

pathetic touches; but here is the perfect, peculiar result. In Scott's delineation we delight, the spirit he infuses gives the same satisfaction that mere animal healthiness and physical perfection does;—excellent in its range, but its range is not high. Scott, in one of his poems, came amid the scenes that Wordsworth made his habitat; but how different were the eyes that saw, and the soul that loved! In Wordsworth, like the affections of his Protesilaus in Elysium, all is "raised and solemnised." He cannot look out into a sunset, as other men look, seeing mere images of a supernal glory,—like Moore, saying,

"We can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas in Heaven;"

but in the bosom of him, who gazes from Rydal Mount, when—

"Thine is the tranquil hour, purple Eve,"

there rises a superior rapture, a more transcendent faith so that—

"Long as god-like wish or hope divine
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!"

The love of nature was never with him an affectation; nor the interpretation of nature a mere elegant exercise, but one to which he brought, and by which he derived, or improved, his being's deepest virtue.

"'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty and so feel
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, or the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

William Howitt, (himself, as we believe, a member of the Society of Friends), has, with considerable plausibility put Wordsworth forth as the great Quaker among poets, in literary garb, as well as in doctrine and spirit. Having quoted some examples he says: "If George Fox had written poetry, that is exactly what he would have written. So completely does it [*The Tables Turned*] embody the grand Quaker doctrine, that Clarkson in his *Potraiture of Quakerism*, has quoted it, without however, perceiving that the grand and complete fabric of Wordsworth's poetry is built on this foundation: that this dogma of quitting men, books, and theories, and sitting down quietly to receive the unerring intimations and influences of the spirit of the universe, is identical in Fox and Wordsworth; is the very same in the poetry of the one as in the religion of the other. The two reformers acquired their faith by the same process, and in the same manner. Fox retired to a hollow oak, as he