			SR	SR	SR	SR
Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase			SR	SR	MP	MP
Liberty. Sequel to (Gold and Silver Fishes)			SR	SR	MP	MP
Incident at Bruges. (In Bruges town is many a street)			SR	SR	CON	CON
This Lawn, a carpet all alive			SR	SR	SR	SR
Humanity (What though the Accused, upon his own appe	eal)		SR	SR	SR	SR

Thought on the Seasons (Flattered with promise of escape)		SR	SR	SR	SR
To Upon the Birth of her First-born Child, March, 1833.		SR	SR	SR	SR
The Warning. A sequel to the Foregoing (Birth of Child, 1833)		SR	SR	SR	SR
If this great world of joy and pain		SR	SR	SR	SR
The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn.		SR	SR	SR	SR
Ode. Composed on May Morning. (While from the purpling ea	st departs)	SR	SR	SR	SR
To May. (Though many sons have risen and set)		SR	SR	SR	SR
Lines Suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone.		SR	SR	SR	SR
The Forgeoing Subject Resumed (F. Stone)		SR	SR	SR	SR
Upon Seeing a Coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an	Album	SR	SR	SR	SR
YR. 1831 (The gallant Youth, who may have gained)		YR	YR	SR	YR
On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Nap	oles	YR	YR	YR	YR
A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland.		YR	YR	YR	YR
On the sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland		YR	YR	YR	YR
Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm		YR	YR	YR	YR
The Trosachs.		YR	YR	YR	YR
The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute		YR	YR	YR	YR
Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive		YR	YR	YR	YR
Composed after Reading a Newspaper of the Day		YR	YR	SLO	SLO
Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban		YR	YR	YR	YR
In the Sound of Mull.		YR	YR	YR	YR
Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm		YR	YR	YR	YR
The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and Family Burial	-Place, near Killin	YR	YR	YR	YR
Rest and Be Thankful'		YR	YR	YR	YR
Highland Hut.		YR	YR	YR	YR
The Brownie. (How disappeared he?)		YR	YR	YR	YR
To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomo	ond.	YR	YR	YR	YR
Bothwell Castle		YR	YR	YR	YR
Picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, at Hamilton Palace		YR	YR	YR	YR

The Avon. (A feeder of the Annan.)			YR	YR	YR	YR
Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood For	est.		YR	YR	YR	YR
Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith			YR	YR	YR	YR
F and Tradition (The Lovers took within this ancient grow	ve)		YR	YR	YR	YR
Countess' Pillar.			YR	YR	YR	YR
Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penr	rith)		YR	YR	YR	YR
Apology for the Foregoing Poems			YR	YR	YR	YR
The Highland Broach			YR	YR	YR	YR
The Russian Fugitive			YR	YR	MP	MP
Stanzas Suggested in a Steam-boat off Saint Bees' Heads			YR	YR	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Adieu, Rydalian Laurels			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
They called the Merry England, in old time			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
To the River Greta, near Keswick			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
To the River Derwent. (Among the mountains we were n	ursed, lov	ed Stream!)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Nun's Well, Brigham			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
To a Friend (On the Banks of the Derwent)			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Mary Queen of Scots (Landing at the mouth of the Derwe	nt, Worki	ngton)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
In the Channel, between the Coast of Cumberland and the	e Isle of M	an	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
At Sea off the Isle of Man			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Desire we past illusions to recall?			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
On Entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
By the Sea-Shore, Isle of Man			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Isle of Man. (A youth too certain)			SS, 1833	SS, 1833		Tour, 1833
Isle of Man. (Did pangs of grief for lenient times)			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
By a Retired Mariner			SS, 1833			Tour, 1833
At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man			SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833

Tynwald Hill	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Despond who will—I heard a voice proclaim	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag (July 17)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steam-boat)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
On Revisiting Dunolly Castle.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
The Dunolly Eagle	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Cave of Staffa (We saw, but surely)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Cave of Staffa (Thanks for the lessons)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Cave of Staffa (Ye shadowy Beings)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Iona (On to Iona!)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Iona (Upon Landing)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
The Black Stones of Iona.	SS, 1833			Tour, 1833
Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Greenock.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
The River Eden, Cumberland	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Monument of Mrs. Howard, (by Nollekins,) in Wetheral Church	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Suggested by the Foregoing (Mrs. Howard)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Nunnery	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Lowther.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
To the Earl of Lonsdale.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
To Cordelia M, Hallsteads, Ullswater.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Conclusion (Most sweet it is with unuplified eyes)	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
The Somnambulist.	SS, 1833	SS, 1833	Tour, 1833	Tour, 1833
Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose	EV	EV	EV	EV
On a High Part of the Coast of Cumberland. Easter Sunday, April 7	EV	EV	EV	EV
(By the Sea-Side.)	EV	EV	EV	EV

Not in the lucid intervals of life				EV	EV	EV	EV
(By the Side of Rydal Mere.)				EV	EV	EV	EV
Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere				EV	EV	EV	EV
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill				EV	EV	EV	EV
The sun has long been set				EV	EV	EV	EV
To the Moon. (Composed by the Sea-Side,on the Coast of	of Cumber	land.)		EV	EV	EV	EV
To the Moon. (Rydal.)				EV	EV	EV	EV
Weep not, beloved Friends! (Chiabrera)				E	E	E	Е
True it is that Ambrosio Salinero (Chiabrera)				E	E	E	E
O flower of all that springs from gentle bood (Chiabrera)				E	E	E	Е
By a blest Husband guided, Mary came				E	E	E	Е
Six months to six years added he remained				Е	E	Е	E
Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of Coleorton Hall				E	E	Е	E
To a good Man of most dear memory (Charles Lamb)				E	E	Е	E
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.				E	E	Е	E
Postscript, 1835.				E	E	U	
Protest against the Ballot. 1833.					Appendix		
Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will					Appendix	SLO	SLO
To the Planet Venus. Upon its Approximation to the Eart	h				Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
Oh what a wreck! How changed in mien and speech!					Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
At Dover. (From the Pier's head, musing)					Appendix	CON	CON
Composed on May-morning, 1838. (If with old love of yo	u)				Appendix	MI	MI
Composed on the Same Morning (Life with yon Lambs)					Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest					Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
Tis He who yester-evening's high disdain					Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
A Plea for Authors.					Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
A Poet to his Grandchild.					Appendix		
Valedictory Sonnet, at the Close of the Volume of Sonnet	S				Appendix	MS 3	MS 3
The Borderers						PWY	PWY

							0
The Norman Boy. (High on a broad unfertile tract)						С	С
The Poet's Dream. Sequel to the Normal Boy.						С	С
The Westmoreland Girl. To my Grandchildren. (Seek wh	o will deli	ght)				С	С
The Forsaken (The peace which others seek they find)						A	A
Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved						A	A
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine						Α	Α
Maternal Grief (Departed Child! I could forget thee once	)					Α	A
The Widow on Windermere Side. (How beautiful when a	ıp a lofty l	height)				Α	Α
Farewell Lines. (High bliss is only for a higher state)						Α	A
Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base						NP	NP
To a Lady, in Answer to a Request That I would Writer h	er a Poem	Madie	ra			F	F
Love Lies Bleeding						F	F
Companion to the Foregoing (Love Lies Bleeding) (Neve	r enlivene	ed with the	liveliest	ray)		F	F
Airey-force Valley						I	I
The Simplon Pass. (Brook and road)						I	I
Lyre! Though such power do in thy magic live						I	I
The Wishing-gate Destroyed (Tis gone—with old belief a	and drean	1)				I	I
The Cuckoo-clock.						I	I
To the Coulds. (Army of Clouds!)						I	I
Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise (The gentle	est poet)					I	I
At Applethwaite, near Keswick. 1804						MS 1	MS 1
Though the bold wings of Poesy affect						MS 3	MS 3
A Poet!He hath put his heart to school						MS 3	MS 3
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky						MS 3	MS 3
On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of	f Waterloo	)				MS 3	MS 3
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance						MS 3	MS 3
To a Painter. (All praise the Likeness by thy skill portray	red)					MS 3	MS 3
On the Same Subject (Though I beheld at first with blank	surprise	)				MS 3	MS 3
Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake						MS 3	MS 3

To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Master of Har	row Scho	ol Theo	philus			MS 3	MS 3
Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot						MS 3	MS 3
While beams of orient light shoot wide and high						MS 3	MS 3
On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway						MS 3	MS 3
Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old						MS 3	MS 3
At Furness Abbey (Here, where, of havoc tired and rash	undoing)					MS 3	MS 3
At Furness Abbey (Well have yon Railway Labourers to t	this groun	ıd)				MS 3	MS 3
At the Grave of Burns. 1803. Seven Years after His Death	•			old)		SCO 1803	SCO 1803
Thoughts Suggested the Day Following, on the Banks of t	the Nith ('	Too frail to	keep)			SCO 1803	SCO 1803
Lines on the Expected Invasion. 1803. (Come ye—who, i	f (which I	Heaven ave	ert!) the l	Land)		SL 1st	PIL 1
Ode. 1815. (I—ne'er before content)						SL 2nd	PIL 2
To Henry Crabb Robinson						MI	MI
Musings near Aquapendente. April, 1837						MI	MI
The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome.						MI	MI
At Rome. (Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill)						MI	MI
At RomeRegretsIn Allusion to Neibuhr						MI	MI
At RomeRegretscontinued						MI	MI
Plea for the Historian. (Forbear to deem the Chronicler u	ınwise)					MI	MI
At Rome. (They—who have seen the noble Roman's scor	rn)					MI	MI
Near Rome, in Sight of St. Peter's.						MI	MI
At Albano.						MI	MI
Near Anio's stream I spied a gentle Dove						MI	MI
From the Alban Hills, Looking towards Rome						MI	MI
Near the Lake of Thrasymene.						MI	MI
Near the Same Lake (Thrasymene)						MI	MI
The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25 <sup>th</sup> , 1837.						MI	MI
At the Convent of Camaldoli.						MI	MI
At the Convent of Camaldoli. Continued						MI	MI
At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli.						MI	MI

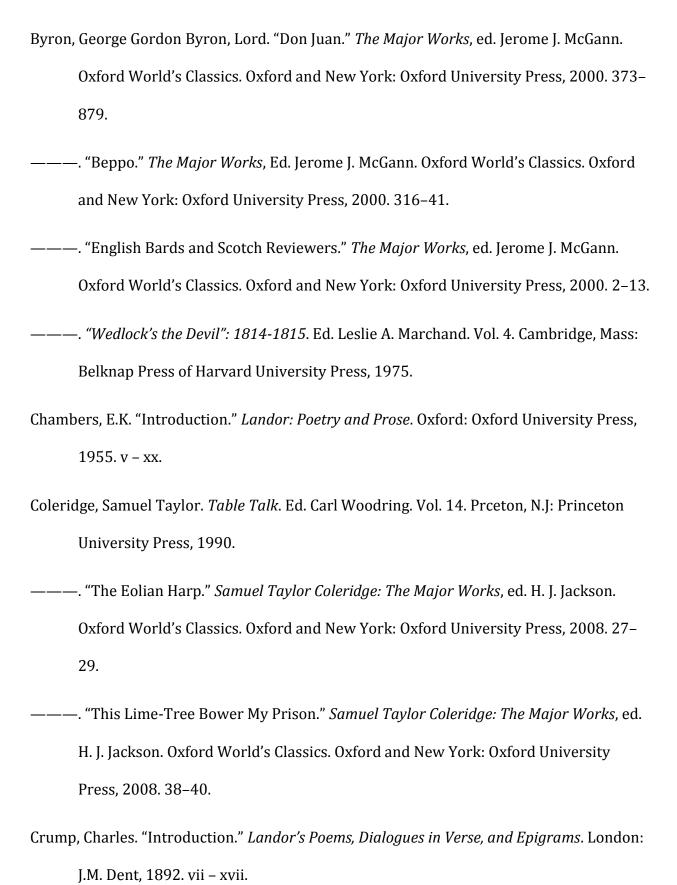
At Vallombrosa.				MI	MI
At Florence.				MI	MI
Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Galle	ry at Floi	rence		MI	MI
At FlorenceFrom Michael Angelo. (Eternal Lord!)				MI	MI
At FlorenceFrom Michael Angelo. (Rapt above earth)				MI	MI
Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines.				MI	MI
In Lombardy.				MI	MI
After Leaving Italy.				MI	MI
After Leaving Italy Continued.				MI	MI
How soon—alas! did Man, created pure				ES 2	ES 2
From false assumption rose, and fondly hail'd				ES 2	ES 2
Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep				ES 3	ES 3
The Marriage Ceremony				ES 3	ES 3
Thanksgiving after Childbirth				ES 3	ES 3
Visitation of the Sick				ES 3	ES 3
The Commination Service				ES 3	ES 3
Forms of Prayer at Sea.				ES 3	ES 3
Funeral Service				ES 3	ES 3
Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour	and Beau	ıty.		EV	EV
Composed by the Sea-shore (What mischief cleaves)				EV	EV
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love				EV	EV
A Night Thought. (Lo! Where the Moon along the sky)				SR	SR
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive				SR	SR
Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud				SLO	SLO
In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of th	e French	Revolution		SLO	SLO
In Allusion Continued				SLO	SLO
In Allusion Concluded				SLO	SLO
Men of the Western World!				SLO	SLO
To the Pennsylvanians.				SLO	SLO

At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late Insurrections 1	. (Ah why	decieve)			SLO	SLO
At Bologna Continued 2. (Hard task! Exclaim the undisci	plined)				SLO	SLO
At Bologna Concluded 3. (As the leaves are to the tree)					SLO	SLO
Young England—what is then become of Old					SLO	SLO
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken					SLO	SLO
Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle					SPD	SPD
Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law					SPD	SPD
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die					SPD	SPD
Is Death, when evil againsgt good has fought					SPD	SPD
Not to the object specially designed					SPD	SPD
Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! That frequent					SPD	SPD
Before the world had past her time of youth					SPD	SPD
Fit retribution, by the moral code					SPD	SPD
Though to give timely warning and deter					SPD	SPD
Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine					SPD	SPD
Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide					SPD	SPD
See the Condemned alone within his cell					SPD	SPD
Conclusion. (Yes, though He well may tremble at the sou	nd)				SPD	SPD
Apology. (The formal World relaxes her cold chain)					SPD	SPD
Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont					MP	MP
Upon Perusing the Foregoing Epistle Thirty Years after I	ts Compo	sition			MP	MP
Poor Robin.					MP	MP
To a Redbreast(in Sickness) by Sarah Hutchinson					MP	MP
Floating Island by Dorothy Wordsworth					MP	MP
To the Lady Fleming, on Seeing the Foundation					MP	MP
On the Same Occasion (Fleming)					MP	MP
Prelude, Prefixed to the Volume Entitled "Poems Chiefly	of Early a	nd Late Yea	rs"		MP	MP
Grace Darling.					MP	MP
In these fair vales hath many a Tree					INS	INS

The Cuckoo and the Nightingale				SCM	SCM
Troilus and Cresida				SCM	SCM
Cenotaph. In affectionate remembrance of Francis Fermo	or			Е	Е
Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland				Е	Е
Address to the Scholars of the Village School of 1798				Е	Е
Dirge. (Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone)				Е	
By the Side of the Grave Some Years After				Е	
Elegiac Verses, in Memory of My Brother				Е	Е
Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church				Е	Е
As fair thus sanctified the warrior's creed					ES 2
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root					ES 2
Aspects of Christianity in America 1. The Pilgrim Fathers					ES 3
Aspects of Christianity in America 2. Continued					ES 3
Aspects of Christianity in America 3. Concluded					ES 3
To Lucca Giordano					EV
Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high					EV
Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed					EV
Illustrated Books and Newspapers					SR
The unremitting voice of nightly streams					SR
I know an aged Man constrained to dwell					MP
Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian.)					MP
How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high					MP
Sonnet. (Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic Boy)					Е
Glad sight wherever new with old					F

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