

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my Beloved in the Road at a little distance—we turned back to see the light but it was fading—almost gone. The owls hooted when we sate on the Wall at the foot of White Moss. The sky broke more & more & we saw the moon now & then. John Green passed us with his cart—we sate on. When we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the Vale looked fair & quiet in the moonshine, the Church was there & all the cottages. There were high slow-travelling Clouds in the sky that threw large Masses of Shade upon some of the Mountains. We walked backwards & forwards between home & Olliffs till I was tired William kindled & began to write the poem. We carried Cloaks into the orchard & sate a while there I left him & he nearly finished the poem. I was tired to death & went to bed before him—he came down to me & read the Poem to me in bed—A sailor begged here today going to Glasgow he spoke cheerfully in a sweet tone.

Thursday [18th]. A very fine morning the Sun shone but it was far colder than yesterday. I felt myself weak, & William charged me not to go to Mrs Lloyds—I seemed indeed, to myself unfit for it but when he was gone I thought I would get the visit over if I could—so I ate a Beef-steak thinking it would strengthen me so it did, & I went off—I had a very pleasant walk. Rydale vale was full of life & motion. The wind blew briskly & the lake was covered all over with Bright silver waves that were there each the twinkling of an eye, then others rose up & took their place as fast as they went away. The Rocks glittered in the sunshine, the crows & the Ravens were busy, & the thrushes & little Birds sang—I went through the fields, & sate ½ an hour afraid to pass a Cow. The Cow looked at me & I looked at the cow & whenever I stirred the cow gave over eating. I was not very much tired when I reached Lloyds, I walked in the garden. Charles is all for Agriculture. Mrs Ll in her kindest way. A parcel came in from Birmingham, with Lamb's play for us & for C. They came with me as far as Rydale. As we came along Ambleside vale in the twilight—it was a grave evening—there was something in the air that compelled me to serious thought—the hills were large, closed in by the sky. It was nearly dark when I parted from the

Lloyds that is, night was come on & the moon was overcast. But as I climbed Moss the moon came out from behind a Mountain Mass of Black Clouds—O the unutterable darkness of the sky & the Earth below the Moon! & the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid sparkling streak of light at this end of Rydale water but the rest was very dark & Loughrigg fell & Silver How were white & bright as if they were covered with hoar frost. The moon retired again & appeared & disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to be seen but upon the Island house & the promontory of the Island where it stands, 'That needs must be a holy place' &c—&c. I had many many exquisite feelings when I saw this lowly Building in the waters among the dark & lofty hills, with that bright soft light upon it—it made me more than half a poet. I was tired when I reached home I could not sit down to reading & tried to write verses but alas! I gave up expecting William & went soon to bed. Fletcher's carts came home late.

Friday [19th]. A very rainy morning—I went up into the lane to collect a few green mosses to make the Chimney gay against my darling's return. Poor C! I did not wish for, or expect him it rained so. Mr Luff came in before my dinner. We had a long talk. He left me before 4 o'clock, & about ½ an hour after Coleridge came in—his eyes were a little swollen—with the wind—I was much affected with the sight of him—he seemed half Stupetified—William came in soon after. Coleridge went to bed late, & Wm & I sate up till 4 o'clock. A letter from Sara sent by Mary. They disputed about Ben Jonson. My spirits were agitated very much.

Saturday [20th]. A tolerably fine morning after 11 o'clock but when I awoke the whole vale was covered with snow. William & Coleridge walked to Borwicks. I followed but did not find them—came home & they were here—We had a little talk about going abroad. We sate pleasantly enough. After tea Wm read the Pedlar. After supper we talked about various things—Christening the Children &c &c went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Sunday [21st]. A showery day. Coleridge & William lay long in bed. We sent up to G Mackareth's for the horse to go to Keswick but we could not have it—Went with C to Borwicks

where he left us. William was very unwell this evening—We had a sweet & tender conversation. I wrote to Mary & Sara.

Monday [22nd]. A rainy day—William very poorly. Mr Luff came in after dinner & brought us 2 letters from Sara H. & one from poor Annette. I read Sara's letters while he was here. I finished my letters to M & S & wrote to my Br Richard. We talked a good deal about C & other interesting things we resolved to see Annette, & that Wm should go to Mary. We wrote to Coleridge not to expect us till Thursday or Friday.

Tuesday [23rd]. A mild morning. William worked at the Cuckow poem. I sewed beside him. After dinner he slept I read German, & at the closing in of day went to sit in the Orchard—he came to me, & walked backwards & forwards, we talked about C—Wm repeated the poem to me—I left him there & in 20 minutes he came in rather tired with attempting to write—he is now reading Ben Jonson I am going to read German it is about 10 o'clock, a quiet night. The fire flutters & the watch ticks I hear nothing else save the Breathings of my Beloved & he now & then pushes his book forward & turns over a leaf. Fletcher is not come home. No letter from C.

Wednesday [24th]. We walked to Rydale for letters. It was a beautiful spring morning—warm & quiet with mists. We found a letter from MH. I made a vow that we would not leave this County for G Hill, Sara & Tom not being going to the Wolds. I wrote to Mary in the Evening. I went to bed after dinner. William walked out & wrote Peggy Ashburner. I rose better. Wm altered the Butterfly as we came from Rydale.

Thursday [25th]. We did not walk though it was a fine day. Mr Simpson drank tea with us. No letter from Coleridge.

Friday [26th]. A beautiful morning. William wrote to Annette then worked at the Cuckow. I was ill & in bad spirits—after dinner I sate 2 hours in the Orchard. William & I walked together after tea first to the top of White Moss, then to Mr Olliffs. I left Wm & while he was absent wrote out poems I grew alarmed & went to seek him—I met him at Mr Olliffs he had been trying without success to alter a passage, in Silver How poem—he had written a conclusion just before he went out. While I was getting into bed he wrote the Rainbow.

Saturday [27th]. A divine morning—at Breakfast Wm wrote

part of an ode—Mr Olliff sent the Dung & Wm went to work in the garden we sate all day in the Orchard.

Sunday [28th]. We went to Keswick. Arrived wet to skin—a letter from Mary—C was not tired with walking to meet us—I lay down after dinner with a bad head ach.

Monday [29th]. A cold day. I went down to Miss Crosthwaite's to unpack the Box. Wm & C went to Ormathwaite—a letter from SH, had head ach & lay till after tea. Conversation with Mrs Coleridge.

Tuesday 30th March. We went to Calverts. I was somewhat better though not well.

Wednesday 31st March 1802. Very unwell. We walked to Portinscale lay upon the turf & saw into the Vale of Newlands, up to Borrowdale & down to Keswick a soft venetian view. I returned better. Calvert & Wilkinsons dined with us. I walked with Mrs W [to] the Quakers' meeting met Wm & we walked in the field together.

Thursday 1st April. Mrs C Wm C & I went to the How—a pleasant morning, we came home by Portinscale—sate for some time on the hill.

Friday 2nd. Wm & I sate all the morning in the field I nursed Derwent—drank tea with the Miss Cockins.

Saturday 3rd. Wm went on to Skiddaw with C. We dined at Calverts, fine day.

Sunday 4th. We drove in the gig to Water End. I walked down to Coleridge's. Mrs C came to Greta Bank to Tea. Wm walked down with Mrs C. I repeated his verses to them. We sate pleasantly enough after supper.

Monday 5th. We came to Eusemere—Coleridge walked with us to Threlkeld, reached Eusemere to tea. The schoolmistress at Dacre & her scholars. Mrs C at work in the garden she met us.

Tuesday 6th. Mrs C, Wm & I walked to Water side. Wm & I walked together in the Evening towards Dalemain—the moon & stars.

Wednesday 7th. Wm's Birthday. Wm went to Middleham—I walked 6 miles with him—it rained a little but a fine day. Broth to supper & went soon to bed.

Thursday 8th. Mrs C & I walked to Woodside. We slept

after dinner on the Sofa—sate up till ½ past 10. Mrs C tired. I wrote to MH in the morning to Sara in the evening.

Friday 9th. Mrs C planting. Sent off letters. A windy morning—rough lake—sun shines very cold—a windy night. Walked in Dunmallet marked our names on a tree.

Saturday 10th April. Very cold—a stormy night wrote to C a letter from Wm & SH.

Sunday 11th. Very stormy & cold I did not walk.

Monday 12th. Had the mantua-maker the ground covered with snow. Walked to T Wilkinson's & sent for letters. The Woman brought me one from Wm & Mary. It was a sharp windy night. Thomas Wilkinson came with me to Barton, & questioned me like a catechizer all the way, every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart I was so full of thoughts of my half-read letter & other things. I was glad when he left me. Then I had time to look at the moon while I was thinking over my own thoughts—the moon travelled through the clouds tinging them yellow as she passed along, with two stars near her, one larger than the other. These stars grew or diminished as they passed from or went into the clouds. At this time William as I found the next day was riding by himself between Middleham & Barnard Castle having parted from Mary. I read over my letter when I got to the house. Mr & Mrs C were playing at Cards.

Tuesday 13th April. I had slept ill & was not well & obliged to go to bed in the afternoon—Mrs C waked me from sleep with a letter from Coleridge. After tea I went down to see the Bank & walked along the Lake side to the field where Mr Smith thought of building his house. The air was become still the lake was of a bright slate colour, the hills darkening. The Bays shot into the low fading shores. Sheep resting all things quiet. When I returned Jane met me—William was come. The surprize shot through me. He looked well but he was tired & went soon to bed after a dish of Tea.

Wednesday 14th. William did not rise till dinner time. I walked with Mrs C. I was ill out of spirits—disheartened. Wm & I took a long walk in the Rain.

Thursday 15th. It was a threatening misty morning—but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere—Mrs Clarkson

went a short way with us but turned back. The wind was furious & we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large Boat-house, then under a furze Bush opposite Mr Clarksons, saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath the Lake was rough. There was a Boat by itself floating in the middle of the Bay below Water Millock—We rested again in the Witter Millock lane. The hawthorns are black & green, the birches here & there greenish but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the Twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows—people working, a few primroses by the roadside, woodsorrel flowers, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, & that stary yellow flower which Mrs C calls pile wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side, we fancied that the lake had floated the seeds ashore. & that the little colony had so sprung up—But as we went along there were more & yet more & at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful they grew among the mossy stones about & about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness & the rest tossed & reeled & danced & seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the Lake, they looked so gay ever glancing ever changing. This wind blew directly over the Lake to them. There was here & there a little knot & a few stragglers a few yards higher up but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity & unity & life of that one busy highway—We rested again & again. The Bays were stormy & we heard the waves at different distances & in the middle of the water like the Sea—Rain came on, we were wet when we reached Luffs but we called in. Luckily all was cheerless & gloomy so we faced the storm—we *must* have been wet if we had waited—put on dry clothes at Dobson's. I was very kindly treated by a young woman, the Landlady looked sour but it is her way. She gave us a goodish supper, excellent ham & potatoes. We paid 7/ when we came away. William was sitting by a bright fire when I came downstairs he soon made his way to the Library piled up in a corner of the window. He brought out a volume of

*See scene
Sketch II*

7th of Wooded bank as a scene

Enfield's Speaker, another miscellany, & an odd volume of Congreve's plays. We had a glass of warm rum & water—we enjoyed ourselves & wished for Mary. It rained & blew when we went to bed. NB deer in Gowbarrow park like to skeletons.

Friday 16th April (Good Friday). When I undrew my curtains in the morning, I was much affected by the beauty of the prospect & the change. The sun shone, the wind had passed away, the hills looked cheerful. The river was very bright as it flowed into the lake. The Church rises up behind a little knot of Rocks, the steeple not so high as an ordinary 3 story house. Bees, in a row in the garden under the wall. After Wm had shaved we set forward. The valley is at first broken by little rocky woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale, the river winds along under these hills travelling not in a bustle but not slowly to the lake. We saw a fisherman in the flat meadow on the other side of the water he came towards us & threw his line over the two arched Bridge. It is a Bridge of a heavy construction, almost bending inwards in the middle, but it is grey & there is a look of antiquity in the architecture of it that pleased me. As we go on the vale opens out more into one vale with somewhat of a cradle Bed. Cottages with groups of trees on the side of the hills we passed a pair of twin Children 2 years old—& sate on the next bridge which we crossed a single arch, we rested again upon the Turf & looked at the same Bridge—we observed arches in the water occasioned by the large stones sending it down in two streams—a Sheep came plunging through the river, stumbled up the Bank & passed close to us, it had been frightened by an insignificant little Dog on the other side, its fleece dropped a glittering shower under its belly—primroses by the roadside, pile wort that shone like stars of gold in the Sun, violets, strawberries, retired & half buried among the grass. When we came to the foot of Brothers water I left William sitting on the Bridge & went along the path on the right side of the Lake through the wood—I was delighted with what I saw—the water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains & the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one grey cottage. I repeated the Glowworm as I walked along—I hung over the gate, & thought I could have stayed for

ever. When I returned I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights & sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them, behind us, a flat pasture with 42 cattle feeding, to our left the road leading to the hamlet, no smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing & sowing—Lasses spreading dung, a dogs barking now & then, cocks crowing, birds twittering, the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple & green twigs on the Birches, ashes with their glittering spikes quite bare. The hawthorn a bright green with black stems under, the oak & the moss of the oak glossy. We then went on, passed two sisters at work, *they first passed us*, one with two pitch forks in her hand. The other had a spade. We had some talk with them. They laughed aloud after we were gone perhaps half in wantonness, half boldness. William finished his poem before we got to the foot of Kirkstone. There were hundreds of cattle in the vale. There we ate our dinner. The walk up Kirkstone was very interesting. The Becks among the Rocks were all alive—Wm showed me the little mossy streamlet which he had before loved when he saw its bright green track in the snow. The view above Ambleside, very beautiful. There we sate & looked down on the green vale. We watched the Crows at a little distance from us become white as silver as they flew in the sunshine, & when they went still further they looked like shapes of water passing over the green fields. The whitening of Ambleside Church is a great deduction from the beauty of it seen from this point. We called at the Luffs, the Boddingtons there did not go in & went round by the fields. I pulled of my stockings intending to wade the Beck but I was obliged to put them on & we climbed over the wall at the Bridge. The post passed us. No letters! Rydale Lake was in its own evening brightness, the Islands & points distinct. Jane Ashburner came up to us when we were sitting upon the wall—we rode in her cart to Tom Dawsons—all well. The garden looked pretty in the half moonlight half daylight. As we went up the vale of Brothers Water more & more cattle feeding 100 of them.

Saturday 17th. A mild warm rain. We sate in the garden all

the morning. William dug a little. I transplanted a honey suckle. The lake was still the sheep on the island reflected in the water, like the grey deer we saw in Gowbarrow park. We walked after tea by moonlight. I had been in bed in the afternoon & William had slept in his chair. We walked towards Rydale first then backwards & forwards below Mr Olliffs. The village was beautiful in the moonlight—helm crag we observed very distinct. The dead hedge round Benson's field bound together at the top by an interlacing of ash sticks which made a chain of silver when we faced the moon—a letter from C, & also from S.H. I saw a Robin chasing a scarlet Butterfly this morning.

Sunday 18th. I lay in bed late. Again a mild grey morning with rising vapours we sate in the orchard—William wrote the poem on the Robin & the Butterfly. I went to drink tea at Luffs but as we did not dine till 6 o'clock it was late. It was mist & small rain all the way but very pleasant. William met me at Rydale—Aggy accompanied me thither. We sate up late. He met me with the conclusion of the poem of the Robin. I read it to him in Bed. We left out some lines.

Monday 19th. A mild rain very warm Wm worked in the garden, I made pies & bread. After dinner the mist cleared away & sun shone. William walked to Luff's I was not very well & went to bed. Wm came home pale & tired. I could not rest when I got to bed.

Tuesday 20th. A beautiful morning the sun shone—William wrote a conclusion to the poem of the Butterfly, 'I've watch'd you now a full half-hour'. I was quite out of spirits & went into the orchard—When I came in he had finished the poem. We sate in the orchard after dinner, it was a beautiful afternoon. The sun shone upon the Level fields & they grew greener beneath the eye—houses village all cheerful, people at work. We sate in the Orchard & repeated the Glowworm & other poems. Just when William came to a Well or a Trough which there is in Lord Darlington's Park he began to write that poem of the Glow-worm not being able to ride upon the long Trot—interrupted in going through the Town of Staindrop. Finished it about 2 miles & a half beyond Staindrop—he did not feel the jogging of the horse while he was writing

but when he had done he felt the effect of it & his fingers were cold with his gloves. His horse fell with him on the other side of St Helen's, Auckland.—So much for the Glowworm: It was written coming from Middleham on Monday April. 12th 1802. On Tuesday 20th when we were sitting after Tea Coleridge came to the door. I startled Wm with my voice—C came up palish but I afterwards found he looked well. William was not well & I was in low spirits.

Wednesday 21st. William & I sauntered a little in the garden. Coleridge came to us & repeated the verses he wrote to Sara—I was affected with them & was on the whole, not being well, in miserable spirits. The sunshine—the green fields & the fair sky made me sadder; even the little happy sporting lambs seemed but sorrowful to me. The pile wort spread out on the grass a thousand shining stars, the primroses were there & the remains of a few Daffodils. The well which we cleaned out last night is still but a little muddy pond, though full of water. I went to bed after dinner, could not sleep, went to bed again. Read Ferguson's life & a poem or two—fell asleep for 5 minutes & awoke better. We got tea. Sate comfortably in the Evening I went to bed early.

Thursday 22nd. A fine mild morning—we walked into Easedale. The sun shone. Coleridge talked of his plan of sowing the Laburnum in the woods—The waters were high for there had been a great quantity of rain in the night. I was tired & sate under the shade of a holly Tree that grows upon a Rock—I sate there & looked down the stream. I then went to the single holly behind that single Rock in the field & sate upon the grass till they came from the Waterfall. I saw them there & heard Wm flinging Stones into the River whose roaring was loud even where I was. When they returned William was repeating the poem 'I have thoughts that are fed by the Sun'. It had been called to his mind by the dying away of the stuning of the Waterfall when he came behind a stone. When we had got into the vale a heavy rain came on. We saw a family of little Children sheltering themselves under a wall before the rain came on, they sate in a Row making a canopy for each other of their clothes. The servant lass was planting potatoes near them. Coleridge changed his clothes—we were

(23) So many in different observations of the poem

all wet—Wilkinson came in while we were at dinner. Coleridge & I after dinner drank black currants & water.

Friday 23rd April 1802. It being a beautiful morning we set off at 11 o'clock intending to stay out of doors all the morning. We went towards Rydale & before we got to Tom Dawson's we determined to go under Nab Scar. Thither we went. The sun shone & we were lazy. Coleridge pitched upon several places to sit down upon but we could not be all of one mind respecting sun & shade so we pushed on to the Foot of the Scar. It was very grand when we looked up very stony, here & there a budding tree. William observed that the umbrella Yew tree that breaths the wind had lost its character as a tree & had become something like to solid wood. Coleridge & I pushed on before. We left William sitting on the stones feasting with silence—& C & I sate down upon a rock Seat—a Couch it might be under the Bower of William's Eglantine, Andrew's Broom. He was below us & we could see him—he came to us & repeated his poems while we sate beside him upon the ground. He had made himself a seat in the crumbly ground. After we had lingered long looking into the vales—Ambleside vale with the corpses the village under the hill & the green fields—Rydale with a lake all alive & glittering yet but little stirred by Breezes, & our own dear Grasmere first making a little round lake of nature's own with never a house never a green field—but the corpses & the bare hills, enclosing it & the river flowing out of it. Above rose the Coniston Fells in their own shape & colour—not Man's hills but all for themselves the sky & the clouds & a few wild creatures. C went to search for something new. We saw him climbing up towards a Rock, he called us & we found him in a Bower, the sweetest that was ever seen—the Rock on one side is very high & all covered with ivy which hung loosely about & bore bunches of brown berries. On the other side it was higher than my head. We looked down upon the Ambleside vale that seemed to wind away from us the village *lying* under the hill. The Fir tree Island was reflected beautifully—we now first saw that the trees are planted in rows. About this bower there is mountain ash, common ash, yew tree, ivy, holly, hawthorn,

mosses & flowers, & a carpet of moss—Above at the top of the Rock there is another spot—it is scarce a Bower, a little parlour, one not *enclosed* by walls but shaped out for a resting place by the rocks & the ground rising about it. It had a sweet moss carpet—We resolved to go & plant flowers in both these places tomorrow. We wished for Mary & Sara. Dined late. After dinner Wm & I worked in the garden. C read. A letter from Sara.

Saturday 24th. A very wet day. William called me out to see a waterfall behind the Barberry tree—We walked in the evening to Rydale—Coleridge & I lingered behind—C stopped up the little runner by the Road side to make a lake. We all stood to look at Glowworm Rock—a primrose that grew there & just looked out on the Road from its own sheltered bower. The clouds moved as William observed in one regular body like a multitude in motion a sky all clouds over, not one cloud. On our return it broke a little out & we saw here & there a star. One appeared but for a moment in a lake pale blue sky.

Sunday 25th April. After breakfast we set off with Coleridge towards Keswick. Wilkinson overtook us near the Potters & interrupted our discourse. C got into a Gig with Mr Beck, & drove away from us. A shower came on but it was soon over—we spent the morning in the orchard. Read the Prothalamium of Spenser—walked backwards & forwards. Mr Simpson drank tea with us. I was not well before tea. Mr S sent us some quills by Molly Ashburner & his Brother's book. The Luffs called at the door.

Monday 26th. I copied Wm's poems for Coleridge. Letters from Peggy & Mary H—wrote to Peggy & Coleridge. A terrible rain & wind all day. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Tuesday 27th. A fine morning. Mrs Luff called I walked with her to the Boat-house—William met me at the top of the hill with his fishing-rod in his hand. I turned with him & we sate on the hill looking to Rydale. I left him intending to join him but he came home, & said his lines would not stand the pulling—he had had several bites. He sate in the orchard, I made bread. Miss Simpson called I walked with her to Goans. When I came back I found that he & John Fisher had

cleaned out the well—John had sodded about the Bee-stand. In the evening Wm began to write the Tinker. We had a Letter & verses from Coleridge.

Wednesday 28th April. A fine sunny but coldish morning. I copied the Prioress's tale. Wm was in the orchard—I went to him—he worked away at his poem, though he was ill & tired—I happened to say that when I was a Child I would not have pulled a strawberry blossom. I left him & wrote out the Manciple's Tale. At dinner-time he came in with the poem of 'Children gathering flowers'—but it was not quite finished & it kept him long off his dinner. It is now done he is working at the Tinker, he promised me he would get his tea & do no more but I have got mine an hour & a quarter & he has scarcely begun his. I am not quite well—We have let the bright sun go down without walking—now a heavy shower comes on & I guess we shall not walk at all—I wrote a few lines to Coleridge. Then we walked backwards & forwards between our house & Olliffs. We talked about T Hutchinsonson & Bell Addison. William left me sitting on a stone. When we came in we corrected the Chaucers but I could not finish them tonight, went to bed.

Thursday 29th. A beautiful morning. The sun shone & all was pleasant. We sent off our parcel to Coleridge by the waggon. Mr Simpson heard the Cuckow today. Before we went out, after I had written down the Tinker, which William finished this morning, Luff called. He was very lame, limped into the kitchen—he came on a little Pony. We then went to Johns Grove, sat a while at first. Afterwards William lay, & I lay in the trench under the fence—he with his eyes shut & listening to the waterfalls & the Birds. There was no one waterfall above another—it was a sound of waters in the air—the voice of the air. William heard me breathing & rustling now & then but we both lay still, & unseen by one another—he thought that it would be as sweet thus to lie so in the grave, to hear the peaceful sounds of the earth & just to know that ones dear friends were near. The Lake was still there was a Boat out. Silver how reflected with delicate purple & yellowish hues as I have seen Spar—Lambs on the island & Running races together by the half dozen in the round field near us. The

copses greenish, hawthorn green.—Came home to dinner then went to Mr Simpson. We rested a long time under a wall. Sheep & lambs were in the field—cottages smoking. As I lay down on the grass, I observed the glittering silver line on the ridges of the Backs of the sheep, owing to their situation respecting the Sun—which made them look beautiful but with something of strangeness, like animals of another kind—as if belonging to a more splendid world. Met old Mr S at the door—Mrs S poorly—I got mullens & pansies—I was sick & ill & obliged to come home soon. We went to bed immediately—I slept up stairs. The air coldish where it was felt somewhat frosty.

Friday April 30th. We came into the orchard directly after Breakfast, & sat there. The lake was calm—the sky cloudy. We saw two fishermen by the lake side. William began to write the poem of the Celandine. I wrote to Mary H—sitting on the fur gown. Walked backwards & forwards with William—he repeated his poem to me—then he got to work again & would not give over—he had not finished his dinner till 5 o'clock. After dinner we took up the fur gowns into The Hollins above. We found a sweet seat & thither we will often go. We spread the gown put on each a cloak & there we lay—William fell asleep—he had a bad head ache owing to his having been disturbed the night before with reading C's letter which Fletcher had brought to the door—I did not sleep but I lay with half shut eyes, looking at the prospect as in a vision almost I was so resigned to it—Loughtrigg Fell was the most distant hill, then came the Lake slipping in between the copses & above the copse the round swelling field, nearer to me a wild intermixture of rocks trees, & stacks of grassy ground.—When we turned the corner of our little shelter we saw the Church & the whole vale. It is a blessed place. The Birds were about us on all sides—Skobboys Robins Bullfinches. Crows now & then flew over our heads as we were warned by the sound of the beating of the air above. We stayed till the light of day was going & the little Birds had begun to settle their singing—But there was a thrush not far off that seemed to sing louder & clearer than the thrushes had sung when it was quite day. We came in at 8 o'clock, got tea. Wrote to Coleridge, & I wrote to

by the way, read & repeated the Leech gatherer. We were almost melted before we were at the top of the hill. We saw Coleridge on the Wytheburn Side of the water, he crossed the Beck to us. Mr Simpson was fishing there. William & I ate a Luncheon, then went on towards the Waterfall. It is a glorious wild solitude under that lofty purple crag. It stood upright by itself. Its own self & its shadow below, one mass—all else was sunshine. We went on further. A Bird at the top of the crags was flying round & round & looked in thinness & transparency, shape & motion, like a moth. We climbed the hill but looked in vain for a shade except at the foot of the great waterfall, & there we did not like to stay on account of the loose stones above our heads. We came down & rested upon a moss covered Rock, rising out of the bed of the River. There we lay ate our dinner & stayed there till about 4 o'clock or later—Wm & C repeated & read verses. I drank a little Brandy & water & was in Heaven. The Stags horn is very beautiful & fresh springing upon the fells. Mountain ashes, green. We drank tea at a farm house. The woman had not a pleasant countenance, but was civil enough. She had a pretty Boy a year old whom she suckled. We parted from Coleridge at Sara's Crag after having looked at the Letters which C carved in the morning. I kissed them all. Wm deepened the T with C's penknife. We sate afterwards on the wall, seeing the sun go down & the reflections in the still water. C looked well & parted from us cheerfully, hopping up upon the Side stones. On the Rays we met a woman with 2 little girls one in her arms the other about 4 years old walking by her side, a pretty little thing, but half starved. She had on a pair of slippers that had belonged to some gentlemans child, down at the heels, but it was not easy to keep them on—but, poor thing! young as she was, she walked carefully with them. Alas too young for such cares & such travels—The Mother when we accosted her told us that her Husband had left her & gone off with another woman & how she *'pursued'* them. Then her fury kindled & her eyes rolled about. She changed again to tears. She was a Cocker-mouth woman—30 years of age a child at Cocker-mouth when I was—I was moved & gave her a shilling, I believe 6^d more than I ought to have given. We had the

Mrs Clarkson part of a letter. We went to bed at 20 minutes past 11 with prayers that Wm might sleep well.

Saturday May 1st. Rose not till ½ past 8—a heavenly morning—as soon as Breakfast was over we went into the garden & sowed the scarlet beans about the house. It was a clear sky a heavenly morning. I sowed the flowers William helped me. We then went and sate in the Orchard till dinner-time, it was very hot. William wrote the Celandine. We planned a shed for the sun was too much for us. After dinner we went again to our old resting place in the Hollins under the Rock. We first lay under a holly where we saw nothing but the holly tree & a budding elm mossed with & the sky above our heads. But that holly tree had a beauty about it more than its own, knowing as we did where we were. When the sun had got low enough we went to the Rock shade—Oh the overwhelming beauty of the vale below—greener than green. Two Ravens flew high high in the sky & the sun shone upon their bellies & their wings long after there was none of his light to be seen but a little space on the top of Loughrigg Fell. We went down to tea at 8 o'clock—had lost the poem & returned after tea. The Landscape was fading, sheep & lambs quiet among the Rocks. We walked towards Kings & backwards & forwards. The sky was perfectly Cloudless N.B. is it often so? 3 solitary stars in the middle of the blue vault one or two on the points of the high hills. Wm wrote the Celandine 2nd part tonight. Heard the cuckow today this first of May.

Sunday 2nd May. Again a heavenly morning—Letter from Coleridge.

IV. 4 May 1802 to 16 January 1803

Tuesday May 4th. William had slept pretty well & though he went to bed nervous & jaded in the extreme he rose refreshed. I wrote the Leech Gatherer for him which he had begun the night before & of which he wrote several stanzas in bed this Monday morning. It was very hot, we called at Mr Simpson's door as we passed but did not go in. We rested several times

Crescent moon with the 'auld moon in her arms'—We rested often:—always upon the Bridges. Reached home at about 10 o'clock. The Lloyds had been here in our absence. We went soon to bed. I repeated verses to William while he was in bed—he was soothed & I left him. 'This is the Spot' over & over again.

Wednesday 5th May 1802. A very fine morning rather cooler than yesterday. We planted $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the Bower. I made bread—we sate in the Orchard. The Thrush sang all day as he always sings. I wrote to the Hutchinsons & to Coleridge, packed off Thalaba. William had kept off work till near Bedtime when we returned from our walk—then he began again & went to bed very nervous—we walked in the twilight & walked till night came on—the moon had the old moon in her arms but not so plain to be seen as the night before. When we went to bed it was a Boat without the Circle. I read The Lover's Complaint to Wm in bed & left him composed.

6th May Thursday 1802. A sweet morning we have put the finishing stroke to our Bower & here we are sitting in the orchard. It is one o'clock. We are sitting upon a seat under the wall which I found my Brother Building up when I came to him with his apple—he had intended that it should have been done before I came. It is a nice cool shady spot. The small Birds are singing—Lambs bleating, Cuckow calling—The Thrush sings by Fits, Thomas Ashburner's axe is going quietly (without passion) in the orchard—Hens are cackling, Flies humming, the women talking together at their doors—Plumb & pear trees are in Blossom, apple trees greenish—the opposite woods green, the crows are cawing. We have heard Ravens. The Ash Trees are in blossom, Birds flying all about us. The stitchwort is coming out, there is one budding Lychnis. The primroses are passing their prime. Celandine violets & wood sorrel for ever more—little geranium & pansies on the wall. We walked in the evening to Tail End to enquire about hurdles for the orchard shed & about Mr Luff's flower.—The flower dead—no hurdles. I went to look at the falling wood—Wm also, when he had been at Benson's went with me. They have left a good many small oak trees but we dare not hope that they are all to remain. The Ladies are come to Mr Gell's cottage we saw them as we went & their light

when we returned. When we came in we found a Magazine & Review & a letter from Coleridge with verses to Hartley & Sara H. We read the Review &c. The Moon was a perfect Boat a silver Boat when we were out in the Evening. The Birch Tree is all over green in *small* leaf. More light & elegant than when it is full out. It bent to the breezes as if for the love of its own delightful motions. Sloe thorns & Hawthorns in the hedges.

Friday 7th May. William had slept uncommonly well so, feeling himself strong, he fell to work at the Leech gatherer—he wrote hard at it till dinner time, then he gave over tired to death—he had finished the poem. I was making Derwents frocks. After dinner we sate in the orchard. It was a thick hazy dull air. The Thrush sang almost continually—the little Birds were more than usually busy with their voices. The sparrows are now full fledged. The nest is so full that they lie upon one another, they sit quietly in their nest with closed mouths. I walked to Rydale after tea which we drank by the kitchen fire. The Evening very dull—a terrible kind of threatening brightness at sunset above Easedale: The Sloe thorn beautiful in the hedges, & in the wild spots higher up among the hawthorns. No letters. William met me—he had been digging in my absence & cleaning the well. We walked up beyond Lewthwaites a very dull sky, coolish crescent moon now & then. I had a letter brought me from Mrs Clarkson. While we were walking in the orchard I observed the Sorrel leaves opening at about 9 o'clock—William went to bed tired with thinking about a poem.

Saturday Morning May 8th 1802. We sowed the Scarlet Beans in the orchard I read Henry 5th there—William lay on his back on the seat. 'Wept, For names, sounds paths delights & duties lost'—Taken from a poem upon Cowley's wish to retire to the Plantations, read in the Review. I finished Derwent's frocks—after dinner William added a step to the orchard steps.

Sunday Morning May 9th 1802. The air considerably colder today but the sun shone all day—William worked at the Leech gatherer almost incessantly from morning till tea-time. I copied the Leech-gatherer & other poems for Coleridge—I

was oppressed & sick at heart for he wearied himself to death. After tea he wrote 2 stanzas in the manner of Thomsons Castle of Indolence—and was tired out. Bad news of Coleridge.

Monday May 10th. A fine clear morning but coldish—William is still at work though it is past 10 o'clock—he will be tired out I am sure—My heart fails in me—he worked a little at odd things, but after dinner he gave over—an affecting letter from Mary H. We sate in the Orchard before dinner. Old Joyce spent the day. I wrote to Mary H. Mrs Jameson & Miss Simpson called just when William was going to bed at 8 o'clock. I wrote to Coleridge sent off Reviews & poems, went to bed at 12 o'clock William did not sleep till 3 o'clock.

Tuesday May 11th. A cool air. William finished the stanzas about C & himself—he did not go out today. Miss Simpson came in to tea which was lucky enough for it interrupted his labours. I walked with her to Rydale—the evening cool—the moon only now & then to be seen—the Lake purple as we went—primroses still in abundance. William did not meet me he completely finished his poems I finished Derwent's frocks. We went to bed at 12 o'clock Wm pretty well he looked very well, he complains that he gets cold in his chest.

Wednesday 12th. A sunshiny but coldish morning—we walked into Easedale & returned by George Rownson's & the lane. We brought home heckberry blossom, crab blossom—the anemone nemorosa—Marsh Marygold—Speedwell, that beautiful blue one the colour of the blue-stone or glass used in jewellery, with its beautiful pearl-like chives—anemones are in abundance & still the dear primroses violets in beds, pansies in abundance, & the little celandine. I pulled a branch of the taller celandine. Butterflies of all colours—I often see some small ones of a pale purple lilac or Emperor's eye colour something of the colour of that large geranium which grows by the lake side. Wm observed the beauty of Geordy Green's house. We see it from our orchard. Wm pulled ivy with beautiful berries—I put it over the chimney piece—sate in the orchard the hour before dinner, coldish. We have now dined. My head aches—William is sleeping in the window. In the Evening we were sitting at the table, writing, when we were roused by Coleridge's voice below—he had walked, looked

palish but was not much tired. We sate up till one o'clock all together then William went to bed & I sate with C in the sitting room (where he slept) till ¼ past 2 o'clock. Wrote to MH.

13th May Thursday 1802. The day was very cold, with snow showers. Coleridge had intended going in the morning to Keswick but the cold & showers hindered him. We went with him after tea as far as the plantations by the Roadside descending to Wytheburn—he did not look very well when we parted from him.—We sate an hour at Mr Simpsons.

Friday May 14th 1802. A very cold morning—hail & snow showers all day. We went to Brothers wood, intending to get plants & to go along the shore of the lake to the foot. We did go a part of the way, but there was no pleasure in stepping along that difficult sauntering Road in this ungenial weather. We turned again & walked backwards & forwards in Brothers' wood. William teased himself with seeking an epithet for the Cuckow. I sate a while upon my last summers seat the mossy stone—William's unemployed beside me, & the space between where Coleridge has so often lain. The oak trees are just putting forth yellow knots of leaves. The ashes with their flowers passing away & leaves coming out. The blue Hyacinth is not quite full blown—Gowans are coming out—marsh marygolds in full glory—the little star plant a star without a flower. We took home a great load of Gowans & planted them in the cold about the orchard. After dinner I worked bread then came & mended stockings beside William he fell asleep. After tea I walked to Rydale for Letters. It was a strange night. The hills were covered over with a slight covering of hail or snow, just so as to give them a hoary winter look with the black Rocks—The woods looked miserable, the coppices green as grass which looked quite unnatural & they seemed half shrivelled up as if they shrunk from the air. O thought I! what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be by stripping the trees & letting us see their shapes & forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms! There were several new flowers out but I had no pleasure in looking at them—I walked as fast as I could back again with my letter from S. H. which I skimmed over at Tommy Fleming's. Met Wm at the

top of White Moss we walked a little beyond Olliffs—near 10 when we came in. Wm & Molly had dug the ground & planted potatoes in my absence. We wrote to Coleridge—sent off a letter to Annette, bread & frocks to the C's—Went to bed at ½ past 11, William very nervous—after he was in bed haunted with altering the Rainbow.

Saturday Morning [15th]. It is now ¼ past 10 & he is not up. Miss Simpson called when I was in bed—I have been in the garden. It looks fresh & neat in spite of the frost. Molly tells me they had thick ice on a jug at their door last night.

Saturday 15th. A very cold & cheerless morning. I sate mending stockings all the morning. I read in Shakespeare. William lay very late because he slept ill last night. It snowed this morning just like Christmas. We had a melancholy letter from Coleridge just at Bed-time—It distressed me very much & I resolved upon going to Keswick the next day.

[*The following is written on the blotting-paper opposite this date.*]

ST Coleridge

Dorothy Wordsworth William Wordsworth
Mary Hutchinson Sara Hutchinson
William Coleridge Mary
Dorothy Sara
16th May
1802

John Wordsworth

Sunday 16th. William was at work all the morning I did not go to Keswick. A sunny cold frosty day a snow-shower at night. We were a good while in the orchard in the morning.

Monday 17th May. William was not well—he went with me to Wytheburn water. He left me in a post chaise. Hail showers snow & cold attacked me. The people were gravating peats under Nadel Fell.—A lark & thrush singing near Coleridge's house—Barcrofts there a letter from MH.

Tuesday 18th May. Terribly cold. Coleridge not well. Froude called, Wilkinsons called, I not well. C & I walked in the evening in the Garden warmer in the evening wrote to M & S.

Wednesday 19th May 1802. A grey morning—not quite so cold. C & I set off at ½ past 9 o'clock met William, near the 6 mile

Stone. We sate down by the Road Side, & then went to Wytheburn water, longed to be at the Island sate in the sun, Coleridge's Bowels bad, mine also. We drank tea at John Stanley's—the evening cold & clear a glorious light on Skiddaw. I was tired—brought a cloak down from Mr Simpsons. Packed up Books for Coleridge then got supper & went to bed.

Thursday 20th May. A frosty clear morning. I lay in bed late—William got to work. I was somewhat tired. We sate in the Orchard sheltered all the morning. In the evening there was a fine rain. We received a letter from Coleridge, telling us that he wished us not to go to Keswick.

Friday 21st May. A very warm gentle morning—a little rain. Wm wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte after I had read Milton's sonnets to him. In the evening he went with Mr Simpson with Borwicks Boat to gather Ling in Bainriggs. I planted about the well—was much heated & I think I caught cold.

Saturday 22nd May. A very hot morning, a hot wind as if coming from a sand desert. We met Coleridge, he was sitting under Sara's Rock when we reached him—he turned with us—we sate a long time under the Wall of a sheep-fold, had some interesting melancholy talk about his private affairs. We drank tea at a farm house. The woman was very kind. There was a woman with 3 children travelling from Workington to Manchester. The woman served them liberally. Afterwards she said that she never suffered any to go away without a trifle 'sec as we have'. The woman at whose house we drank tea the last time was rich & senseless—she said 'she never served any but their own poor'—C came home with us. We sate some time in the orchard. Then they came in to supper—mutton chops & potatoes. Letters from S & MH.

Sunday [23rd]. I sate with C in the orchard all the morning. William was very nervous. I was ill in the afternoon, took laudanum. We walked in Bainriggs after tea, saw the juniper—umbrella shaped.—C went to S & M Points, joined us on White Moss.

Monday 24th May 1802. A very hot morning. We were ready to go off with Coleridge, but foolishly sauntered & Miss

Sunday 30th May 1802. I wrote to Mrs Clarkson. It was a clear but cold day. The Simpsons called in the Evening. I had been obliged to go to bed before tea & was unwell all day. Gooseberries a present from Peggy Hodgson. I wrote to my Aunt Cookson.

Monday 31st. I was much better. We sate out all the day. Mary Jameson dined. I wrote out the poem on 'Our Departure' which he seemed to have finished. In the evening Miss Simpson brought us a letter from MH & a complimentary & critical letter to W from John Wilson of Glasgow Post Paid. I went a little way with Miss S. My Tooth broke today. They will soon be gone. Let that pass I shall be beloved—I want no more.

Tuesday [1st]. A very sweet day, but a sad want of rain. We went into the Orchard before dinner after I had written to MH. Then on to Mr Olliff's Intakes—we found some torn Birds nests. The Columbine was growing upon the Rocks, here & there a solitary plant—sheltered & shaded by the tufts & Bowers of trees it is a graceful slender creature, a female seeking retirement & growing freest & most graceful where it is most alone. I observed that the more shaded plants were always the tallest—a short note & gooseberries from Coleridge.

Wednesday 2nd June 1802. In the morning we observed that the Scarlet Beans were drooping in the leaves in great Numbers owing, we guess to an insect. We sate a while in the orchard—then we went to the old carpenters about the hurdles. Yesterday an old man called, a grey-headed man, above 70 years of age; he said he had been a soldier, that his wife & children had died in Jamaica. He had a Beggars wallet over his shoulders, a coat of shreds & patches altogether of a drab colour—he was tall & though his body was bent he had the look of one used to have been upright. I talked a while to him, & then gave him a piece of cold Bacon & a penny—said he 'You're a fine woman!' I could not help smiling. I suppose he meant 'You're a kind woman'. Afterwards a woman called travelling to Glasgow. After dinner William was very unwell. We went into Frank's field, crawled up the little glen & planned a seat then went to Mr Olliffs Hollins & sate there—found a beautiful shell-like purple fungus in Frank's field.

Taylor & Miss Stanley called. William & Coleridge & I went afterwards to the top of the Rays. I was ill & left them, lay down at Mrs Simpsons. I had sent off a letter to Mary by C. I wrote again & to C then went to bed. William slept not till 5 o'clock.

Tuesday 25th. Very hot—I went to bed after dinner—We walked in the evening. Papers & short note from C—again no sleep for Wm.

Wednesday 26th. I was very unwell—went to bed again after dinner. We walked a long time backwards & forwards between Johns Grove & the Lane upon the Turf—a beautiful night, not cloudless, it has never been so since May day.

Thursday 27th. I was in bed all day—very ill. William wrote to Rd C: & Cook. Wm went after tea into the orchard. I slept in his bed—he slept downstairs. He slept better than before.

Friday 28th. I was much better than yesterday, though poorly. Wm tired himself with hammering at a passage. I was out of spirits. After dinner he was better & I grew better. We sate in the orchard. The sky cloudy the air sweet & cool. The young Bullfinches in their party coloured Raiment bustle about among the Blossoms & poize themselves like Wire dancers or tumblers, shaking the twigs & dashing off the Blossoms. There is yet one primrose in the orchard—the stitchwort is fading—the wild columbines are coming into beauty—the vetches are in abundance Blossoming & seeding. That pretty little waxy looking Dial-like yellow flower, the speedwell, & some others whose names I do not yet know. The wild columbines are coming into beauty—some of the gowans fading. In the garden we have lilies & many other flowers. The scarlet Beans are up in crowds. It is now between 8 & nine o'clock. It has rained sweetly for two hours & a half—the air is very mild. The heckberry blossoms are dropping off fast, almost gone—barberries are in beauty—snowballs coming forward—May Roses blossoming.

Saturday 29th. I was much better. I made bread & a wee Rhubarb Tart & batter pudding for William. We sate in the Orchard after dinner William finished his poem on Going for Mary. I wrote it out—I wrote to Mary H, having received a letter from her in the evening. A sweet day we nailed up the honeysuckles, & hoed the scarlet beans.

After tea we walked to Butterlip How & backwards & forwards there. All the young oak tree leaves are dry as powder. A cold south wind portending Rain. After we came in we sate in deep silence at the window—I on a chair & William with his hand on my shoulder. We were deep in Silence & Love, a blessed hour. We drew to the fire before bed-time & ate some Broth for our suppers. I ought to have said that on Tuesday evening, namely June 1st, we walked upon the Turf near Johns Grove. It was a lovely night. The clouds of the western sky reflected a saffron light upon the upper end of the lake—all was still—We went to look at Rydale. There was an alpine fire-like red upon the tops of the mountains. This was gone when we came in view of the Lake. But we saw the Lake in a new & most beautiful point of view between two little rocks, & behind a small ridge that had concealed it from us.—This White Moss a place made for all kinds of beautiful works of art & nature, woods & valleys, fairy valleys & fairy Cairns, miniature mountains, alps above alps. Little John Dawson came past us from the woods with a huge stick over his shoulder.

Thursday 3rd June 1802. A very fine rain. I lay in bed till 10 o'clock. William much better than yesterday—We walked into Easedale sheltered in a Cow-house. Came home wet—the Cuckow sang & we watched the little Birds as we sate at the door of the Cow-house—the oak corses are brown as in autumn, with the late frosts—scattered over with green Trees, Birches or hazels—the Ashes are coming into full leaf—some of them injured. We came home quite wet. We have been reading the Life & some of the writings of poor Logan since dinner. 'And everlasting Longings for the lost.' It is an affecting line. There are many affecting lines & passages in his poems. William is now sleeping—with the window open lying on the window Seat. The thrush is singing. There are I do believe a thousand Buds on the honeysuckle tree all small & far from blowing save one that is retired behind the twigs close to the wall & as snug as a Bird's nest. John's Rose tree is very beautiful blended with the honeysuckle.

On Tuesday Evening when we were among the Rocks we saw in the woods what seemed to be a man, resting or looking

about him he had a piece of wood near him. William was on before me when we returned, & as I was going up to him, I found that this supposed man was John Dawson. I spoke to him & I suppose he thought I asked him what my Brother had said to him before, for he replied, 'William asks me how my head is'—Poor fellow!—he says it is worse & worse & he walks as if he were afraid of putting his Body in motion.

Yesterday morning William walked as far as the Swan with Aggy Fisher. She was going to attend upon Goan's dying Infant. She said 'There are many heavier Crosses than the death of an Infant', & went on 'There was a woman in this vale who buried 4 grown-up Children in one year, & I have heard her say when many years were gone by that she had more pleasure in thinking of these 4 than of her living Children, for as Children get up & have families of their own trip lightly by their parents 'wears out & weakens'. She could young—with a light step, as she went to Church on a Sunday.'

Thursday June 3rd. We walked while dinner was getting ready up into Mr Kings Hollins. I was weak & made my way down alone, for Wm took a difficult way. After dinner we walked upon the Turf path—a showery afternoon. A very affecting letter came from MH while I was sitting in the window reading Milton's Penseroso to William. I answered this letter before I went to bed.

Friday June 4th. It was a very sweet morning there had been much rain in the night. William had slept miserably—but knowing this I lay in bed while he got some sleep but was much disordered, he shaved himself then we went into the orchard—dined late. In the evening we walked on our favorite path. Then we came in & sate in the orchard. The evening was dark & warm—a tranquil night—I left William in the orchard. I read Mother Hubbard's tale before I went to bed.

Saturday 5th. A fine showery morning. I made both pies & bread, but we first walked into Easedale, & sate under the oak trees upon the mossy stones. There were one or 2 slight showers. The Gowans were flourishing along the Banks of the stream. The strawberry flower (Geum) hanging over the

Brook—all things soft & green.—In the afternoon William sate in the orchard. I went there, was tired & fell asleep. Mr Simpson drank tea, Mrs Smith called with her daughter. We walked late in the Evening upon our path. We began the letter to John Wilson.

Sunday 6th June 1802. A showery morning. We were writing the letter to John Wilson when Ellen came—Molly at Goan's child's funeral. After dinner I walked into John Fisher's Intake with Ellen. She brought us letters from Coleridge, Mrs Clarkson & Sara Hutchinson. William went out in the Evening & sate in the orchard, it was a showery day. In the evening there was one of the heaviest showers I ever remember.

Monday June 7th. I wrote to Mary H. this morning, sent the C Indolence poem. Copied the Letter to John Wilson, & wrote to my Brother Richard & Mrs Coleridge. In the evening I walked with Ellen to Butterlip How & to George Mackareth's for the horse—it was a very sweet evening—there was the Cuckow & the little Birds—the copses still injured, but the trees in general looked most soft & beautiful in tufts. William was walking when we came in—he had slept miserably for 2 nights past so we all went to bed soon. I went with Ellen in the morning to Rydale Falls. Letters from Annette, Mary H & Cook.

Tuesday June 8th. Ellen & I rode to Windermere. We had a fine sunny day, neither hot nor cold. I mounted the horse at the quarry—we had no difficulties or delays but at the gates. I was enchanted with some of the views. From the High Ray the view is very delightful, rich & festive, water & wood houses groves hedgerows green fields & mountains—white Houses large & small—We passed 2 or 3 nice looking statesmen's houses. Mr Curwen's shrubberies looked pitiful enough under the native Trees. We put up our horses, ate our dinner by the water-side & walked up to the Station. Then we went to the Island, walked round it, & crossed the lake with our horse in the Ferry. The shrubs have been cut away in some parts of the island. I observed to the Boatman that I did not think it improved—he replied—'We think it is for one could hardly see the house before.' It seems to me to be, however, no better

than it was. They have made no natural glades, it is merely a lawn with a few miserable young trees standing as if they were half starved. There are no sheep no cattle upon these lawns. It is neither one thing or another—neither *natural* nor wholly cultivated & artificial which it was before, & that great house! Mercy upon us! If it *could* be concealed it would be well for all who are not pained to see the pleasantest of earthly spots deformed by man. But it *cannot* be covered. Even the tallest of our old oak trees would not reach to the top of it. When we went into the boat there were 2 men standing at the landing place. One seemed to be about 60, a man with a jolly red face—he looked as if he might have lived many years in Mr Curwen's house. He wore a blue jacket & Trowsers, as the people who live close by Windermere particularly at the places of chief resort in affectation, I suppose. He looked significantly at our Boatman just as we were rowing off & said 'Thomas mind you take off the directions off that Cask. You know what I mean. It will serve as a blind for them, *you* know. It was a blind business both for you & the coachman & me & all of us. Mind you take off the directions—A wink's as good as a nod with some folks'—& then he turned round looking at his companion with such an air of self-satisfaction & deep insight into unknown things!—I could hardly help laughing outright at him. The Laburnums blossom freely at the Island & in the shrubberies on the shore—they are blighted everywhere else. Roses of various sorts were out. The Brooms were in full glory everywhere 'veins of gold' among the copses. The hawthorns in the valley fading away—beautiful upon the hills. We reached home at 3 o'clock. After tea William went out & walked and wrote that poem,

'The sun has long been set' &c—

He first went up to G Mackareths with the horse. Afterwards he walked on our own path & wrote the lines, he called me into the orchard & there repeated them to me—he then stayed there till 11 o'clock.

Wednesday June 9th. Wm slept ill. A soaking all-day Rain. We should have gone to Mr Simpson's to tea but we walked up after tea. Lloyds called. The hawthorns on the mountain sides

like orchards in blossom. Brought Rhubarb down. It rained hard. Ambleside Fair. I wrote to Chris' & MH.

Thursday June 10th. I wrote to Mrs Clarkson & Luff—went with Ellen to Rydale. Coleridge came in with a sack-full of Books & c & a Branch of mountain ash he had been attacked by a Cow—he came over by Grisdale—a furious wind. Mr Simpson drank tea. William very poorly—we went to bed latish. I slept in sitting room.

Friday June 11th. A wet day. William had slept very ill. Wm & C walked out—I went to bed after dinner not well. I was tired with making beds cooking & c—Molly being very ill.

Saturday June 12th. A rainy morning. C set off before Dinner. We went with him to the Rays but it rained so we went no further—sheltered under a wall—He would be sadly wet for a furious shower came on just when we parted.—We got no dinner, but Gooseberry pie to our tea. I baked both pies & bread, & walked with William first on our own path but it was too wet there, next over the rocks to the Road, & backward & forward, & last of all up to Mr King's. Miss Simpson & Robert had called. Letters from Sara & Annette.

Sunday June 13th. A fine morning. Sunshiny & bright, but with rainy clouds. William had slept better—but not well—he has been altering the poem to Mary this morning, he is now washing his feet. I wrote out poems for our journey & I wrote a letter to my Uncle Cookson. Mr Simpson came when we were in the orchard in the morning & brought us a beautiful drawing which he had done. In the evening we walked first on our own path. There we walked a good while—It was a silent night. The stars were out by ones & twos but no cuckow, no little Birds, the air was not warm, & we have observed that since Tuesday 8th when William wrote, 'The sun has long been set', that we have had no Birds singing after the Evening is fairly set in. We walked to our new view of Rydale, but it put on a sullen face. There was an owl hooting in Bainriggs. Its first halloo was so like a human shout that I was surprized when it made its second call, tremulous & lengthened out, to find that the shout had come from an owl. The full moon (not quite full) was among a company of steady island clouds, & the sky bluer about it than the natural sky blue. William

observed that the full moon above a dark fir grove is a fine image of the descent of a superior being. There was a shower which drove us into John's grove before we had quitted our favorite path—we walked upon John's path before we went to view Rydale. We went to Bed immediately on our return home.

Monday June 14th. I was very unwell—went to bed before I drank my tea—was sick & afterwards almost asleep when Wm brought me a letter from Mary which he read to me sitting by the bed-side—Wm wrote to Mary & Sara about the Leech-gatherer I wrote to both of them in one & to Annette, to Coleridge also. I was better after tea.—I walked with Wm—when I had put up my parcel on our own path—we were driven away by the horses that go on the commons. Then we went to look at Rydale, walked a little in the fir grove, went again to the top of the hill & came home—a mild & sweet night—Wm stayed behind me. I threw him the cloak out of the window the moon overcast, he sate a few minutes in the orchard came in sleepy, & hurried to bed—I carried him his bread & butter.

Tuesday 15th. A sweet grey mild morning the birds sing soft & low—William has not slept all night. It wants only 10 minutes of 10 & he is in bed yet. After William rose we went & sate in the orchard till dinner time. We walked a long time in the Evening upon our favorite path—the owls hooted, the night-hawk sang to itself incessantly, but there were no little Birds, no thrushes. I left William writing a few lines about the night-hawk & other images of the evening, & went to seek for letters—none were come.—We walked backwards & forwards a little, after I returned to William, & then up as far as Mr King's. Came in. There was a Basket of Lettuces, a letter from MH about the delay of mine & telling of one she had sent by the other post, one from Wade & one from Sara to C—William did not read them—MH growing fat.

Wednesday 16th. We walked towards Rydale for letters—met Frank Baty with the expected one from Mary. We went up into Rydale woods & read it there, we sate near an old wall which fenced a Hazel grove, which Wm said was exactly like the filbert grove at Middleham. It is a beautiful spot, a sloping

or rather steep piece of ground, with hazels growing 'tall and erect', in clumps at distances almost seeming regular as if they had been planted. We returned to Dinner. I wrote to Mary after dinner while Wm sate in the orchard. Old Mr Simpson drank tea with us. When Mr S was gone I read my letter to William, speaking to Mary about having a cat. I spoke of the little Birds keeping us company—& William told me that that very morning a Bird had perched upon his leg—he had been lying very still & had watched this little creature, it had come under the Bench where he was sitting & then flew up to his leg, he thoughtlessly stirred himself to look further at it & it flew onto the apple tree above him. It was a little young creature, that had just left its nest, equally unacquainted with man & unaccustomed to struggle against Storms & winds. While it was upon the apple tree the wind blew about the stiff boughs & the Bird seemed bemazed & not strong enough to strive with it. The swallows come to the sitting-room window as if wishing to build but I am afraid they will not have courage for it, but I believe they will build at my room window. They twitter & make a bustle & a little cheerful song hanging against the panes of glass, with their soft white bellies close to the glass, & their forked fish-like tails. They swim round & round & again they come.—It was a sweet evening we first walked to the top of the hill to look at Rydale & then to Butterlip How—I do not now see the brownness that was in the coppices. The lower hawthorn blossoms passed away, those on the hills are a faint white. The wild guelder rose is coming out, & the wild roses. I have seen no honeysuckles yet except our own one nestling & a tree of the yellow kind at Mrs Townley's the day I went with Ellen to Windermere. Foxgloves are now frequent, the first I saw was that day with Ellen, & the first ripe strawberries—a letter from Coleridge. I read the first Canto of the fairy Queen to William. William went to bed immediately.

Thursday 17th. William had slept well. I took castor oil & lay in bed till 12 o'clock. William injured himself with working a little.—When I got up we sate in the orchard, a sweet mild day. Miss Hudson called. I went with her to the top of the hill. When I came home I found William at work, attempting to

alter a stanza in the poem on our going for Mary which I convinced him did not need altering.—We sate in the house after dinner. In the evening walked on our favorite path, a short letter from Coleridge. William added a little to the Ode he is writing.

Friday June 18th. When we were sitting after Breakfast, William about to shave Luff came in. It was a sweet morning he had rode over the Fells—he brought news about Lord Lowther's intention to pay all debts &c & a letter from Mr Clarkson. He saw our garden was astonished at the Scarlet Bears &c &c. When he was gone we wrote to Coleridge M H, & my B^r R^d about the affair. Wm determined to go to Eusmere on Monday. In the afternoon we walked to Rydale with our letters found no letters there. A sweet evening, I had a woful headache & was ill in stomach from agitation of mind—went to bed at nine o'clock but did not sleep till late.

Saturday 19th. The Swallows were very busy under my window this morning—I slept pretty well, but William has got no sleep. It is after 11 & he is still in bed—a fine morning—Coleridge when he was last here, told us that for many years there being no quaker meeting held at Keswick, a single old quaker woman used to go regularly alone every Sunday, to attend the meeting-house & there used to sit & perform her worship, alone, in that beautiful place among those fir-trees, in that spacious vale, under the great mountain Skiddaw!!! Poor old Willy—we never pass by his grave close to the churchyard gate without thinking of him & having his figure brought back to our minds. He formerly was an ostler at Hawkshead having spent a little estate. In his old age he was boarded or as they say *let* by the parish. A Boy of the house that hired him was riding one morning pretty briskly beside John Fisher's, 'Hallo! has aught particular happened', said John to the Boy 'Nay naught at aw nobbut auld Willy's dead.' He was going to order the passing bell to be told.—On Thursday morning Miss Hudson of Workington called. She said 'O! I love flowers! I sow flowers in the Parks several miles from home & my mother & I visit them & watch them how they grow.' This may show that Botanists may be often deceived when they find rare flowers growing far from houses.

This was a very ordinary young woman, such as in any town in the North of England one may find a score. I sate up a while after William—he then called me down to him. (I was writing to Mary H.) I read Churchills Rosciad returned again to my writing & did not go to bed till he called to me. The shutters were closed, but I heard the Birds singing. There was our own Thrush shouting with an impatient shout—so it sounded to me. The morning was still, the twittering of the little Birds was very gloomy. The owls had hooted a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour before. Now the cocks were crowing. It was near daylight. I put out my candle & went to bed. In a little time I thought I heard William snoring, so I composed myself to sleep—Charles Lloyd called—'Smiling at my sweet Brother.'

Sunday 20th. He had slept better than I could have expected but he was far from well all day; we were in the orchard a great part of the morning. After tea we walked upon our own path for a long time. We talked sweetly together about the disposal of our riches. We lay upon the sloping Turf. Earth & sky were so lovely that they melted our very hearts. The sky to the north was of a chastened yet rich yellow fading into pale blue & streaked & scattered over with steady islands of purple melting away into shades of pink. It made my heart almost feel like a vision to me. We afterwards took our Cloaks & sate in the orchard. Mr & Miss Simpson called. We told them of our expected good fortune. We were astonished & somewhat hurt to see how coldly Mr Simpson received it—Miss S seemed very glad. We went into the house when they left us, & Wm went to bed. I sate up about an hour, he then called me to talk to him—he could not fall asleep. I wrote to Montagu.

Monday 21st. William was obliged to be in Bed late, he had slept so miserably. It was a very fine morning, but as we did not leave home till 12 o'clock, it was very hot. I parted from my Beloved in the Green Lane above the Blacksmiths, then went to dinner at Mr Simpsons. We walked afterwards in the garden. Betty Towers & her son & daughter came to tea. The little Lad is 4 years old almost as little a thing as Hartley & as sharp too, they say, but I saw nothing of this, being a stranger, except in his bonny eyes, which had such a sweet brightness in them when any thing was said to him that made him ashamed

& draw his chin into his neck, while he sent his eyes upwards to look at you. His Mother is a delicate woman. She said she thought that both she & her husband were so tender in their health that they must be obliged to sell their Land. Speaking of old Jim Jackson she said 'they might have looked up with the best in Grasmere if they had but been careful.' They began with a clear Estate & had never had but one child, he to be sure is a half-wit—'How did they get through with their money?' 'Why in eating & drinking.' The wife would make tea 4 or 5 times in a day & 'sec folks for sugar!' Then she would have nea Teapot but she would take the water out of a Brass pan on the fire & pour it on to the Tea in a quart pot. This all for herself, for she boiled the tea leaves always for her Husband & their son. I brought plants home, sunflowers, & planted them.

Tuesday Morning [22nd]. I had my breakfast in bed, being not quite well—I then walked to Rydale, I waited long for the post lying in the field & looking at the distant mountains,—looking & listening to the River. I met the post. Letters from Montagu & R^d—I hurried back, forwarded these to William & wrote to Montagu. When I came home I wrote to my B^r Christopher. I could settle to nothing. Molly washed & glazed the Curtains. I read the 'Midsummers Night's dream' & began 'As You Like It'. Miss Simpson called—Tamar brought me some Berries. I resolved to go to William & for that purpose John Fisher promised to go over the Fells with me. Miss Simpson ate pie, & then left me reading Letters from Mary & Coleridge. The news came that a house was taken for Betsy.

Aggy Fisher was talking with me on Monday morning 21st June about her son. She went on—Old Mary Watson was at Goan's there when the Child died. I had never seen her before since her son was drowned last summer, 'we were all in trouble, & trouble opens folks' hearts'. She began to tell about her daughter that's married to Leonard Holmes, how now that sickness is come upon him they are breaking down & failing in the world. Debts are coming in every day & he can do nothing, & they fret & jar together. One day he came riding over to Grasmere—I wondered what was the matter & I resolved to speak to him when he came back—He was as pale as a ghost

& he did not suffer the horse to gang quicker than a snail could crawl. He had come over in a trick of passion to auld Mary to tell her she might take her own again, her Daughter & the Bairns. Mary replied 'nobly (said Aggy) that she would not part man & wife but that all should come together, & she would keep them while she had anything'. Old Mary went to see them at Ambleside afterwards & he begged her pardon. Aggy observed that they would never have known this sorrow if it had pleased God to take him off suddenly.

I wrote to Mary H. & put up a parcel for Coleridge. The LB arrived. I went to bed at ½ past 11.

Wednesday June 23rd. I slept till ½ past 3 o'clock—called Molly before 4 & had got myself dressed & breakfasted before 5, but it rained & I went to bed again. It is now 20 minutes past 10, a sunshiny morning—I walked to the top of the hill & sate under a wall near John's Grove facing the sun. I read a scene or 2 in *As You Like It*. I met Charles Lloyd & old Mr Lloyd was upstairs—Mrs Ll had been to meet me. I wrote a line to Wm by the Lloyds. Coleridge & Leslie came just as I had lain down after dinner. C brought me Wm's letter. He had got well to Eusemere. C & I accompanied Leslie to the Boat House. It was a sullen coldish Evening, no sunshine, but after we had parted from Leslie a light came out suddenly that repaid us for all. It fell only upon one hill, & the island, but it arrayed the grass & trees in gem-like brightness. I cooked C his supper. We sate up till one o'clock.

Thursday June 24th. I went with C half way up the Rays. It was a cool morning. I dined at Mr Simpsons & helped Aggy Fleming to quilt a petticoat. Miss Simpson came with me after tea round by the White Bridge. I ground paint when I reached home, & was tired. Wm came in just when Molly had left me. It was a mild rainy Evening he was cool & fresh, & smelt sweetly—his clothes were wet. We sate together talking till the first dawning of Day—a happy time—he was well & not much tired. He thought I looked well too.

Friday June 25th. Wm had not fallen asleep till after 3 o'clock but he slept tolerably. Miss Simpson came to colour the Rooms. I began with white-washing the ceiling. I worked with them (William was very busy) till dinner time but after

dinner I went to bed & fell asleep. When I rose I went just before tea into the Garden, I looked up at my Swallow's nest & it was gone. It had fallen down. Poor little creatures they could not themselves be more distressed than I was I went upstairs to look at the Ruins. They lay in a large heap upon the window ledge; these Swallows had been ten days employed in building this nest, & it seemed to be almost finished—I had watched them early in the morning, in the day many & many a time & in the evenings when it was almost dark I had seen them sitting together side by side in their unfinished nest both morning & night. When they first came about the window they used to hang against the panes, with their white Bellies & their forked tails looking like fish, but then they fluttered & sang their own little twittering song. As soon as the nest was broad enough, a sort of ledge for them they sate both mornings & evenings, but they did not pass the night there. I watched them one morning when William was at Eusemere, for more than an hour. Every now & then there was a feeling motion in their wings a sort of tremulousness & they sang a low song to one another.

[*Tuesday 29th June.*] . . . that they would not call here. I was going to tea. It is an uncertain day, sunshine showers & wind. It is now 8 o'clock I will go & see if my swallows are on their nest. Yes! there they are side by side both looking down into the garden. I have been out on purpose to see their faces. I knew by looking at the window that they were there. Young George Mackareth is come down from London. Molly says 'I did not get him asked if he had got his laal green purse yet.' When he went away he went round to see aw't neighbours & some gave him 6^d, some a shilling, & I have heard his mother say t'laal green purse was never out of his hand. I wrote to M.H. my B^r Chris^r & Miss Griffith then went to bed in the sitting room. C & Wm came in at about ½ past 11—They talked till after 12.

Wednesday 30 June. William slept ill, his head terribly bad. We walked part of the way up the Rays with Coleridge, a threatening windy coldish day. We did not go with C far up the Rays but sate down a few minutes together before we parted. I was not very well. I was inclined to go to bed when

we reached home, but Wm persuaded me to have tea instead. We met an old man between the Potters shed & Lewthwaites. He wore a rusty but untorn hat, an excellent blue coat, waistcoat & breeches & good mottled worsted stockings—his beard was very thick & grey of a fortnight's growth, we guessed, it was a regular beard like grey *plash*. His Bundle contained Sheffield wares. William said to him after he had asked him what his business was 'You are a very old man?' 'Aye, I am 83.' I joined in 'Have you any children?' Children yes plenty. I have Children & grand-children & great grandchildren. 'I have a great grand daughter a fine Lass 13 years old.' I then said 'What, they take care of you—he replied half offended 'Thank God I can take care of myself. He said he had been a servant of the Marquis of Granby—'O he was a good Man he's in heaven—I hope he is.' He then told us how he shot himself at Bath, that he was with him in Germany & travelled with him everywhere, 'he was a famous Boxer, sir' & then he told us a story of his fighting with his Farmer. He used always to call me Hard & Sharp. Then every now & then he broke out, 'He was a good Man! When we were travelling he never asked at the public-houses' as it might be there (pointing to the Swan) what we were to pay but he would put his hand into his pocket & give them what he liked & when he came out of the house he would say 'Now they would have charged me a shilling or 10^d God help them poor creatures!' I asked him again about his Children how many he had. Says he 'I cannot tell you' (I suppose he confounded Children & Grand children together). 'I have one Daughter that keeps a boarding school at Skipton in Craven. She teaches flowering & marking, & another that keeps a Boarding school at Ingleton. I brought up my family under the Marquis.' He was familiar with all parts of Yorkshire. He asked us where we lived, 'At Grasmere.' 'The bonniest Dale in all England!' says the old man. I bought a pair of scissors of him, & we sate together by the Road-side. When we parted I tried to lift his bundle, & it was almost more than I could do. We got tea & I was somewhat better. After tea I wrote to Coleridge & closed up my letter to MH. We went soon to bed. A weight of Children a poor man's blessing.

Thursday July 1st. A very rainy Day. We did not go out at all, till evening. I lay down after dinner, but first we sate quietly together by the fire. In the evening we took my cloak & walked first to the top of White Moss, then round by the White Bridge & up again beyond Mr Olliffs. We had a nice walk, & afterwards sate by a nice snug fire & William read Spenser & I read 'As you like it'. The saddle bags came from Keswick with a [lette]r from M.H. & from C, & Wilkinson's drawings, but no letter from Richard.

Friday July 2nd. A very rainy morning there was a gleam of fair weather & we thought of walking into Easedale. Molly began to prepare the Linen for putting out—But it rained worse than ever. In the Evening we walked up to the view of Rydale, & afterwards towards Mr King's. I left William & wrote a short letter to M.H. & to Coleridge & transcribed the alterations in the Leech gatherer.

Saturday July 3rd. I breakfasted in bed, being not very well. Aggy Ashburner helped Molly with the Linen. I made veal & Gooseberry pies. It was very cold. Thomas Ashburner went for coals for us. There was snow upon the mountain tops. Letters from MH. & Annette—A's letter sent from G. Hill—written at Blois 23rd.

Sunday July 4th. Cold & rain & very dark. I was sick & ill had been made sleepless by letters. I lay in bed till 4 o'clock. When I rose I was very far from well but I grew better after tea. William walked out a little I did not. We sate at the window together. It came on a terribly wet night. Wm finished the Leech gatherer today.

Monday 4 July [5th]. A very sweet morning. William stayed some time in the orchard. I went to him there it was a beautiful morning. I copied out the L[eech] G[atherer] for Coleridge & for us. Wrote to Annette Mrs Clarkson, MH, & Coleridge. It came on a heavy rain & we could not go to Dove Nest as we had intended though we had sent Molly for the horse & it was come. The Roses in the garden are fretted & battered & quite spoiled the honey suckle though in its glory is sadly teased. The peas are beaten down. The Scarlet Beans want sticking. The garden is overrun with weeds.

Tuesday 5th July [6th]. It was a very rainy day but in the

afternoon it cleared up a little & we set off towards Rydale to go for letters. The Rain met us at the top of the White Moss & it came on very heavily afterwards. It drove past Nab Scar in a substantial shape, as if going Grasmere-wards as fast as it could go. We stopped at Willy Parks & borrowed a plaid. I rested a little while till the Rain seemed passing away & then I went to meet William. I met him near Rydale with a letter from Christopher. We had a pleasant but very rainy walk home. A letter came from Mary in the morning & in the evening one from Coleridge by Fletcher. The swallows have completed their beautiful nest. I baked bread & pies.

Wednesday 6th [7th]. A very fine day. William had slept ill so he lay in bed till 11 o'clock. I wrote to John, ironed the Linen, packed up, lay in the orchard all the afternoon. In the morning Wm nailed up the trees while I was ironing. We lay sweetly in the Orchard the well is beautiful the Orchard full of Foxgloves the honeysuckle beautiful—plenty of roses but they are battered. Wrote to Molly Ritson & Coleridge. Walked on the White Moss—glow-worms—well for them children are in bed when they shine.

Thursday 7th [8th]. A rainy morning. I paid Thomas Ashburner, & Frank Baty. When I was coming home, a post Chaise passed with a little girl behind in a patched ragged red cloak. The child & cloak—Alice Fells own self. We sat in tranquility together by the fire in the morning, in the afternoon after we had talked a little, Wm fell asleep I read the Winter's Tale. Then I went to bed but did not sleep. The Swallows stole in and out of their nest, & sat there *whistles* quite still, *whistles* they sung low for 2 minutes or more at a time just like a muffled Robin. William was looking at the Pedlar when I got up—he arranged it, & after tea I wrote it out—280 lines. In the meantime the evening being fine he carried his coat to the Tailors & went to George Mackareth's to engage the horse. He came in to me at about ½ past nine pressing me to go out; he had got letters which we were to read out of doors—I was rather unwilling, fearing I could not see to read the letters, but I saw well enough. One was from MH a very tender affecting letter, another from Sara to C, from C to us, & from my Br R^d. The moon was behind. William

hurried me out in hopes that I should see her. We walked first to the top of the hill to see Rydale. It was dark & dull but our own vale was very solemn, the shape of helm crag was quite distinct, though black. We walked backwards & forwards on the White Moss path there was a sky-like white brightness on the Lake. The Wyke Cottage Light at the foot of Silver How. Glowworms out, but not so numerous as last night—O beautiful place!—Dear Mary William—The horse is come Friday morning, so I must give over. William is eating his Broth—I must prepare to go—The Swallows I must leave them the well the garden the Roses all—Dear creatures!! they sang last night after I was in bed—seemed to be singing to one another, just before they settled to rest for the night. Well I must go—Farewell. —

On Friday morning, July 9th William & I set forward to Keswick on our Road to Gallow Hill—we had a pleasant ride though the day was showery. It rained heavily when Nelly Mackareth took the horse from us, at the Blacksmiths. Coleridge met us at Sara's Rock. He had inquired about us before of Nelly Mackareth, & we had been told by a handsome man, an inhabitant of Wytheburne with whom he had been talking (& who seemed by the Bye much pleased with his companion) that C was waiting for us. We reached Keswick against tea time. We called at Calverts on the Saturday Evening. On Sunday I was poorly & the day was wet, so we could not move from Keswick, but on Monday 11th [12th] July 1802 we went to Eusemere. Coleridge walked with us 6 or 7 miles. He was not well & we had a melancholy parting after having sat together in silence by the Road-side. We turned aside to explore the country near Hutton John, & had a new & delightful walk. The valley which is subject to the decaying Mansion that stands at its head seems to join its testimony to that of the house to the falling away of the family greatness. The hedges are in bad condition, the Land wants draining & is over-run with Brackens, yet there is a something everywhere that tells of its former possessors—the trees are left scattered about as if intended to be like a park, & these are very interesting, standing as they do upon the sides of the

steep hills, that slope down to the Bed of the River, a stony bedded stream that spreads out to a considerable breadth at the village of Dacre—a little above Dacre we came into the right road to Mr Clarksons after having walked through woods & fields never exactly knowing whether we were right or wrong. We learnt, however, that we had saved half a mile. We sate down by the River side to rest & saw some swallows flying about & about under the Bridge, & two little Schoolboys were loitering among the Scars seeking after their nests. We reached Mr Clarksons at about 8 o'clock after a sauntering walk, having lingered & loitered & sate down together that we might be alone. Mr & Mrs C were just come from Luff's.

We spent Tuesday the 13th of July at Eusemere, & on Wednesday morning, the 13th [14th], we walked to Emont Bridge & mounted the Coach between Bird's Nest & Hartshorn tree. Mr Clarkson's Bitch followed us so far. A soldier & his young wife wanted to be taken up by the Coachman but there was no Room. We had a chearful ride though cold, till we got on to Stanemoor, & then a heavy shower came on, but we buttoned ourselves up, both together in the Guard's coat & we liked the hills & the Rain the better for bringing [us] so close to one another—I never rode more snugly. At last, however, it grew so very rainy that I was obliged to go into the Coach at Bowes. Lough of Penrith was there, & very impertinent—I was right glad to get out again to my own dear Brother at Greta Bridge, the sun shone chearfully & a glorious ride we had over Gaterly Moor. Every Building was bathed in golden light—The trees were more bright than earthly trees, & we saw round us miles beyond miles—Darlington Spire, &c &c—We reached Leming Lane at about 9 o'clock, supped comfortably & enjoyed our fire. On Thursday morning, at a little before 7, being the 14th [15th] July we got into a post Chaise & went to Thirsk to Breakfast. We were well treated but when the Landlady understood that we were going to *walk* off & leave our luggage behind she threw out some saucy words in our hearing. The day was very hot & we rested often & long before we reached the foot of the Ham[b]leton Hills, & while we were climbing them still

oftener. We had a Sandwich in our pockets which we finished when we had climbed part of the hill, & we were almost overpowered with thirst when I heard the trickling of a little stream of water. I was before William & I stopped till he came up to me—We sate a long time by this water, & climbed the hill slowly—I was foot-sore, the Sun shone hot, the little Scotch cattle panted & tossed fretfully about. The view was hazy and we could see nothing from the top of the hill but an indistinct wide-spreading country, full of trees, but the Buildings, towns & houses were lost. We stopped to examine their curious stone, then walked along the flat common, it was now cooler, but I was still foot-sore, & could not walk quick so I left Wm sitting 2 or three times, and when he followed me he took a Sheep for me, & then me for a Sheep. I rested opposite the sign of the Sportsman & was questioned by the Landlady. Arrived very hungry at Ryvaux. Nothing to eat at the Millers, as we expected but, at an exquisitely neat farmhouse we got some boiled milk & bread—this strengthened us, & I went down to look at the Ruins—thrushes were singing, Cattle feeding among green grown hillocks about the Ruins. These hillocks were scattered over with *grovels* of wild roses & other shrubs, & covered with wild flowers—I could have stayed in this solemn quiet spot till Evening without a thought of moving but William was waiting for me, so in a quarter of an hour I went away. We walked upon Mr Duncombe's terrace & looked down upon the abbey. It stands in a larger valley among a Brotherhood of valleys of different lengths & breadths all woody, & running up into the hills in all directions. We reached Helmsly just at Dusk—we had a beautiful view of the Castle from the top of the hill. Slept at a very nice Inn & were well treated—bright bellows, & floors as smooth as ice. On Friday morning the 16th July we walked to Kirby. Met people coming to Helmsly fair—were misdirected & walked a mile out of our way—met a double horse at Kirby. A beautiful view above Pickering—Sinnington village very beautiful. Met Mary & Sara 7 miles from GH—Sheltered from the Rain beautiful glen, spoiled by the large house—sweet Church & Churchyard arrived at Gallow Hill at 7 o'clock.

Friday Evening 15th July [16th]. The weather bad, almost all the time. Sara Tom & I rode up Bedale. Wm Mary Sara & I went to Scarborough, & we walked in the Abbey pasture, & to Wykeham & on Monday the 26th we went off with Mary in a post Chaise. We had an interesting Ride over the Wolds, though it rained all the way. Single thorn bushes were scattered about on the Turf, Sheep Sheds here & there, & now & then a little hut—swelling grounds, & sometimes a single tree or a Clump of trees. Mary was very sick, & every time we stopped to open a gate, she felt the motion in her whole body, indeed I was sick too, & perhaps the smooth gliding of the Chaise over the Turf made us worse. We passed through one or two little villages, embosomed in tall trees. After we had parted from Mary there were gleams of sunshine, but with showers. We saw Beverly in a heavy rain & yet were much pleased with the beauty of the town. Saw the Minster a pretty clean Building but injured very much with Grecian Architecture. The country between Beverly & Hull very rich but miserably flat—brick houses, windmills, houses again—dull & endless—Hull a frightful, Dirty, *brick housey* tradesmanlike, rich, vulgar place—yet the River though the shores are so low that they can hardly be seen looked beautiful with the evening lights upon it & Boats moving about—we walked a long time & returned to our dull day Room, but quiet evening one, quiet & our own, to supper.

Tuesday 26th [27th]. Market day streets dirty, very rainy, did not leave Hull till 4 o'clock, & left Barton at about 6—rained all the way—almost—a beautiful village at the foot of a hill with trees—a gentleman's house converted into a Lady's Boarding school. We had a woman in bad health in the Coach, & took in a Lady & her Daughter—supped at Lincoln. Duck & peas, & cream cheese—paid 2/-. We left Lincoln on Wednesday morning 27th July [28th] at six o'clock it rained heavily & we could see nothing but the antientry of some of the Buildings as we passed along. The night before, however, we had seen enough to make us regret this. The minster stands at the Edge of a hill, overlooking an immense plain. The country very flat as we went along—the Day mended—We went to see the outside of the Minster while the passengers

were dining at Peterborough—the West End very grand. The little girl who was a great scholar, & plainly her mothers favorite tho' she had a large family at home had bought The Farmer's Boy. She said it was written by a man without education & was very wonderful.

On Thursday morning, 29th, we arrived in London. Wm left me at the Inn—I went to bed & c & c & c—After various troubles & disasters we left London on Saturday morning at ½ past 5 or 6, the 31st of July (I have forgot which) we mounted the Dover Coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The City, St pauls, with the River & a multitude of little Boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke & they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly with such a pure light that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand Spectacles. We rode on cheerfully now with the Paris Diligence before us, now behind—we walked up the steep hills, beautiful prospects everywhere, till we even reached Dover. At first the rich populous wide spreading woody country about London, then the River Thames, ships sailing, chalk cliffs, trees, little villages. Afterwards Canterbury, situated on a plain, rich & woody, but the City & Cathedral disappointed me. Hop grounds on each side of the road some miles from Canterbury, then we came to a common, the race ground, an elevated plain, villages among trees in the bed of a valley at our right, & rising above this valley, green hills scattered over with wood—neat gentlemen's houses—one white house almost hid with green trees which we longed for & the parsons house as neat a place as could be which would just have suited Coleridge. No doubt we might have found one for Tom Hutchinson & Sara & a good farm too. We halted at a half way house—fruit carts under the shade of trees, seats for guests, a tempting place to the weary traveller. Still as we went along the country was beautiful, hilly, with cottages lurking under the hills & their little plots of hop ground like vineyards. It was a bad hop-year—a woman on the top of the coach said to me 'it is a sad thing for the poor people for the hop-gathering is the women's harvest, there is employment about

the hops both for women & children'. We saw the Castle of Dover & the sea beyond 4 or 5 miles before we reached D. We looked at it through a long vale, the castle being upon an eminence, as it seemed at the end of this vale which opened to the Sea. The country now became less fertile but near Dover it seemed more rich again. Many buildings stand on the flat fields, sheltered with tall trees. There is one old chapel that might have been there just in the same state in which it now is, when this vale was as retired and as little known to travellers, as our own Cumberland mountain wilds 30 years ago. There was also a very old Building on the other side of the road which had a strange effect among the many new ones that are springing up everywhere. It seemed odd that it could have kept itself pure in its ancenity among so many upstarts. It was near dark when we reached Dover. We were told that the packet was about to sail, so we went down to the Custom-house in half an hour, had our luggage examined &c &c & then we drank tea, with the honorable Mr Knox & his Tutor. We arrived at Calais at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the 31st of July [1 Aug]. We stayed in the vessel till ½ past 7. Then Wm went for Letters, at about ½ past 8 or 9. We found out Annette & C chez Madame Avril dans la Rue de la Tête d'or. We lodged opposite two Ladies in tolerably decent-sized rooms but badly furnished, & with large store of bad smells & dirt in the yard, & all about. The weather was very hot. We walked by the sea-shore almost every Evening with Annette & Caroline or Wm & I alone. I had a bad cold & could not bathe at first but William did. It was a pretty sight to see as we walked upon the Sands when the tide was low, perhaps a hundred people bathing about ¼ of a mile distant from us, and we had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed away—seeing far off in the west the Coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the Evening star & the glory of the sky. The Reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones for ever melting away upon the sands. The fort, a wooden Building, at the Entrance of the harbour at Calais, when the Evening twilight was coming on, & we could not see anything

of the building but its shape which was far more distinct than in perfect daylight, seemed to be reared upon pillars of Ebony, between which pillars the sea was seen in the most beautiful colours that can be conceived. Nothing in Romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view as the Evening star sank down & the colours of the west faded away the two lights of England, lighted up by Englishmen in our Country, to warn vessels of rocks or sands. These we used to see from the Pier when we could see no other distant objects but the Clouds the Sky & the Sea itself. All was dark behind. The town of Calais seemed deserted of the light of heaven, but there was always light, & life, & joy upon the Sea.—One night, though, I shall never forget, the day had been very hot, & William & I walked alone together upon the pier—the sea was gloomy for there was a blackness over all the sky except when it was overspread with lightning which often revealed to us a distant vessel. Near us the waves roared & broke against the pier, & as they broke & as they travelled towards us, they were interfused with greenish fiery light. The more distant sea always black & gloomy. It was, also beautiful on the calm hot nights to see the little Boats row out of harbour with wings of fire & the sail boats with the fiery track which they cut as they went along & which closed up after them with a hundred thousand sparkles balls shootings, & streams of glowworm light. Caroline was delighted.

On Sunday the 29th of August we left Calais at 12 o'clock in the morning & landed at Dover at 1 on Monday the 30th. I was sick all the way. It was very pleasant to me when we were in harbour at Dover to breathe the fresh air, & to look up and see the stars among the Ropes of the vessel. The next day was very hot. We both bathed & sate upon the Dover Cliffs & looked upon France with many a melancholy & tender thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English Lake.—We mounted the coach at ½ past 4 & arrived in London at 6 the 30th August [31st]. It was misty & we could see nothing. We stayed in London till Wednesday the 22nd of September, & arrived at Gallow Hill on Friday 24th September. Mary first met us in the avenue. She looked so fat & well that we were made very happy by the

sight of her—then came Sara, & last of all Joanna. Tom was forking corn standing upon the corn cart. We dressed ourselves immediately & got tea—the garden looked gay with asters & sweet peas—I looked at everything with tranquillity & happiness but I was ill both on Saturday & Sunday & continued to be poorly most of the time of our stay. Jack & George came on Friday Evening 1st October. On Saturday 2nd we rode to Hackness, William Jack George & Sara single, I behind Tom. On Sunday 3rd Mary & Sara were busy packing. On Monday 4th October 1802, my Brother William was married to Mary Hutchinson. I slept a good deal of the night & rose fresh & well in the morning—at a little after 8 o'clock I saw them go down the avenue towards the Church. William had parted from me up stairs. I gave him the wedding ring—with how deep a blessing! I took it from my forefinger where I had worn it the whole of the night before—he slipped it again onto my finger and blessed me fervently. When they were absent my dear little Sara prepared the breakfast. I kept myself as quiet as I could, but when I saw the two men running up the walk, coming to tell us it was over, I could stand it no longer & threw myself on the bed where I lay in stillness, neither hearing or seeing any thing, till Sara came upstairs to me & said "They are coming." This forced me from the bed where I lay & I moved I knew not how straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me till I met my beloved William & fell upon his bosom. He & John Hutchinson led me to the house & there I stayed to welcome my dear Mary. As soon as we had breakfasted we departed. It rained when we set off. Poor Mary was much agitated when she parted from her Brothers & Sisters & her home. Nothing particular occurred till we reached Kirby. We had sunshine & showers, pleasant talk, love & cheerfulness. We were obliged to stay two hours at K. while the horses were feeding. We wrote a few lines to Sara & then walked out, the sun shone & we went to the Church-yard, after we had put a Letter into the Post office for the York Herald. We sauntered about & read the Grave-stones. There was one to the memory of 5 Children, who had all died within 5 years, & the longest lived had only lived 4 years. There was another Stone erected to the

memory of an unfortunate woman (as we supposed, by a stranger). The verses engraved upon it expressed that she had been neglected by her Relations & counselled the Readers of those words to look within & recollect their own frailties. We left Kirby at about ½ past 2. There is not much variety of prospect from K. to Helmsely but the country is very pleasant, being rich & woody, & Helmsely itself stands very sweetly at the foot of the rising grounds of Duncombe Park which is scattered over with tall woods & lifting itself above the common buildings of the Town stands Helmsely Castle, now a Ruin, formerly inhabited by the gay Duke of Buckingham. Every foot of the Road was, of itself interesting to us, for we had travelled along it on foot Wm & I when we went to fetch our dear Mary, & had sate upon the Turf by the roadside more than once. Before we reached Helmsely our Driver told us that he could not take us any further, so we stopped at the same Inn where we had slept before. My heart danced at the sight of its cleanly outside, bright yellow walls, casements overshadowed with jasmine & its low, double gavel-ended front. We were not shewn into the same parlour where Wm & I were, it was a small room with a drawing over the chimney piece which the woman told us had been bought at a sale. Mary & I warmed ourselves at the kitchen fire we then walked into the garden, & looked over a gate up to the old ruin which stands at the top of a mount, & round about it the moats are grown up into soft green cradles, hollows surrounded with green grassy hillocks & these are overshadowed by old trees, chiefly ashes. I prevailed upon William to go up with me to the ruins we left Mary sitting by the kitchen fire. The sun shone, it was warm & very pleasant. One part of the castle seems to be inhabited. There was a man mowing nettles in the open space which had most likely once been the Castle Court. There is one gateway exceedingly beautiful—Children were playing upon the sloping ground. We came home by the Street. After about an hour's delay we set forward again, had an excellent Driver who opened the gates so dexterously that the horses never stopped. Mary was very much delighted with the view of the Castle from the point where we had seen it before. I was pleased to see again the little path which we had walked upon,

the gate I had climbed over, & the Road down which we had seen the two little Boys drag a log of wood, & a team of horses struggle under the weight of a great load of timber. We had felt compassion for the poor horses that were under the governance of oppressive & ill-judging drivers, & for the poor Boys who seemed of an age to have been able to have dragged the log of wood merely out of the love of their own activity, but from poverty & bad food they panted for weakness & were obliged to fetch their father from the town to help them. Duncombe House looks well from the Road—a large Building, though I believe only 2 thirds of the original design are completed. We rode down a very steep hill to Ryvaux valley, with woods all round us. We stopped upon the Bridge to look at the Abbey & again when we had crossed it. Dear Mary had never seen a ruined Abbey before except Whitby. We recognized the Cottages, houses, & the little valleys as we went along. We walked up a long hill, the Road carrying us up the cleft or valley with woody hills on each side of us. When we went to GH I had walked down this valley alone. Wm followed me. It was not dark evening when we passed the little publick house, but before we had crossed the Hambledon hills & reached the point overlooking Yorkshire it was quite dark. We had not wanted, however, fair prospects before us, as we drove along the flat plain of the high hill, far far off us, in the western sky, we saw shapes of Castles, Ruins among groves, a great, spreading wood, rocks, & single trees, a minster with its tower unusually distinct, minarets in another quarter, & a round Grecian Temple also—the colours of the sky of a bright grey & the forms of a sober grey, with a dome. As we descended the hill there was no distinct view, but of a great space, only near us, we saw the wild & (as the people say) bottomless Tarn in the hollow at the side of the hill. It seemed to be made visible to us only by its own light, for all the hill about us was dark. Before we reached Thirsk we saw a light before us which we at first thought was the moon, then Lime kilns, but when we drove into the market place it proved a large Bonfire with Lads dancing round it, which is a sight I dearly love. The Inn was like an illuminated house—every Room full. We asked the cause, & were told by the Girl that it was 'Mr John Bell's

Birth-day, that he had heired his Estate.' The Landlady was very civil. She did not recognise the despised foot-travellers. We rode nicely in the dark, & reached Leming Lane at 11 o'clock. I am always sorry to get out of a Chaise when it is night. The people of the house were going to bed & we were not very well treated though we got a hot supper. We breakfasted the next morning & set off at about ½ past 8 o'clock. It was a chearful sunny morning. We soon turned out of Leming Lane & passed a nice village with a beautiful church. We had a few showers, but when we came to the green fields of Wensley, the sun shone upon them all, & the Eure in its many windings glittered as it flowed along under the green slopes of Middleham & Middleham Castle. Mary looked about for her friend Mr Place, & thought she had him sure on the contrary side of the vale from that on which we afterwards found that he lived. We went to a new built house at Leyburn, the same village where Wm & I had dined with George Hutchinson on our Road to Grasmere 2 years & ¾ ago, but not the same house. The Landlady was very civil, giving us cake and wine but the horses being out we were detained at least 2 hours & did not set off till 2 o'clock. We paid for 35 miles, ie to Sedbergh, but the Landlady did not encourage us to hope to get beyond Hawes. A shower came on just after we left the Inn while the Rain beat against the Windows we ate our dinners which M & W heartily enjoyed—I was not quite well. When we passed thro' the village of Wensley my heart was melted away with dear recollections, the Bridge, the little water-spout the steep hill the Church—They are among the most vivid of my own inner visions, for they were the first objects that I saw after we were left to ourselves, & had turned our whole hearts to Grasmere as a home in which we were to rest. The Vale looked most beautiful each way. To the left the bright silver Stream inlaid the flat & very green meadows, winding like a serpent. To the Right we did not see it so far, it was lost among trees & little hills. I could not help observing as we went along how much more *varied* the prospects of Wensley Dale are in the summer time than I could have thought possible in the winter. This seemed to be in great measure owing to the trees being in leaf, & forming groves, &

screens, & thence little openings upon recesses & concealed retreats which in winter only made a part of the one great Vale. The *beauty* of the Summer time here as much excels that of the winter as the variety, owing to the excessive greenness of the fields, & the trees in leaf half concealing, & where they do not conceal, softening the hard bareness of the limey white Roofs. One of our horses seemed to grow a little restive as we went through the first village, a long village on the side of a hill. It grew worse & worse, & at last we durst not go on any longer. We walked a while, & then the Post-Boy was obliged to take the horse out & go back for another. We seated ourselves again snugly in the Post Chaise. The wind struggled about us & rattled the window & gave a gentle motion to the chaise, but we were warm & at our ease within. Our station was at the Top of a hill, opposite Bolton Castle, the Eure flowing beneath. William has since wrote a sonnet on this our imprisonment—Hard was thy Durance Queen compared with ours. Poor Mary! Wm fell asleep, lying upon my breast & I upon Mary. I lay motionless for a long time, but I was at last obliged to move. I became very sick & continued so for some time after the Boy brought the horse to us. Mary had been a little sick but it soon went off.—We had a sweet ride till we came to a public house on the side of a hill where we alighted & walked down to see the waterfalls. The sun was not set, & the woods & fields were spread over with the yellow light of Evening, which made their greenness a thousand times more green. There was too much water in the River for the beauty of the falls, & even the Banks were less interesting than in Winter. Nature had entirely got the better in her struggles against the giants who first cast the mould of these works; for indeed it is a place that did not in winter remind one of God, but one could not help feeling as if there had been the agency of some 'Mortal Instruments' which Nature had been struggling against without making a perfect conquest. There was something so wild & new in this feeling, knowing as we did in the inner man that God alone had laid his hand upon it that I could not help regretting the want of it, besides it is a pleasure to a real lover of Nature to give winter all the glory he can, for summer *will* make its own way, & speak its own praises. We

saw the pathway which Wm & I took at the close of Evening, the path leading to the Rabbit Warren where we lost ourselves. The farm with its holly hedges was lost among the green hills & hedgerows in general, but we found it out & were glad to look at it again. When William had left us to seek the waterfalls Mary & I were frightened by a Cow. At our return to the Inn we found new horses & a new Driver, & we went on nicely to Hawes where we arrived before it was quite dark. Mary & I got tea, & William had a partridge & mutton chops & tarts for his supper. Mary sate down with him. We had also a shilling's worth of negus & Mary made me some Broth for all which supper we were only charged 2/-. I could not sit up long. I vomited, & took the Broth & then slept sweetly. We rose at 6 o'clock—a rainy morning. We had a good Breakfast & then departed. There was a very pretty view about a mile from Hawes, where we crossed a Bridge, bare, & very green fields with cattle, a glittering stream cottages, a few ill-grown trees, & high hills. The sun shone now. Before we got upon the bare hills there was a hunting lodge on our right exactly like Greta Hill, with fir plantations about it. We were very fortunate in the day, gleams of sunshine passing clouds, that travelled with their shadows below them. Mary was much pleased with Garsdale. It was a dear place to William & me. We noted well the publick-house (Garsdale Hall) where we had baited & drunk our pint of ale, & afterwards the mountain which had been adorned by Jupiter in his glory when we were here before. It was mid-day when we reached Sedbergh, & *market* day. We were in the same Room where we had spent the Evening together in our road to Grasmere. We had a pleasant Ride to Kendal, where we arrived at about 2 o'clock—the day favored us—M & I went to see the house where dear Sara had lived, then went to seek Mr Bousfield's shop but we found him not—he had sold all his goods the Day before. We then went to the Pot woman's & bought 2 jugs & a Dish, & some paper at Pennington's. When we came to the Inn William was almost ready for us. The afternoon was not cheerful but it did not rain till we came near Windermere. I am always glad to see Stavelly it is a place I dearly love to think of—the first mountain village that I came to with Wm when

we first began our pilgrimage together. Here we drank a Bason of milk at a publick house, & here I washed my feet in the Brook & put on a pair of silk stockings by Wm's advice.—Nothing particular occurred till we reached Ing's chapel—the door was open & we went in. It is a neat little place, with a marble floor & marble communion Table with a painting over it of the last supper, & Moses & Aaron on each side. The woman told us that 'they had painted them as near as they could by the dresses as they are described in the Bible', & gay enough they are. The Marble had been sent by Richard Bateman from Leghorn. The woman told us that a Man had been at her house a few days before who told her he had helped to bring it down the Red Sea & she had believed him gladly. It rained very hard when we reached Windermere. We sate in the rain at Wilcocks to change horses, & arrived at Grasmere at about 6 o'clock on Wednesday Evening, the 6th of October 1802. Molly was overjoyed to see us,—for my part I cannot describe what I felt, & our dear Mary's feelings would I dare say not be easy to speak of. We went by candle light into the garden & were astonished at the growth of the Brooms, Portugal Laurels, &c &c.—The next day, Thursday, we unpacked the Boxes. On Friday 8th we baked Bread, & Mary & I walked, first upon the Hill side, & then in John's Grove, then in view of Rydale, the first walk that I had taken with my Sister.

Saturday 9th. William & I walked to Mr Simpsons.

Sunday 10th. Rain all day.

Monday 11th. A beautiful day. We walked to the Easedale hills to hunt waterfalls—Wm & Mary left me sitting on a stone on the solitary mountains & went to Easedale Tairn. I grew chilly & followed them. This approach to the Tairn is very beautiful. We expected to have found C at home but he did not come till after dinner—he was well but did not look so.

Tuesday 12th October 1802. We walked with C to Rydale.

Wednesday 13th. Set forwards with him towards Keswick & he prevailed us to go on. We consented, Mrs C not being at home. The day was delightful. We drank tea at John Stanleys. Wrote to Annette.

Thursday 14th. We went in the evening to Calverts. Moonlight. stayed supper.

Friday 15th. Walked to L[or]d Wm Gordon's.

Saturday 16th. Came home Mary & I, William returned to Coleridge before we reached Nadel Fell. Mary & I had a pleasant walk, the day was very bright, the people busy getting in their corn—reached home at about 5 o'clock. I was not quite well but better after tea, we made Cakes &c—

Sunday 17th. We had 13 of our neighbours to Tea—Wm came in just as we began tea.

Monday 18th. I was not very well. I walked up in the morning to the Simpsons.

Tuesday 19th. The Simpsons drank tea & supped. William was much oppressed.

Wednesday 20th. We all walked on Butterlip How—it rained.

Thursday 21st. I walked with Wm to Rydale.

Friday 22nd.

Saturday 23rd. Mary was baking. I walked with Wm to see Langdale Rydale & the Foot of Grasmere—we had a heavenly walk, but I came home in the tooth ache—& have since that day been confined up stairs, till now namely Saturday 30th of October 1802. William is gone to Keswick. Mary went with him to the Top of the Rays. She is returned & is now sitting near me by the fire. It is a breathless grey day that leaves the garden woods of Autumn quiet in their own tranquillity, stately & beautiful in their decaying, the lake is a perfect mirror.

Saturday 30th October. Wm met Stoddart at the Bridge at the foot of Legberthwaite dale—he returned with him & they surprised us by their arrival at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Stoddart & W dined. I went to bed, & after tea S read in Chaucer to us.

Monday 31st October [Sunday]. John Monkhouse called. Wm & S went to K[eswick]. Mary & I walked to the top of the hill & looked at Rydale. I was much affected when I stood upon the 2nd bar of Sara's Gate. The lake was perfectly still, the Sun shone on Hill & vale, the distant Birch trees looked like large golden Flowers—nothing else in colour was distinct & separate but all the beautiful colours seemed to be melted into one another, & joined together in one mass so that there were no differences though an endless variety when one tried to find it out. The Fields were of one sober yellow brown. After dinner

we both lay on the floor. Mary slept. I *could* not for I was thinking of so many things. We sate nicely together after Tea looking over old Letters. Molly was gone up to Mr Simpsons to see Mrs S who was very ill.

Monday November 1st. I wrote to Miss Lamb. After dinner Mary walked to Mr Simpson's. Letters from Cook Wrangham Mrs C

Tuesday 2nd November. William returned from K—he was not well. Baking Day—Mr BS came in at tea time—Molly sate up with Mrs S. William was not well this evening.

Wednesday 3rd. Mr Luff came in to tea.

Thursday 4th. I scalded my foot with coffee after having been in bed in the afternoon—I was near fainting, & then bad in my bowels. Mary waited upon me till 2 o'clock, then we went to bed & with applications of vinegar I was lulled to sleep about 4.

Friday 5th. I was laid up all day. I wrote to Montagu & Cooke & sent off letters to Miss Lamb & Coleridge.

Saturday 6th.

Sunday 7th. Fine weather. Letters from Coleridge that he was gone to London.—Sara at Penrith. I wrote to Mrs Clarkson. Wm began to translate Ariosto.

Monday 8th. A beautiful day. William got to work again at Ariosto, & so continued all the morning, though the day was so delightful that it made my very heart linger to be out of doors, & see & feel the beauty of the Autumn in freedom. The trees on the opposite side of the Lake are of a yellow brown, but there are one or two trees opposite our windows, (an ash tree for instance) quite green, as in spring. The fields are of their winter colour, but the Island is as green as ever it was. Mary has been baking to-day, she is now sitting in the parlour. Wm is writing out his Stanzas from Ariosto. We have a nice fire, the evening is quiet—Poor Coleridge! Sara is at Keswick I hope.—William has been ill in his stomach but he is better tonight—I have read one Canto of Ariosto today.

24th December 1802, Christmas Eve. William is now sitting by me at ½ past 10 o'clock. I have been beside him ever since tea running the heel of a stocking, repeating some of his sonnets to him, listening to his own repeating, reading some of Milton's

& the Allegro & Penseroso. It is a quiet keen frost. Mary is in the parlour below attending to the baking of cakes & Jenny Fletcher's pies. Sara is in bed in the tooth ache, & so we are—beloved William is turning over the leaves of Charlotte Smith's sonnets, but he keeps his hand to his poor chest pushing aside his breastplate. Mary is well & I am well, & Molly is as blithe as last year at this time. Coleridge came this morning with Wedgwood. We all turned out of Wm's bedroom one by one to meet him—he looked well. We had to tell him of the Birth of his little Girl, born yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. W went with them to Wytheburn in the Chaise, & M & I met Wm on the Rays. It was not an unpleasant morning to the feelings—far from it—the sun shone now & then, & there was no wind, but all things looked cheerless & distinct, no meltings of sky into mountains—the mountains like stone-work wrought up with huge hammers.—Last Sunday was as mild a day as I ever remember—We all set off together to walk. I went to Rydale & Wm returned with me. M & S went round the Lakes. There were flowers of various kinds the topmost bell of a fox-glove, geraniums, daisies—a buttercup in the water (but this I saw two or three days before) small yellow flowers (I do not know their name) in the turf a large bunch of strawberry blossoms. Wm sate a while with me, then went to meet M. & S.—Last Saturday I dined at Mr Simpsons also a beautiful mild day. Monday was a frosty day, & it has been frost ever since. On Saturday I dined with Mrs Simpson. It is today Christmas-day Saturday 25th December 1802. I am 31 years of age.—It is a dull frosty day.

Again I have neglected to write my Journal—New Years Day is passed Old Christmas day & I have recorded nothing.—It is today January 11th Tuesday.—On Christmas Day I dressed myself ready to go to Keswick in a returned chaise, but did not go. On Thursday 30th December I went to K. Wm rode before me to the foot of the hill nearest Keswick. There we parted close to a little water course, which was then noisy with water, but on my return a dry channel. We ate some potted Beef on Horseback, & sweet cake. We stopped our horse close to the ledge opposite a tuft of primroses three flowers in full blossom & a Bud, they reared themselves up

among the green moss. We debated long whether we should pluck & at last left them to live out their day, which I was right glad of at my return the Sunday following for there they remained uninjured either by cold or wet—I stayed at K. over New Year's Day, & returned on Sunday the 2nd January. Wm Mackareth fetched me. (M & S walked as far as John Stanley's.) Wm was alarmed at my long delay & came to within 3 miles of Keswick, he mounted before me. It had been a sweet mild day & was a pleasant Evening. C stayed with us till Tuesday January 4th. W. & I walked up to George M's to endeavour to get the horse, then walked with him to Ambleside. We parted with him at the turning of the Lane, he going on horseback to the top of Kirkstone. On Thursday 6th, C. returned, & on Friday the 7th he and Sara went to Keswick. W accompanied them to the foot of Wytheburn—I to Mrs Simpson's & dined & called on Aggy Fleming sick in bed. It was a gentle day, & when Wm & I returned home just before sunset, it was a heavenly evening. A soft sky was among the hills, & a summer sunshine above, & blending with this sky, for it was more like sky than clouds. The turf looked warm & soft.

Saturday January 9th [8th]. Wm & I walked to Rydale—no letters—still as mild as Spring, a beautiful moonlight evening & a quiet night but before morning the wind rose & it became dreadfully cold. We were not well on Sunday Mary & I.

Sunday January 9th. Mary lay long in bed, & did not walk. Wm & I walked in Brothers Wood. I was *astounded* with the beauty of the place, for I had never been there since my return home—never since before I went away in June!! Wrote to Miss Lamb.

Monday January 10th. I lay in bed to have a Drench of sleep till one o'clock. Worked all Day petticoats—Mrs C's wrists. Ran Wm's woollen stockings for he put them on today for the first time. We walked to Rydale, & brought letters from Sara, Annette & Peggy—furiously cold.

Tuesday January 11th. A very cold day. Wm promised me he would rise as soon as I had carried him his Breakfast but he lay in bed till between 12 & one. We talked of walking, but the blackness of the Cold made us slow to put forward & we did

not walk at all. Mary read the Prologue to Chaucer's tales to me, in the morning William was working at his poem to C. Letter from Keswick & from Taylor on Wm's marriage. C poorly, in bad spirits—Canaries. Before tea I sate 2 hours in the parlour—read part of The Knights Tale with exquisite delight. Since Tea Mary has been down stairs copying out Italian poems for Stuart—Wm has been working beside me, & here ends this imperfect summary. I will take a nice Calais Book & *will* for the future write regularly &, if I can legibly, so much for this my resolution on Tuesday night, January 11th 1803. Now I am going to take Tapioca for my supper, & Mary an Egg, William some cold mutton, his poor Chest is tired.

Wednesday 12th. Very cold, & cold all the week.

Sunday the 16th. Intensely cold. Wm had a fancy for some ginger-bread I put on Molly's Cloak & my Spenser, & we walked towards Matthew Newtons—I went into the house—the blind Man & his Wife & Sister were sitting by the fire, all dressed very clean in their Sunday's Clothes, the sister reading. They took their little stock of gingerbread out of the cupboard & I bought 6 pennyworth. They were so grateful when I paid them for it that I could not find in my heart to tell them we were going to make Gingerbread ourselves. I had asked them if they had no thick 'No' answered Matthew 'there was none on Friday but we'll *endeavour* to get some.' The next Day the woman came just when we were baking & we bought 2 pennyworth—

Monday [?]

THE ALFOXDEN JOURNAL

The Alfoxden Journal

1798

more poetical language

Alfoxden, 20th January 1798. The green paths down the hill-sides are channels for streams. The young wheat is streaked by silver lines of water running between the ridges, the sheep are gathered together on the slopes. After the wet dark days, the country seems more populous. It peoples itself in the sunbeams. The garden, mimic of spring, is gay with flowers. The purple-starr'd hepatica spreads itself in the sun, and the clustering snow-drops put forth their white heads, at first upright, ribbed with green, and like a rosebud when completely opened, hanging their heads downwards, but slowly lengthening their slender stems. The slanting woods of an unvarying brown, showing the light through the thin net-work of their upper boughs. Upon the highest ridge of that round hill covered with planted oaks, the shafts of the trees show in the light like the columns of a ruin.

21st. Walked on the hill-tops—a warm day. Sate under the firs in the park. The tops of the beeches of a brown-red or crimson; those oaks fanned by the sea breeze thick with feathery sea-green moss, as a grove not stripped of its leaves. Moss cups more proper than acorns for fairy goblets.

22nd. Walked through the wood to Holford. The ivy twisting round the oaks like bristled serpents. The day cold—a warm shelter in the hollies, capriciously bearing berries. Query: Are the male and female flowers on separate trees?

23rd. Bright sunshine, went out at 3 o'clock. The sea perfectly calm blue, streaked with deeper colour by the clouds, and tongues or points of sand; on our return of a gloomy red. The sun gone down. The crescent moon, Jupiter, and Venus. The sound of the sea distinctly heard on the tops of the hills, which we could never hear in summer. We attribute this partly to the

bareness of the trees, but chiefly to the absence of the singing of birds, the hum of insects, that noiseless noise which lives in the summer air. The villages marked out by beautiful beds of smoke. The turf fading into the mountain road. The scarlet flowers of the moss.

24th. Walked between half-past three and half-past five. The evening cold and clear. The sea of a sober grey, streaked by the deeper grey clouds. The half dead sound of the near sheep-bell, in the hollow of the sloping coombe, exquisitely soothing.

25th. Went to Poole's after tea. The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light of the moon, which, though her dim shape was seen, did not throw forth so strong a light as to chequer the earth with shadows. At once the clouds seemed to cleave asunder, and left her in the centre of a black-blue vault. She sailed along, followed by multitudes of stars, small, and bright, and sharp. Their brightness seemed concentrated, (half-moon).

26th. Walked upon the hill-tops; followed the sheep tracks till we overlooked the larger coombe. Sat in the sunshine. The distant sheep-bells, the sound of the stream; the woodman winding along the half-marked road with his laden pony; locks of wool still spangled with the dew-drops; the blue-grey sea shaded with immense masses of cloud, not streaked; the sheep glittering in the sunshine. Returned through the wood. The trees skirting the wood, being exposed more directly to the action of the sea breeze, stripped of the net-work of their upper boughs, which are stiff and erect and like black skeletons; the ground strewn with the red berries of the holly. Set forward before two o'clock. Returned a little after four.

27th. Walked from seven o'clock till half-past eight. Upon the whole an uninteresting evening. Only once while we were in the wood the moon burst through the invisible veil which enveloped her, the shadows of the oaks blackened, and their lines became more strongly marked. The withered leaves were coloured with a deeper yellow, a brighter gloss spotted the hollies; again her form became dimmer, the sky flat, unmarked by distances, a white thin cloud. The manufacturer's dog makes a strange, uncouth howl, which it continues many minutes after there is no noise

near it but that of the brook. It howls at the murmur of the village stream.

28th. Walked only to the mill.

29th. A very stormy day. William walked to the top of the hill to see the sea. Nothing distinguishable but a heavy blackness. An immense bough riven from one of the fir trees.

30th. William called me into the garden to observe a singular appearance about the moon. A perfect rainbow, within the bow one star, only of colours more vivid. The semi-circle soon became a complete circle, and in the course of three or four minutes the whole faded away. Walked to the blacksmith's and the baker's; an uninteresting evening.

31st. Set forward to Stowey at half-past five. A violent storm in the wood; sheltered under the hollies. When we left home the moon immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her. The sound of the pattering shower, and the gusts of wind, very grand. Left the wood when nothing remained of the storm but the driving wind, and a few scattering drops of rain. Presently all clear, Venus first showing herself between the struggling clouds; afterwards Jupiter appeared. The hawthorn hedges black and pointed, glittering with millions of diamond drops; the hollies shining with broader patches of light. The road to the village of Holford glittered like another stream. On our return, the wind high—a violent storm of hail and rain at the Castle of Comfort. All the heavens seemed in one perpetual motion when the rain ceased; the moon appearing, now half veiled, and now retired behind heavy clouds, the stars still moving, the roads very dirty.

February 1st. About two hours before dinner, set forward towards Mr Bartelmy's. The wind blew so keen in our faces that we felt ourselves inclined to seek the covert of the wood. There we had a warm shelter, gathered a burthen of large rotten boughs blown down by the wind of the preceding night. The sun shone clear, but all at once a heavy blackness hung over the sea. The trees almost *roared*, and the ground seemed in motion with the multitudes of dancing leaves, which made a rustling sound distinct from that of the trees. Still the asses pastured in quietness under the hollies, undisturbed by these forerunners of the storm.

The wind beat furiously against us as we returned. Full moon. She rose in uncommon majesty over the sea, slowly ascending through the clouds. Sat with the window open an hour in the moonlight.

2nd. Walked through the wood, and on to the Downs before dinner; a warm pleasant air. The sun shone, but was often obscured by straggling clouds. The redbreasts made a ceaseless song in the woods. The wind rose very high in the evening. The room smoked so that we were obliged to quit it. Young lambs in a green pasture in the Coombe, thick legs, large heads, black staring eyes, gaunt as a new-dropped lamb.

3rd. A mild morning, the windows open at breakfast, the redbreasts singing in the garden. Walked with Coleridge over the hills. The sea at first obscured by vapour; that vapour afterwards slid in one mighty mass along the sea-shore; the islands and one point of land clear beyond it. The distant country (which was purple in the clear dull air), overthung by straggling clouds that sailed over it, appeared like the darker clouds, which are often seen at a great distance apparently motionless, while the nearer ones pass quickly over them, driven by the lower winds. I never saw such a union of earth, sky, and sea. The clouds beneath our feet spread themselves to the water, and the clouds of the sky almost joined them. Gathered sticks in the wood; a perfect stillness. The redbreasts sang upon the leafless boughs. Of a great number of sheep in the field, only one standing. Returned to dinner at five o'clock. The moonlight still and warm as a summer's night at nine o'clock.

4th. Walked a great part of the way to Stowey with Coleridge. The morning warm and sunny. The young lasses seen on the hill-tops, in the villages and roads, in their summer holiday clothes—pink petticoats and blue. Mothers with their children in arms, and the little ones that could just walk, tottering by their sides. Midges or small flies spinning in the sunshine; the songs of the lark and redbreast, daisies upon the turf, the hazels in blossom, honeysuckles budding. I saw one solitary strawberry flower under a hedge. The furze gay with blossom. The moss rubbed from the pailings by the sheep, that leave locks of wool, and the red marks with which they are spotted, upon the wood.

5th. Walked to Stowey with Coleridge, returned by Woodlands; a very warm day. In the continued singing of birds distinguished the notes of a blackbird or thrush. The sea overshadowed by a thick dark mist, the land in sunshine. The sheltered oaks and beeches still retaining their brown leaves. Observed some trees putting out red shoots. Query: What trees are they?

6th. Walked to Stowey over the hills, returned to tea, a cold and clear evening, the roads in some parts frozen hard. The sea hid by mist all the day.

7th. Turned towards Poitsdam, but finding the way dirty, changed our course. Cottage gardens the object of our walk. Went up the smaller Coombe to Woodlands, to the blacksmith's, the baker's, and through the village of Holford. Still misty over the sea. The air very delightful. We saw nothing very new, or interesting.

8th. Went up the park, and over the tops of the hills, till we came to a new and very delicious pathway, which conducted us to the Coombe. Sat a considerable time upon the heath. Its surface restless and glittering with the motion of the scattered piles of withered grass, and the waving of the spiders' threads. On our return the mist still hanging over the sea, but the opposite coast clear, and the rocky cliffs distinguishable. In the deep Coombe, as we stood upon the sunless hill, we saw the hills of grass, light and glittering, and the insects passing

9th. William gathered sticks . . .

10th. Walked to Woodlands, and to the waterfall. The address-tongue and the ferns green in the low damp dell. These plants now in perpetual motion from the current of the air; in summer only moved by the drippings of the rocks. A cloudy day.

11th. Walked with Coleridge near to Stowey. The day pleasant, but cloudy.

12th. Walked alone to Stowey. Returned in the evening with Coleridge. A mild, pleasant, cloudy day.

13th. Walked with Coleridge through the wood. A mild and pleasant morning, the near prospect clear. The ridges of the hills fringed with wood, showing the sea through them like the white sky, and still beyond the dim horizon of the distant hills, hanging as it were in one undetermined line between sea and sky.

14th. Gathered sticks with William in the wood, he being unwell and not able to go further. The young birch trees of a bright red, through which gleams a shade of purple. Sat down in a thick part of the wood. The near trees still, even to their top-most boughs, but a perpetual motion in those that skirt the wood. The breeze rose gently; its path distinctly marked till it came to the very spot where we were.

15th. Gathered sticks in the further wood. The dell green with moss and brambles, and the tall and slender pillars of the unbranching oaks. I crossed the water with letters; returned to Wm and Basil. A shower met us in the wood, and a ruffling breeze.

16th. Went for eggs into the Coombe, and to the baker's; a hail shower; brought home large burthens of sticks, a starlight evening, the sky closed in, and the ground white with snow before we went to bed.

17th. A deep snow upon the ground. Wm and Coleridge walked to Mr Bartelmy's, and to Stowey. Wm returned, and we walked through the wood into the Coombe to fetch some eggs. The sun shone bright and clear. A deep stillness in the thickest part of the wood, undisturbed except by the occasional dropping of the snow from the holly boughs; no other sound but that of the water, and the slender notes of a redbreast, which sang at intervals on the outskirts of the southern side of the wood. There the bright green moss was bare at the roots of the trees, and the little birds were upon it. The whole appearance of the wood was enchanting; and each tree, taken singly, was beautiful. The branches of the hollies pendent with their white burden, but still showing their bright red berries, and their glossy green leaves. The bare branches of the oaks thickened by the snow.

18th. Walked after dinner beyond Woodlands. A sharp and very cold evening; first observed the crescent moon, a silvery line and thready bow, attended by Jupiter and Venus in their palest hues.

19th. I walked to Stowey before dinner; Wm unable to go all the way. Returned alone; a fine sunny, clear, frosty day. The sea still, and blue, and broad, and smooth.

20th. Walked after dinner towards Woodlands.

21st. Coleridge came in the morning, which prevented our

walking. Wm went through the wood with him towards Stowey; a very stormy night.

22nd. Coleridge came in the morning to dinner. Wm and I walked after dinner to Woodlands; the moon and two planets; sharp and frosty. Met a razor-grinder with a soldier's jacket on, a knapsack upon his back, and a boy to drag his wheel. The sea very black, and making a loud noise as we came through the wood, loud as if disturbed, and the wind was silent.

23rd. William walked with Coleridge in the morning. I did not go out.

24th. Went to the hill-top. Sat a considerable time overlooking the country towards the sea. The air blew pleasantly round us. The landscape mildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea, spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farm houses, half-concealed by green mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; hay-stacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice meadow plots, full of sheep and lambs, of a soft and vivid green; a few wreaths of blue smoke, spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea, like a basin full to the margin; the fresh-ploughed fields dark; the turnips of a lively rough green. Returned through the wood.

25th. I lay down in the morning, though the whole day was very pleasant, and the evening fine. We did not walk.

26th. Coleridge came in the morning, and Mr and Mrs Cruikshank; walked with Coleridge nearly to Stowey after dinner. A very clear afternoon. We lay sidelong upon the turf, and gazed on the landscape till it melted into more than natural loveliness. The sea very uniform, of a pale greyish blue, only one distant bay, bright and blue as a sky; had there been a vessel sailing up it, a perfect image of delight. Walked to the top of a high hill to see a fortification. Agam sat down to feed upon the prospect; a magnificent scene, *curiously* spread out for even minute inspection, though so extensive that the mind is afraid to calculate its bounds. A winter prospect shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees such as in summer have no

distinguishing mark. On our return, Jupiter and Venus before us. While the twilight still overpowered the light of the moon, we were reminded that she was shining bright above our heads, by our faint shadows going before us. We had seen her on the tops of the hills, melting into the blue sky. Poole called while we were absent.

27th. I walked to Stowey in the evening. Wm and Basil went with me through the wood. The prospect bright, yet *mildly* beautiful. The sea big and white, swelled to the very shores, but round and high in the middle. Coleridge returned with me, as far as the wood. A very bright moonlight night. Venus almost like another moon. Lost to us at Alfoxden long before she goes down the large white sea.

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March 1st. We rose early. A thick fog obscured the distant prospect entirely, but the shapes of the near trees and the dome of the wood dimly seen and dilated. It cleared away between ten and eleven. The shapes of the mist, slowly moving along, exquisitely beautiful; passing over the sheep they almost seemed to have more of life than those quiet creatures. The unseen birds singing in the mist.

2nd. Went a part of the way home with Coleridge in the morning. Gathered fir apples afterwards under the trees.

3rd. I went to the shoemaker's. William lay under the trees till my return. Afterwards went to the secluded farm house in search of eggs, and returned over the hill. A very mild, cloudy evening. The rose trees in the hedges and the elders budding.

4th. Walked to Woodlands after dinner, a pleasant evening.

5th. Gathered fir apples. A thick fog came on. Walked to the baker's and the shoemaker's, and through the fields towards Woodlands. On our return, found Tom Poole in the parlour. He drank tea with us.

6th. A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood. Coleridge very ill. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, but the evening became very foggy; when I was near Woodlands, the fog overhead became thin, and I saw the shapes of the Central Stars. Again it closed, and the whole sky was the same.

7th. William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky. Observed nothing particularly interesting—the distant prospect obscured. One only leaf upon the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.

8th. Walked in the Park in the morning. I sate under the fir trees. Coleridge came after dinner, so we did not walk again. A foggy morning, but a clear sunny day.

9th. A clear sunny morning, went to meet Mr and Mrs Coleridge. The day very warm.

10th. Coleridge, Wm, and I walked in the evening to the top of the hill. We all passed the morning in sauntering about the park and gardens, the children playing about, the old man at the top of the hill gathering furze; interesting groups of human creatures, the young frisking and dancing in the sun, the elder quietly drinking in the life and soul of the sun and air.

11th. A cold day. The children went down towards the sea. William and I walked to the top of the hills above Holford. Met the blacksmith. Pleasant to see the labourer on Sunday jump with the friskiness of a cow upon a sunny day.

12th. Tom Poole returned with Coleridge to dinner; a brisk, cold, sunny day; did not walk.

13th. Poole dined with us. William and I strolled into the wood. Coleridge called us into the house.

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15th. I have neglected to set down the occurrences of this week, so I do not recollect how we disposed of ourselves to-day.

16th. William, and Coleridge, and I walked in the Park a short time. I wrote to—. William very ill, better in the evening; and we called round by Potsdam.

17th. I do not remember this day.

18th. The Coleridges left us. A cold, windy morning. Walked with them half way. On our return, sheltered under the hollies during a hail-shower. The withered leaves danced with the hailstones. William wrote a description of the storm.

19th. William and Basil and I walked to the hill-tops, a very cold, bleak day. We were met on our return by a severe hailstorm. William wrote some lines describing a stunted thorn.

20th. Coleridge dined with us. We went more than half way

home with him in the evening. A very cold evening, but clear. The spring seemingly very little advanced. No green trees, only the hedges are budding, and looking very lovely.

21st. We drank tea at Coleridge's. A quiet shower of snow was in the air during more than half our walk. At our return the sky partially shaded with clouds. The horned moon was set. Started two night birds from the great elm tree.

22nd. I spent the morning in starching and hanging out linen; walked *through* the wood in the evening, very cold.

23rd. Coleridge dined with us. He brought his ballad finished. We walked with him to the miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.

24th. Coleridge, the Chesters, and Ellen Crewkshank called. We walked with them through the wood. Went in the evening into the Coombe to get eggs; returned through the wood, and walked in the park. A duller night than last night: a sort of white shade over the blue sky. The stars dim. The spring continues to advance very slowly, no green trees, the hedges leafless; nothing green but the brambles that still retain their old leaves, the evergreens and the palms, which indeed are not absolutely green. Some brambles I observed to-day budding afresh, and those have shed their old leaves. The crooked arm of the old oak tree points upwards to the moon.

25th. Walked to Coleridge's after tea. Arrived at home at one o'clock. The night cloudy but not dark.

26th. Went to meet Wedgwood at Coleridge's after dinner. Reached home at half-past twelve, a fine moonlight night; half moon.

27th. Dined at Poole's. Arrived at home a little after twelve, a partially cloudy, but light night, very cold.

28th. Hung out the linen.

29th. Coleridge dined with us.

30th. Walked I know not where.

31st. Walked.

April 1st. Walked by moonlight.

2nd. A very high wind. Coleridge came to avoid the smoke; stayed all night. We walked in the wood, and sat under the trees. The half of the wood perfectly still, while the wind was making a loud noise behind us. The still trees only gently bowed their

heads, as if listening to the wind. The hollies in the thick wood unshaken by the blast; only, when it came with a greater force, shaken by the rain drops falling from the bare oaks above.

3rd. Walked to Crookham, with Coleridge and William, to make the appeal. Left William there, and parted with Coleridge at the top of the hill. A very stormy afternoon . . .

4th. Walked to the sea-side in the afternoon. A great commotion in the air, but the sea neither grand nor beautiful. A violent shower in returning. Sheltered under some fir trees at Potsdam.

5th. Coleridge came to dinner. William and I walked in the wood in the morning; I fetched eggs from the Coombe.

6th. Went a part of the way home with Coleridge. A pleasant warm morning, but a showery day. Walked a short distance up the lesser Coombe, with an intention of going to the source of the brook, but the evening closing in, cold prevented us. The Spring still advancing very slowly. The horse-chestnuts budding, and the hedgerows beginning to look green, but nothing fully expanded.

7th. Walked before dinner up the Coombe, to the source of the brook, and came home by the tops of the hills; a showery morning, at the hill-tops; the view opened upon us very grand.

8th. Easter Sunday. Walked in the morning in the wood, and half way to Stowey; found the air at first oppressively warm, afterwards very pleasant.

9th. Walked to Stowey, a fine air in going, but very hot in returning. The sloe in blossom, the hawthorns green, the larches in the park changed from black to green in two or three days. Met Coleridge in returning.

10th. I was hanging out linen in the evening. We walked to Holford. I turned off to the baker's, and walked beyond Woodlands, expecting to meet William, met him on the hill; a close warm evening . . . in bloom.

11th. In the wood in the morning, walked to the top of the hill, then I went down into the wood. A pleasant evening, a fine air, the grass in the park becoming green, many trees green in the dell.

12th. Walked in the morning in the wood. In the evening up the Coombe, fine walk. The Spring advances rapidly, multitudes of primroses, dog-violets, periwinkles, stitchwort.

13th. Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening went to Stowey. I staid with Mr[s] Coleridge. Wm went to Poole's. Supped with Mr[s] Coleridge.

14th. Walked in the wood in the morning. The evening very stormy, so we staid within doors. Mary Wollstonecraft's life, etc., came.

15th. Set forward after breakfast to Crookham, and returned to dinner at three o'clock. A fine cloudy morning. Walked about the squire's grounds. Quaint waterfalls about, where Nature was very successfully striving to make beautiful what art had deformed—ruins, hermitages, &c., &c. In spite of all these things, the dell romantic and beautiful, though everywhere planted with unnaturalised trees. Happily we cannot shape the huge hills, or carve out the valleys according to our fancy.

16th. New moon. William walked in the wood in the morning. I neglected to follow him. We walked in the park in the evening . . .

17th. Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening upon the hill. Cowslips plentiful.

18th. Walked in the wood, a fine sunny morning, met Coleridge returned from his brother's. He dined with us. We drank tea, and then walked with him nearly to Stowey . . .

19th. . . .

20th. Walked in the evening up the hill dividing the Coombes. Came home the Crookham way, by the thorn; and the little muddy pond. Nine o'clock at our return. William all the morning engaged in wearisome composition. The moon crescent; 'Peter Bell' begun.

21st, 22nd, 23rd. . . .

24th. Walked a considerable time in the wood. Sat under the trees, in the evening walked on the top of the hill, found Coleridge on our return and walked with him towards Stowey.

25th. Coleridge drank tea, walked with him to Stowey.

26th. William went to have his picture taken. I walked with him. Dined at home. Coleridge and he drank tea.

27th. Coleridge breakfasted and drank tea, strolled in the wood in the morning, went with him in the evening through the wood, afterwards walked on the hills: the moon, a many-coloured sea and sky.

28th, Saturday. A very fine morning, warm weather all the week.

May 6th, Sunday. Expected the painter, and Coleridge. A rainy morning—very pleasant in the evening. Met Coleridge as we were walking out. Went with him to Stowey; heard the nightingale; saw a glow-worm.

7th. Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening, to Stowey with Coleridge who called.

8th. Coleridge dined, went in the afternoon to tea at Stowey. A pleasant walk home.

9th. . . . Wrote to Coleridge.

Wednesday, 16th. Coleridge, William, and myself set forward to the Cheddar rocks; slept at Bridgewater.

22nd [17th] Thursday. Walked to Cheddar. Slept at Cross.