

WORDSWORTH AS PASTORAL POET

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By

ALEXANDER EDWARD SPALDING, B.A., M.A.

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AUTHOR: Alexander Edward Spalding, B.A. (Manitoba)

M.A. (Manitoba)

SUPERVISOR: Professor J. Sigman

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## ABSTRACT

Wordsworth is a mythopoeic or mythmaking poet. While the fell-sides, sheep-folds, and mountain roads of Cumberland-Westmorland provide an external reality in which his dramas can unfold, and while the shepherds, fell-folk, and travellers offer him the dramatis personae to people this natural stage, the drama is also, and perhaps even moreso, an inner psychological ritual played upon the stage of Wordsworth's psyche, and the actors are just as much gods and goddesses and titans, representing the psychic forces which come into play in the various stages of his spiritual progress, as they are people.

If one is to see this drama clearly, then, one must adjust one's eyesight as well to the dark inner landscape of the psyche in order to realize the full scope and quality of Wordsworth's pastoral. As he plainly warns us in the Preface to the 1814 Excursion, we must look

Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man--  
My haunt, and the main region of my song.

Those people who, by their own unwitting habit, see only the outer landscape--the outer light of consciousness is so bright that they fail to see the shadows--will have only a one-dimensional view of his poetry, for, like all Titans, Wordsworth is a creature of the caves and mountain bases,

and a good portion of him is inside and underground.

In the earlier and more real part of his poetic career--the period of Lyrical Ballads, the fell-side tragedies, the 1805 Prelude--Wordsworth knows the true source of his energy, speaks and acts like a true son of Mother Earth, like a Prometheus unbound, and defends her interests as he knows how to do. The poetry is rich, insightful, and positive. There is noticeable, however, even as early as the 1805 Prelude, a conflict of allegiance developing in his work in which he reveals a being at odds with himself because his ego--with its illusions about human perfection and its unrealistic evaluation of himself as an epic poet with mastery over an external and public order of truth--is totally ignorant of another Wordsworth which is sleeping and unconscious--a source from which he needs to find out that life and people are imperfect and from which he could understand that his talents or propensities were better suited to pastoral--an internal and private order of experience.

Such a conflict, if not healed by a fruitful communication between the two parts of his personality, can result in unhealthy polarization and even in disaster for his entire being. Wordsworth may have avoided disaster for a time by taking some cognizance of the pressures of his mortal or animal self and by adjusting his viewpoint to some extent to allow for its needs. But, obviously,

he has not understood the warning of his unconscious (Dream of the Arab in Book V, and the Simplon Pass passage of Book VI, of The Prelude) soon enough or fully enough, for, instead of compensating for his excess idealism, he turns upon the oracle of his truth as though she were his enemy, and sets up exaggerated ego defences against her, secretly dreading her power. He gains a certain amount of outer security at the price of inner security and the death of his imagination.

The Excursion (1814) illustrates the retrogressed and negative view of life he has come to hold as a result of his distrust and fear of the imaginative life, and also reveals him as almost totally unfit for any kind of epic endeavour or poetry aiming at a social and external order of truth.

Since Wordsworth, as a poet, presumes to steal fire from heaven while he is grounded in the fire of the inferno-- tries to be an epic poet when he is really a pastoral one-- he is caught at the deadly point of opposition between the warring principles of life, is fused and turned into stone, a Prometheus bound for his presumption, no longer having an inner life of his own or fighting for the truth of suffering humanity, but sounding hollowly as the oracle or propagandist of the otherworldly wisdom of the sky gods or aristocrats. For the balance of his long life, he is nothing but a fallen one, a titan groaning under the weight of the world, a

"voice of ruin" unable to do anything but echo the barren clichés of reactionary authority.

TO WALTER SWAYZE,  
A GOOD FRIEND



## PREFACE

My purpose in adding a preface to this thesis is simply to state that, in working through Wordsworth's spiritual odyssey, I discovered that he had lived through or acted out at least three ancient pastoral myths, namely, the wars of the gods and the giants, the singing or piping contest between Apollo and Pan, and the binding of Prometheus.

Whether Wordsworth was or was not familiar with these myths from classic sources, or whether or not he was even conscious of them, is beside the point. He may very well have known the accounts of the wars of the gods and the giants in Hesiod, Apollodorus, Pausanias, or Ovid, and he may also have known the accounts of the singing contest between Apollo and Pan or Apollo and Marsyas in Ovid, Apollodorus, and Hyginus, and he most likely knew Aeschylus's Prometheus Bound, but the mere conscious knowledge of the classic sources could never have permitted him to adapt these myths so perfectly to his own needs had there not been an underlying psychological necessity for him to do so.

The myths are eternal (as eternal, that is, as men are), and, even if Wordsworth or his poetic descendants had never heard of the Greek sources, they would have discovered them anyway, simply by struggling and journeying

in the realm of their own spirits. Although many, perhaps most, moderns consider them as "fictions" or "pretty stories" concocted by dreamers or fanciful poets attempting to while away the hours for bored children or leisured aristocratic ladies, myths are actually projections of psychic phenomena and psychic experience, and, since the human mind has a common structure everywhere, and goes through the same basic process and development whatever the period or the clime, the myths are continually relived and reproduced as long as there are human personalities reaching towards the sun of enlightenment.

Wordsworth's reproduction of the myth of the wars of the gods and giants is not a conscious thing but represents the earlier and dynamic stages of his individuation process when he was making an exuberant fight for psychic stability and when the relation between his ego and his unconscious was developing in a positive, forthright, and healthy manner. From this earlier period, we have the great fell-side tragedies, the greatest sections of The Prelude, and many of the other great lyrics.

His reproduction of the myth of the singing contest between Apollo and Pan, no less unconscious, on the other hand, is a much less fortunate aspect of his psychic development, representing the retrogression or decline of his imaginative life in the later period when he sees it as an enemy to be exterminated or held at bay, and over which he

must exercise the most strict and authoritarian conscious control. This period begets such dubious works as The Excursion and productions of that quality.

Finally, the myth of Prometheus bound is enacted when Wordsworth, in his attempt to write epic, reaches for supernal fire while grounded in the fire of the inferno, and is struck by a thunderbolt for his presumption. Psychologically, this is a disaster, a total and sudden reversal of the flow of his psychic energy, which catches him at the deadly point between the opposites, between the positive and negative poles of the personality, and electrocutes him and turns him to stone so that he can no longer be the vital champion of suffering man or suffering Mother Earth but can now only groan hollowly and unfruitfully from the caves of earth, as barren and inhuman as the mountain winds.

I would like, here, to express my thanks to Professors Joseph Sigman and Graham Roebuck, of McMaster University, for the aid given me in their reading of the work and suggesting corrections.

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## ABBREVIATIONS

- Biog. Lit.      S.T. Coleridge, Biographia Literaria,  
(New York: Dutton, 1967).
- C.W.            The Collected Works of C.G. Jung, Bollingen  
Edition. eds. Sir Herbert Read, Dr. Michael  
Fordham, Dr. Gerhard Adler. trans. R.F.C.  
Hull. (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University  
Press).
- E.Y.            Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth:  
1787--1805, ed. E. de Selincourt. Second  
Edition, revised by Chester L. Shaver,  
(Oxford, 1967).
- M.Y.            Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth:  
1812--1820, ed. E. de Selincourt. Second  
Edition, revised by Mary Moorman and A.G.  
Hill, (Oxford, 1970).
- P.W.            The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.  
Second Edition, ed. by E. de Selincourt  
and Helen Darbishire. 5 vols. (Oxford:  
Clarendon Press, 1967).

## Chapter 1: Pastoral in Lyrical Ballads and Poems to 1807

The subject of Wordsworth as a pastoral poet has not, I believe, been taken seriously by modern critics, and I am not sure whether this is due to the fact that it seemed too obvious a question to need study, too large and complicated a matter to encourage it, or too boring a labour to attract it. Two studies of 1920<sup>1</sup> seem to be the last which considered the question seriously and the results therefrom may have inhibited other scholars from pursuing the same line of enquiry.

### I Two Studies of 1920

E.C. Knowlton follows Wordsworth so zealously in his reaction to pastoral as written by Pope and Gay that he tends to be overly reductive about what pastoral can and should be. He states quite bluntly that "Michael is a true pastoral. By life-long care of sheep on English hills, an old man Michael had acquired a fair property to leave to his son Luke...."<sup>2</sup> From there he proceeds to outline the story, suggesting that "true" pastoral is the realistic description of an actual shepherd. He next goes on to suggest that Wordsworth did not want to write conventional pastoral anyway: "with respect to pastoral, he determined two items of special interest to him. First, the form had been associated with the treatment of both nature and the life of simple folk. Yet, secondly, it

had been often injured by conventionalism and lack of originality, the very faults that he desired keenly to combat and to eliminate from poetry."<sup>3</sup> He later points out that Wordsworth refrained from writing on the theme of unrequited love, a theme which Theocritus and Virgil relied upon heavily:

"Wordsworth wished neither to be a dull imitator nor to portray deeds of violence. When he composed Michael, he departed from two conspicuous conventions of the type. He did not treat a love affair and did not retain the contest of shepherds about love, about town and country, or about skill in music. By dismissing those themes, he could the better deal with pastoral in accordance with his general theories of poetry."<sup>4</sup> After more description of the details of the poem, he is satisfied to sum up that "Michael as a poem is thus reducible to the simple presentation of a real man. Yet no such character had appeared in pastoral before.... The conventions of pseudo-paganism and the literary purpose and artifice of certain work of classical antiquity were inadequate for the introduction of a real man."<sup>5</sup> Earlier, in a footnote,<sup>6</sup> he also excludes from his idea of pastoral most of the other genres of the tradition that could possibly have any claim to be called pastoral.

Because Knowlton simply asserts that Michael is a "true" pastoral and that it is the representation of a "real" man without giving us much idea as to what he means by these terms, it is difficult to avoid taking them as value judgments

which clarify nothing but his own feeling for Wordsworth's example. For instance, does one attempt a definition of true pastoral in relation to Theocritus, say, or Virgil, and is a real man something that Theocritus did not depict in any of his idylls, and so on? Is a Theocritean shepherd or rustic less real than a Wordsworthian one, and why? Secondly, in being so reductive and excluding so many works considered as part of the pastoral tradition, is Knowlton not merely trying to gain his point by suppressing most of the evidence? Probably no one would disagree with him that Michael is a pastoral poem but not solely on the grounds that in it Wordsworth has given us "homely details" of domestic life or that his country folk are found to have "hearts as sensitive as those of people in high places."

F.N. Broughton's study on the other hand is longer and more confused, although he makes a few pertinent points about the nature of Wordsworth's pastoral despite his own very strong biases and contradictions. One of the evidences of the strain in his argument is his need to keep re-defining what his purpose is in writing it. At the beginning, it is "to assert the place of Wordsworth among pastoral poets by comparing his work with that of the undisputed master,"<sup>7</sup> that is, Theocritus, whom he, in fact, disputes quite strongly on a number of points. A little later, it is "to keep in mind the function of pastoral poetry"--which he never does clearly formulate--"and the material which it employs; to show that



there is nothing in Sicilian landscape and life that makes them alone fit material for pastoral poetry...; to prove that after all..., the great difference between the pastorals of Theocritus and those of Wordsworth is a difference in local colouring, not in function, not in style, not in literary type."<sup>8</sup> Actually, as we shall see, Wordsworth's poems are very different in function and in style from those of Theocritus. Once more early in the book, similar to the fashion of Knowlton, he sees Wordsworth as returning to the "true pastoral source and spirit" and, since Wordsworth has done this, "his works must embody the theory of true pastoral."<sup>9</sup> One has simply to wait to understand what "true" pastoral or the "function" of pastoral is. Once more, in the middle of the book, Broughton rephrases his effort: "One purpose of this study is to show that Wordsworth is not a pastoral poet by convention, merely following in his predecessor's tracks...; but that he is a pastoral poet by going back to the original source of the pastoral, by fixing his eye intently on his subject, and by portraying in England what he saw there, and not by portraying in England what tradition had handed down from Sicily...."<sup>10</sup> From all this, one gathers that Broughton's main purpose is to demonstrate, by a comparison with Theocritus's poems or idylls, that Wordsworth's poems are "true" pastorals based on what is truly pastoral in Theocritus, rejecting everything connected with the pastoral convention of the Renaissance and the writers of ec-

logues in that tradition. The disparity, however, between his attempt to relate Wordsworth to Theocritus and the facts-- which, out of honesty, he is forced to keep repeating--causes his argument to be continually frustrated. He himself, in many instances, points up the differences.

After noting that sexual love is a major theme of Theocritus's poems, Broughton states: "Love treated as a mere animal passion will not be found in the poems of Wordsworth."<sup>11</sup> He dismisses this difference weakly by saying that "Wordsworth believed that it was the duty of a great poet to raise his readers to his level and not to descend to theirs,"<sup>12</sup> thus confusing, in good Calvinistic fashion, sex with morality and also giving Theocritus a condescending look at the same time that he purports to admire him. While he sees and commends the sparkling humour in Theocritus, he excuses Wordsworth: "The still sad music of humanity sounded so clearly to Wordsworth that he failed to hear the equally sweet and charming strain of the glad music of humanity. To say that humour is essential to pastoral poetry is more than can be maintained...."<sup>13</sup> While he thinks that the antithesis between country and city is a part of Wordsworth's pastoral, he finds little evidence of it in Theocritus.<sup>14</sup> He suggests that Wordsworth's going back to the delights of childhood is related to the pastoral theme of the golden age,<sup>15</sup> yet Wordsworth's idealization of the childhood state is totally un-Theocritean. Broughton also makes an issue out of

statistics which show that Theocritus used images of goats and cattle more than sheep while Wordsworth speaks almost entirely of sheep. He connects this with the Christian influence in Renaissance and later pastoral,<sup>16</sup> the sheep image gaining by its connection with Christ, The Good Shepherd, and the goat image gradually taking on a "sinful" connotation. Again, it is the Christian influence on Milton and Wordsworth which leads them to talk of immortality or intimations of immortality in their pastoral, while, as Broughton states, "we look in vain in Theocritus for any declaration of a belief in immortality."<sup>17</sup>

While trying to get at the common source of the pastoral of both Theocritus and Wordsworth by way of elimination of their clear-cut differences, Broughton, nevertheless, is hindered in this by being at emotional odds with Theocritus. For all his verbal praise of the ancient poet as the real source of pastoral poetry, he cannot keep his contempt and dislike of Theocritus from appearing through the facade. Sometimes this dislike reveals itself in sexual prudishness: "In the idyls of Theocritus the theme of love is almost constantly before us, varying from mere sensuality and animal passion..."; "...the wooing of Daphnis in Idyl 27 is a love theme, giving way in the end to mere sensuality." He also casts a slur upon the intelligence of his rustics: "The rustics of Theocritus, possessing tranquillity of mind and freedom from abject toil, enjoyed the pleasures of the coun-

try in proportion to their intellectuality."<sup>18</sup> He infers, of course, that they enjoyed it only in a sensual swinish way. In speaking about "Gehol's matchless gardens" in contrast to the pastoral vales of Cumberland in Book VIII of The Prelude, Broughton comments: "The slaves of the Orient worked blindly without purpose in Gehol's matchless gardens; they saw, not beauty, but unremitting toil, fruitless labour, a world which they had helped to create, but of which they owned no part. Again, something more is needed to complete the pastoral ideal than a shepherd piping in endless ease beneath shade which he is too lazy to enjoy, surrounded by sheep which never stray, and by loves that are always kind."<sup>19</sup> In other words, Theocritus's kind of shepherds do not really enjoy nature because they are not economically independent and also because they are lazy and sensual, not fond of work and not striving for social equality or spiritual enlightenment or money.

He lets it be known emphatically that his criticism of traditional pastoral, including Theocritus, is motivated by a strong moral and ideological bias rather than the result of careful aesthetic appreciation or intellectual understanding: "Shepherds of the type of Corydon, unworthy of the beauty and comfort which they enjoyed, without an aim or purpose in life, drew from Wordsworth the contempt they deserved, and were to him but waxen images which man had made and adored."<sup>20</sup> This is stepping beyond the bounds of criticism

into homily.

Despite the confusion, Broughton manages to hold onto several good ideas about the nature of Wordsworthian pastoral. During a large part of his study, he refers to the function of Wordsworth's pastoral without being clear about what it is. From the overall picture, we discover that protesting against social evils is one of them.<sup>21</sup> Wordsworth's letter to the Whig parliamentarian, Charles James Fox,<sup>22</sup> on this subject would seem to support this. We also must recall a section of the Preface to The Excursion which bears directly on the question of function in pastoral as well as function in Wordsworth's poetry as a whole:

Not Chaos, not  
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out  
 By help of dreams--can breed such fear and awe  
 As fall upon us often when we look  
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man --  
 My haunt, and the main region of my song.  
 --Beauty--a living Presence of the earth,  
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms  
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed  
 From earth's materials--waits upon my steps;  
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,  
 An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves  
 Elysian, Fortunate Fields--like those of old  
 Sought in the Atlantic Main--why should they be  
 A history only of departed things,  
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?....  
 --Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
 Must turn elsewhere--to travel near the tribes  
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights  
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed;  
 Must hear Humanity in fields and groves  
 Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang  
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm  
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore  
 Within the walls of cities--....<sup>23</sup>

Wordsworth, it seems to me, is saying that pastoral or the message of pastoral should be moving out into the arena of public life, should be a social gospel, and not just "a history...of departed things,/ Or a mere fiction of what never was." Not only that, but he must "forego"--with the idea of giving up as a duty something pleasant--these "grateful haunts" of traditional pastoral and turn down into the darkness and bleak caverns of the mind where suffering and travail are known but hidden, of the untold or unwritten struggles of the people, in factories, in cities, or in the country where he "must hear Humanity in fields and groves/ Pipe (italics mine) solitary anguish."

This word "pipe" has powerful pastoral implications here, for into it Wordsworth compresses his contempt for the eighteenth-century pastoral effort with its swains and flocks, enamelled lawns, and cooling glades; with that one word he metaphorically blows up the whole world of pastoral rusticity as a game played by the upper classes. It is a small word to contain the force of such ironical implications, the revolutionary force of the divergent views of leisured aristocracy and suffering common man. The normal associations of the word "piping" or the amoebaeian piping contests of traditional shepherds are happy and idyllic, connoting harmonies of music and art in a timeless untroubled world of immortality, in a world where Keats's "happy melodist" is "forever piping songs forever new." When we realize that the

"piping" here is of fierce sorrow and pain of suffering humanity in the hell of smoking factories and cold unlighted tenements of industrial towns, the contrast is dramatic and the nature and locus of Wordsworthian pastoral is most clearly indicated.

Keats has learned his lesson well and he signals his respect for the older poet by using the same kind of device for these powerful effects. His "happy melodist" on the urn is to be immediately contrasted with the sick and troubled viewer of "a burning forehead and a parching tongue." In Ode to a Nightingale, as well, the happy pastoral people are drinking wine with "purple-stained mouth" only to have the image of consumption-ridden wretches--Keats himself and his brother--follow closely after, with the implication that they also have purple-stained mouths, that is, they are blood-spitting terminal consumptives.

The function of Wordsworth's pastoral poetry therefore--and all his poetry, one supposes--is now to be that of social protest, social correction, in the vein of Milton and the Christian social gospel. We need as well to recall that Blake, Cowper, and Smart were also writing poetry in a similar vein, mostly with more strident and crazed tones than that of Wordsworth's. Blake's Jerusalem was felt perhaps to be more socially realizable than we would think now. It seems that many of the Romantic poets, Wordsworth for a time included, actually believed that poetry could radically

affect life; this is one of the confusions about the Romantics that always strikes one--they never knew where art stopped and life began, or at least they confused, like the Jews towards the end of the Old Testament, the spiritual kingdom with the political one. Broughton is relevant here when he speaks once more about the function of pastoral and its connections with the new Jerusalem of Revelation : "...if the function of pastoral is to sharpen the regret for a paradise lost, increase the longing for a paradise to be regained and the sighing for the advent of a golden age, then pastoral literature deals with humanity and with desires that differ as widely as human nature."<sup>24</sup> While the mixing and confusing of art and life, the projecting of the ideal out onto nature trying to change her for good or for bad rather than merely holding up the mirror to her, is very un-Theocritean or even un-Keatsian, yet it is very much a Romantic and perhaps Protestant preoccupation and concern.

Another idea which Broughton keeps hold of is the fact that there is such a thing as a pastoral spirit or feeling exclusive of the trappings of conventional pastoral or ideas about it: "The pastoral spirit or feeling, in spite of the persistence of the amoebaeon singing-match, has appeared in all types of literature, as for example, in the elegy, idyl, and drama, in didactic poems, satire, etc. Its history therefore in its larger phases corresponds to that of liter-



ature as a whole."<sup>25</sup> He also suggests, from his understanding of Wordsworth, that "pastoral poetry is to be recognized by its language and function, and not by the characteristics of any particular type of poetry. Were pastoral a type of poetry, its analysis would be a far simpler problem than it now is."<sup>26</sup> What we have here implicit in all of these quotations is that pastoral, or Wordsworth's pastoral, is a spirit and feeling for the common man, urban or rustic, a social protest or movement for his betterment and happiness, and that it has no conventional forms in the sense that classic theory had particular genres for particular subject matters: low or rustic requiring pastoral eclogue or variations, middle requiring lyric or comedy, high requiring drama or epic, and so on.

In discussing Wordsworth's theory of poetic language in the Preface of 1800, W.J.B. Owen notes a similar aspect of this problem:

Apart from the question of its permanence, this language risks failure more often than some others. For success, as poets in the classical tradition, especially, well knew, depends upon the nice adjustment of style to subject-matter, and Wordsworth's theory allows the poet the minimum range of styles. This limitation seems inevitable when the theorist sets out to define, not styles congruous with various subject-matters, but one "language" which shall be the language of all poetry.<sup>27</sup>

In the sense that Broughton is speaking of pastoral spirit, it would correspond with the "one language" that Wordsworth is advocating and would be capable of filling or infusing all forms. Broughton suggests that even parts of The Prelude

ought to be called pastoral: "It is to be noted that Books 8--11 of The Prelude evince a marked pastoral tendency, teeming with pastoral sentiment, allusion, and theory, and culminating in the passage in Book 11, mentioned above. The reason for a pastoral inclination by Wordsworth at this time is, in part, not far to seek. The "Friend," to whom the passage is addressed is, of course, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who sailed for Malta, and eventually for Sicily, on April 2, 1804."<sup>28</sup> Not only The Prelude--and not just Books 8 to 11--but many other of the poems are decidedly pastoral in tendency, and this tendency in Wordsworth's poetry to level all to pastoral causes some confusion from a genre-oriented approach as I think most students of his experience at one time or another.

## II 'Egotistical Sublime' and 'Palpable Design'

The levelling tendency of Wordsworth's pastoral spirit aside, for the moment, it is necessary to point out, apart from the differences which Broughton clearly brings out himself, two further major points at which Theocritus and Wordsworth are worlds apart, and it is at these two points that Wordsworth's contemporaries have focused their critical gaze. Keats's discussion of the egotistical sublime from his letter to Woodhouse is relevant here:

As to the poetical Character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am any thing, I am a Member; that sort distinguished from the wordsworthian or egotistical sublime; which is a thing per se and stands alone) it is not itself--it has no self--it is every thing and nothing--It has no character--it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated--It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelion Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one; because they both end in speculation. A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence; because he has no Identity--he is continually informing--and filling some other Body--The Sun, the Moon, the Sea and Men and Women who are creatures of impulse are poetical and have about them an unchangeable attribute--the poet has none; no identity--he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's Creatures.<sup>29</sup>

The description of the "poetical character" is equally applicable to Theocritus as it is to Keats and Shakespeare. In the bucolic poems of the Greek one recognizes an objectivity in which the poet has completely dissolved himself so that he is able to enter into the spirit of a playful young shepherd on the hills, or a jilted young girl casting spells to get her lover back, or middle-aged housewives talking about the tapestries at the Adonis festival in Alexandria, or any other number of characters, with a comprehensiveness and freedom that understands and knows this one's joy or that one's suffering, this nobility or that crudity, without smile or frown, contempt or worship, as a camelion passing through a landscape. This is of course the sine qua non of all great dramatic writing, to be able to be inside any given character at any given

time, to be able to shed the ego prejudices in order to do so.

Coleridge makes the same point from another angle at least twice in Table Talk<sup>30</sup> when he speaks of Wordsworth's "proper title" as spectator ab extra. The one thing Wordsworth and Goethe have in common, he says, is "this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators ab extra,--feeling for, but never with, their characters...." However else one might describe it, Wordsworth's ego is always in the poem, catching the character, the scene, the incident, in a brooding sombre Calvinistic light only lifted momentarily when he can forget his moral and social preoccupations. In other words, there is always the tendency in Wordsworth, when it is not overcome by sheer imaginative vision, to allow the judgment of the ego to have control of his poetic dramas. He cannot be his shepherds, his vagabonds, his urchins, because perhaps he cannot approve of their gaiety, their garrulity, their promiscuity, their human weaknesses, and like a social worker he is too busy taking notes about their condition to catch them in all their humanity, sees it as his duty to help them and raise them in the economic scale rather than to accept them and contemplate them sub specie naturae. He is not unfeeling, but he thinks he knows what is best for them.

I believe that this is also the basic impression one gets from reading Canon Rawnsley's reminiscences<sup>31</sup> where

Wordsworth is often described as "ugly-faaced," or "what you might ca' an ugly man," or a "man as hed nea pleasure in his faace." The reports of his other traits as the squire of Rydal Mount are just as humanly uninviting: he was unpopular-- "we woz noan of us very fond on 'im"; unsociable--"I nivver seed him at t' feasts, or wrestling, he hadn't owt of Christopher Wilson in him"; not fond of the neighbouring children-- "he nivver cared for childer"--although the girl who was model for the character in The Pet Lamb said that "Mr. Wordsworth often spoke to me, and patted my head when I was a child"; not much of a sportsman: although a good skater, "he hedn't a bit o' fish in him, hedn't Wudsworth"; taciturn: "He was not a man as fwoaks could crack wi', nor not a man as could crack wi' fwoaks"; terrifying voice: "but thear was anudder thing as kep' fwoaks off, he hed a terr'ble girt deep voice...."

Although Rawnsley keeps making apologies for the dialect words, suggesting that they do not mean as pejoratively as they sound, I think no one can deny that the total impression of all the accounts of him is one of gloominess, unsociability, lean-living, parsimony. These people are basically Calvinistic and next door to Covenanter country. Apart from the peasants' avowals of dislike, or at most distant respect, for Wordsworth, they also reveal it in the grudging references to him as "Wudsworth" or "Mr. Wudsworth" while, in contrast, they show a warm feeling for Hartley Coleridge by

the way in which they continually refer to him as "li'le Hartley," fondly repeating the diminutive. Although Hartley was a bit of a ne'er-do-well and a drunk, he at least appeared to the dalesmen as someone they could recognize as human, unlike the cold distant poet.<sup>32</sup> While one cannot say with any certainty that Theocritus was popular with his shepherds and goatherds, certainly his art does not suggest anything so cold and cramped and humourless.

Apart from this lack of the "poetical character" in Wordsworth, there is always a kind of propagandistic approach in the poetry--related, one feels, to the same kind of propaganda in Milton--which Wordsworthians like Broughton are forever holding up to notice for our approval, the kind of approach that Keats must have had in mind when he said that we dislike poetry that has a "palpable design" upon us. Broughton sometimes notices this when he refers to Wordsworth's concern over the "decay of the domestic affections among the lower orders of society" due to industrialization and the high cost of living: "To protest against such evils Wordsworth wrote his two longest pastoral poems..., namely, The Brothers and Michael."<sup>33</sup> Sometimes, Broughton becomes almost absurdly transcendentalist in relation to Wordsworth, in the fashion of Walt Whitman or Tennyson, when he generalizes that "in this upward mental and physical fight for supremacy over the world in which he is placed, man has

clearly shown his divinity as a race...."34 The irony of this being written or completed in 1913 just before the holocaust! One reason why we like Theocritus surely is that he has only art in mind and is not grabbing at our lapels or using us as a captive audience.

### III Pastoral Spirit and Pastoral Genre

Wordsworth's inconsistency or irregularity in labelling or classifying his poems is closely related to the pastoral spirit--noted at the end of the first section of this chapter--the spirit which is also at the back of some of the specious theorizing in the Preface of 1800. His own pronouncements on pastoral poetry<sup>35</sup> do not really clarify what he means by pastoral but merely indicate the nature of the spirit of his muse--a rather stern and protesting one. It was possibly not so much that he could not be bothered classifying his own poetry but moreso that the strength of his anima or muse positively made it impossible for him to do so. How can a man, so filled as he is with a mission that he is going to pass by unalarmed "Jehovah--with his thunder, and the choir/ Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones" or "the darkest pit of lowest Erebus," have the energy left or time to pay attention to such trivial matters as the classic forms of lyric, ode, tragedy, epic, and so on? He half-heartedly plays with these labels when he calls Michael

a "pastoral poem" and Repentance a "pastoral ballad," but why isn't The Last of the Flock or The Brothers<sup>36</sup> called "pastoral" something? Why isn't The Waggoner or Peter Bell called "pastoral narrative" or "pastoral comedy" and why isn't The Borderers called "pastoral drama"? They could just as easily be labelled "pastoral" as those that are. The Prelude itself, with its numerous shepherds and humble folk, its pastoral settings, social protests, its references to paradises and Arcadias of meditation and healing, its inclusion of love trysts and stories of unrequited love such as Vaudracour and Julia, could quite easily be called "pastoral epic."<sup>37</sup>

Is it not true that Wordsworth wrote almost nothing but pastoral, in the sense at least which it is gradually assuming from discussion of his work, and that his muse would not let him do otherwise? Hazlitt suggests that he was carried along by the social movements of the time and that his muse was a "levelling one":

It is one of the innovations of the time. It partakes of, and is carried along with, the revolutionary movement of our age: the political changes of the day were the model on which he formed and conducted his poetical experiments. His Muse (it cannot be denied, and without this we cannot explain its character at all) is a levelling one. It proceeds on a principle of equality, and strives to reduce all things to the same standard. It is distinguished by a proud humility. It relies upon its own resources, and disdains external show and relief. It takes the commonest events and objects, as a test to prove that nature is always interesting from its inherent truth and beauty,



without any of the ornaments of dress or pomp of circumstances to set it off. Hence the unaccountable mixture of seeming simplicity and real abstruseness in the Lyrical Ballads. Fools have laughed at, wise men scarcely understand them. He takes a subject or a story merely as pegs or loops to hang thought and feeling on; the incidents are trifling, in proportion to his contempt for imposing appearances; the reflections are profound, according to the gravity and the aspiring pretensions of his mind.

His popular, inartificial style gets rid (at a blow) of all the trappings of verse, of all the high places of poetry.... All the traditions of learning, all the superstitions of age, are obliterated and effaced. We begin de novo, on a tabula rasa of poetry....The author tramples on the pride of art with greater pride. The Ode and the Epode, the Strophe and the Antistrophe, he laughs to scorn. The harp of Homer, the trump of Pindar and of Alcaeus are still.<sup>38</sup>

It seems that Hazlitt is right in suggesting social causes for Wordsworth's criteria of genres<sup>39</sup> or confusion of genres, and this would appear to fit in both with his practice in Lyrical Ballads--what for instance is the difference between a "lyrical" ballad and a "pastoral" ballad?--of 1798, with its female vagrants, convicts, mad mothers, and idiot boys, and with the manifesto in the 1800 Preface:

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condit-

ion, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.<sup>40</sup>

This passage, on the surface coolly reasoned in good eighteenth-century style to modern ears, but difficult to understand if followed logically, is fairly bristling with the pastoral social message that the common man or the natural man is the subject of poetry from now on. And while he is not the only one<sup>41</sup> writing lyrics on the subject of old men with swollen feet and abandoned mothers, odes celebrating children or the pastoral ideals of service and duty, it is novel that he should try to make a complete poetic theory out of it.

With such a standing on its head of the traditional theory of genres, it becomes easy to understand the preoccupation of Wordsworth<sup>42</sup> and Coleridge<sup>43</sup> with the expectations, reactions, and perplexities of the usual classes of poetry readers. Coleridge tries to explain in retrospect the feelings of readers and critics and to clarify the point of their opposition:

In the critical remarks, therefore, prefixed and annexed to the Lyrical Ballads, I believe that we may safely rest as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have been since doomed to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory. What in and for themselves would have been either forgotten or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems, admitted by all as excellent, joined with those which had pleased the far greater number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed (as in all right they should have been, even if we take for granted that the reader judged aright) an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems and the poet. In all perplexity there is a portion of fear which predisposes the mind to anger. Not able to deny that the author possessed both genius and a powerful intellect, they felt very positive, but were not quite certain, that he might not be in the right and they themselves in the wrong; an unquiet state of mind, which seeks alleviation by quarrelling with the occasion of it, and by wondering at the perverseness of the man who had written a long and argumentative essay to persuade them that

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

in other words, that they had been all their lives admiring without judgement, and were now about to censure without reason.<sup>44</sup>

If the spirit of pastoral had thus shot up and was burgeoning forth so vigorously as to confuse the outlines of all the traditional and properly bounded and labelled gardens of poetry, one can to some degree understand if not totally sympathize with the anger and dismay of these readers. Speaking of his visit with Coleridge to Alfoxden where he first read some of the poems out of Lyrical Ballads, and where he

first felt the power of Wordsworth's pathos as Coleridge read The Thorn, The Mad Mother, and The Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman, Hazlitt describes his reactions in the same pastoral imagery: "...the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring...."<sup>45</sup>

Although Hazlitt was favourably moved, many readers--perhaps Jeffrey among them--were not pleased to have the soil of their sensibilities upheaved in this way. Henry Crabb Robinson, in reporting a conversation of Samuel Rogers with Wordsworth, gives us another contemporary view of the opposition to the new style: "If you wd. let me edit your poems & give me leave to omit some half dozen & make a few trifling alterations, I wd. engage you shd. be as popular a poet as any living," & that W. answered: 'I am much obliged to you Mr. Rogers; I am a poor man but I wd. rather remain as I am.'<sup>46</sup> Assuming that this conversation is accurately reported, a certain wry humour is evoked by the irony of the situation: the urbane decorous and somewhat cynical world of the eighteenth century, of Bishop Butler, of Pope, Reynolds, and Burke, with its ordered antithetical prose and cool objective gaze at the world, its dislike of enthusiasm, suggesting that the new pastoral goddess--Liberty-Equality-Fraternity--have her hair dressed and powdered again and her

shoes put back on.

IV The Fell-Side Tragedies: Wars of the Olympians and Titans

But if part of Wordsworth's pastoral inspiration stems from contemporary political<sup>47</sup> and social movements and ideas, it is difficult to say exactly whence the more conservative and traditional element of it derives unless it is his early experience of shepherds and the shepherds' life in the Lake District. I think the source of it is not Theocritean and Wordsworth himself seems to say as much in Book VIII of the 1805 Prelude:

And shepherds were the men who pleas'd me first.  
 Not such as in Arcadian Fastnesses  
 Sequester'd, handed down among themselves,  
 So ancient Poets sing, the golden Age;  
 Nor such, a second Race, allied to these,  
 As Shakespeare in the Wood of Arden plac'd  
 Where Phoebe sigh'd for the false Ganymede,  
 Or there where Florizel and Perdita  
 Together danc'd, Queen of the Feast and King;  
 Nor such as Spenser fabled. (ll. 182--191)<sup>48</sup>

It was rather his childhood experiences with the dalesmen that took hold of his imagination, the men of manners

severe and unadorn'd,  
 The unluxuriant produce of a life  
 Intent on little but substantial needs,  
 Yet beautiful, and beauty that was felt.  
 But images of danger and distress,  
 And suffering, these took deepest hold of me,  
 Man suffering among awful Powers, and Forms;  
 Of this I heard and saw enough to make  
 The imagination restless; nor was free  
 Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales  
 Wanting, the tragedies of former times,  
 Of hazards and escapes.... (ll. 207--218)

This passage would seem to be accurately describing in germ the situations in such poems as Michael, The Brothers, Lucy Gray, The Thorn, The Last of the Flock, The Oak and the Broom, Repentance, The Idle Shepherd-Boys, The Pet Lamb, and also "The Matron's Tale," from The Prelude VIII.222--311, about the young shepherd going after a lost sheep, himself getting lost, and being rescued finally from a stream by the outstretching of his shepherd-father's crook. All of these are written in the period 1798 to 1800 and most are specifically labelled pastoral. These are all poems of shepherds or shepherd-folk, of manners "severe and unadorn'd," of lives "intent on little but substantial needs," tales "with images of danger and distress" and not wanting "the tragedies of former times." The passage also describes the poet's inimitable perception or intimation of the spiritual by way of the sensual: "Of this I heard and saw enough to make/ The imagination restless."

It would seem, then, that Wordsworth had a special use for the word "pastoral" which referred only to a specific geographical location, namely, the fell-sides of Cumberland and Westmorland. This special use, it seems as well, would only cover shepherds or shepherd-folk and not just any kind of vagrant, workman, or urchin. In this special sense, also, there must be a story ending in tragedy on the fell-side, a story which due to some kind of inexorably working fate, brought on seemingly by a break in the covenant with the land

and flocks or the local traditions of the people, reduces the victim to death or destitution,<sup>the</sup> said fate evoking not tragic catharsis but pathos in its readers. Of course, The Idle Shepherd-Boys and "The Matron's Tale" are only mock or near fell-side tragedies. In two of them, Lucy Gray and The Thorn, there is also the element of the supernatural, while in The Brothers the sleep-walking incident has a similar nature.

In effect, however, these characteristics are not at all what anyone would traditionally have associated with pastoral. The tragic story, unrolled with a kind of episodic and increasingly ironic development, resembles the workings of fate, the hero or heroine guilty of some kind of breach of trust with the land or the community, the result of the conflict between awareness of human weakness or accident and unchangeable taboos or social customs producing pathos in the reader, the element of the supernatural, all of these are elements of the ballad as represented by Percy's Reliques or Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Apart from the fact that these stories are solely of shepherd folk on the fells of the Lake District, it is the ballad element which dominates them. The old ballad, like a classic tragedy, is built upon the idea of fate, each turn in the drama working out inevitably from the one before until the catastrophe occurs.

One does feel something of this in Lucy Gray where

the heroine is described in terms of a stray flower--"the sweetest thing that ever grew/ Beside a human door!"--or a stray animal--"Not blither is the mountain roe." While the images identified with Lucy are beautiful, they are all the more sinister for that. Why, unless she is destined for the sacrifice, would a child with parents be described--beside a human door, rather than in a human house--in such an unearthly and inhuman way? The gods are always adorned with flowers prior to the sacrifice. It is, of course, exactly the same way in which all the Lucys are handled.

Lucy Gray, then, hears the striking of the minster-clock and sees the moon. Apparently the spiritual, communicating via the world of eye and ear, is sometimes death-signifying as well as life-promising. That old devil moon, not, as in the popular song of the same name, a devil because it creates the illusion and enchantment by which a man falls in love, is a sign of disaster, written in the heavens--"the speaking face of earth and heaven"--in good ballad fashion so that no one will misunderstand. The ballad Sir Patrick Spence uses this device, and Coleridge has taken it over in his own Dejection: An Ode. But Wordsworth has himself used it roughly about the same time as Lucy Gray in Strange Fits of Passion. There, the connection between Lucy and the moon is maintained in the speaker's consciousness, and the sinking and final dropping of the moon beneath the horizon is tanta-



mount to Lucy's imagined drooping and dying, the moon thus being used as a marker of inexorable fate.

The appearance of the moon at two o'clock in the afternoon is made even more ominous when contrasted with Lucy's naive optimism:

"Tis scarcely afternoon--  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!"

The ominousness is further emphasized by the father's action and silence:

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band;  
He plied his work....

Lucy's setting off for town is even worse in its pathetic unawareness:

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The whole situation is as apparent--as good ballad always is--as that of the little girl who said "Goody goody gum-drop!" as she eagerly swallowed the shiny purple arsenic lozenges. The rest of the poem maintains this mood of inexorability by the device of the "wretched parents"--we do not know if they are "wretched" because they are sorry for her loss or whether they are simply bad parents--following her footsteps in the snow until the last one is reached--"and further there were none!"

The Thorn and The Last of the Flock also have something of these repeated knocks of fate sounding intermittently in them, especially the latter where the distraught shepherd recounts the gradual dwindling of his flock--the motif of "Ten Little Indians"<sup>49</sup>--until at the end he is taking the very last one to market. I suppose one could make a case for the same thing in The Brothers where the interest lies for the reader not only in Leonard's ignorance of his brother's death--even though the reader knows because it is written on the turf of the graveyard--and the suspense caused by this fact being withheld from him by the priest but also that this information is withheld from him exactly because the priest is not aware that the man, whom he earlier peevishly mistook for a tourist, is James's long lost brother, a former dalesman. These cross purposes are not worked out until the whole story has been narrated by the priest.

The tragic story of James Ewbank again produces pathos rather than tragic catharsis since the falling over a cliff in a somnambulistic trance and being found dead some time later is not more than a natural accident, like finding a dead sheep after a storm, to which in fact it is compared when the priest, early in the poem, speaks about two springs that bubbled side by side on the mountain, one hit by lightning and so disappearing. Again, in the ballad style, we have James's death written on the cliff-side, nature oblig-

ingly letting us know that she is about to strike again at the flock. The final revelation causes Leonard to weep, to give up thought of returning permanently to the pastoral vale; the covenant has been broken and he becomes a "grey-headed Mariner," rimed (frosted with hoar frost) as well as rhymed in the style of Coleridge's *Ancyent Marinere*. He has become a stock romantic-wanderer type, a Cain, an Ahab, or, like Coleridge's Mariner, he perhaps in his old age would be seen clutching at some busy members of society trying to tell them his story and hold them with the "glittering eye" of his suffering.

If, in what I said earlier while discussing Broughton's study, I was correct in deciding that Wordsworth's pastoral poetry is not strongly inspired by the tradition of Theocritus, what of the other tradition of our culture, the Christian pastoral tradition with its source in the Scriptures? Whether or not Wordsworth himself was a Christian, conscious or unconscious, in these years of the ballads and The Prelude of 1805, many of the characters of the fell-sides are portrayed as being at least ostensible Christians with Christian habits and Christian characteristics. Whether or not one considers James Ewbank's behaviour and death as Christian--for instance, might it after all have been suicide?--or whether Leonard's refusal to come back and settle in the traditional vale is viewed as stubbornly or romantically

pagan, the Christian trappings of the dale life are evident in the good priest of Ennerdale's living as he calls upon heaven to preserve him from the tourists--sons of Idleness!-- and helps his wife and child to card the wool. He obviously does his duties as a pastor and he states that at least earlier in their lives the brothers were devout church-goers<sup>50</sup>:

Never did worthier lads break English bread;  
The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw,  
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,  
Could never keep those boys away from church,  
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.

The fact that the boys resist the tempting alternatives-- "mealy clusters of ripe nuts"--in preferring the priest's no doubt homely homilies suggests a quite powerful devotion to the spiritual, a devotion that the boy in Nutting was unable to maintain as he eyed the virgin and sensuously enticing scene.

In Michael as well the same indications of pious and Christian life are presented. Michael and Isabel are never represented as going to church but their lives are of piety and faith, toiling "in the open sunshine of God's love." And although they work continuously from sun-up to sun-down, and perhaps later under the light of the lamp, the eve of Luke's departure they are likened to people who sit "round a Christmas fire." But it is frequently in the larger sense of suggestion and connotation rather than in direct references to Christian convention that one connects these people

to Biblical pastoral tradition. Michael is like an Old Testament patriarch in many ways with his flocks and his late-born son whom he loves with an "exceeding" love, having also done the female type of services--changing diapers and hushing him to sleep?--for Luke as he later was to do the male ones as teacher and companion on the fells:

For often-times  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced  
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked  
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

(ll. 152--158)

The lands which he has to give up are very intimately bound to him as well--and this reinforces and deepens the tragedy of the loss of Luke--so that the loss is described as a "grievous penalty," these "patrimonial fields" being handed down from father to son since time immemorial.

What I want to observe now is that, however reminiscent of the Old Testament Michael's family may seem or however conventionally Christian after the pattern of the shepherds of Westmorland, the author's point of view is not particularly Christian, in fact it has more of a fatalistic quality<sup>51</sup> like the viewpoint in Lucy Gray, The Last of the Flock, The Thorn, the other Lucy poems, and perhaps The Brothers.

Once more, like the situations of Lucy Gray, Martha Ray, or James Ewbank, Michael's situation is hopeless and

tragic--we are told it from the beginning. If, from the beginning, Lucy Gray's fate is written in the sky, if Martha Ray's fate is written in the thorn tugged down by the mosses like the hopeless struggle of the Titan, Enceladus, if James Ewbank's fate is written on the fell-side by a bolt of lightning as though Prometheus had been welded to his rock forever in the Caucasus by Zeus, Michael's fate is also written in the stones like the fate of Sisyphus. The famous line about Michael, that he

never lifted up a single stone,

reminds one of the despair or hopelessness of Sisyphus contemplating the hill once more up which he must roll the stone without any expectation of gain or progress therefrom, and it is some such allusiveness I think that gives the line its permanence and power.<sup>52</sup> In other words, Michael is an archetypal figure, responding as men have at all times to loss and futility.

And this Sisyphusian fate of Michael's is written in the stones before the story begins. "Nor should I have made mention of this Dell," the narrator says coyly,

But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a stragglng heap of unhewn stones!

(ll. 15--17)

Like classic tragedy itself, it is not the story that matters, everyone always knows what is going to happen to Oedipus or Antigone. It is in the telling of it, with what variations,

subtleties, shades, and colours that he succeeds in investing it in order to make it dramatically effective.

This is probably the most subtle of Wordsworth's pastorals--Resolution and Independence, perhaps, excepted--and seems to be generally recognized as such. He connects it also with the other pastoral tale told in Book VIII of The Prelude when he says that

It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
Whom I already loved.... (ll. 21--24)

Michael is described initially as "stout of heart," keen-minded, with "cheerful spirits" and "vigorous step," and full of love for the hills and the life about him. His wife, Isabel, is described as a woman of "stirring life," and they are all busy and useful. The light that Isabel hangs each night in the window is a kind of "symbol of the life/ That thrifty Pair had lived." It stands for industry, piety, faith, hope, and constancy, among other things:

Early at evening did it burn--and late,  
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,  
Which, going by from year to year, had found,  
And left the couple neither gay perhaps  
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,  
Living a life of eager industry. (ll. 117--122)

This light was famous in its neighbourhood,  
And was a public symbol of the life  
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,  
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
And westward to the village near the lake;

And from this constant light, so regular,  
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.  
 (ll. 129--139)

It is all so pious and Christian and commendable, and so worthy for pointing to as an example of the good life. They exist on little, mind their own business, work hard, live clean and thrifty lives, and even their hopes are not outrageous. Here are no dissolute loafers, no proud triflers, no vain or fickle idlers. There is no hubris here to tempt the gods to envy. The very piety, poverty, thrift, constancy, of them expands enormously the injustice of their fate. Why them! God may see the little sparrow fall but he does not always decide to do anything about it. And although there are connections to be made between the fatalistic treatment in classic tragedy and that of the northern European ballad, these poems may be said to be less classic in terms of the nature of the hero singled out for the sacrifice than modern where the hero may be almost anyone. Baucis and Philemon, the very type of the poor pious tradition-keeping worshippers, are evicted from their home and killed in the last section of Goethe's Faust not because they broke the covenant of the old order but because they refused to break it. Faust, a really keen land developer, is modern in that he projects his evil side onto a being called Mephistopheles and blames him for the tragedy of the old couple so that he can free himself



from guilt and get on with his new building scheme. Wordsworth is modern in this sense also--it is the helpless, decent, and innocuous that get hit, not overweening aristocrats.

There is also the Evening Star with that friendly old light in the window. The evening star is usually associated with Venus, one of the wandering stars, who is also sometimes called the morning star. But Wordsworth does not give the star these connotations of Venetian love such as change and infidelity. In 1802, while visiting France during the threat of invasion, Wordsworth, standing on the French shore looking towards England, calls her "Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the West,/ Star of my Country!" In a kind of good-natured chauvinism, he wishes to identify England with a kind of strength and supernatural power to withstand the dangers from Europe:

There! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory!--I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger here.<sup>53</sup>

Much later, in his old age, he writes a sonnet<sup>54</sup> for Isabel Fenwick because she provided a benign and cheerful influence for him:

The star which comes at close of day to shine  
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,  
Is Friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn  
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign  
Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,  
Doth make the happy happier.

Usually, then, the evening star suggests for Wordsworth things like patriotism, constancy, friendship, hearts of oak, and the like, and this is surely what Michael, with his family and flocks, means:

Thus living on through such a length of years  
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart  
This son of his old age was yet more dear--  
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all--  
Than that a child, more than all other gifts  
That earth can offer to declining man,  
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,  
And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
By tendency of nature needs must fail. (ll.140--150)

This is no mere biological urge or instinct, no mere "fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all," but a truly spiritual love, connected as well with the fields and the stars which are supporting and enduring, always there as good friends; he sees the child for the priceless thing it is, for its value in hope and the future. There is, of course, his awareness of the ambiguity of existence; things that bring hope can also bring inquietude. But this is normal; it is no different or no more out of the way than the fact that the sun shines one day and does not the next, or that, learning the shepherd's trade, Luke is sometimes "something between a hindrance and a help."

There follows a long carefully and intimately described section concerning Luke's growing up with his father. Michael was not merely a mother--doing female service--and a father teaching him the ways of the shepherd but importantly

as well a "companion." This brings in a whole new relationship of love for Michael so that he seems to have regained his youth:

why should I relate  
That objects which the Shepherd loved before  
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came  
Feelings and emanations--things which were  
Light to the sun and music to the wind;  
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?  
(11.198--203)

Once again, we have this deeply held idea of Wordsworth's recurring--as the ideas of great poets do again and again--that the spiritual is reached by way of the senses, the eye and ear--"things which were/ Light to the sun and music to the wind." This is the whole tremendous spiritual quality of Michael's own boyhood brought back to him and being relived in all its wonder and unity and joy.

After all this tremendous build-up of the spiritual relationships between Michael and Isabel, Michael and his land and flocks, Michael and the stars and mists, Michael and his son, who will be the new Michael, the new incarnation of the archetype, there enter tersely and rather casually "unseen misfortunes." It is as though nemesis were introduced in a lawyer's court order. While Michael and his wife continue to exude hope and faith, their optimism is continually undercut either by the remarks of the narrator or by involuntary revelations of themselves. The persona or narrator tells us that

This unlooked-for claim,  
 At the first hearing, for a moment took  
 More hope out of his life than he supposed  
 That any old man ever could have lost (11.217--220);

yet Michael arms himself and decides to sell his "patrimonial fields," and tells Isabel that he has hope. He also forgives his wrong-doer. Isabel too has hopes as she thinks of Richard Bateman, a poor parish-boy, who went forth to the city and, in good Horatio Alger fashion, made good, that is, made money and married the boss's daughter. Michael is again made glad by Isabel's cheerfulness and soon regains his hope, even imagining his loss as a gain:

"Well, Isabel! this scheme  
 These two days has been meat and drink to me.  
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
 --We have enough--I wish indeed that I  
 Were younger;--but this hope is a good hope."  
 (11.274--278)

This repetition of hope, pious hope, catching at anything, starts to remind us of the silly optimism of Lucy Gray as she skips blithely to her death in the snow-storm. It is this obstinate optimism maintained by these protagonists, this unawareness of what is going on while we, the wise readers, know very well, that makes these stories pathetic rather than tragic. It is the obstinacy of dumb animals and their homing instincts.<sup>55</sup>

We are told again that this is only a mirage of hope because Michael is "troubled in his sleep." Isabel has a moment of insight and tells Luke that his going will kill

Michael but, because Luke is too young to understand, Isabel brushes aside her fears and "recovers heart." There follows the pathetic incident of the letter--really nemesis--which Isabel shows to all the neighbours as though it were a gift from heaven. Following this, there is a long passage--perhaps reminding us of the earlier passage describing the intimacies of the relationship between Michael and the growing Luke--in which Michael has a heart-to-heart talk with the departing boy. It would be decidedly wrong to suggest that Michael is here insensitively giving advice in Polonius fashion on how to behave. Yet, to some degree or other, he is putting a kind of weight upon Luke which the boy cannot apparently understand how to handle or bear, for he bursts out in tears. Michael's aim, of course, is to give the boy something to hold by, so that he will know the degree to which he is loved, and the laying of the stone, the covenant, is for the same purpose. In asking Luke to lay the stone, Michael is once more blinded by gleams of hope:

Nay, Boy, be of good hope;--we both may live  
To see a better day. At eighty-four  
I still am strong and hale.... (11.388--390)

While one feels sympathy for the old man, one still has to realize that this is a more deluded hope than ever. Hope and piety are attitudes which have the tendency to make people resigned and accepting and also false to reality. They are as much of a trap as pride and ambition. At least

they are dangerously close to being so, and I believe that this is what non-Christian critics would see as the hubris of humility. Isn't this, after all, what enrages Faust about people like Baucis and Philemon who will not change or give up their ignorance and superstition but continue to live in illusion, and also what enrages the Pharisees about Christ? He is either insufferably proud in his humility or else he is just stupid, they would say.

There is also a further plunge into the depths of hope when Michael interprets Luke's feelings:

Heaven bless thee, Boy!  
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
 With many hopes; it should be so--yes--yes--  
 I knew that thou couldst never have a wish  
 To leave me, Luke; thou hast been bound to me  
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,  
 What will be left to us! (ll.396--402)

Encouraging the boy to have hope and trying to keep a stiff upper lip himself, Michael is inwardly torn by his own hopelessness and cannot even prevent it from coming out in his words. Luke lays the stone and Michael just breaks down and weeps, so heavy is the desperation he feels. Even months after Luke's departure, he is going about "with confident and cheerful thoughts," working at the sheepfold, his covenant with Luke. Luke's failure is then described in a few short lines, "driven at last/ To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas." He becomes another uprooted wanderer like Leonard Ewbank, and like him, or the sheep in "The Matron's Tale,"

his homing instinct<sup>56</sup> is frustrated or rendered useless.

It is Michael, however, who is the centre of interest and it is in him that we meet once again the same ironies of the final turn of the wheel of fate. The persona breaks in again with a comment that

There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
 "Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
 Would overset the brain, or break the heart;  
 I have conversed with more than one who well  
 Remember the old Man, and what he was  
 Years after he had heard this heavy news."  
 (ll.448--453)

Presumably, the literal meaning of the first line in this passage is that, despite the news, Michael can still go on working with the sheep on the land years afterward, that he does not just go to pieces.<sup>57</sup> But to call this "comfort" seems at least worthy of remarking. When we read at the end the insight which wrings out of us the final pathos--"That many and many a day he thither went,/ And never lifted up a single stone"--we do not feel any comfort nor do we feel that Michael had any. The "strength of love," the silent dumb animal strength of a ram or ewe dying to defend its lambs or the fierce longing of a hart to die in home pasture, admirable though it is, is not anything like "comfort."

Jonathan Wordsworth, in relating the plight of Margaret to that of Michael, comments:

In the same way, one is told that Michael did find comfort, that he carried on for years, that he took an active pleasure in his surroundings, and as

before looked after the needs of his sheep and farm. But underneath there are the deeper implications.... Michael's comfort comes from the strength not of love in general, but of the love that is the cause of his suffering. The assertions, "There is a comfort..." "It will make a thing endurable..." imply, though they do not state, the need for comfort, the need to endure.... It is a way of writing that enables Wordsworth to imply the depth of Michael's emotion, while describing the strength of his will....<sup>58</sup>

The paradox that he derives strength from the very love that is causing his suffering--if I interpret the above correctly--may have some validity, but it is a totally sombre paradox and does not really mitigate the fatalistic cast of the whole story. Certainly it is true that he has need for comfort but his need is not met any more than is the need of Margaret or James Ewbank or Martha Ray, or the dying hart.

I think that Oliver Elton has a point in the distinction that he makes between the attitude of the characters and that of the author:

The sorrows of Michael and of the wanderer in The Brothers fall into their place in a large, tranquil, judiciously ordered scheme of things, and are to be read in the light of a hopefulness, which does not rest on such a simple piety as might console the sufferers themselves, but on a sense that such troubles are as recurrent as winter storms or floods;--'and wherefore should we grieve,' since after all they are troubles nobly met? This attitude may not console everybody, but there is no doubt of its value to Wordsworth's art.<sup>59</sup>

Whether they are to be read in the light of a "hopefulness" or just in the light of stoic resignation may be a possible question, but this is nevertheless the viewpoint of the ballad



and these characters are all treated like natural phenomena-- Lucy Gray is a roe, James Ewbank is a mountain spring, Martha Ray is a thorn, Margaret is an abandoned garden, and Michael is a heap of stones. The hart in Hart-leap Well or the lamb in The Pet Lamb are treated with exactly the same degree of solicitude and in the same manner.

My point in emphasizing the fatalism derived from the ballad tradition evident in these poems was not with the purpose in mind of making Wordsworth appear cynical. I think that he merely decided from the beginning that the people of the dales of Cumberland and Westmorland and their lives were most accurately portrayed by the characteristics of the ballad: its basis in natural accident, the fatalistic view from which the accident is seen, the pathos evoked by the struggles of the victim against inexorable natural law, the charm and naïveté of the protagonists, and the element of the supernatural, sometimes represented as the visions or dreams of these simple people. In other words, the ballads, or "pastorals" as he calls them, portray a people living a dangerous and hard-won life, a people with simple abiding virtues derived from close ties with the land and nature, a people with volatile imaginations and a fatalistic viewpoint, all of which characteristics are ones Wordsworth gave to the dalesmen.

## V Biblical Source of Pastoral

In the remainder of this chapter, I feel obliged first to look at some poems other than those of the special group labelled pastoral or those thought to be pastoral to see to what extent they are indebted to Biblical pastoral tradition, and second to decide what are the characteristics of Wordsworth's pastoral poetry in a wider sense than just that of the labelled pastorals of 1798 to 1800 which we have been discussing in the foregoing pages.

In a number of poems, especially after 1805, as well as a few places in The Prelude of 1805, there are references to shepherds in connection with Biblical tradition. The famous passage in Book VIII (ll.390--410) in which, as a "rambling schoolboy," the poet has caught glimpses of the shepherd striding on the fells, magnified in the mists or glorified by the sunset, with "His Sheep like Greenland Bears," or else as a sublime figure for worship set up on some high rock "like an aerial Cross," is not really so much a connection with the Biblical shepherd figure or with Christ as it is another example of the poet's spiritual perception, his idealizing or etherealizing point of view, his pastoral perspective. It is the same faculty that sees the moon and the sea and the voices of waters as the "perfect image of a mighty Mind" on top of Snowdon, and it is under

similar circumstances, after breaking through the mists, that this way of looking or perceiving "flashes" upon him in the company of shepherds. M.H. Abrams speaks of this particular vision as "an epiphany which is described as an epiphenomenon of the mist and the setting sun,"<sup>60</sup> and Stephen Parrish says that "in all these aspects the shepherd represented man "ennobled," "exalted," "purified" by the imagination," and that "it was this image of man to which Wordsworth turned when he wrote the studies of psychology and manners that make up the Lyrical Ballads."<sup>61</sup>

There are, however, several more mundane images of the shepherd in The Prelude which are most definitely connected with the Christian pastoral tradition; but these are clearly distinguished from passages on real Cumbrian shepherds--which are respectful or even worshipful in tone--by being deprecatory and excoriating. The professors at Cambridge, who do not teach very well it is implied, are asked at least to "spare the House of God," for, these "witless shepherds" cannot lead their flocks to pools which they have never tasted themselves (III.414--418). In London, Wordsworth takes relish in satirizing the "pretty Shepherd" of a large church who treats his pulpit like a theatre stage, going through all the make-up preparations and dramatic gestures, using Shakespeare and Ossian to "lend ornaments and flowers/ To entwine the crook of eloquence," in order to

captivate his flock (VII.546--565). At the time when his republican hopes were highest, he found that the government of England had joined forces with the League, the aristocratic oppressors of the people, and he derides these shepherds who "at that time/ Thirsted to make the guardian Crook of Law/ A tool of Murder" (X.646--657). We are here clearly feeling the influence of Milton in his famous moralizing aside in Lycidas where the Established clergy are castigated as

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to  
hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!<sup>62</sup>

just as are the educators, clergy, and politicians of the Napoleonic era by Wordsworth. The common people of Wordsworth's time are also "hungry sheep" who

look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread....

It is the same misuse of their office by the pastors and guardians of Wordsworth's day that Milton speaks of when he describes the prelates in terms of wolves or hunters who "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," instead of protecting it. Wordsworth uses this traditional hunter image in connection with the French nobility who had joined the League of the Prussian and Austrian armies for the purpose of putting down the revolutionaries. In order to destroy the Republic, they had burst upon "the plains of Liberty" "elate

and jocund, like a Band/ Of Eastern Hunters, to enfold in  
ring/ Narrowing itself by moments and reduce/ To the last  
punctual spot of their despair/ A race of victims..."(X.8--20).

In a later sonnet,<sup>63</sup> he connects the hunter, already associated with the pride, ambition, and rapacity of the French and Austrian aristocracy, with the Biblical Nimrod, drawing in the whole train of scriptural associations with Satan the robber and intruder and hunter as the enemy of the Good Shepherd or Christ. In another sonnet of the same series,<sup>64</sup> the Tyrolese, a mountain folk like Wordsworth's dalesmen, are compared to shepherds who guard their little republic, their liberty and truth, against the Austrian and French aristocratic hunters. Although they have been overcome, they will lead others to liberty and freedom by their example:

And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,  
Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds! shall ye rise  
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

While, in this instance, the shepherd image may simply be a reference to the Tyrolese likeness to the Cumbrians, yet Wordsworth is setting up in his imagery this traditional Biblical antithesis--perhaps by way of Milton's example--between hunter and shepherd to suggest the fight for freedom and liberty of the common man against the old kings and aristocrats. There is the same identification of hunters and aristocrats in Hart-leap Well and Song At the Feast of Brougham Castle and, in the latter, of shepherds and common

men.

## VI From Pastoral Ballad to Epic Ballad

A discussion of Song At the Feast of Brougham Castle (1807) is useful here because, along with such poems as The White Doe of Rylstone (1807--08), The Horn of Egremont Castle (1806), and Artegal and Elidure (1815), the poem marks a new period of Wordsworth's, distinct from that of Lyrical Ballads, Michael, and The Brothers, in which he is concerned with aristocratic and ancient subjects more than with shepherds and common folk in the present, with conservatism and the Tory Party rather than with Jacobin politics, and with friends like Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall rather than Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey. These poems are usually of past historical periods, in the case of Artegal and Elidure a pre-historical tale from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicles as related by Milton, perhaps, what he called in Book I of The Prelude, "some British theme, some old/ Romantic tale, by Milton left unsung." In the others, they are of the Crusades, the Wars of the Roses, the uprisings of the Catholic lords of the North in the time of Elizabeth, and they are pointedly about the characteristics of the aristocracy, their honour, pride, ambition, hawking and hunting, and bloody wars.

They follow a ballad pattern as well, not the small lyrical ballad of the type of Sir Patrick Spence or The Wife of Usher's Well, which were more the type of the labelled pastorals, but rather the larger heroic or epic ballad of the type of The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase in which Percy and Douglas start a fight over trivial hunting rights and finally destroy two whole armies in a bloody day and night of slaughter. Like the "Highland Lass" in The Solitary Reaper (1805), Wordsworth is singing in a melancholy strain

For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

These poems do not have the fierceness of feeling of the earlier pastorals and ballads but are strained and purified by the time perspective down to a mild and pleasant regret which however cannot really touch one deeply. It is the kind of thing that tends towards consumer poetry, poetry for the bourgeois. The note<sup>65</sup> in Wordsworth's commonplace book describes the incident which led to the writing of The Solitary Reaper, and says in part: "Her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were heard no more."

Perhaps this turn away from simple tragedies of the fell-side has more reasons than one. It is true that by 1803 Napoleon is preparing for the invasion of England and is crowned Emperor in 1804. The revolution and all its hopes for the common man and liberty were by now obviously a

mockery, and the next years were to see the French Army-- originally, as he says in The Prelude, "crowded with the bravest Youth of France,/ And all the promptest of her Spirits, link'd/ In gallant Soldiership, and posting on/ To meet the War upon her Frontier Bounds"(IX.268--271)-- turn into hunters themselves, sweeping over Europe in their massive cavalry charges and devastating the Austrians at Austerlitz, the Russians at Friedland, the Prussians at Jena. More stirring and ominous times for England were creating a mood for patriotism and war, so that heroic war-like ballads evoking the glories of the past would sell better than psychological ballads of poor shepherds.

Scott is becoming popular in these years--Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1802), The Lay of the Last Minstrel (1805), Marmion (1808)--and is making not only his name but also his fortune. His example of the heroic story based on border legends, his use of historical perspective--the gilding of time--to create melancholy if pleasant emotions in his growing numbers of readers, as he was to do later in the novel form with works like Waverley and The Heart of Midlothian, may have encouraged Wordsworth to try this new field.

But whether the new subject matter derives from practical financial or inner psychological circumstances, there are still some abiding sources in Wordsworth's pastoral poetry.



Firstly, although we are now discussing aristocrats rather than shepherds, we are still in the communities of the Lake District and the Border country. Wordsworth really never does leave this country, for it has been with him as early as his first poetry and, even in the period of "alienation" from it, the period of sophistication and preoccupation with abstract theories of politics, psychology, and sociology, roughly 1792--1797, he is still deeply rooted in it as is seen by the background of The Borderers. Instead of the Ewbanks and Michaels and idle shepherd-boys, there are the struggles of allegiance and tragedies of the houses of the Lucies, the Percys, and the Cliffords. There is also the deeply held view of scorn for aristocrats when they abuse their power, when they turn rapacious and blood-thirsty like wolves or hunters, and a softened view of them when they take on characteristics of meekness, peace, love, the characteristics which he gives to the pastoral shepherds of his own country. This contrast is especially highlighted in Song At the Feast of Brougham Castle.

#### VII Brougham Castle: Analysis of Wordsworthian Pastoral

I want here, after giving a brief synopsis of the story, to discuss the poem in terms of pastoral as I see it in the larger sense in Wordsworth's poetry. In this larger sense, that is, in the sense in which it may be found in

poetry outside of the poems which Wordsworth actually labelled pastoral as well as within them, I find six important elements, and I will label them as follows: pastoral theme, pastoral spirit or feeling, pastoral setting, pastoral character, pastoral irony, and pastoral viewpoint. I am well aware that my use of the word "pastoral" here might be easily understood for some vaguer and more popular term such as "romantic," or "revolutionary," and so on, or that it might be substituted by some other critic's special terminology. For instance, David Perkins, in his solid book on Wordsworth's poetry,<sup>66</sup> continually speaks of the "poetry of sincerity." What I telescope in the term "pastoral spirit," Perkins might describe as follows: "Wordsworth would have a poet speak not from the tradition of a craft, but from his full experience and concern as a man. Compared with classical and neo-classical verse--which offer a clearer contrast than any other--the poetry of sincerity will seem personal rather than typical, intimate rather than public, spontaneous or natural rather than heightened and planned."<sup>67</sup>

Or my "pastoral spirit" might correspond with his statement about Wordsworth's style:

Wordsworth's style is itself an assertion. It declares that some things matter more than art. It premises that "anxiety for Humanity" Keats generously praised in Wordsworth. A great poem, Wordsworth thinks, does its work not so much as a made object offering aesthetic satisfaction, and least of all as a brief escape, but as an example in

living, an engagement of the whole being of the poet--his imagination, but also his conscience and intellect--in the whole of his experience. It is this concern for the needs of life beyond the needs of art that purer, more rarefied artists find so hard to forgive.<sup>68</sup>

Again, what I would consider as some element of "pastoral viewpoint," Perkins would explain in this manner: "beginning with Wordsworth, it is more generally accurate to say that art tends less to distinguish between the outer world of events and the inner world of consciousness. Instead, it renders their meeting point or interfusion."<sup>69</sup>

The story of Lord Clifford<sup>70</sup> is simply that of a child born in the fracas and uncertainty of the wars between Lancaster and York whose mother leaves him with a shepherd's family for safety. Now fatherless, the boy is also abandoned by his mother who, as she is forced away, speaks to him: "'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest/ I may not be; but rest thee, rest,/ For lowly shepherd's life is best!"(11.84--86). What we have here is some kind of version of the myth of the hero<sup>71</sup> in which the child is thrown into the world without parents, a world beset with dangers--

"Oh! it was a time forlorn  
When the fatherless was born--  
Give her wings that she may fly,  
Or she sees her infant die!  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the Mother and the Child.  
Who will take them from the light?(11.55--61)--

but who manages, by good fortune or by the grace of the gods, to find sanctuary while growing up:

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!  
 Hear it, good man, old in days!  
 Thou tree of covert and of rest  
 For this young Bird that is distrest;  
 Among thy branches safe he lay,  
 And he was free to sport and play,  
 When falcons were abroad for prey. (ll.95--101)

Ultimately, at the point in time in which the minstrel is singing, Lord Clifford now comes out of hiding and is recognized for what he is, regains his titles and honours, and assumes the leadership of his community, and later is given a kind of apotheosis:

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;  
 The Shepherd-Lord was honoured more and more;  
 And ages after he was laid in earth,  
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.  
 (ll. 169--172)

The world has countless folk tales and highly elaborate myths based on this pattern. Even in our western tradition, we have enough examples: Zeus is carried off to Crete to avoid being eaten by his father Cronus and later comes back to dethrone him and become the new ruler of the gods; Dionysus, snatched from his dying mother Semele by Zeus, is hid away and carried off to be reared by the nymphs of Nisa, a lovely pastoral valley, so that he can grow up free of the danger of the jealous and powerful Hera; Moses is set in a basket of reeds and floated down the Nile by his parents in order to escape the proclamation of Pharoah that all Israelite male children shall be killed, but he is protected ironically by Pharoah's daughter and grows into manhood to become

the leader of his people. But perhaps more important for this poem is the story of Christ's birth in a stable with the cows and the sheep, attended by shepherds and wise men or kings, also carried off to Egypt with his mother so that Herod's proclamation cannot be enforced upon him. He grows up secretly and only reappears as a man already able to lead his followers and promise a spiritual kingdom where he rules.

a) Pastoral Theme

The difference, however, between the Greco-Roman or many other hero myths and the Christian hero myth is that the hero in the latter does not seek revenge for his maltreatment or exile--and this is evident in Wordsworth's poem where it is said that "In him the savage virtue of the Race,/ Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead"--but, if necessary, accepts the sacrifice of himself for the sake of peace, harmony, and renewal. This is a vegetation myth pattern as well, that of the god dying to be born again anew in the future. So we see that this poem involves many of Wordsworth's central preoccupations about the nature of life, of society, of nature, of evil, and how to deal with them, and that these preoccupations are very close to those of Milton. What does an individual do about the problem of evil in the world, at least inasmuch as he has to face it and try

to find harmony, love, or a place for growth and peace and creation? This is the essential pastoral theme everywhere as well as in Wordsworth's poetry and cannot be ignored. Does one adopt the Christian--turn the other cheek--ideal, even at the risk of being crucified, or the classic and worldly ideal of revenge--an eye, or more, for an eye--the revenge that Zeus takes upon Kronos, Hera upon Dionysus, or Achilles upon Hector? This theme and other related elements are brought to a beautiful balance in the matter and form of Brougham Castle.

The great epic themes have traditionally been those of love and war: in the Iliad, a ten-year war of slaughter and destruction over who was to have the beautiful Helen; in the Aeneid, a story of escape from one war, a love affair and war in another land (Dido and Turnus), and the setting up of a new order which will still carry on the traditions of the old; in the Renaissance epic romances--including those of Tasso and Ariosto--in Spenser's Faerie Queene where pastoral interludes, such as the House of Holiness, the Garden of Adonis, and Sir Calidore's retreat in Book VI, are few and far between, and where most of the story is taken up with the vanities and lusts of Duessa, false Florimel, and Lucifer, with rashnesses and cowardices of Braggadocchio, Pyrochles, and Sansfoi, with the senselessness of the world of affairs; in Drayton's Mortimeriados--a much under-rated and

neglected small epic--where the English countryside is made into a charnel ground by the wars between Edward II and Mortimer fighting over Isabel; in later prose epics like Gogol's Taras Bulba and Tolstoy's War and Peace in which the senselessness and brutality of war and the confusion of its leaders is made excruciatingly clear.

The usual thing is to assume that an epic poet or writer is glorifying and upholding the great classic fights and escapes of heroes and adventurers, the great classic love affairs; but there is a case, of course, to be made for the other point of view that he is also pointing out the triviality and the futility of the pursuit of classic ideals: Homer is continually contrasting the confusion and struggles of the warriors on the plains of Troy with the relaxed amusement of the gods who are onlookers; Virgil frequently looks up at the stars, silent and immovable, from the heat and frenzy of Aeneas's desperate escapes; Spenser, often in the proems of his books, comments on the emptiness of the life of knights and ladies and, in the Mutabilitie Cantos, is quite pessimistic about it all; the epic eye of both Drayton and Gogol intermittently sweeps over ravaged villages, battlefields strewn with corpses, with only vultures remaining as winners; Tolstoy has become almost totally despairing of the order of classic civilization, through his studies of love and war in the great works of War and Peace and Anna

Karenina, and in his last novel, Resurrection, has the hero denouncing the values of the classic tradition, giving up his worldly aims and goods and preaching Christ's gospel.

Returning to the subject of our smaller epic ballad, we once more remember the awful slaughter for such trivial reasons in The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase, and how the old poet evokes a powerful pathos when, at the end of the poem, he switches his view from the chanting of glory and gore of the battlefield to the humility and helplessness of the prayer in the last stanza:

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,  
And to the blys us brynge!  
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:  
God send us all good ending!<sup>72</sup>

There is a total change in spirit and feeling from the usual classic aristocratic pride and cynicism to that of spiritual insight and love.

This change is also at the crux of Brougham Castle where, celebrating the restoration of Lord Clifford, the minstrel sings in the expectations and accents of chivalry, or of love and war:

--Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;  
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book;  
Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls;--  
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance--  
Bear me to the heart of France,  
Is the longing of the Shield--  
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;



Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory!  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored  
 Like a re-appearing Star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war!(ll.138--156)

The whole trend of the minstrel's song, of course, is the traditional urging to war, the war-harp arousing appropriate martial instincts in the lord and his retainers, the medicine-man chanting his braves into an appropriate state of blood lust against the tribe's enemies. The ironies caused by his misunderstanding of the true nature of Clifford ring like up-and-down sword-play through the dramatic movement of the poem:

Now another day is come....

Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory!

Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 ...Like a re-appearing Star...  
 First shall head the flock of war!

Another day has come, signalled or heralded by a "re-appearing Star," but it is the star of Christ rather than that of a classic hero or demi-god.<sup>73</sup>

#### b) Pastoral Spirit or Feeling

In the lines following the minstrel's attack of ate, the voice of the narrator clarifies the situation and gives

true meaning--the pastoral meaning--to the "re-appearing  
Star":

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know  
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was  
framed:

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,  
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie....  
(ll.157--161)

This is what I am calling pastoral spirit or feeling, the ability to see others as individuals no matter how lowly or poor or weak or modest, opposed to the way of looking and feeling of the world which seldom allows the scales of greed or fear or cynicism to drop from its eyes. This is regeneration in Christ or Buddhahood, or whatever other name one might wish to call it. This is the spirit or feeling which belongs to the pastoral world, the search for harmony and creation, where the lamb can lie down with the lion, where the common man can have his rights and dignity respected and feel equal to the aristocrat or the millionaire.

### c) Pastoral Setting

Pastoral setting is not a difficult notion to understand in connection with most of Wordsworth's poetry. It is usually based upon the belief that there is inherent virtue in the fells of Cumberland and Westmorland, and that they shape and strengthen the life of the shepherds and their folkways, something of the virtue which is implied in phrases

like "the hills of home," or Wordsworth's own "pastoral vales" and Michael's "patrimonial fields," or even Bunyan's Delectable Mountains. William Empson speaks about this:

The mountains of Westmoreland are symbols of morality, the proper and therefore natural way of life, the permanent tradition of the country, not what the French were doing, and so on; they tend to be addressed as local deities, a slip often corrected in later editions, and behind them is God.<sup>74</sup>

Of course, God has always been "behind" the mountains, and people of many cultures have used them as places of worship, sacred meeting places with God, and one has to go no further than the rites still in use amongst some Indian tribes of the South-West and West, such as the Pueblos, in order to substantiate such a belief. The mountain in literature also gains power by being a psychological image in the ceremonials and dreams of people everywhere, suggesting as it does a kind of rising over one's difficulties, a symbol of spiritual regeneration and strength or enlightenment. Japanese artists still treat their famous and sacred mountain, Fuji, with near awe and veneration. In the Eskimo myth of the Sun and the Moon, for instance, the hero, at one stage of the trials of his night journey, has his head ducked in a lake by the loon-priest and is asked if he can see the mountain. Until he can, he is given repeated duckings and is only finally released when he can see the smoke from it. The wise men of **Buddhist** tradition also made their spiritual

pilgrimage to Mount Meru in Tibet for final enlightenment.

In our own tradition, we need only think of Olympus, the home of the gods, especially as the source of the voice of god, of Zeus's storm and thunderbolts, of Helicon, the place of the Muses, daughters of Zeus and Memory, and the inspiration of poets, and of Ida, where presumably, if he had stayed as a shepherd, Paris would not have gotten involved in the beauty contest that set off the Trojan War. In the Biblical tradition, we, of course, think of Moses and his mediation between Jehovah and the Israelites on the smoking top of Sinai, or as Milton describes him while invoking the Muse for his own poetic flight:

Sing Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount; while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

In Wordsworth's childhood, the hills and vales are a kind of moral teacher or admonitor so that when he has stolen from someone else's snares he says: "I heard among the solitary hills/ Low breathings coming after me." Or there is also the famous passage in Book I of The Prelude in which the cliff uprears and strides after him.

But the vales also teach by way of tales and stories

and superstitions, as he says in The Vale of Esthwaite, a piece of his juvenilia:

Perhaps my pains might be beguil'd  
 By some fond vacant gazing child;  
 He the long wondrous tale would hear  
 With simple unfastidious ear  
 For while I wandered round the vale  
 From every rock would hang a tale,  
 While he with questions dear and dear  
 Call'd tale from tale and tear from tear.<sup>75</sup>

In An Evening Walk (1787--89), a sort of tourist guide to the lakes for lovers of gothic romance, he suggests that the vales are places of vision where superstitious poets or shepherds see apparitions:

In these secluded vales, if village fame,  
 Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim;  
 When up the hills, as now, retired the light,  
 Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd's sight.<sup>76</sup>

In a rather beautiful if gothic description, one of these apparitions is detailed for us:

The form appears of one that spurs his steed  
 Midway along the hill with desperate speed;  
 Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all  
 Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.  
 Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show  
 Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;  
 At intervals imperial banners stream,  
 And now the van reflects the solar beam;  
 ....While silent stands the admiring crowd below,  
 Silent the visionary warriors go,  
 Winding in ordered pomp their upward way,  
 Till the last banner of their long array  
 Has disappeared, and every trace is fled  
 Of splendour--save the beacon's spiry head  
 Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.<sup>77</sup>

The old stories of the knights and their bloody deeds, their rash attacks and wild chases, perhaps stories like those

of Hart-leap Well, The White Doe, or Chevy Chase, are recorded in the vales or in the imaginations of their inhabitants. As in various sections of The Prelude and other poems, we have this projection of the imagination of the poet or of the superstitious rustic mind onto the landscape, and this confusion--always a problem for primitives--in mistaking their own psychological projections for objective phenomena. So we see that the vales are a kind of objectified memory bank of all the accumulated psychic or external happenings of the past, historical records of events and customs that teach and strengthen in this way as well.

This explains such poems as The Danish Boy in which this purely imaginative being, who "warbles songs of war/ That seem like songs of love," is projected out onto the landscape but is not really a part of it:

And in this dell you see  
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
The shadow of a Danish Boy....

A Spirit of noon-day is he;  
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;  
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
Nor herd-boy of the wood.  
A regal vest of fur he wears,  
In colour like a raven's wing;  
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;  
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
As budding pines in spring;  
His helmet has a vernal grace,  
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.<sup>78</sup>

So the vales become a kind of cultural matrix, a collective unconscious or anima mundi, a library of past

events kept on microfilm, which can be recalled by those who are spiritually attuned enough and flickered on the screen of their minds:

A harp is from his shoulder slung;  
 Resting the harp upon his knee,  
 To words of a forgotten tongue  
 He suits his melody.  
 Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
 He is the darling and the joy;  
 And often, when no cause appears,  
 The mountain-ponies prick their ears,  
 --They hear the Danish Boy....

It is only beings with pastoral spirit or feeling, beings of the hills and vales, birds, mountain-ponies, flowers, fell urchins, shepherds, and poets like William and Dorothy, who can hear this spiritual music. The proud, the cynical, the seekers after fame and glory, the grubbers after money and possessions, the world of getting and spending, cannot comprehend, cannot see, cannot therefore give any important value to, the world of the spirit--they always belittle, scorn, or deny it, because they are not really aware of its existence.

But it is the pastoral setting inspirited with Nature --"Soul of Nature," "prime Teacher," "sovereign Intellect," "features of the same face," "Imagination," "Mighty Mind," "the eternal mind," the "something far more deeply interfused," "God, who is our home"--that is "the master-light of all our seeing," that gives these people or beings the power to "see into the life of things," in other words, is the power source for all the visions and music of the memory bank or collective

library of the race.

This is why Lord Clifford in Brougham Castle is strong enough and wise enough to reject the war chant of the minstrel, the urge of selfishness, pride, and blood lust. He

Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

(11.160--164)

Like the boy in The Prelude, the children in the Ode, Dorothy in Tintern Abbey, Clifford has a "happy youth" wandering "forth at will,"

And tends a flock from hill to hill....  
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,  
Nor yet for higher sympathy.  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear;  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty;  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;  
The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality;  
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,  
Moved to and fro, for his delight. (11.110--127)

Like the boy in The Prelude, also, who, after the cliff-rearing incident, has "huge and mighty Forms" moving through his mind, like the poet of the Ode whose soul "can in a moment travel.../ And see the Children sport upon the shore" of his childhood, like Dorothy in Tintern Abbey whose mind, he predicts, "shall be a mansion for all lovely forms," Clifford can also tune in to the race memory, the microfilm



library, as all the fell folk can do, and see

the rocks which Angels haunt  
 Upon the mountains visitant;  
 He hath kenned them taking wing:  
 And into caves where Faeries sing  
 He hath entered; and been told  
 By Voices how men lived of old.  
 Among the heavens his eye can see  
 The face of thing that is to be;  
 And, if that men report him right,  
 His tongue could whisper words of might.  
 (ll.128--137)

Even in The White Doe, while conjecturing as to the meaning of the spiritual creature and what it is doing in the ruins of Bolton Priory, Wordsworth connects that vision with those of Clifford:

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,  
 From Oxford come to his native vale,  
 He also hath his own conceit:  
 It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,  
 Who loved the Shepherd-Lord to meet  
 In his wanderings solitary:  
 Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
 A song of Nature's hidden powers;  
 That whistled like the wind, and rang  
 Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
 'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;  
 And oftentimes before him stood,  
 Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
 In semblance of a lady fair;  
 And taught him signs, and showed him sights,  
 In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;  
 When under cloud of fear he lay,  
 A shepherd clad in homely grey;  
 Nor left him at his later day.  
 And hence, when he, with spear and shield,  
 Rode full of years to Flodden-field,  
 His eye could see the hidden spring,  
 And how the current was to flow;  
 The fatal end of Scotland's king,  
 And all that hopeless overthrow.  
 But not in wars did he delight,  
This Clifford wished for worthier might....<sup>79</sup>

By his connection to the race memory, Clifford can even get insights into the future and prophesy it.

d) Pastoral Character

While Clifford is able to maintain a wisdom and spiritual strength through his connection to the circuit of the anima mundi of the dales, to the source of community power and life, and has done so from childhood and youth, somewhat as Wordsworth himself manages to do, many of the characters about this time are unable to do so. Things can go wrong with the projector or the screen, or the connection can become over-extended and broken. What of Dorothy's "mansion for all lovely forms" and presumably for all lovely sounds? Something went wrong in the projecting mechanism and what she gets is flipping or distorted images at high speed, the projector out of control.

One immediately thinks, also, of poor Susan far from her pastoral dale in London but whose projector is triggered or set going by the song of the thrush hanging in a cage, the bird, of course, being part of the soul of Nature or the power source. But she cannot control her images, cannot go on projecting or hallucinating in a satisfactory manner, because the current is too weak or else the projector is faulty:

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

Whatever will happen to Poor Susan if she gets a sudden erratic vision of her pastoral river again and, to refresh herself, decides to dive into the middle of the heavy traffic of a London street? A good deal of the pathos evoked by the situations of these people comes from the fact of their disconnectedness; they were made to fit into the system of the dales of Westmorland and cannot fit elsewhere.

The farmer of Tilsbury Vale also has a similar problem after becoming a disenfranchised unrooted city-dweller. While he manages to keep a surface lightness in his new city environment, his actions reveal a disconnectedness and loss which again evokes the pathos characteristic of Wordsworth's particular genius. The pathos again resides in the old man's automatic responses and reflexes, as though he were still plugged in to the natural source in the Lake District. His old responses or reflexes are still alive while the reason for them no longer exists. He is like an old hunting dog whose instincts and training are directed to the pursuit of deer on the mountains but since these are not available he runs and howls meaninglessly after carriages and coaches

on the city streets. In the way that Susan's visions are triggered by the bird's song, the old farmer's responses are in reaction to the sight of the clouds in the sky:

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?  
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;  
 With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
 You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the  
 Strand.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair--  
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.  
 The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,  
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Man, or at least Wordsworth's pastoral man, is too intimately and closely wedded to his environment--fells, vales, skies, and streams--to be able to cut away from it or be cut away from it without these pathetic results.

Michael and The Brothers, both composed the same year (1800) as The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, embody the same theme. Wordsworth speaks of this attachment in a letter to Thomas Poole<sup>80</sup> of April, 1801, where he explains his preoccupation with Michael and suggests that Poole, a landed proprietor himself, would understand the sentiment and be pleased with the poem. In it, the narrator makes clear what his purpose is:

It was the first  
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
 Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
 Whom I already loved;--not verily  
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
 (ll.21--26, italics mine)

Thus when "unforeseen misfortunes"--misfortunes are always un-

foreseen--press upon Michael, he is deeply troubled since the decision to sell part of his property is like the decision to take a knife and cut out part of his heart, like asking him to lose half of his memory. If one is able to see clearly and imaginatively the organic connection that pertains between the statesman and his land and flocks, a connection that Wordsworth is forever making, only then can he feel and understand the tremendous force that is behind the adjective in the phrase "patrimonial fields" or the plight of Leonard Ewbank who "was half a Shepherd on the stormy seas."

Leonard, in The Brothers, is also a victim of "unforeseen misfortunes" which uproot him from the "sheep that grazed on verdant hills." Leonard would never have left, the priest discloses,

For the boy loved the life which we lead here;  
 And though of unripe years, a stripling only,  
 His soul was knit to this his native soil.  
 But, as I said, old Walter was too weak  
 To strive with such a torrent; when he died,  
 The estate and house were sold; and all their sheep,  
 A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,  
 Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years:--  
 Well--all was gone, and they were destitute,  
 And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,  
 Resolved to try his fortune on the seas. (ll.296--306)

Repentance (1804) also repeats the theme:

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
 Who must now be a wanderer! but peace to that strain!  
 Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,  
 The sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
 Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
 That besprinkled the field; 'twas like youth in my  
 blood!

Breaking the sacred bond with the land and the animals spells  
 disaster:

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought--We've no land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our fore-fathers lie!

Even in the elegy In Memory of My Brother, John Wordsworth  
 (1805), the poet connects his brother's roots to Grasmere  
 Vale. Like Leonard Ewbank, John was another mariner or wan-  
 derer and was drowned when his ship sank in 1805.

Pastoral character is the character of one who, like  
 Michael, Susan, Lord Clifford, or any other of the fell folk,  
 has been shaped and nurtured by the spiritual emanations  
 and vibrations of the hills, stars, and streams, in his up-  
 bringing, who truly feels nature as a mother and father.  
 H.W. Garrod speaks of Wordsworth in the same way when he  
 tries to clarify the nature of Wordsworth's egotism:

In his private life Wordsworth was, there is reason  
 to believe, both egotistical and vain. It is the  
 more remarkable, therefore, that the Prelude, con-  
 ceived in, and throughout informed by, a gigan-  
 tesque egotism, is yet utterly devoid of vanity.  
 It is mysteriously and divinely void, not only of  
 vanity, but of pride....But the author of the  
Prelude was born, one might think, of a mountain  
 or a river, rather than of human parents; and every-  
 thing that he has to tell us of himself meets us  
 like a clean breeze, carrying none of the casual  
 impurities of social or intellectual competition.<sup>81</sup>

It is true that the pastoral character is Nature's child, not out of some sentimental or capricious wish but out of real necessity since he has no human parents. Either he loses them early, as does Clifford, the Ewbank boys, the Lucy of some of the Lucy poems, and the Wordsworth children themselves, or he is neglected by them, as is the case with Lucy Gray, perhaps Poor Susan, perhaps Martha Ray, and the boy in The Prelude. Therefore, Nature is a substitute parent-- I would strongly disagree with Wordsworth, however, that she is an adequate substitute--her river's murmur lulling him to sleep, her winds blowing "strange utterance" through his ears, her hills admonishing him, and so forth.

The characteristics of nature become those of the pastoral character or hero, supposedly taken on in the way that any child takes on traits or learns habits from its human parents. In particular, Lord Clifford takes on many of these emotional and spiritual traits:

"Now Who is he that bounds with joy  
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?  
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass. (ll.72--75)

His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead.  
(ll.162--166)

Michael has had the same experience and the same indelible impressions have been stamped upon his spirit:

he had been alone  
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
 That came to him, and left him, on the heights.  
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.  
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose  
 That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,  
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed  
 The common air; hills, which with vigorous step  
 He had so often climbed; which had impressed  
 So many incidents upon his mind  
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;  
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory  
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,  
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts  
 The certainty of honourable gain;  
 Those fields, those hills--what could they less?  
had laid  
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him  
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
 The pleasure which there is in life itself. (ll.58--77)

We know, then, that pastoral character is concerned with respect, spiritual understanding of others, with humility, forgiveness, duty, faith, courage under trial and suffering, peace, and also with being in vital connection with the spiritual bank of the race.

For the most part, these are Christian as opposed to classic virtues and, to a large extent, Michael and Lord Clifford are the type of Christian or Miltonic hero, serving nobly under duress for what he believes to be right, forgiving his enemies, helping the weak, and going about his tasks with humility. Both are also connected with the lone star, as are Wordsworth's other patterns of the noble man: Burns, Milton, and Christ.

Although Milton's heroes and Wordsworth's heroes are



not to be totally identified--Wordsworth's heroes<sup>82</sup> are much too passive--I believe that I am correct in remarking in both some distinctions from the traditional classic hero. Milton nearly always opposed some kind or type of classic hero to his Christian heroes and heroines; and usually these classic heroes disguise themselves as good or helping shepherds: Comus, in the guise of a shepherd pretending to give refreshment, is really trying to seduce and use the Lady; the prelates, or the official shepherds of the Church's flock, in Lycidas, play the wolf in sheep's clothing, they "creep and intrude and climb into the fold"; Satan, entering Eden to tempt Eve, appears successively as a cormorant, a toad, and finally as a snake, but on his first leap into the garden, he is compared to a "prowling wolf,/ Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,/ Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve/ In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,/ Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold...."; once more, in Paradise Regained, after forty days in the wilderness, Christ meets the Tempter disguised as a shepherd: "But now an aged man in rural weeds,/ Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,/ Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve/ Against a winter's day...." One could at least compare these specious or false shepherds of Milton's with passages discussed earlier from The Prelude.

Wordsworth's shepherd-heroes are, of course, real

enough and modelled on Westmorland dalesmen, yet he has set up in poems discussed before a traditional Christian antithesis between shepherd and hunter, flock and wolves, and has usually identified the wolves and the hunters with aristocracy, or classic heroes,<sup>83</sup> who embody the classic virtues of pride, ambition, ferocity, the code of chivalry, and has identified the shepherd and the flock with the common man, the republic of equals, which upholds values of an opposite kind.

e) Pastoral Irony

The antithesis between aristocrat or traditional man with classic virtues and common or pastoral man with more or less Christian virtues that I have been trying to emphasize in earlier pages is, of course, the controlling dramatic device of Brougham Castle. The whole interest of the reader focuses on this development of ironies resulting from the viewpoint of the minstrel-singer about the future aims and concerns of the restored or emergent Lord Clifford--the "re-appearing Star"--and the clash with or discrepancy from the aims and concerns which Lord Clifford actually will have. This is pastoral irony, a type of dramatic irony, and belongs to the nature of the ballad. It is always of the nature of the unexpected--the "unforeseen"--and, although pastoral man is often surprised by events equally

with aristocratic man,<sup>it</sup> is frequently concerned with the ate of the proud, the man blinded by "getting and spending" preoccupations, the man concerned with love and war, the man intoxicated with "the busy dance of things that pass away," or, as the Hindu or **Buddhist** would put it, the man wrapped in the veils of Maya or illusion, the man beckoned this way and that by kama and mara, desire and fear, which always mislead him.

The minstrel's words about Clifford's early life are always capable of a double meaning:

Can this be He who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame?  
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread!  
 God loves the Child; and God hath willed  
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
 The Lady's words, when forced away  
 The last she to her Babe did say:  
 'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
 I may not be; but rest thee, rest  
 For lowly shepherd's life is best!' (ll.76--86)

The minstrel is like the Jews at the time of Christ who, with their Messianic expectations, expected Christ to organize an army, assume a military posture, and conquer the kingdom by physical force, to be a kind of Alexander, Napoleon, or Hitler, types of the classic hero. This expectation is also a part of Milton's classic heroes who always try to gain their ends by force. There was this same kind of expectation in the early years of the French Revolution when many people, Wordsworth no doubt among them, thought that social harmony

and social equality could be legislated or decided by a few battles against the reactionary aristocrats. It is the expectation of traditional man--he never conceives of anything outside of physical or external methods because he cannot understand the spiritual, is dead to the spirit. The minstrel thinks that the smothered flame is going to break out as a political force; that God's will is concerned with Clifford and his house having a military victory; that "lowly shepherd's life is best" not because it really is a viable alternative to the hunter's life but because it is a temporary hiding place or sanctuary, a tactic, until one is able to gather one's powers, come to manhood, and then join in the power struggle.

The irony extends to the boy's clothing and his companions:

His garb is humble; ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien;  
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate  
Hath he, a Child of strength and state!  
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,  
Nor yet for higher sympathy. (ll.112--117)

It is the same kind of thing that Christian writers make such a point of, the tremendous irony of the Incarnation: Christ, Son of God, Prince of Peace, being born to a simple woman, in a manger with cattle, his birth witnessed only by common shepherds and strangers, his life in continual danger. M.H. Abrams makes this point about Wordsworth's poetry when

he says that the central paradox of Wordsworth's major period is

the oxymoron of the humble-grand, the lofty-mean, the trivial-sublime--as Hazlitt recognized when he said that Wordsworth's Muse "is distinguished by a proud humility," and that he "elevates the mean" and endeavours "to aggrandise the trivial." The ultimate source of this concept is, I think, obvious, and Wordsworth several times plainly points it out for us. Thus in The Ruined Cottage (1797--98) the Pedlar...had first studied the Scriptures, and only afterward..."the writing," in the great book of nature, where "the least of things/ Seemed infinite," ...; he also learned to recognize in the simple people of rural life what Wordsworth in a note called "the aristocracy of nature." The ultimate source of Wordsworth's discovery, that is, was the Bible, and especially the New Testament, which is grounded on the radical paradox that "the last shall be first," and dramatizes that fact in the central mystery of God incarnate as a lowly carpenter's son who takes fishermen for his disciples, consorts with beggars, publicans, and fallen women, and dies ignominiously, crucified with thieves.<sup>84</sup>

In a letter to John Wilson, 7th of June, 1802, Wordsworth himself suggests that most readers of poetry cannot look at pastoral subjects with any objectivity, they cannot see the true merit of such subjects because they are habituated to, blinded and misled by, the glitter and attraction of fashionable man and society which is superficial and false:

Some have little knowledge of natural imagery of any kind, and, of course, little relish for it, some are disgusted with the very mention of the words pastoral poetry, sheep or shepherds,... some cannot bear to see delicate and refined feelings ascribed to men in low conditions of society, because their vanity and self-love tell them that these belong only to themselves and men like themselves in dress, station, and way of life:...I return then to the question, please whom? or what?

I answer, human nature, as it has been and ever will be. But where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, from within; by stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves towards men who lead the simplest lives most according to nature men who have never known false refinements, wayward and artificial desires, false criticisms, effeminate habits of thinking and feeling, or who, having known these things, have outgrown them. This latter class is the most to be depended upon, but it is very small in number.... few descend lower among cottages and fields and among children. A man must have done this habitually before his judgment upon the Idiot Boy would be in any way decisive with me.<sup>85</sup>

So we can see that, for Wordsworth, the character of the minstrel is typical of men whose expectations are the usual traditional ones of vanity, pride, greed, use of power, and whose insight and imagination do not extend to the humble and unobtrusive in life, the common people, children, dumb animals, forgiveness, and peace. The ironies become stretched to a critical point in his final orgiastic calls to war:

Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored  
 Like a re-appearing Star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war!

He connects the shepherd with power, that is, physical brute force, a principle to which Clifford is basically opposed although, to the traditional man, this would be natural. His ate becomes almost absurd when it causes him to speak of Clifford as heading "the flock of war." Of course,

people can be sheep in time of war--for example, the Germans following Hitler's Wotan-like oratorical frenzies into the insanity of his götterdämmerung--as well as in time of peace --Chaplin's Modern Times makes the point aptly here. But this is just the point--the minstrel sees people from the viewpoint of aristocratic cynicism: so much cannon fodder, so many sheep for the slaughter. This view is diametrically opposed to the view of pastoral man, or indeed Christian man, who was given the injunction: "Feed my sheep."

Then the voice of the controlling narrator comes in at this zenith of enthusiasm and, in statelier slower-moving iambic pentameter measures, reveals the true nature of Clifford. He is seen to be a "Shepherd-lord," not a War-lord, the usual connotations of the word "lord" totally contradicted as was also in the case of Christ, the Prince of Peace. The close juxtaposition and coupling of the two usually antithetical terms "Shepherd" and "lord" suggest a transcending of the usual class and social divisions and barriers, an intimation of a kind of commonwealth or republic of equals where justice and liberty prevail, a commonwealth of nature--the aim of pastoral--where the lamb can lie down with the lion. This seems to be borne out by the acclaim which both nature and the common folk herald his accession:

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;  
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;  
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.  
 (11.169--172)

One finds this same kind of irony in many poems of the period of the Lyrical Ballads and thereafter. There are numerous examples in Michael, the Lucy poems, and others. No doubt, there is some connection with Milton's use in various of his poems as, in Ode On the Nativity, he speaks of Christ as the "dreaded Infant" and, in Lycidas, of Christ's power as "the dear might of Him who walked the waves." These are parallels with the childhood strength and power of classical heroes such as Hercules, and so this irony must be basic to the hero myth. Perhaps this can become clearer in my discussion of Wordsworth in the 1805 Prelude, the matter of the next chapter.

#### VIII Wordsworth and Jungian Psychology

Pastoral viewpoint, the last of the six elements of pastoral that I have emphasized, is only something that I can begin here because it has to be understood in relation to Wordsworth's psychology which I deal with in the following chapters on the 1805 Prelude and The Excursion. Perhaps one distinction that can be made between it and pastoral spirit is that it has more to do with the poet, with Wordsworth, with his way of looking upon or viewing nature and external phenomena, with his way of projecting himself upon it, rather than with nature or external phenomena themselves. Perhaps the best beginning would be to quote



Coleridge as he speaks of the "sudden effect" produced on his mind when he first heard Wordsworth recite Guilt and Sorrow:

the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed; and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere and with it the depth and height of the ideal world, around forms, incidents and situations of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew-drops. 'To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the Ancient of Days and all his works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprang forth at the first creative fiat, characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar....<sup>86</sup>

What Coleridge is primarily talking about here--"the imaginative faculty" and the "original gift of spreading... the atmosphere and with it the depth and height of the ideal world, around forms, incidents and situations"--is the basic psychic mechanism of projection with which all humans acculturate or adapt themselves to the reality outside as it gradually and increasingly impinges upon them. Wordsworth has spoken about this in his poetry<sup>87</sup> over and over again, often in confusing language, and Coleridge can also be misleading when he appears to glamourize it as the "feelings of childhood" or "the child's sense of wonder," and attribute to Wordsworth uncritically the power of "profound thought."

Perhaps what causes trouble with this question is that Wordsworth repeats this concern of his about the interaction of psyche and phenomena ad nauseam--confuses one into thinking that it is a terribly complicated subject--so that, not having themselves experienced much in the way of psychic or imaginative happenings, many readers become bewildered by the changes in situation, style, and terminology, with which he describes or discusses it, and do not really know what to make of it all. But all people have to make spiritual adjustments with the world outside at some time or other, and this is where the projecting power of the psyche has its raison d'être--it serves a purpose in terms of adaptation.

Circumstances, especially in the cases of children, primitives, and others who have remained in psychically ambiguous states, also create problems of adaptation and therefore aberrations or vagaries in the psychic or spiritual mechanisms related to adaptation. It is probably "normal" enough for a young child to see things in a warm sparkling light simply because it wants things to be warm and sparkling, and, until it meets experiences of a darker nature, it will go on seeing things in such a manner. In other words, we are conditioned by our desires and our fears, a truth Hindu mystics gave us millenia ago, a truth which Wordsworth had also discovered for himself and spoken about

in his poetry.

A primitive, especially in a traditional close-knit isolated society, perhaps one like the Lake District, also makes his adjustments with the world in terms of projections. He himself is bathed or breathes within a cultural matrix or womb where he projects a kind of glittery wavering world of forms, of apparitions and signs, of gods and demons, who speak to him in strange voices, by way of the winds, out of the caves, or who appear to him in the sky, in the trees, or in the rivers, telling him that he has done wrong or warning him of enemies or predicting future events for him. He does not at this point anyway know that all of this is coming out of his own very flexible and volatile psyche: he thinks the mountain wind is really speaking to him, he really believes the hundred-headed creature or the giant with one wheel-eye or the sirens on the rocks are out there before him. This is his way of keeping alive in the world, his participation mystique. It is a protection, an explanation, and, at the same time, a terrible slavery because he is continually deluded by simply being unable to distinguish his own projections and predispositions that he forces upon external phenomena from what is actually out there.

The poet of Wordsworth's type may also at some time be unaware of the nature and source of his "visionary gleam" or his "ghostly language of the ancient earth" but usually,

by way of self-reflection and the practice of his craft, he learns control and becomes capable of consciously directing and fashioning his art from this spontaneous psychic source. Wordsworth may still have been partially unaware of what he was doing at the time that he met Coleridge in 1797. During these rather feverishly productive years, while he is being stimulated by the fertile and wide-ranging mind of the younger poet and also working assiduously at his craft, he possibly was learning more and more about the psychic well which he had tapped, and realized at least by 1807, when he published both the Immortality Ode and Elegiac Stanzas, the nature and location of his powers. But it is still poetry by projection.

This method of writing poetry can create unevenness and exhaustion since it is written under the pressure of tremendous psychic forces which demand outlet, like an artesian well that has been tapped and must flow in order to equalize pressure within and without, or like an erupting volcano. Perhaps this is what happened to Wordsworth at the end of the great decade; he had to tap the well of his imagination or creative power but he also had no real control over the limits of the supply. The inability to keep projecting after 1807 would likely result in a kind of sterile preaching or windy rhetoric, the last gusts and rattlings from a deep recess or well that has now run dry.

One notices the same kind of thing in the later years of Tennyson and Whitman, a sort of screechy adherence to the "ideal" or the "universal" which has become a substitute for fruitful and flowing inspiration.

If one expects an Eden to come into being on the level of the objective world, in society, as many of the Romantics--Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley, perhaps Byron, and Whitman--seem to have done, then that is just the same kind of mistake that a primitive makes when he sees a goddess emerging from the river or coming out of a tree trunk; he fails to distinguish between his projections--desires and fears--and the external phenomena of the landscape. Withdrawal of projections back into one's self as a result of the realization that one has been confusing psychic with physical reality is difficult, but a modern individual at least must become much more deeply aware of his spiritual interaction with the world if he is to overcome the terrible burden of ignorance and superstition which still prevails in most societies. Most people never try to distinguish between physical reality and their own psychic projections, and cower and hide in their illusions--even when they only half believe them--thinking still that evil is in a bottle of whisky or in those strangers across from our borders. They never grow enough, never embark on the spiritual journey, to find out that the unfavourable as well as the favour-

able aspects of life are also within themselves.

Wordsworth embarked on this journey probably because he had to. No doubt, he developed great moral strength through his spiritual encounters, but the wear and tear from these struggles had damaging effects upon his poetry. The trouble with the Wordsworthian type of poet is that his poetry is too intimately connected with his troubled psychic processes, is too much an expression of his spiritual odyssey or individuation process,<sup>88</sup> and because he is so emotionally involved, so tied to it with so many umbilical cords, he can never be completely distanced and objective. This is not to say that his is not great poetry--obviously it can be--but to say only that it is a poetry of a very different kind from that of a Theocritus, a Keats, a Shakespeare, and that it subjects the materials he uses to great stresses and strains, causes unevenness and gross lapses in style, everything depending on the vagaries of his own psychic flow.<sup>89</sup>

In the following chapters, something of this individuation process or spiritual journey will have to be discussed in connection with The Prelude of 1805 and The Excursion since they represent part of it. Although it is a well known and well documented fact amongst ancient mystics and seers, and amongst poets, the spiritual journey is given scant attention by material-minded modern man. Among

modern psychologists, only Carl Gustav Jung gives anything like intelligent attention to it. Most modern scholars and psychologists throw up their hands in the case of Jung and feebly label him a dreamer and a mystic because it is easier to do that than to try to understand him. They neither have the intellectual energy and perspicacity to pursue and catch hold of his ideas nor do they have any pretensions to spiritual and psychic experience and growth themselves. What they feel they will never experience has, unfortunately, no interest for them; what they have never known they cannot give serious attention to because they do not really believe it exists.

Misunderstandings and mystifications about a great psychologist like Jung are of the same cloth as misunderstandings about a great poet like Wordsworth, even though Wordsworth is writing in a more sensuous and attractive linguistic medium and has been around much longer. The same ironies--pastoral ironies--are concerned as well; the same minstrels of the "busy dance of things" in our modern world, the behavioural psychologists and sociologists, who are forever "explaining" man instead of understanding him, because they refuse to include his soul or psyche, are always denying the worth and value of Jung's contribution to our understanding of the spirit, because they themselves do not really believe in the spirit. They are too preoccupied

with making money, or holding onto a position, or in getting fame, they are too caught up in the veils of Maya, to be able to see Jung, Wordsworth, or anyone else of spiritual and intellectual merit, with clarity and truth.

What I have tried to do, then, in this chapter was to search out the sources and the characteristics of Wordsworth's pastoral. It seems to me, at this point, that it is always close to the hills and people of Cumberland and Westmorland and the Border country, intimately connected with the ballad tradition based upon the stories and legends of that region, and that it is also inspired by the moral imperatives of the Protestant reform movement derived from the New Testament and Milton as well as gaining additional strength from the messianic expectations of the French Revolution.

Those are the outer characteristics and sources. But there is always the mind and imagination of Wordsworth himself. In the succeeding chapters, I shall trace what I can of his wandering as he attempts to climb towards the spiritual and philosophical mountain-tops of vision, heights which he is unable finally to reach because he is a creature of the valleys and caves of sensation and intuition, attached to Mother Nature for his sustenance and air, and so becomes starved and vertiginous as he over-extends his supply-lines away from her into the purer element of the mountain-peaks



where only reason and intellect can operate.

## FOOTNOTES

1/E.C. Knowlton, "The Novelty of Wordsworth's MICHAEL as a Pastoral," PMLA, Vol. 35, (1920), pp. 432--446, and L.N. Broughton, The Theocritean Element in the Works of William Wordsworth, (Halle, 1920).

2/Knowlton, p. 433.

3/Ibid., pp. 433--434.

4/Ibid., p. 440.

5/Ibid., p. 443.

6/The footnote, p. 434, reads: "From the pastoral I exclude at present songs like Henryson's Robine and Makyne and the Elizabethan lyrics; elegies like those of Bion, Moschus, Milton, and Burns; dramas like those of Politian, Tasso, Guarini, Fletcher, and Ramsay; romances like those of Longus, Sanazzaro, Sidney, and Gessner; village idyls like The Deserted Village and Hermann und Dorothea."

7/Broughton, p. 3.

8/Ibid., p. 4.

9/Ibid., p. 5.

10/Ibid., p. 81.

11/Ibid., p. 17.

12/Ibid., p. 18.

13/Ibid., p. 30.

14/Ibid., p. 69.

15/Ibid., pp. 91--93.

16/Ibid., pp. 116--117.

17/Ibid., p. 150.

18/Ibid., p. 68.

19/Ibid., pp. 168--169.

20/Ibid., pp. 169--170.

21/See footnote 33.

22/E.Y. or The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: 1787--1805, ed. E. de Selincourt, Revised by Chester L. Shaver, (Oxford, 1967), pp. 313--314.

23/Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, hereafter referred to as P.W., ed. E. de Selincourt and Helen Darbishire, (Oxford, 1967), in five volumes, V, pp. 4 & 5, ll. 35--51 and 72--80.

24/Broughton, p. 51.

25/Ibid., p. 96.

26/Ibid., p. 113.

27/W.J.B. Owen, "The Preface of 1800," Wordsworth as Critic, (Toronto, 1969), p. 23. Cf. also Biographia Literaria, hereafter referred to as Biog. Lit., S.T. Coleridge, (New York: Dutton, 1967), p. 169, where Coleridge makes a similar comment.

28/Broughton, p. 139.

29/John Keats, Selected Poetry and Letters, ed. Richard Harter Fogle, (New York: Rinehart & Co., 1956), pp. 320--21.

30/S.T. Coleridge, ed. T. Ashe, (London: George Bell & Sons, 1905), pp. 171--72 and p. 193.

31/H.D. Rawnsley, Reminiscences of Wordsworth Among the Peasants of Westmoreland, (London: Dillon's, 1968).

32/With his middle-class peers or upper-class betters, of course, Wordsworth, at certain periods of his life, was sociable enough. See Wordsworth and Coleridge in their Time, A.S. Byatt, (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1970), pp. 70--71.

33/Broughton, p. 20.

34/Ibid., p. 44.

35/P.W., "Essay Supplementary to the Preface," pp. 418 ff., and The Prelude 1805, Book VIII, ll. 182 ff.

36/Biog. Lit., p. 192. Coleridge indirectly suggests

that The Brothers is pastoral by comparing its characters to Michael. William Empson also calls Resolution and Independence pastoral for reasons which will become clear later. See Some Versions of Pastoral, (Penguin Books, 1935), pp. 210--11.

37/See A.C. Bradley's "The Long Poem in Wordsworth's Age," from Oxford Lectures on Poetry, Second Edition, (London, 1962), especially pp. 184--187.

38/William Hazlitt: Selected Writings, "Mr. Wordsworth," ed. Ronald Blythe, (Penguin Books, 1970), pp. 220--221.

39/See P.W., II, Preface to the Edition of 1815, p. 432 ff.

40/P.W., II, Preface to the Second Edition, pp. 386--87.

41/W.J.B. Owen, "Introduction to Lyrical Ballads," (Oxford, 1967), pp. xxviii--xxix. He notes that the themes and subjects of these ballads are fairly commonplace. See also Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, ed. L. Rice-Oxley, (Oxford, 1924), for a satirical view of these ballads.

42/P.W., "Essay Supplementary to the Preface," II, pp. 409--430.

43/Biog. Lit., pp. 41--53.

44/Ibid., pp. 42--43.

45/Selected Writings, "My First Acquaintance with Poets," p. 58.

46/Henry Crabb Robinson, Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, ed. E.J. Morley, (Manchester, 1932), p. 87.

47/A.E. Hancock, The French Revolution and the English Poets, (Port Washington, N.Y., 1899), p. 156. See also W.L. Sperry's Wordsworth's Anti-Climax, (Cambridge, 1935), pp. 75--76.

48/This and all future quotations from The Prelude in this work are taken, unless otherwise indicated, from the Second Edition of the 1805 Prelude, ed. by E. de Selincourt, rev. by Helen Darbishire, (Oxford, 1959).

49/Geoffrey H. Hartman, Wordsworth's Poetry 1787--1814, (New Haven, 1964), pp. 143--144. He also speaks here about Wordsworth's handling of the pathetic.

50/Cf. also the dalesmen or shepherd-folk in The White Doe of Rylstone, P.W., III, p. 283, ll. 1--16, also church-goers.

51/Oliver Elton, Wordsworth, (London, 1924), p. 39 ff., discusses Wordsworth's viewpoint of the characters in the fell-side narratives.

52/See Owen, Wordsworth as Critic, p. 25. I think that the permanence resides in the allusive value of the line. I have supplied a possible concrete reason for its power, suggesting that it is "archetypal" in the sense that it is an ever-recurring possibility of human experience such as might be stored in the anima mundi or community memory of the dalesmen.

53/P.W., III, p. 109.

54/P.W., III, p. 412.

55/See Hartman, pp. 141--142, where he connects Michael's returning to the unfinished sheepfold to the lamb in "The Matron's Tale" and to the hart in Hart-leap Well.

56/See footnote 55 on Hartman's discussion.

57/See Hartman on Michael's reaction to his loss, pp. 265--266.

58/The Music of Humanity, (New York, 1969).

59/Oliver Elton, pp. 37--38.

60/M.H. Abrams, "The Prelude as the Portrait of an Artist," Bicentenary Wordsworth Studies, (Ithaca, 1970), p. 201.

61/Stephen Parrish, "Michael and the Pastoral Ballad," Bicentenary Wordsworth Studies, p. 61.

62/All quotations from Milton in this work, unless otherwise indicated, are from The Poems of John Milton, ed. James Holly Hanford, Second Edition, (New York, 1953).

63/"Go Back to Antique Ages," P.W., III, p. 127, composed in 1826.

64/P.W., III, pp. 131--132.

65/P.W., III, p. 445.

66/Wordsworth and the Poetry of Sincerity, (Cambridge, 1964).

67/Ibid., p. 13.

68/Ibid., p. 111.

69/Ibid., p. 16.

70/P.W., II. See notes on pp. 515--517 for more detail.

71/See, for example, "The Primordial Child in Primordial Times," from Essays on a Science of Mythology, C.G. Jung and C. Kerenyi, (New York, 1963), pp. 25--69, or "Transformations of the Hero," from Joseph Campbell's The Hero With a Thousand Faces, (New York, 1949), pp. 315--364.

72/English Romantic Poetry and Prose, ed. Russell Noyes, (New York, 1956), p. 84.

73/A former discussion on Wordsworth's use of the star and its various meanings, following this passage, has been relegated to Appendix A as being pertinent to Brougham Castle but digressive in the body of the text.

74/Some Versions of Pastoral, (Penguin Books, 1935), p. 153.

75/P.W., I, p. 281.

76/P.W., I, pp. 21--23, 11. 192--195.

77/Ibid., 11. 196--211.

78/P.W., II, pp. 156--158.

79/P.W., III, pp. 291--292.

80/E.Y., p. 322.

81/Wordsworth: Lectures and Essays, (Oxford, 1927), p. 26.

82/For pertinent discussions of Wordsworth's heroes or solitaries, see Lionel Trilling, "Wordsworth and the Iron Time," Wordsworth: Centenary Studies, (London, 1963), pp. 131--152, and also Charles Williams, "Wordsworth," English

Romantic Poets, ed. M.H. Abrams, (New York, 1960), pp. 110--122.

83/See Empson, Some Versions of Pastoral, p. 74.

84/"English Romanticism: The Spirit of the Age," Romanticism Reconsidered, (New York, 1963), pp. 64--65.

85/E.Y., pp. 354--355.

86/Biog. Lit., iv.48--49.

87/See especially Book II, The Prelude, and the Preface to The Excursion, but also throughout the works.

88/See The Psychology of C.G. Jung, Jolande Jacobi, (London, 1962), for a concise review of the individuation process, or also Jung's own essays, "Conscious, Unconscious, and Individuation" and "A Study in The Process of Individuation," in 9, Part I, of the Collected Works, Bollingen Edition, (Princeton University Press: New Haven).

89/See Perkins, pp. 168--169.

## Chapter 2: Pastoral in The Prelude of 1805

It may seem strange, at first sight, to include a discussion of The Prelude in a study of Wordsworth's pastoral. Obviously, if one thinks of pastoral as one of the "kinds," if one takes a genre approach to Wordsworth's poetry, the poem as a whole cannot fit in anymore than the fell-side tragedies could. On the other hand, if one uses the word "pastoral" in a wider sense--a sense I found it necessary to develop in my first chapter and which will be developed further in the course of this one--to include a whole outlook on life, then The Prelude of 1805, along with the poems I was concerned with in Chapter One, must be included in such a discussion.

But it is important to understand that, by Wordsworth's time, one was no longer being helpful or intelligible in speaking of genres in poetry in the old sense.<sup>1</sup> While Hazlitt had mentioned in one of his essays that Wordsworth's muse was a leveller, it is quite evident that the problem was a wider one and also an earlier one than that of Wordsworth's personal unconscious affiliations and sympathies. For almost a century before Wordsworth's birth, the theories of Rapin and Fontenelle on pastoral had been imported into England, discussed and evaluated, and made



the centre of the two so-called neoclassic and rationalistic schools.<sup>2</sup> The English tendency in pastoral criticism, at least toward the latter half of the eighteenth century, was to reject the idealistic and absolutist theories of Rapin based on a reverence for the ancients and to accept or at least adapt to a kind of pastoral called "empirical" or "rationalistic" which was more indigenous and realistic. This can at least be seen in the writings of John Aikin, Hugh Blair, and Nathan Drake.<sup>3</sup>

### I Epic and Pastoral

At any rate, if we are to understand the breakdown in genres, we must go back at least as far as Dryden and Pope, perhaps Milton, for an explanation. While it is common knowledge that heroic or epic poetry became impossible after Milton and the Civil War--everything Dryden or Pope attempted in this line is clearly of smaller, strictly satirical dimension --and a "genre" called mock-heroic or mock-epic emerged, it is not as well emphasized by later critics that the same thing happened to pastoral poetry. The spirit which made Dryden and Pope write mock-epic was the same spirit which made Pope and Gay write mock-pastoral. They could do no other. Frank Kermode, a more perceptive critic than most in this regard, has pointed out this demise of traditional pastoral paralleling the demise of tradit-

ional epic:

With Marvell the story really ends, for the later Pastoral lived in a quite different atmosphere, and in a quite different relationship to its readers. Marvell's lyrics, whenever they were written, were not published until the tradition in which they existed was already being forgotten. Dryden's translations of Theocritus are pertinent, as Theocritus never was; the true impulse of rustic Pastoral petered out; it was something the Giant Race had understood. The Pastorals of Pope show how much and how little the new poetry could do in this kind; in Pope there is a union, impossible a century earlier, between the practice and the academic theory of Pastoral. The eighteenth century excelled in the mock-Pastoral, which is a kind of pantomime following the great play. The Augustans were often conscious of their defects, and Pope understood the significance of his addiction to mock-Epic; the Dunciad, he said, was a kind of satyr-play appended to the great trilogy of Homer, Virgil, and Milton. It is not too difficult to see an analogy with mock-Pastoral. Human needs had, perhaps, not changed; but certain things of importance had reduced the relevance of the old Pastoral. London had lost the country; its may-pole, as Pope observed, had been taken down. The literary and philosophical preoccupations of the Renaissance poets had largely given way to a new, or newly expressed, set of problems. The old poetry, and everything that gave it its peculiar richness, had been largely forgotten by the time Johnson expressed his rational objections to Lycidas.<sup>4</sup>

But why should the "true impulse of rustic Pastoral" have disappeared as a concomitant of the disappearance of the impulse for epic or heroic poetry? Is there some vital connection between or identification of the two which causes one to be affected equally with the other? I must now note that I am getting into an area here which is perhaps fairly wide in its ramifications and to which it is difficult to

do proper justice and, at the same time, keep within the lines of my own subject. I must, nevertheless, at least outline my idea and show that it does relate very directly to an understanding of pastoral in the Romantic period.

There is, in fact, a vital and organic relationship between epic and pastoral which is as basic as the relationship between day and night, joy and sorrow, consciousness and unconsciousness. Like everything real, poetry has two poles whose opposition creates the necessary dynamic equilibrium for it to maintain its life. Like life, which it reflects, poetry has a bright side and a dark side, a clear masculine extraverted assured knowing side like the noonday and a shadowy feminine introverted hesitant intuitive or sensing side like dusk. I am suggesting that epic or heroic poetry, as a whole, reflects the former aspect of reality and that pastoral, as a whole, reflects the latter aspect. The relationship is organic in the sense that one cannot really exist without the other, in the sense that reality is one: the brighter the light, the darker the shadow; the higher the mountain climbed, the lower the depth to be descended; the more confident the Pharoah is of his godhead and the higher he builds his stepping-stones to the stars, the more aware of themselves as worms are the slaves or labourers who build them and the more they are ground into the dust. All real living things try to maintain a balance

or equilibrium; if one side of this polarity is exaggerated or distorted, there will be, at some time or other, an effect of compensation.

While it is necessary to over-simplify in order to outline some aspects of a complex reality, it would, of course, be naive to suppose that what I am saying is an accurate reflection of any individual reality. The face of life is ever-changing and transforming as the dimension and thrust of the spirit move within it through time and space. All of epic, for instance, is not necessarily concerned with extraverted masculine activity, although a great deal of The Iliad, The Odyssey, The Aeneid, Camoens' Lusiad, the epic romances of Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, and Paradise Lost, is taken up with such activity: wars, natural disasters, quests, rapes, and conquests of and dominion over other peoples. There are, however, moments of rest and meditation, warnings of the spirit as to the rightness or reprehensibility of such activity, passages of introspective summing up and judging, journeys into hell where the effects of this war and confusion, of this futile activity, of this forcing of one's will and dominion upon others, are seen from the point of view of the shadow side. Of course, any great work keeps a balance, a wholeness, which does not allow either of the opposites to go unstated. But, basically, epic is written from the masculine extraverted

point of view.

Epic or heroic poetry is the assured song of the conqueror, the song of the sons of the father. Its thrust is outward, joyous, extraverted, revelling in its power and physicality, its invincibility and composure, stopping in its activity hardly ever long enough to make distinctions between right and wrong, mine and thine, morally good or dubious acts. Its gods are the sky gods, gods of the bolt<sup>5</sup>: Zeus, Apollo, Mars, Jehovah, Indra, Thor, Urizen, and so on. To the introverted point of view, all this round of activity and conquest is stupid and even superficial since it is done, seemingly, simply because something is there to be conquered or acted upon and not because it will have any lasting benefit or value to anyone or that it takes into consideration the rights or feelings of others. Activity for activity's sake, stupid and superficial, thinks the introvert.

Pastoral poetry is the wistful song of the oppressed and troubled, of the sensitive to suffering and wrong, the song of the sons of the mother. Its direction is inward, pensive, introverted, taking pleasure in intellectual or more especially spiritual insight, seldom venturing to act until it has had time to think and ponder the rights and wrongs of the case, whether indeed the action is going to be of any value or not. Its gods and goddesses are of nature or of the earth, goddess fires: Gaea, Asia, Demeter, Ygg-

drasil, Mother Earth, Dame Nature, and her sons, Prometheus, Sisyphus, Atlas, Hyperion, Satan, Orc, Demogorgon, and so on. To the extraverted point of view, all this inactivity, introspection, and feeling is weak and anti-social since life demands action and social intercourse, and nothing ever gets done if one merely ponders on action. Turning away from people, pondering, fussing over right and wrong, weak and morbid, proclaims the extravert.

Perhaps the two hymns--Hymn of Apollo and Hymn of Pan--that Shelley wrote for his wife express these contrasts with more insight. He begins this amœbaean singing contest between the two gods as Dawn--time of the extravert--appears and the Hours have fanned "the busy dreams" from Apollo's eyes. Reverie, dream, or varying states of unconsciousness, the abaissement du niveau mental, are foreign to his vigilance and control. He climbs the sky in measured movements, lightening up the mysteries of earth, the mountain valleys and caves, in a kind of armour of righteousness which abides no subtleties: "The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill/ Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;/ All men who do or even imagine ill/ Fly me...." In supreme confidence and imperviousness to any kind of weakness, he seems to gloat:

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;

For grief that I depart they weep and frown:  
 What look is more delightful than the smile  
 With which I soothe them from the western isle?

Finally, having no truck with human fears or foolish emotions like weeping and pitying, he sings in the assurance of his supreme egotism:

I am the eye with which the Universe  
 Beholds itself and knows itself divine;  
 All harmony of instrument or verse,  
 All prophecy, all medicine is mine,  
 All light of art or nature;--to my song  
 Victory and praise in its own right belong.

But Pan, the god of pastoral, does not gloat or boast with any such supreme assurance that the universe is divine. He is a much more human and sensitive god, and sings a much more subtle, fluctuating, and sensuous tune on his pipe of reeds. His song causes humans nostalgia and emotion; the story of Midas coming upon the singing match reveals as much.<sup>6</sup> The reason that the man, Midas, is introduced into the story is solely for the purpose of revealing how Pan's subtle art can touch the human heart whereas the celestial song of Apollo can leave it cold. Pan knows about passion and loss of control, the shadowy and subtle side of life: "Liquid Peneus was flowing,/ And all dark Tempe lay/  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing/  
 The light of the dying day  
 ...." He is sensitive--that is why he always sleeps at noon to keep out of the heat and glare of the pitiless sun, and why the shepherds are always careful not to play their pipes at midday for fear of awakening him<sup>7</sup>--and realizes that it

is only envy on the part of Apollo and the judge Tmolus that keep them from praising him: "And all that did then attend and follow,/ Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,/ With envy of my sweet pipings."

But, ultimately, it is Pan's quality of compassion--like any of the Titans, Christ, Prometheus, and so on, he is a god who can get into the shoes of mortals and understand what it is like to feel separation and pain--that makes his music so much more captivating because it speaks of deep human experience of loss and heartbreak. He sings of creation, and heaven, and the mythical wars of gods and giants, but he also has another--the human--register on his pipe, a register unknown to Zeus and Apollo:

And then I changed my pipings,--  
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus  
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.  
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:  
All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

In all the earlier stanzas, Shelley had ended with the mention of Pan's "sweet pipings." It is only here in the final stanza that he springs upon us the recognition of the real power of Pan--his articulation of human sorrow and heartache. Milton Wilson, in his perceptive reading of these two poems,<sup>8</sup> has this to say about the extraverted view of Pan's music:



But his present audience fails to respond. Both Apollo and Tmolus hear Pan's outcry with dry eyes. The silence of Apollo is the silence of envy not love (as Pan has already claimed at the end of stanza two), and the silence of old Tmolus is now revealed as the insensitivity of old age. So the poem ends with Pan singing his sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought to an audience which he regards as too prejudiced or insensitive to respond. The Apollo of the "Hymn of Apollo" would be, of course, incapable of envying the "Hymn of Pan," but he would be equally incapable of appreciating it. The lyre of Apollo is only the mutable instrument of an otherworldly wisdom; the pipe of Pan is the very substance of human disappointment and transformation.

Pan's difficulty with his audience or public--like that of the Romantic poets or of all introvert poets--is that they are largely made up of extraverts who either, out of envy, refuse to give him the credit due him or, out of insensitivity or stupidity or inflexibility of spirit, cannot see the jewels of his insight. All brothers of Pan and sons of the mother know the nature of this sorrow.

## II Major Distinction: "Blue" and "Green" Pastoral

If, then, the striking or essential characteristic of pastoral music is its delineation of human sorrow and transformation of that sorrow into art, or the "still sad music of humanity," how closely does this bring us back once more to the odes of Keats, to the fell-side tragedies of Wordsworth, and to the idylls of Theocritus.

But when one brings Theocritus alongside of Wordsworth, one runs into that other problem with which Broughton

wrestled. The pipings of both poets are for the suffering and downtrodden, but they emphasize rather different aspects of this and in a different manner. As I have indicated in my first chapter,<sup>9</sup> Wordsworth is incapable, due to his Protestant or Calvinistic upbringing and environment, of speaking of the heartache and loss connected with unrequited or unreciprocated physical love. I am not suggesting that he merely pipes in one single undifferentiated key; his music is somewhat more varied than that. But there is a deeper dulcet and mellifluous reedy tone of exquisite beauty, the register of loss in physical love, that is simply not on his pipe. His is a pipe of higher tones whereas the pipe of Keats and Theocritus is keyed rather in the lower registers.

Out of the thirty idylls of Theocritus,<sup>10</sup> roughly fifteen, or half, are centrally concerned with the sorrows and frustrations of unrequited physical love, and two more are peripherally so. Two others are closer to Wordsworth's theme of the frustrations of poverty. Others are concerned with alternative activities to fulfilled love such as poetry, religion, and adventure. Only two are centrally concerned with fulfilled physical love. Neither Wordsworth nor Theocritus, however, need be defended or excused for their particular sounds. One sings more of one thing and the other more of another due to the difference in the nature of their instruments, that is, their souls. Which is "loftier,"

"purer," and so on, can be left to the realm of individual taste where it belongs; both are extremely beautiful if one likes that kind of thing. It is the same with other kinds of pastoral art, Afro-American jazz, for example. One does not quibble about whether a soprano, tenor, or alto sax is more beautiful, or whether a clarinet or a flute.

The emotional colour, however, of both Theocritean and Wordsworthian pastoral is "blue" rather than "green." Whatever shade of the blues the Wordsworthian Pan pipes, we are once more reminded of that part of the Preface to The Excursion which Wordsworth says is "a kind of prospectus of the design and scope of the whole Poem," referring to the large poem which he sometimes discussed with Coleridge. And it is into the "Mind of Man" that he is going--"mind" in the sense of psyche--into that shadowy winding misty hidden place of wailing and suffering and loss where "Humanity in fields and groves/ Pipes solitary anguish...." It is by this delineation of suffering humanity that he hopes to "arouse the sensual from their sleep/ Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain/ To noble raptures." It is obvious, then, that the quest to be followed in the big poem is not intended to be a great rollicking romp of raiders and robbers in the bright light of the world of naive men with clear-cut duties and mere physical reactions, but an inward pastoral journey of the suffering spirit into the shadows and half-lights of the

world of the deprived and the hopeless who know how ambiguous are the values of the high and the mighty.

But how is pastoral viewed from, what is the "purpose" of it in, this other world of extravert activity and power? P.V. Marinelli<sup>11</sup> speaks of the direction and context given to pastoral by Virgil's example:

On three occasions in the Eclogues, at the beginning of the fourth, sixth, and eighth, we are made aware that Virgil can at least conceive of, though he does not immediately move to, a world of epic endeavour apart from a life of retirement, and of a poetic celebration of that world in another more appropriate style than that of pastoral. The different life is the active one as opposed to the contemplative, the different poetry is the heroic as opposed to the pastoral....Though he claims not to blush for dwelling in the woods, there is at least postulated the possibility of a return to the world of men.<sup>12</sup>

He goes on to speak of other English poets, Spenser, Milton, and Pope, who have followed the Virgilian pattern of moving from pastoral through intermediate forms to epic and, in a somewhat later passage, continues:

The view of pastoral, from Virgil's time onwards, is generally an ambivalent one: as symbolizing the life of retirement and leisure apart from the lust for gain and place which characterizes the city, the pastoral world is a beneficent refuge; its narrow bounds represent the circumscription of desire, its simplicity is a welcome relief from the press of affairs in the great world. But because of its country associations, pastoral is also, on the poetic scale, and largely through Virgil's example and conspicuous success as an epic poet, the least of the poetic Kinds, the first step of a ladder with many rungs....For the moment, we must consider in what the value of an entrance into Arcadia consists. As regards the poet, it represents

a motion towards self-discovery by way of discipline. It is equivalent to climbing a prospect--a prospect, in this case, surrounded by grander mountains--to see the lie of the land before one undertakes to journey. The poet comes to Arcadia for a clarification of his artistic, intellectual and moral purpose. The assumption of the shepherd's weeds signalizes for a millennium and more a commitment to poetry and to the exploration of the relative worths of the active and contemplative existences. The temporary retirement to the interior landscape becomes a preparation for engagement with the world of reality, for it is necessary for knowledge to precede action.<sup>13</sup>

From this line of reasoning, we can see that Virgil's view, and the view of the aristocrats or aristocratic poets like Spenser, Marvell, or Pope, is that of "green" pastoral or academic pastoral. It is pastoral seen through the eyes of the extravert, of the rich and powerful, who desire "retirement and leisure" to gain peace from the frenzy of the "great world," who come to Arcadia for "clarification of artistic and moral purpose," who want to "explore the relative worths of active and contemplative existences," who make a "temporary retirement" in order to prepare for "engagement with the world of reality." But if one is singing, like Theocritus, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, or other sons of the mother, the song of the wretched, of the denied in physical love, of those deprived of the good things by hopeless poverty, inadaptibility, or incurable sickness, then pastoral has nothing to do with these things at all. Amongst the wretched and poor--and there are many poets and musicians

and artists amongst them--who is able to retire to the country for leisure, who ever gets away from the frenzy of the busy world that lives in an industrial slum or ghetto, who has a choice or the time to explore the relative worths of active or contemplative existences? Hardly anyone likely. Song is wrung or bled out of them by the misery of their lot, out of their poverty and longing. Their pastoral is "blue" because it is of real and continual suffering and loss. Pastoral is not the least of the kinds for them but the only. Pastoral of this kind is the natural or spontaneous song of the suffering man.

Again, in speaking of the genres, Marinelli makes other points from this same aristocratic and academic viewpoint:

An entrance into the pastoral world represents, then, not an end but a beginning. If anything, the pastoral world is itself a microcosm of the greater world, and it magnifies as under a glass and for our better understanding, the very problems that press in upon us so confusingly there. In so doing, and by considering the whole scope of human activity, pastoral frequently magnifies itself. The initial impulse to pastoral is essentially lyric, and the lyric note persists through the many modifications of the form. In becoming epic and dramatic, pastoral reveals an astonishing power to mount beyond its simple lyric beginnings and to weave itself into the highest forms of all. Indeed, it is capable of creating...an entirely new genre, that of pastoral tragicomedy. It is an inescapable irony that a form of literature devoted to counselling humility and simplicity should demonstrate such clear tendencies to aspiration, and in aspiring, achieve so much.<sup>14</sup>

The real irony, of course, and not the one that Marinelli mentions, is the pastoral irony reflecting the gap between the rich and powerful man's view of suffering and deprivation and the poor wretch's view who has these things as close and daily companions. When the electric spark flashes between these two rather distant poles of "green" and "blue" pastoral, there is a rather sudden and devastating arc of "purple" heat and illumination, the colour of the blood of the oppressed masses and also of the blood of beheaded aristocrats. By the time of Wordsworth, pastoral had not only aspired to the highest literary forms but had also gained such energy as to aspire to the highest political and social forms as well.

### III Olympians and Titans: Conflict of Epic and Pastoral in

#### The Prelude

##### a) Argument

And so, although it is common to speak of The Prelude, at least in some of its aspects, as epic, we cannot really be serious, since none of the Romantics wrote or could write epic. Childe Harold, surveying the battlefields of Europe loaded with corpses after the Napoleonic Wars, or viewing the remains of Greek and Roman civilizations, muses upon the meaninglessness and folly of the traditional great, and

the hero of Hellas sings "Oh, write no more the tale of Troy." These stances are rejections of--or Titanic oppositions to--traditional ideals of love and war, the traditional themes of epic. These poets are trying to call men to the truth of the spirit, to the works of freedom, peace, and creation. They are calling for a recognition of these values which they feel have been so long suppressed and under-rated. But they are also too idealistic. Faustian man--forecast, somewhat belatedly it is true, by Goethe, and heralded by various prophets of the nineteenth century as he emerged more and more clearly--in his worship of Mammon, denies the inner world of the spirit, or at least its values, and so the Romantic poet or spiritual pilgrim or traveller must travel his road in relative loneliness and suffering, more and more an outcast from the life of the society which will not recognize these values. And since he is not upholding the classic or traditional values of war and conquest--perhaps also violence and greed--not seeking to found new orders or new cities based upon these traditional values, he has to go elsewhere upon his quest.

Pastoral quest has an inner or spiritual goal. It replaces or offers itself as an alternative to the epic or heroic quest which has empires, gold and jewels, political power and dominion, as its aims. Epic quest always implies the desire to reform and control others, conformity of others



to its ideals, subjugation and use of others, others as means to glorify and satisfy itself. The aims of pastoral quest are for inner empires of the spirit, discovery of the true or kingly self and the spiritual throne of the personality, the gold and jewels of spiritual love and insight, the differentiation or making conscious of the inferior--still infantile or animal--functions held captive in the unconscious, and the correcting and training of these so that the person can live in harmony and cooperation with himself and his brothers.

We noted that Broughton had considered The Prelude as more pastoral than not,<sup>15</sup> and Lindenberger thinks that "the whole of The Prelude, since it claims the primacy of Nature over Art and Society, can be viewed as a version of pastoral."<sup>16</sup> Hartman also notes the incongruity of the beginning of Wordsworth's poem with the usual confident purposeful beginning of traditional epics:

...for what the first part of Book I records is, primarily, Wordsworth's failure to be a visionary or epic poet in the tradition of Spenser and Milton. No poem of epic length or ambition ever started like this. The epic poet begins confidently by stating his subject, boasts a little about the valor of his attempt, and calls on the Muse to help him. Yet Wordsworth's confident opening is deceptive. He starts indeed with a rush of verses which are in fact a kind of self-quotation, because his subject is poetry or the mind which has separated from nature and here celebrates its coming-of-age by generously returning to it. After this one moment of confidence, all is problematic. The song loses its way, the proud opening is followed by

an experience of aphasia, and Wordsworth begins the story of the growth of his mind to prove, at least to himself, that nature had intended him to be a poet.<sup>17</sup>

One of the reasons, however, for at least considering The Prelude in the light of epic is that he does in fact state his subject and boast a little about the valour of his attempt, but not in The Prelude proper since this was to have been part only of the big poem. As M.H. Abrams points out, Wordsworth originally did have in mind a sort of Miltonic opening statement of his subject, which of course was not attached to anything because the poem, in its originally planned form, never came into being:

And Wordsworth's "high argument" would proclaim that the mind of man, by consummating a marriage with the outer world, can effect the equivalent of a restored Paradise; ...Wordsworth's Paradise... will be achieved simply by a union of mind with Nature, and will be a Paradise in this ordinary world, "a simple produce of the common day," capable of being described "by words/ Which speak of nothing more than what we are"--without recourse, that is, either to an intervenient deity or to a heavenly kingdom to redress any imbalance between the good and evil of our mortal state.<sup>18</sup>

But the impossible argument of Wordsworth's big poem, stated in the Prospectus, is more than Homer, Virgil, or Milton, would ever have thought themselves capable of accomplishing. All that Homer tried to do in The Odyssey was to show that, despite nature and some of the gods, a man could eventually get home to his wife and family. All that Virgil attempted was a justification of Troy, through the

perils and wanderings of Aeneas, in the future founding of the Roman Empire. Milton's argument promised something more than these physical and temporal goals but he did not suggest that Christ's Incarnation and Crucifixion would bring men a temporal paradise. Yet Wordsworth suggests naively that "Paradise, and groves/ Elysian, Fortunate Fields," by implication at least, could come into being simply as "a simple produce of the common day," if men wedded themselves "in love and holy passion" to "this goodly universe." The impossibility of his argument is a result of his confusion which stems from being unable to distinguish between objective social goals and subjective individual ones. The "Spirit of Nature," or earth goddess, whom he invokes in The Prelude, since she is merely instinctive, cyclical, and unconscious of the designs of men, is not able to reciprocate with men in any sort of moral endeavour, and is only what Wordsworth's idealizing projections make her. If Nature does have goals for men, they are extremely mysterious and hard to understand.

Wordsworth's argument is the result of a psychic anomaly perhaps similar to the case of primitive magic. A quotation from Jung's experience with "Archaic Man" might help to explain this:

"Magic is the science of the jungle." A portent effects the immediate modification of a course of action, the abandonment of a planned undertaking,

a change of psychic attitude. These are all highly expedient reactions in view of the fact that chance occurrences tend to fall in sequences and that primitive man is wholly unconscious of psychic causality. Thanks to our one-sided emphasis upon so-called natural causation, we have learned to distinguish what is subjective and psychic from what is objective and "natural." For primitive man, on the contrary, the psychic and the objective coalesce in the external world. In the face of something extraordinary it is not he who is astonished, but rather the thing which is astonishing. It is mana--endowed with magic power. What we would call the powers of imagination and suggestion seem to him invisible forces which act upon him from without. His country is neither a geographical or a political entity. It is the territory which contains his mythology, his religion, all his thinking and feeling in so far as he is unconscious of these functions. His fear is localized in certain places that are "not good." The spirits of the departed inhabit such or such a wood. That cave harbours devils which strangle any man who enters. In yonder mountain lives the great serpent; that hill is the grave of the legendary king; near this spring or rock or tree every woman becomes pregnant; that ford is guarded by snake-demons; this towering tree has a voice that can call certain people. Primitive man is unpsychological. Psychic happenings take place outside him in an objective way. Even the things he dreams about seem to him real; that is his only reason for paying attention to dreams.<sup>19</sup>

Any poem, therefore, which invokes nature as its guide and has a goal which is so nebulous, probably based upon a confusion between external and psychic reality, and, at the same time, expects to have a rational and delimited form, is simply doomed to abandonment and incompleteness. William Minto describes the same kind of difficulty he sees Wordsworth having with the argument of his big poem when he notes that

to feel in moments of rapt ecstasy that there is a natural harmony between man's soul and the universe, to enjoy the solemn transport of the mystic in communion with the spirit of the world, is one thing; a very different thing it is to establish for the common heart the reality of this harmonious correspondence by formal exposition of it, carried through all the circumstances of human life.<sup>20</sup>

b) Theme

In the preamble (the first 271 lines) of Book I of The Prelude,<sup>21</sup> the speaker portrays himself as an introvert who is seeking solitude in order to be alone with his thoughts. He purposely encourages trance-like states, reveries, or other states of semi-unconsciousness, in order to discover a suitable theme for his poem. When he comes to speak about specific themes (ll. 177 ff.), one notices a kind of epic-pastoral fluctuation about them which perhaps corresponds with the optimistic-pessimistic moods that overtake him, all of which perhaps reflects the confusion about means and ends, about what he wants to do and what his muse will let him.

"Some old/ Romantic tale, by Milton left unsung" suggests both the epic--in that Milton, the bard of the victorious sky god, had considered it in his search for epic themes--and the pastoral--the epic poet left it "unsung," possibly because it had too much the air of defeat about it. Next, "within the groves of Chivalry," he pipes "among the

Shepherds, with reposing Knights"/ sits "by a Fountain-side," and hears "their tales." Again, to be "within the groves of Chivalry" listening to the tales of knights which would be about the values of chivalry, that is, love and war, suggests epic, while associating himself with the shepherds, and piping amongst them, suggests pastoral. The stories of both "vanquish'd Mithridates" and Sertorius<sup>22</sup> are epic in that they are stories of wars against Roman tyranny at the time of Metellus, Pompey, and the young Caesar, and pastoral in that they support the vanquished and, in the latter, have the vanquished Sertorius retreating or thinking of retreating to the Canary Islands--The Fortunate Isles--and deciding to live there in peace out of tyranny and war. The next theme, of the "unknown Man," who,

Unheard of in the Chronicles of Kings,  
Suffer'd in silence for the love of truth,

is obviously a pastoral one--suffering in silence when confronted with evil rather than using vengeance or retaliation--and also reminiscent of Gray's theme, a precursor of Romantic pastoral. The stories of the Frenchman opposing the oppressor of the conquered Indian peoples, of Gustavus fighting the Danes, and of Wallace driving the English out of Scotland,<sup>23</sup> all suggest a certain amount of war and bloodshed, and hence some kind of epic action, whereas each of these men is basically in a Titan's position of fighting for

the old ways against a new dispensation, and, during the time of defeat, finds a pastoral retreat in a cave or a mine in the earth--as good sons of the earth mother always do--where they are able to mature their plans for the defeat of tyrannous authority.

The story of Wallace is also pastoral in the sense that his fight left the name

Of Wallace to be found like a wild flower,  
All over his dear Country, left the deeds  
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,  
To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
Of independence and stern liberty.

The flower motif connected with Wallace has already been connected with Burns, with Beaupuy, with Lucy, and is ultimately traceable to the famous lines,

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,

of Gray's Elegy.<sup>24</sup>

He also mentions another kind of theme, more akin to his "own passions and habitual thoughts,/ Some variegated story, in the main/ Lofty, with interchange of gentler things," which also suggests the dimming of the distinctions between epic and pastoral. Finally, he exclaims:

My last and favourite aspiration! then  
I yearn towards some philosophic song  
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;  
With meditations passionate from deep  
Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;

But from this awful burthen I full soon  
 Take refuge, and beguile myself with trust  
 That mellowed years will bring a riper mind  
 And clearer insight.

Once more, there is this steady yearning to write a big poem from the dominant side of his personality, the introverted side, but disappointment when he begins because he does not know how to structure a long poem, other than by the example of Milton which is wrong for him since Milton is an extravert and epic poet. Thus he resigns himself, as he tells us, to writing a poem which would "make rigorous inquisition" about his qualifications as an epic poet, a "poem recording the origin and progress of his powers."<sup>25</sup>

### c) Form

Strangely enough, although Wordsworth may not have known it at the time, this kind of poem, the progress of the soul, is exactly the type of poem that the introvert poet can write. In speaking of the archetypes, or contents of the collective unconscious, Jung explains this:

These collective patterns I have called archetypes, ....An archetype means a typos (imprint), a definite grouping of archaic character containing, in form as well as in meaning, mythological motifs. Mythological motifs appear in pure form in fairy tales, myths, legends, and folklore. Some of the well-known motifs are: the figures of the Hero, the Redeemer, the Dragon (always connected with the Hero, who has to overcome him), the Whale or the Monster who swallows the Hero. Another variation of the motif of the Hero and the Dragon is the Katabasis, the Descent into the Cave, the



Nekyia. You remember in the *Odyssey* where Ulysses descends ad inferos to consult Tiresias, the seer. This motif of the Nekyia is found everywhere in antiquity and practically all over the world. It expresses the psychological mechanism of introversion of the conscious mind into the deeper layers of the unconscious psyche. From these layers derive the contents of an impersonal mythological character, in other words, the archetypes, and I call them therefore the impersonal or collective unconscious.<sup>26</sup>

Wordsworth seems to suggest that the difficulty of his epic attempt is possibly that he is not worthy or noble enough, a kind of idea which Milton likely would have given him. But it seems to me that this is not the point at all. His problem is that he is basically an introvert poet, a poet who must write about the interior journey of the soul and not about social and extravert concerns. Lindenberger, in discussing argument, style, and subject matter, of The Prelude, points to a similar cross-purpose within the soul of the poet who really yearns "towards some philosophic song/ Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;/ with meditations passionate from deep/ Recesses in man's heart," yet, at the same time, seems to think that he must, as a Poet with 18th-century concern for his public responsibility, write of the extravert values and relations of society.<sup>27</sup>

#### d) Style

Apart from the argument and the overall form which it takes, there are also questions about the style--diction

and other devices--which reinforce this feeling about Wordsworth's cross-purposes in the poem. Many readers notice the unevenness of style in The Prelude as Wordsworth changes from rather formal Miltonic diction to a more intimate personal kind of speech. Lindenberger says that "most frequently Miltonic language serves Wordsworth as a ready means of achieving a poetic and formal tone to counter-balance the matter-of-factness which Coleridge found so distressing in his verse."<sup>28</sup>

A little later in the same discussion, he suggests a reason for this:

There is a particular type of Miltonic passage in The Prelude which, though it reads as the sort of set piece which may bore or irritate the modern reader, has a functional enough role within the scheme of the poem. An example is the description of the gardens of Gehol.... The Miltonic formality of this description is occasioned by the fact that Wordsworth cites these gardens as an artificial paradise, like Milton his "faire field/ Of Enna," to contrast with a more genuine image of paradise; and afterwards, when Wordsworth comes to speak of his real paradise, the language gradually takes on a more conversational tone. For Wordsworth, being formal means being more or less Miltonic, and at numerous points it suits his purposes, within the design of the poem, to don Milton's formal singing robes; the modern reader, demanding a certain tension in poetry at all points, refuses to make such concessions in favor of the larger design.<sup>29</sup>

I believe that it would be possible to expand this idea that Wordsworth approaches a more nearly conversational and intimate style when he is talking about something that he is really fond of and that he becomes more Miltonic the more he sees

something with disfavour, sees something as false to his moral insight. Apart from Lindenberger's example of the artificial and real paradises, there is also a similar contrast in styles when he describes the "witless," "pretty," and murderous shepherds of the Cambridge and London scenes and when he describes the shepherds of the fells of the Lake District.<sup>30</sup> One can contrast, also, the description of the "whizz kid" in Book V with the following picture of the natural boy in the There Was a Boy passage or with the passages in Books I and II of his own childhood education. The elevation or Miltonizing of the style, then, seems frequently to have a scathing satiric, perhaps prophetic, function which makes it fully apparent to the reader just what stance Wordsworth is taking. Since he dislikes pride and arrogance, brutality, revenge, or venality, all qualities which he connects with aristocratic man and classic values, it is in areas which are connected with the rich and the mighty and their values that he is most going to get his back up, and it is in these passages that he uses formal diction most forcefully.

In connection with epic, we must also note Wordsworth's use, however infrequent, of the epic simile. Traditionally, the epic simile is used, whether in ancient epic or Elizabethan heroic drama, to enhance or magnify the extravert qualities of the epic hero or of his bands or armies

by identifying them with the great impersonal and invincible forces of nature: the hero is like a raging lion leaping in for the kill as he overcomes his adversary, or he is like a great fire drying up and consuming the substance of his enemy; the victorious armies are so overpowering that they are likened to a great flood let loose upon the countryside, toppling over buildings and bridges, and floating away cattle and property, totally irresistible, or they are like tempests, breaking, bending, or blowing away all before them. This kind of simile, concerned with action and physical power, with external dominion and victory, is perfectly suited to the theme and purpose of traditional epic--love and war, and the justification of the rightness and sway of the ruling authority or power, whether they be Greeks, Romans, Turks, Christians, Europeans, or whatever. Had Wordsworth or his contemporaries been Buonapartists or British imperialists, they would no doubt have had little trouble in adapting traditional epic practice to the subjects of their times.

But the pastoral poet is of course uninterested in, even disgusted with, this kind of thing. The pastoral hero is noted more for conquests in the realm of the mind and spirit than those of the battlefield and the boudoir, noted for the spiritual qualities of understanding, justice, and compassion. How then can nature be used in terms of simile

to enhance these pastoral qualities? Obviously, nature has her gentle, quiet, modest, enduring, and sympathetic aspects as well, and it is these that Wordsworth uses.

Lindenberger thinks that there are only four epic similes in The Prelude<sup>31</sup> and, although I shall dispute this later, I would like first of all to discuss the four that he lists. In speaking of those in Book IV.247--268 and Book IX.1--9, he says that

the very modesty with which Wordsworth chooses his bodies of water, combined with the Miltonic elaborateness of his similes, indicates in still another way how The Prelude hovers between the poet's epic conception and its less traditionally epic subject matter. Moreover, Wordsworth's tendency, evident in these similes, to excuse himself for delaying the progress of his story, serves to remind us of the uniqueness of so much private, often seemingly miscellaneous matter (note the image of the hidden world beneath the water's surface in the simile of the "slow-moving Boat") in a long poem.<sup>32</sup>

I think he is correct in emphasizing both the modesty and the private nature of these similes since they do reflect the characteristic activity and quality of the pastoral hero and heroine: states of semi-unconsciousness, introverted reflection and spiritual quest, qualities of modesty, gentleness, endurance in suffering, and the like. This aspect is also supported by the numerous ways in which the pastoral hero or heroine is connected with fragile or half-hidden flowers, single unobtrusive stars, invisible song birds, and unregarded dumb or wounded animals.

The simile in Book VIII.711-751 is of much the same character. While it does not deal with murky under-water depths or the windings back of a stream upon itself, that is, it does not deal with water specifically, it does deal with the entering into a cave or "Vault of Earth"--the haunt of the pastoral hero or Titan--and the gradual adjustment of one's sensibilities to the inner darkness and the making out of inner realities, and hence it shares with the other two similes aforementioned the characteristic modesty and privacy of the introverted pastoral hero.

The fourth simile of which Lindenberger speaks, Book X.402--414, is of a basically different kind. It is concerned with the pastoral hero, not in his introspective meditating suffering role, but rather in his prophetic socially-aware castigating-sloth-and-crime role, and the tone and style are quite different here from that of the other three similes he mentions. Here, the tone dares to be both bold and public, the style more "Miltonic," and therefore one identifies it with the passages previously mentioned<sup>33</sup> of the witless, pretty, and crooked shepherds of Cambridge and London. Although these latter passages do not, on the surface, strike one as being similes (because they do not use "like" or "as"), they actually are understood to be such.

As for further examples of the modest private pastoral simile--terms I am merely using to distinguish Linden-

berger's first three from his last or bold public pastoral simile--one can find them plainly in the Simplon Pass passage, VI.556--572, and in the Mount Snowdon passage, XIII.41--84, and perhaps elsewhere. I leave discussion of the Simplon Pass passage for a later part of this chapter.

From this discussion, we can see that Wordsworth has evolved two new kinds of pastoral simile--a break away from traditional epic simile--which serve the needs of his anima or muse. But is there not also in The Prelude a link between traditional epic simile and these new pastoral similes, and a further and even more significant development beyond simile as well? Let me try to outline this evolution or development more accurately.

In the traditional epic of Homer, Virgil, or Milton, as we have said, the simile is a device that the poet uses to magnify, or perhaps boast about, the extravert physical power of the classic hero and his supporters. Even in The Prelude, we have some examples of this, at least in modified or fragmented form. As Wordsworth goes towards Paris on his way home to England, he mentions the fall of the king and the threatening armies of the Allies on France's borders:

From his throne  
The King had fallen; the congregated Host,  
Dire cloud upon the front of which was written  
The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
That bore it, on the Plains of Liberty  
Had burst innocuously, say more, the swarm  
That came elate and jocund, like a Band

Of Eastern Hunters, to enfold in ring  
 Narrowing itself by moments and reduce  
 To the last punctual spot of their despair  
 A race of victims, so they seem'd, themselves  
 Had shrunk from sight of their own task, and fled  
 In terror.... (X.8--20)

After all, he is discussing a public and military event concerning the might of the aristocrats and the traditional convention is suitable.<sup>34</sup>

But most of the time, Wordsworth is not writing about public historical events as such because he is more interested in his inner perceptions, his inner spiritual development, and so he uses more often the two types of pastoral simile which I mentioned above. The first is concerned with reverie and introspection and awakening consciousness such as Lindenberger points out in IV.247--268:

As one who hangs down-bending from the side  
 Of a slow-moving Boat, upon the breast  
 Of a still water, solacing himself  
 With such discoveries as his eye can make,  
 Beneath him, in the bottom of the deeps,  
 Sees many beauteous sights, weeds, fishes, flowers,  
 Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more;  
 Yet often is perplex'd, and cannot part  
 The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,  
 Mountains and clouds, from that which is indeed  
 The region, and the things which there abide  
 In their true dwelling; now is cross'd by gleam  
 Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,  
 And motions that are sent he knows not whence,  
 Impediments that make his task more sweet;  
 --Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
 With like success....

While the subject matter and style are modest and private-- it is, once again, closely akin to Gray's stanza on the "gem



of purest ray serene" and the flower "born to blush unseen"--  
the form is still that of traditional simile: "As one who...."  
and "Such pleasant office...."

There is, secondly, the other kind of pastoral simile  
which he has developed in order to convey the mood of the  
prophetic or socially-concerned poet who has momentarily come  
out of his meditation and retirement--like a shaggy and  
wild-eyed Amos or Isaiah come down from the hills to Jerus-  
alem or Bethel--in order to denounce the sins of society:

But as the ancient Prophets were enflam'd  
Nor wanted consolations of their own  
And majesty of mind, when they denounced  
On Towns and Cities, wallowing in the abyss  
Of their offences, punishment to come;  
Or saw like other men with bodily eyes  
Before them in some desolated place  
The consummation of the wrath of Heaven,  
So did some portions of that spirit fall  
On me, to uphold me through those evil times,  
And in their rage and dog-day heat I found  
Something to glory in, as just and fit,  
And in the order of sublimest laws.... (X.402--414)

The subject matter and style is here bold and public--close-  
ly akin, this time, to the "dread voice" in Milton's Lycidas  
which was raised to denounce the Prelates of the Establish-  
ment for their pastoral abuse--and, although this would seem  
to identify it with traditional epic simile, it does not,  
because it is not glorifying extravert physical power of  
the classic tradition but the inner spiritual power of the  
Judaean-Christian tradition. Again, the form is still that  
of traditional simile but there are similar passages--

III.407--427, VII.543--565, and X.646--657--which omit the traditional form.

Since even those pastoral similes which have a modest and private subject matter--like the "slow-moving Boat" passage--call a certain amount of attention to themselves because of their form, Wordsworth more often uses something which could probably be called extended metaphor, in the narrower sense of that term, which is less obtrusive. In broaching the subject of "vain regrets," he interpolates:

If the Mariner,  
When at reluctant distance he hath pass'd  
Some fair enticing Island, did but know  
What fate might have been his, could he have brought  
His Bark to land upon the wished-for spot,  
Good cause full often would he have to bless  
The belt of churlish Surf that scared him thence,  
Or haste of the inexorable wind. (III.496--503)

While the function is surely the same as that of the formal pastoral simile, it is less public, less calling attention to itself, and therefore more private and introverted.

But I think this is not all. There are still other passages about inner states of awareness, about the workings of the creative imagination, which are much more veiled or hidden and about which one is given no formal clues or indications, only the thing itself. In Book II, on one of his exploits, Wordsworth speaks, as they depart from Furness Abbey, of leaving a single Wren

Which one day sang so sweetly in the Nave  
Of the old Church, that, though from recent showers

The earth was comfortless, and, touch'd by faint  
 Internal breezes, sobbings of the place,  
 And respirations, from the roofless walls  
 The shuddering ivy dripp'd large drops, yet still,  
 So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible Bird  
 Sang to itself, that there I could have made  
 My dwelling place, and liv'd forever there  
 To hear such music. (ll. 125--135)

This is a much more subtle and truly symbolic method, the direction in which poetry is moving at this time. There is no socially-conditioned marker or indication, just a simple statement which is absorbed or not as the reader is able. This is the way, at their best, that Keats and Shelley operate, "without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." If we are imaginatively receptive, the picture can suggest to us the universal poet or song-maker, the oppressed wretch, the suffering pastoral wanderer, the groaning Titan, the wounded beast, the crushed flower, the lost bleating lamb, or even the disappointed god of pastoral, Pan, shaping the spontaneous overflow of his feelings as they well up from the dark vital recesses of his sympathetic soul. Perhaps V.619--629 is somewhat of this type of passage.

#### IV Wordsworth's Introversion and Differentiated Psychic Functions

From this examination--admittedly cursory and abbreviated--of the argument, form, and style of The Prelude of 1805, it appears that Wordsworth is caught in an undertow of

the spirit, and also of the spirit of the times, that is dragging him towards the private world of childhood and unconscious states even though the opposing pull of tradition and the characteristic expectations of a public rooted in that tradition is trying to hold him to a course of public and responsible goals. Despite his optimistic claim in the Prospectus of the Recluse that the Mind and the external World are "exquisitely" fitted to each other, one sees that, as a whole, he insists most on making the point that "the external World is fitted to the Mind" rather than viceversa. It is not that Wordsworth denies the importance of the external world or the world of physical objects--the tradition of British empiricism would counteract such a tendency if his own sense did not--but that, like all introverts, he is never interested in the object as such but in the way in which his mind perceives and feels it, in the subjective mechanisms or foci through which the object is perceived or sensed.

In his Psychological Types,<sup>35</sup> Jung warns us that his descriptions are more or less ideal and that they do not

occur at all frequently in such pure form in actual life. They are, as it were, only Galtonesque family portraits, which single out the common and therefore typical features, stressing them disproportionately, while the individual features are just as disproportionately effaced. Closer investigation shows with great regularity that, besides the most differentiated function, another, less differentiated function of secondary importance is invariably

present in consciousness and exerts a co-determining influence.<sup>36</sup>

While keeping this warning in mind, it is interesting to note the similarities between what is known of some aspects of Wordsworth's personality and Jung's summary of the two "introverted irrational types," that is, of the "introverted sensation type" and the "introverted intuitive type":

The two types just described are almost inaccessible to judgment from outside. Being introverted, and having in consequence little capacity or desire for expression, they offer but a frail handle in this respect. As their main activity is directed inwards, nothing is outwardly visible but reserve, secretiveness, lack of sympathy, uncertainty, and an apparently groundless embarrassment. When anything does come to the surface, it is generally an indirect manifestation of the inferior and relatively unconscious functions. Such manifestations naturally arouse all the current prejudices against this type. Accordingly they are mostly underestimated, or at least misunderstood. To the extent that they do not understand themselves--because they very largely lack judgment--they are also powerless to understand why they are so constantly underestimated by the public. They cannot see that their efforts to be forthcoming are, as a matter of fact, of an inferior character. Their vision is enthralled by the richness of subjective events. What is going on inside them is so captivating, and of such inexhaustible charm, that they simply do not notice that the little they do manage to communicate contains hardly anything of what they themselves have experienced. The fragmentary and episodic character of their communications makes too great a demand on the understanding and good will of those around them; also, their communications are without the personal warmth that alone carries the power of conviction. On the contrary, these types have very often a harsh, repelling manner, though of this they are quite unaware and they did not intend it. We shall form a fairer judgment of

such people, and show them greater forbearance, when we begin to realize how hard it is to translate into intelligible language what is perceived within. Yet this forbearance must not go so far as to exempt them altogether from the need to communicate. This would only do them the greatest harm. Fate itself prepares for them, perhaps even more than for other men, overwhelming external difficulties which have a very sobering effect on those intoxicated by the inner vision. Often it is only an intense personal need that can wring from them a human confession.<sup>37</sup>

Which of these two functions--intuition or sensation--is most differentiated in Wordsworth, I am not really qualified to say, but Jung speaks about each separately. First, his comment on the introverted intuitive type:

The peculiar nature of introverted intuition, if it gains the ascendancy, produces a peculiar type of man: the mystical dreamer and seer on the one hand, the artist and the crank on the other. The artist might be regarded as the normal representative of this type, which tends to confine itself to the perceptive character of intuition. As a rule, the intuitive stops at perception; perception is his main problem, and--in the case of a creative artist--the shaping of his perception. But the crank is content with a visionary idea by which he himself is shaped and determined. Naturally the intensification of intuition often results in an extraordinary aloofness of the individual from tangible reality; he may even become a complete enigma to his immediate circle. If he is an artist, he reveals strange, far-off things in his art, shimmering in all colours, at once portentous and banal, beautiful and grotesque, sublime and whimsical. If not an artist, he is frequently a misunderstood genius, a great man "gone wrong," a sort of wise simpleton, a figure for "psychological" novels.<sup>38</sup>

On the introverted sensation type, Jung says that

above all, his development alienates him from the reality of the object, leaving him at the mercy of

his subjective perceptions, which orient his consciousness to an archaic reality, although his lack of comparative judgment keeps him wholly unconscious of this fact. Actually he lives in a mythological world, where men, animals, locomotives, houses, rivers, and mountains appear either as benevolent deities or as malevolent demons. That they appear thus to him never enters his head, though that is just the effect they have on his judgments and actions. He judges and acts as though he had such powers to deal with; but this begins to strike him only when he discovers that his sensations are totally different from reality. If he has any aptitude for objective reason, he will sense this difference as morbid; but if he remains faithful to his irrationality, and is ready to grant his sensations reality value, the objective world will appear a mere make-believe and a comedy. Only in extreme cases, however, is this dilemma reached. As a rule he resigns himself to his isolation and the banality of the world, which he has unconsciously made archaic.<sup>39</sup>

Finally, he has these general remarks about introverted sensation:

Introverted sensation apprehends the background of the physical world rather than its surface. The decisive thing is not the reality of the object, but the reality of the subjective factor, of the primordial images which, in their totality, constitute a psychic mirror-world. It is a mirror with the peculiar faculty of reflecting the existing contents of consciousness not in their known and customary form but, as it were, sub specie aeternitatis, somewhat as a million-year-old consciousness might see them. Such a consciousness would see the becoming and passing away of things simultaneously with their momentary existence in the present, and not only that, it would also see what was before their becoming and will be after their passing hence. Naturally this is only a figure of speech, but one that I needed in order to illustrate in some way the peculiar nature of introverted sensation. We could say that introverted sensation transmits an image which does not so much reproduce the object as spread over it the patina of age-old subjective experience and

the shimmer of events still unborn. The bare sense impression develops in depth, reaching into the past and future, while extraverted sensation seizes on the momentary existence of things open to the light of day.<sup>40</sup>

Allowing for individual features, Wordsworth might be found on this sensation-intuition section of the introverted side of the spectrum of human personality. In order to throw more light on the nature of Wordsworth's psychic make-up, I would like, in the balance of this chapter, to make the attempt to look at Wordsworth's childhood pastoral state, the crisis that came about after the Cambridge, London, and Revolutionary France experiences, and, finally, at the visionary passages, especially the dream of the Arab and the trip through the Simplon Pass.

#### V Pastoral of Childhood

At least twice in earlier sections of this thesis, I have suggested that Wordsworth, probably in the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, until he met Coleridge, was generally confused, but perhaps in varying degrees at different times, about reality standards. Especially in the childhood sections of The Prelude, it is evident that much subjective data is projected as externally visible and audible,<sup>41</sup> and we also have his note on the Intimations of Immortality ode<sup>42</sup> that he was "often unable to think of external things as having external existence...." He says



further: "I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality." He is simply and honestly at a loss to know where he ends and the world begins, unsure of the boundaries of his own personality. Jung has suggested, as we have seen, that this type of person largely lacks judgment with regard to external things due to the richness of his subjective life and the orientation of his consciousness towards it.

Even in the years when he was occupied with The Prelude, roughly 1799 to 1805, that is, when he is between the ages of 29 and 35, Wordsworth can still speak to Coleridge about this kind of difficulty:

Nor will it seem to thee, my Friend! so prompt  
 In sympathy, that I have lengthen'd out,  
 With fond and feeble tongue, a tedious tale.  
 Meanwhile, my hope has been that I might fetch  
 Invigorating thoughts from former years,  
 Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,  
 And haply meet reproaches, too, whose power  
 May spur me on, in manhood now mature,  
 To honorable toil. Yet should these hopes  
 Be vain, and thus should neither I be taught  
 To understand myself, nor thou to know  
 With better knowledge how the heart was fram'd  
 Of him thou lovest, need I dread from thee  
 Harsh judgments, if I am so loth to quit  
 Those recollected hours that have the charm  
 Of visionary things, and lovely forms  
 And sweet sensations that throw back our life  
 And almost make our Infancy itself  
 A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?  
 (I.645--663)

What we have here is an honest admission about his reality trouble, that he does not understand himself, that he does not have what would usually be called normal ego stability, that things, external phenomena, waver and change for him in an unexplainable and disturbing fashion, the way that they do for Poor Susan, the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, or for the poor superstitious rustics of the vales who see troops of "visionary warriors" or hear Danish Boys that "warble songs of war/ That seem like songs of love." This is also a further explanation of why the problem of the fitting of the Mind and the external World had such an intense personal meaning to him--it was critical for him that they did for his own health and balance and not really for some objective social paradise. The poem of "theme single and of determined bounds" is an attempt, however clumsy, to find out why he has these difficulties of judgment and perception.

After all, many people do not have these difficulties or see in such a way. Unlike the unhappy child, the fearful primitive, or the introverted poet, many people are extraverted and in a reasonably happy and stable relationship with their outer environment and concerns. They, the extraverts, see rivers as rivers and hills as hills, not as mothers and fathers, goddesses and gods, with whom to talk or from whom to get comfort or advice, by whom to be en-

tranced, frightened, or awed. Reality has not been so frightening or lonely to them that they need to play mythic games, perform rituals and sacrifices to appease the gods and demons, feel utter abasement and guilt or experience supreme ecstasy and transport. They have had comforting and loving relationships with mothers and fathers, have experienced kindly and solicitous treatment from the elders of their tribe. They have found life good and liveable within the human society, and do not need to go off into the subhuman or superhuman wilds searching for those objects of love and fulfillment which they cannot find anywhere and which they should have found in family and tribe. They have not been wounded or rejected or denied, they do not need to make their love relationships, or brother and father relationships, out of the stars, the stones, the trees, or out of the projections from their longing and hungry souls in which they clothe them. It is this need for love, for belonging, for comfort, refused via the normal channels, that activates the archetypes of their souls and thus introverts their consciousness, attracts them towards the god-like love and devilish hate of the unconscious contents as a kind of compensation for loss of human warmth and love, and, in projection, creates a world of magic for them in order to cover and protect them from the coldness they have found in the human sphere.

In his "Psychic Conflicts in a Child,"<sup>43</sup> Jung describes a state in which the subject, four-year-old Anna, becomes "elegiac and dreamy":

She often sat for hours crouched under the table singing long stories to herself and making rhymes, partly incomprehensible, but consisting partly of wishful fantasies on the "nurse" theme ("I am a nurse of the green cross"), and partly of distinctly painful feelings which were struggling for expression.

Here we meet with an important new feature in the little one's life: reveries, the first stirrings of poetry, moods of an elegiac strain--all of them things which are usually to be met with only at a later phase of life, at a time when the youth or maiden is preparing to sever the family tie, to step forth into life as an independent person, but is still inwardly held back by aching feelings of homesickness for the warmth of the family hearth. At such a time they begin weaving poetic fancies in order to compensate for what is lacking. To approximate the psychology of a four-year-old to that of the boy or girl approaching puberty may at first sight seem paradoxical; the affinity lies, however, not in the age but in the mechanism. The elegiac reveries express the fact that part of the love which formerly belonged, and should belong, to a real object, is now introverted, that is, it is turned inwards into the subject and there produces an increased fantasy activity. Whence comes this introversion? Is it a psychological manifestation peculiar to this period, or does it come from a conflict?

On this point the following episode is enlightening. Anna disobeyed her mother more and more often, saying insolently, "I shall go back to Granny!"

"But I shall be sad if you leave me."

"Ah, but you've got baby brother."

The mother's reaction shows us what the child was really getting at with her threats to go away again: she obviously wanted to hear what her mother would say to her proposal, what her attitude was in general, and whether the little brother had not ousted her altogether from her mother's affection.

Jung goes on to say, of course, that, since the mother had

not really stopped loving Anna because of the new baby, Anna's reproaches were unjustified and that the introversion was of a temporary nature only.

It is possible, however, that a kind of arrest of normal extraversion, or even the beginnings of a chronic introversion, can be forced upon a child because of the refusal of cold or unapproachable guardians and parents to reciprocate its love, respond to its need for affection and belonging, and that this being turned away from the human and social sphere causes the child to create his own world of relationships. Jung says that

the further away and the more unreal the personal mother is, the deeper the son's longing plunges into the depths of his soul to awaken that original and eternal image of the mother, through which everything comprehensive, sheltering, nourishing, and helpful assumes for us the maternal figure, from the alma mater of the university to the personifications of towns, countries, sciences, and ideals.<sup>44</sup>

It seems to me that Wordsworth's relationship with Nature and her various aspects, or with Cambridge, London, and Revolutionary France, is definitely not normal; if a child has warm and healthy relationships with its parents, it would never need to seek out these overly passionate and idealistic relationships with Nature, or with other institutions or movements, who cannot really respond humanly anyway, since she is merely blind process.

Let us examine the one area of his childhood life

which definitely belongs to the earlier Cockermouth period:

Was it for this

That one, the fairest of all Rivers, lov'd  
 To blend his murmurs with my Nurse's song,  
 And from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
 And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
 That flow'd along my dreams? For this, didst Thou,  
 O Derwent! travelling over the green Plains  
 Near my 'sweet Birthplace', didst thou, beauteous  
 Stream,  
 Make ceaseless music through the night and day  
 Which with its steady cadence, tempering  
 Our human waywardness, compos'd my thoughts  
 To more than infant softness, giving me,  
 Among the fretful dwellings of mankind,  
 A knowledge, a dim earnest, of the calm  
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.  
 When, having left his Mountains, to the Towers  
 Of Cockermouth that beauteous River came,  
 Behind my Father's House he pass'd, close by,  
 Along the margin of our Terrace Walk.  
 He was a Playmate whom we dearly lov'd.  
 Oh! many a time have I, a five years' Child,  
 A naked Boy, in one delightful Rill,  
 A little Mill-race sever'd from his stream,  
 Made one long bathing of a summer's day,  
 Bask'd in the sun, and plunged, and bask'd again  
 Alternate all a summer's day, or cours'd  
 Over the sandy fields, leaping through groves  
 Of yellow grunsel, or when crag and hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,  
 Were bronzed with a deep radiance, stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian Plains, and from my Mother's hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,  
 A naked Savage, in the thunder shower. (I.271--304)

Here, we have the Derwent as a "benevolent deity":  
 it is like a nurse, singing him to sleep, tempering his way-  
 wardness and composing his thoughts, it is addressed lovingly  
 in the second person, and it is described as "beauteous";  
 its course is followed from its source, as a "playmate whom  
 we dearly lov'd." The river is, in actual fact, doing the

things a good parent ought to be doing. Secondly, there is the pointed contrast between the river's influence for health and composure and the "fretful dwellings of mankind."

Shortly after this, when "my Father's House" and "my Mother's hut" are mentioned, without any particular sign of affection attached to them, it seems to me not to put too large or heavy an interpretation upon the lines to connect them with these "fretful dwellings." It is Nature who composes and steadies the child, but Mankind--at five years of age, who else can this be but his father and mother?--who chafes, worries, irritates, distresses.

It is not only here, at five years old, as a minor and passing thing, that this is the case with him. In July of 1798, twenty-three years after the Cockermouth experiences, he looks at the Wye and its scenery as the same guide and balm to his feelings:

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration....

A little later, commenting on the mystical experience, "in which the heavy and the weary weight/ Of all this unintelligible world/ Is lightened," he conjectures:

If this  
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft--  
 In darkness and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart--  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

This passage is almost identical with the Prelude passage quoted previously in that the same words are used to describe, the same attitudes are taken with respect to, the river, and the same word is used to describe the experience with men. The river is again "beauteous," seen not as "a landscape to a blind man's eye"--the spiritually hardened extravert eye--but as an actual spiritual presence of healing and calm, and is addressed lovingly and intimately as a nurse in the second person. By contrast, once more, men and their dwellings have only din and discord, there is only in men's dwellings "fretful stir unprofitable" and "fever of the world." There is little doubt in my mind that this contrast between Nature and Mankind is a distorting but absolutely indelible mark--one is soothing and steadying, the other is upsetting and frustrating--upon Wordsworth's soul, and that it is the result of unhappy experiences with his father and mother in his infancy and childhood.

At this point, I must make it clear that I have not the slightest intention of making out Wordsworth to be the brutalized orphan or the little stray child. There is no



evidence that I know of to support such a claim, and none of his biographers<sup>45</sup> suggest anything of the like. In Book V. 256--290 of The Prelude, he has spoken of his mother in terms of eulogy, although, together with the preceding "Parent Hen amid her Brood" metaphor (ll. 246--256), it is more in the nature of a general apologia for instinctive motherhood than an intimate portrait of his own individual mother. There is also, as it seems to me, the strangeness and enigmatic quality of the lines: "Little suits it me/ To break upon the sabbath of her rest/ With any thought that looks at others' blame,/ Nor would I praise her but in perfect love." This may, however, merely refer to the previous mention that she left them destitute. She could hardly be blamed for that, and so the mention of blame would normally seem superfluous. There is, of course, also the "Bless'd the infant Babe" passage (II.237--280), which is again sometimes quoted to support the case for warm relations between Wordsworth and his mother. But, once again, this is more in the nature of a general discourse on a mother's influences over her child in its earliest years rather than a description of a personal relationship. The mother, in this passage, is hardly distinguishable from the "presence that disturbs me with the joy/ Of elevated thoughts" in Tintern Abbey, and so is more likely to be a eulogy once more on instinctive motherhood and its influence for a healthy child.

There is also only the bare mention of his father in Book XI.345--375: while waiting for the coach to take him and his brothers home for the Christmas holidays, he has another of his visionary experiences; his father dies ten days after his getting home. He mentions that the death of his father brought them sorrow--nothing more specific--and that he felt that it was all a punishment from God. But again there is nothing really to show that he had any personal loving intimate relationship with the man.<sup>46</sup>

Wordsworth's own prose account<sup>47</sup> of his childhood relationships with father and mother is not very informative. After running through the genealogy of his family, he speaks of his infancy and early boyhood:

The time of my infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cockermouth, and partly with my mother's parents at Penrith, where my mother, in the year 1778, died of a decline, brought on by a cold, the consequence of being put, at a friend's house in London, in what used to be called 'a best bedroom.' My father never recovered his usual cheerfulness of mind after this loss, and died when I was in my fourteenth year, a schoolboy, just returned from Hawkshead, whither I had been sent with my elder brother Richard, in my ninth year.

The only mention of spirit or emotion here is that, before his wife's death, John Wordsworth Sr. had usually been cheerful. But why is it that, from the poet's autobiographical or other poems, one is never presented with a scene in which the father is drawn in the light of a warm and happy human

being? He is simply a blank in the whole of the poet's work where, one would think, had there been a loving and happy relationship with his children, he would have figured as a genial and cheerful friend and guide. In order to have a bad effect on a child, a father or a mother need not be physically brutal or withhold anything necessary for his physical growth. There are forms of spiritual cruelty the infliction of which some parents or guardians are simply unconscious: turning a deaf ear to a child's honest enquiries for understanding, holding aloof and distant when a child needs a parent's interested participation and nearness, being cold and unresponsive physically when a child needs to feel the warmth of his father's or mother's arms about him, to see the smile and gleam of love in their eyes for him.

He then goes on, in the same account, to speak of his mother:

I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter. I remember also telling her on one week day that I had been at church, for our school stood in the churchyard, and we had frequent opportunities of seeing what was going on there. The occasion was, a woman doing penance in the church in a white sheet. My mother commended my having been present, expressing a hope that I should remember the circumstance for the rest of my life. 'But,' said I, 'Mama, they did not give me a penny, as I had been told they would.' 'Oh,' said she, recanting

her praises, 'if that was your motive, you were very properly disappointed.'

My last impression was having a glimpse of her on passing the door of her bedroom during her last illness, when she was reclining in her easy chair. An intimate friend of hers, Miss Hamilton by name, who was used to visit her at Cockermonth, told me that she once said to her, that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious, was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. The cause of this was, that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper; so much so that I remember going once into the attic of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes;' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But possibly, from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise.

While the nosegay-pinning incident seems like a brief affectionate and benign moment in the passage, the whole is yet a strangely cool and forbidding picture of their relationship. In such a gloomy Calvinistic and male-dominated society, it is quite possible that Mrs. Wordsworth, like so many other women, was forced to suppress her normal maternal instincts and feelings and take on the masculine mask of morality, echoing all the masculine ethical cliches of society to her

children. She hopes that he will remember "for the rest of his life" the scene of someone doing penance, she is inflexibly moral about a small boy's "motives," and she seems not to have tried to understand why a boy could be moody and violent. She is more like a severe and distant preceptress of masculine morals than a mother. The last impression seems to me the most telling where he only "glimpses" her in passing her door as she reclines on an easy chair. Apparently, he is not allowed to approach, or is afraid to, or is put off from doing so by the presence of intimate friends of the nature of Miss Hamilton.

And why should young William have this desire to slash at the family portraits of the Cooksons? We read in Dorothy's letters<sup>48</sup> that they treated the Wordsworth children shabbily, even encouraging the servants to neglect or maltreat them. Legouis, who is noticeably fair about the parents, says: "The Cooksons seem to have been narrow and unyielding people, suspicious and harsh in their treatment of children, whom they did not hesitate to address with reproach and insult."<sup>49</sup> I think there is some case to be made for thinking that, if such is the atmosphere of the relationship between parents and children in the home of Mrs. Wordsworth's parents, then, some of this frustration and rebelliousness and upset would certainly rub off on her and her relationships with her own children in those early

years when children are so easily affected by the troubles and problems of their parents.

Again, it is pertinent to refer to the psychologist's understanding of parent and child relationships at these early ages when the child's consciousness is developing.

Jung states that

the condition during the first two or three years of his life, when the child is unconscious of himself, may be compared to the animal state. Just as the child in embryo is practically nothing but a part of the mother's body, and wholly dependent on her, so in early infancy the psyche is to a large extent part of the maternal psyche, and will soon become part of the paternal psyche as well. The prime psychological condition is one of fusion with the psychology of the parents, an individual psychology being only potentially present. Hence it is that the nervous and psychic disorders of children right up to school age depend very largely on disturbances in the psychic world of the parents. All parental difficulties reflect themselves without fail in the psyche of the child, sometimes with pathological results.<sup>50</sup>

Jung then goes on to speak about the child at the point where he has begun to develop his own consciousness separate from the parents:

A marked change occurs when the child develops consciousness of his ego, a fact which is registered by his referring to himself as "I". This change normally takes place between the third and fifth year, but it may begin earlier. From this moment we can speak of the existence of an individual psyche, though normally the psyche attains relative independence only after puberty. Up till then it has been largely the plaything of instinct and environment. The child who enters school at six is still for the most part the psychic product of his parents, endowed, it is true, with the nucleus of ego-consciousness, but incapable of asserting

his unconscious individuality. One is often tempted to interpret children who are peculiar, obstinate, disobedient, or difficult to handle as especially individual or self-willed. This is a mistake. In such cases we should always examine the parental milieu, its psychological conditions and history. Almost without exception we discover in the parents the only valid reasons for the child's difficulties. His disquieting peculiarities are far less the expression of his own inner life than a reflection of disturbing influences in the home. If the physician has to deal with nervous disorders in a child of this age, he will have to pay serious attention to the psychic state of the parents; to their problems, the way they live and do not live, the aspirations they have fulfilled or neglected, and to the predominant family atmosphere and the method of education. All these psychic conditions influence a child profoundly. In his early years the child lives in a state of participation mystique with his parents. Time and again it can be seen how he reacts immediately to any important developments in the parental psyche. Needless to say both the parents and the child are unconscious of what is going on. The infectious nature of the parents' complexes can be seen from the effect their mannerisms have on their children. Even when they make completely successful efforts to control themselves, so that no adult could detect the least trace of a complex, the children will get wind of it somehow.<sup>51</sup>

Wordsworth, then, it seems to me, from the evidence of the Prelude passages, and from the biographical bits one can gather, not able to project outwardly upon father and mother his normal desire for love and attention, is forced in upon himself, and this flowing back of the libido or psychic energy into the unconscious creates a tension which awakens those archetypal images of the mother and father; like a powerful magnet, heavily charged, they draw forcibly his consciousness inward. This fixation of his consciousness upon

the archetypes, just at the time when he is gradually coming into consciousness of himself and his surroundings, and should be more and more relating outwardly, sets up a kind of deadly opposition within himself, assuring future neuroses or spiritual crises, and causes him to project unconsciously upon all and sundry the parental imagos, that of the anima or mother being most potent for a boy. So Skiddaw and other mountains become paternal deities warning and chastising him with "low breathings," or, as in the later passage, rearing up and striding after him for the purpose, so he then thought, of chastising him for stealing the boat and even for being in a vale in which he "was a stranger." The Derwent and, later when he is "transplanted" to his "beloved Vale" of Esthwaite, the lakes and springs become maternal deities which soothe his sleep and steady his emotions.

He tells us as much, once more, in the passage in which he invokes the

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
 Thou Soul that art the Eternity of Thought!  
 That giv'st to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
 By day or star-light thus from my first dawn  
 Of Childhood didst Thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human Soul,  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,  
 But with high objects, with enduring things,  
 With life and nature, purifying thus  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
 Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.(I.428--441)



From his first awareness of consciousness--his "first dawn/  
Of Childhood"--it is not his soul but Nature's, since he is  
not aware that he has one, that "giv'st to forms and images  
a breath/ And everlasting motion." He suggests by this a  
total unconsciousness of his own psychic life; he feels that  
it is "out there" as does a primitive. He is "unpsycholo-  
gical" in the Jungian sense. He makes no distinctions between  
inner and outer, subjective "unreal" and objective "real,"  
worlds; everything is one and "out there."

In retrospect, he conveys the vivid quality of this  
participation mystique by combining his feelings--the adject-  
tives--and outer phenomena--the nouns--as psychized beings  
in the landscape, in passages such as the following:

Nor was this fellowship vouchsaf'd to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours, rolling down the valleys, made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods  
At noon, and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling Lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;  
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters all the summer long.(I.442--451)

It is not he who is "lonesome" but the scene with its vapours  
rolling down the valleys; it is not he who is "trembling" but  
the lake, not he who is "gloomy" but the hills. It is this  
"intertwining," this "fellowship," this "intercourse," this  
deeply unconscious fixation of his early childhood, that he  
later ironically proposes in his argument as the hoped-for  
paradisaal state. In some sense, then, his argument is for

being unconscious, in a womb, in a state of nature, and this is no doubt why he apostrophizes and idolizes children and the childhood state; to be a child is to be obliviously happy, feeding blissfully in the mother, unaware even that one is.

But this is only true of infants and small children, or of abnormally introverted older children. After six years or so, the average child begins to become aware of himself as an individual separate from others and also to see individuality in others or in the objective scene. I think, therefore, that Hartman is wrong when he explains Wordsworth's fixation on nature rather than on human nature as "normal";

It may seem strange that Wordsworth begins the story of his development with nature rather than human nature. The reason emerges from the fact that he adheres closely to rememberable time. No incidents antedate the age of five, and most are from ten and later. It is not surprising, therefore, that we hear next to nothing about the influence of father and mother (the latter dies when Wordsworth is eight, the former when he is thirteen). The poet's memories coincide with the onset of the "latency period" which is marked by a strong oblivion of early and too human contacts. And by the time the poet emerges from it he is already without father and mother.<sup>52</sup>

But between four and eight, when his mother died, and four and thirteen, when his father died, there is plenty of time for rememberable or memorable relationships and experiences if indeed there were any beside the few cool and distant ones

that he mentions. I think it is strange and surprising that he does not begin with human nature, because any one who has had normal human relationships would begin this way, yet, under the circumstances, it is understandable. It is no normal "latency period" that causes him to forget his early human contacts and remember his passionate relationships with rivers, caves, and mountains. His human contacts seem to be only too painfully remembered--"fretful dwellings of mankind," "shapes of joyless daylight," "mean and vulgar works of man"--and cause a strong desire in him to forget them or reduce them to unfortunate anomalies or aberrations in an otherwise "happy" childhood.

I believe it is here, in this particular context, that the dragon of the childhood state as being the ideal state must be slain once and for all. When I speak about the "slaying of the dragon," I am not simply using a vague and romantic metaphor to impress anyone who might be impressionable to such, but, as we shall see, am using the imagery of the traditional hero myth derived from humanity's dreams about the overcoming of the unconscious by purposeful individuation of personality, about overcoming the earth-mother or death by way of extraverted adult-oriented activity and life.<sup>53</sup> I shall come to speak of this myth later in connection with Jung's discussion of the goal of individuation or the concept of the Self, but, at this point, let us see what

some critics have to say about the Romantic--especially Wordsworth's and Coleridge's--treatment of childhood.

Both Marinelli and Empson remark on the comparative novelty in our history of this particular viewpoint on childhood. Marinelli says that

this emphasis on childhood and adolescence in our literature is sometimes not recognized, especially by the young, as the comparative novelty it is. Before Rousseau and the Romantic poets, only Henry Vaughan (and then in another context entirely) appears to be at all aware of the child as other than an embryonic adult.... The emphasis on childhood is essentially a Romantic innovation based on the notion that the clear natural vision of the child is somehow superior to that of the man. It is an endearing idea, but we must take it on faith that it is truly so, for the innocence attributed to the child may be only the projection of the author's imaginings about that earlier state of life, and they are bound to be coloured by his experience and by his nostalgia.... When we are presented with this wonderful phenomenon of the child wiser and more innocent than the man--we may use Wordsworth's Prelude as an example that unites the pastoral of rural life with the pastoral of childhood--it becomes a matter of real difficulty to disentangle the art of the adult author from the supposed naturalness of the child of whom he writes. In a very real sense, the Romantics discovered, not really the child himself, but a way of writing about him. Previous to Wordsworth, the accepted way to write about children was to treat them with a kind of gentle irony, a way that captured their fresh innocence, but also captured its fragility. One thinks immediately of Longus's novel, and in poetry, of Herrick, of Marvell and Matthew Prior. The Romantic innovation consisted in treating them with a sublimity of feeling that reflected the sublimity of their being....<sup>54</sup>

Marinelli is, of course, right: the child is simply unconscious of itself. That is why the traditional adult

view was to treat it with "gentle irony." Beautiful in its fragility and innocence as it is, it is hopelessly lost in the participation mystique of its parents' life--the parental psyche--and, therefore, helpless and vulnerable and to be seen as such: fragile beautiful unconscious flower, soft innocent unwitting rabbit or fawn, and so on. To treat them as Wordsworth does, or Coleridge, is simply to be confused; that is, Wordsworth projects his own abnormal introversion to the archetypes, the qualities of god-likeness from the collective unconscious, upon children and thinks that that is the outer reality. To attribute wisdom and insight to the childhood state when it is merely a state of oblivion may be a mistake, but a mistake that we can look leniently upon as Marinelli implies when he calls it an "endearing idea." To suggest, however, that this state should be maintained or continued beyond the normal span of unconscious childhood, and that it is a goal towards which adult men and women should strive, is not only novelty but nonsense.

Primitive men know that this is not the goal of life. In early childhood, they treat their children with love and care, give them, if they are normal, a great deal of attention and affection, because the child, they know, is terribly deformable and vulnerable. They, too, treat him with a "gentle irony," smiling and exclaiming at his heedless innocence, his clumsy but cute unadaptedness. Nevertheless,

they are not sentimental; they do not try to fool themselves that this charm and cuteness is something profound and worthy to be imitated--this would be utter stupidity in their eyes. Their aim, like the aim of all traditional men, was to wake the child out of his oblivion which is deadly in terms of practical life. The way they did this was in their use of puberty rites, marriage rites, which had the purpose of releasing the child from the unconscious psyche of his parents and forcing him to relate outwardly to the tribe, to the larger family, to adapt to the external world. In this rite, they gave him substitute parents, godfathers and godmothers, to soften the separation, so that he was still related but in a more healthy and conscious way. In other words, he was individuating and growing.<sup>55</sup>

We remember that, in speaking of the introverted intuitive type as an artist, Jung said that "he reveals strange far-off things in his art, shimmering in all colours, at once portentous and banal, beautiful and grotesque, sublime and whimsical." I suggest that Wordsworth's ideas about childhood are of this nature. Jung also speaks about the collective or unindividuated mind of the unconscious primitive or unconscious child:

On this collective level we are no longer separate individuals, we are all one. You can understand this when you study the psychology of primitives. The outstanding fact about the primitive mentality is this lack of distinctiveness between individ-

uals, this oneness of the subject with the object, this participation mystique, as Levy-Bruhl terms it. Primitive mentality expresses the basic structure of the mind, that psychological layer which with us is the collective unconscious, that underlying level which is the same in all. Because the basic structure of the mind is the same in everybody, we cannot make distinctions when we experience on that level. There we do not know if something has happened to you or to me. In the underlying collective level there is a wholeness which cannot be dissected. If you begin to think about participation as a fact which means that fundamentally we are identical with everybody and everything, you are led to very peculiar theoretical conclusions. You should not go further than those conclusions because these things get dangerous. But some of the conclusions you should explore, because they can explain a lot of peculiar things that happen to man.<sup>56</sup>

I would like to explore one or two of these conclusions that Jung mentions; firstly, on the level of the individual and, secondly, on the level of society. If, for instance, the individual grows and develops physically so that he can engage and cope with the world, it is obvious that he must also develop and grow psychically and this can only be in the direction of consciousness. Individuation--that is, the making of unconscious contents of the psyche conscious, giving the personality a wider and more independent basis--is the primary principle of human development. If one does not develop in consciousness at the proper periods of one's life, there can be no healthy equilibrium of the psyche and therefore only psychic or mental stagnation and disorders can result. Let us take some particular cases.

When the poet turns to Dorothy on the banks of the  
Wye, and says,

in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister!...Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! (ll.116--121;134--146),

he is more or less suggesting that she is in a state of participation mystique, with the "wild eyes" and "wild ecstasies" of someone who, like a bird or a fawn, is in an oblivious state of oneness with the natural process, and that it is good that she should stay in such a state. But Dorothy, at this time, is at least twenty-six years of age, and really ought to be at a more conscious level of development. One wonders whether her later mental breakdown was caused by this rather arrested development of her consciousness. Jung frequently makes the comparison of the artist with the crank, explaining that both are confronted with the ideas of the collective unconscious, that both have visionary ideas. The difference is, however, that the artist shapes his ideas, gives them recognizable form, makes



them universally comprehensible, whereas the crank is shaped by his vision, swallowed up in it. Dorothy, to some degree, unlike her brother, is a kind of crank or artist manqué, and one can see why her poetic ability is limited; only the person who is in the process of individuating touches those well-springs or founts of the psyche where the eternal archetypes or images are released to produce the material for poetry or for life. But if one has stayed too long in a child-like state with the archetypes, one's conscious development can be atrophied, the power of the unconscious can become exaggerated or distorted. In the case of Dorothy's mind, for instance, rather than becoming a "mansion for all lovely forms" or ideas; it becomes a prisoner of them; she does not direct and shape them, they eventually swallow her. Wordsworth himself, perhaps also some of his contemporaries, did not totally escape warping from the power of his ideas.

There are also the cases of some of his poetic characters. Little Lucy Gray, compared to the innocent flower or the obliviously happy "mountain roe," is obviously in a deep state of unconsciousness, still only a part of her parental psyche. But the parents appear not to give a bent penny for her, and so what good to her is this unadapted childhood state? Poor Susan, ostensibly on her own in the big city of London, is also really in this state of partic-

ipation and has not been released either from the parental psyche, the collective unconscious of the dale from which she comes. It is quite certain that she will not last long in a milieu where consciousness and high adaptation skills are required. One could go on with many others: the idiot boy, Ruth, Leonard Ewbank, the old soldier in Book IV of The Prelude, Mary of Buttermere, Lucy of the Lucy poems. They cannot cope with the world of individuated society, but are left to pine helplessly and awkwardly in heartache and nostalgia for the maternal vales or patrimonial fields, the mother and father psyche, the state of oblivious participation, the psychic womb from which their umbilici have never been cut. Spiritually, they have never been born.

On the level of society, if one upholds the idea of the unindividuated mind where people are all the same, unable to make distinctions, not knowing whether something has happened to this one or that one, there is also going to be a state of total chaos and disorder. In order to have any kind of morality or justice in a society or in an individual, distinctions obviously have to be made and these can only be made at the level of consciousness. If everyone really becomes "citizen" or "comrade," a society of "equals," these terms begin to lose their value, and one gets the bloody September Massacres with wild-eyed Robespierres or the purges of communist regimes. Society has to function on the basis

of distinctions regulated according to conscious control, and, therefore, a society derived from the principle of equal unconsciousness is nothing but either a necropolis or a mindless herd. This is, of course, not exactly what Wordsworth had in mind, but he did not follow out the logic of his assumptions since he was no thinker.<sup>57</sup>

Except for poets with the discipline of their craft, then, or for mystics and contemplatives alone with their spiritual exercises, the average man<sup>58</sup> has some reason to be hesitant about a

sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. (ll. 95--102)

This motion and spirit is at least ambiguous and probably totally irrational, since it is the spirit of participation mystique, the state of the instinctive mother and the blissfully feeding child, the state in which there is no distinction or discrimination, only collective and unconscious activity. While it is marvellously restful and renewing--one can drink or feed in it without trouble like a chrysalis in its cocoon--and also a necessity for creation, it is, as well, the state in which peasants burn chateaux and raze buildings, the state in which primitives or mobs murder and mutilate their enemies, the state in which frustrated parents

mains their children.

Notice how the rhetoric of the passage works on the reader's sensibility and helps to reduce his power of thought. First of all, the initial designations are hopelessly vague: "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, / Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." Of course, I am not disputing the beauty of the passage; perhaps its emotional pull is part of that beauty. Poetry, as we all know, should appeal to the whole man and not just his intellect. But it should appeal to the intellect as well as the unconscious part of the psyche. Neither am I disputing the reality behind the description; it is the tremendous power of the collective unconscious. One should not, however, or so it seems to me, simply throw away reason and bow down, however metaphorically, to this sublime "something" which is "more deeply" interfused--more than what one does not know--and whose dwelling is the deceptive "light of setting suns"--in other words, whose dwelling is rather dark and nebulous.

Then there is the ritual chant of "and...and...and" calling us or impelling us to the "all...all...all...all," like the sea sirens called Odysseus, where nothing is distinguished, subject and object indistinguishable, the state of the unconscious sea: "all thinking things, all objects of all thought" just all rolled together, like a school of fish instinctively veering this way and that through the

dark mindless caverns of the sea, like a herd of gazelles leaping and gyrating instinctively through the shadows of the tropical forest. It is a beautiful but unconscious state of non-being, like the first image of the world as the first consciousness saw it. It is this same state that Jung speaks of in his sojourn in Kenya:

From Nairobi we used a small Ford to visit the Athi Plains, a great game preserve. From a low hill in this broad savanna a magnificent prospect opened out to us. To the very brink of the horizon we saw gigantic herds of animals: gazelle, antelope, gnu, zebra, warthog, and so on. Grazing, heads nodding, the herds moved forward like slow rivers. There was scarcely any sound save the melancholy cry of a bird of prey. This was the stillness of the eternal beginning, the world as it had always been, in the state of non-being; for until then no one had been present to know that it was this world. I walked away from my companions until I had put them out of sight, and savored the feeling of being entirely alone. There I was now, the first human being to recognize that this was the world, but who did not know that in this moment he had first really created it.<sup>59</sup>

Wordsworth's claim, then, that the child--"Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!"--has superior qualities and gifts of insight and wisdom, or that, contrasted to the adult state, its state of innocence is preferable, seems not to be borne out by either common sense or experience. In Stanzas VII and VIII of the Ode, in To H.C. (Six Years Old), and in passages of The Prelude such as V.531--542, the conclusion of his meditation upon the childhood state always seems to be thus: the child is better off in its happy state be-

cause it is whole, closer to heaven, and therefore has knowledge and vision of a sublime or profound nature, perhaps of its heavenly origin and heavenly destination, and is, in this way, "father of the Man." Of course, there is the additional support for this position that, in any case, man and society make the child go wrong.

It is probably true that the child is whole in a sense--perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is unconscious of its potential polarities--and also that it is closer to heaven, if "heaven" is understood to mean the archetypal forms of the collective unconscious. But the main point about the child is that it is unconscious, useless to itself, has no identity, has never been. It cannot stay in this state of non-being--no matter how ideally fine and unblemished it may be--but must become, or else it will simply contradict, oppose, and destroy itself.

In speaking of the archetypal dreams of children, Jung says that he explains them

by the fact that when consciousness begins to dawn, when the child begins to feel that he is, he is still close to the original psychological world from which he has just emerged: a condition of deep unconsciousness. Therefore you find with many children an awareness of the contents of the collective unconscious, a fact which in some Eastern beliefs is interpreted as reminiscence of a former existence. Tibetan philosophy, for instance, speaks of the 'Bardo' existence and of the condition of the mind between death and birth. The idea of former existence is a projection of the psychological condition of early childhood. Very

young children still have an awareness of mythological contents, and if these contents remain conscious too long, the individual is threatened by an incapacity for adaptation; he is haunted by a constant yearning to remain with or to return to the original vision. There are very beautiful descriptions of these experiences by mystics and poets.

Usually at the age of four to six the veil of forgetfulness is drawn upon these experiences. However, I have seen cases of ethereal children, so to speak, who had an extraordinary awareness of these psychic facts and were living their life in archetypal dreams and could not adapt.<sup>60</sup>

It is probably true of Wordsworth, therefore, that to some degree he has this kind of problem of not being able to totally free himself from his childhood fixation with the archetypes, for he does have, as he frequently admits himself, difficulties of adaptation, reality problems, and is haunted by these visions of the shadow and the anima right up into the period of his miraculous decade, projecting them--making "beautiful descriptions of these experiences"--upon his poetic figures. The thing that he eventually learns, however, through his Cambridge, London, and Revolutionary France experiences, his attempts to participate in the social movements of the time through journalism and polemics, is that one cannot stay in this state of unconsciousness and oblivion but, like Adam, must go out and earn one's bread and bear one's children in pain and loss or else simply be destroyed by the flaming sword of insanity--a too hopeless fixation on the archetypes--that the Angel waves from the gates of the lost paradise.





In some sense as well, he seems to look upon others as though he were a god looking down from Cloud Nine making judgments, like Puck, about inferior mortals. He will not stoop to participate in the things which are of interest to them:

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's Room,  
 All studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,  
 With loyal Students, faithful to their books,  
 Half-and-half Idlers, hardy Recusants,  
 And honest Dunces;--of important Days,  
 Examinations, when the Man was weigh'd  
 As in the balance!--of excessive hopes,  
 Tremblings withal, and commendable fears,  
 Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad  
 I make short mention; things they were which then  
 I did not love, nor do I love them now.  
 Such glory was but little sought by me,  
 And little won. (III.60--72)

Although he is unable to take part in the work and pastime of his contemporaries, he nevertheless has some fears and doubts about his own security and his future. He explains his own idiosyncrasy by reminding himself that he was a "chosen Son," dedicated to being a Poet.

He identifies himself not with the living but with the famous dead who had at some time been students at Cambridge, and not as they were realistically but as idealized gods or prophets: "Newton's own etherial Self," "Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven," and Milton, the "Soul awful,...uttering odious truth...." The whole purpose of the drunk scene was not basically to reveal himself in a human light but rather to emphasize his zealous devotion to the Miltonic ideal. He really does not wish to accept Cam-



When he goes to London, we find that he is in the same relationship to it as he was to Cambridge, a slightly contemptuous looker-on, a dreamer to a dream. It is a "hubbub" full of monsters and barbarians, an "ant-hill," or "blank confusion." There are individuals, of course, whom he sees in terms of their individuality--the Cottage Child who walked "with hair unsinged amid the fiery furnace" and the Blind Beggar--but mostly he sees urban humanity as flies crawling on a corpse. I think the basic reason for this is that, unlike the pastoral setting of the vales which he presents as a contrast in Book VIII, London does not provide, as a rule, the protective atmosphere for meditation or contemplation, for the blissful and unconscious drinking in of things. In London, as in the world, or in the jungle, one has to be eternally on the watch.

But London is all right at times. He qualifies his distaste for it by saying that there are different scenes:

the peace

Of night, for instance, the solemnity  
 Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 When the great tide of human life stands still,  
 The business of the day to come unborn,  
 Of that gone by, lock'd up as in the grave;  
 The calmness, beauty, of the spectacle,  
 Sky, stillness, moonshine, empty streets, and sounds  
 Unfrequent as in desarts; at late hours  
 Of winter evenings when unwholesome rains  
 Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 The feeble salutation from the voice  
 Of some unhappy Woman, now and then  
 Heard as we pass.... (VII.627--640)

When the "fretful dwellings of mankind" are still and silent, and covered with darkness or perhaps fog, when the human din and bustle is quieted and only the sound of the rain is heard or, at most, a muted human voice, that is, when Nature takes over, London will suffice. This is, of course, the same picture that pleases him in the famous sonnet, Upon Westminster Bridge, where "the very houses seem asleep;/ And all that mighty heart is lying still." The city is like a great mother clothed in the beauty of the morning sun and air upon whose lap he can rest and feed.

Later in Book VIII, he once more compares her to a dominating woman whom he reaches by "having thridded/ The labyrinth," and compares himself, in relation to her, as a child:

Preceptress stern, that did instruct me next,  
 London! to thee I willingly return.  
 Erewhile my verse play'd only with the flowers  
 Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied  
 With this amusement, and a simple look  
 Of child-like inquisition, now and then  
 Cast upwards on thine eye to puzzle out  
 Some inner meanings, which might harbour there.  
 ...Never shall I forget the hour  
 The moment rather say when having thridded  
 The labyrinth of suburban Villages,  
 At length I did unto myself first seem  
 To enter the great City. On the roof  
 Of an itinerant Vehicle I sate  
 With vulgar Men about me, vulgar forms  
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,  
 Mean shapes on every side: but, at the time,  
 When to myself it fairly might be said,  
 The very moment that I seem'd to know  
 The threshold now is overpass'd, Great God!  
 That aught external to the living mind

Should have such mighty sway! yet so it was  
 A weight of Ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no  
 Distinct remembrances; but weight and power,  
 Power growing with the weight: alas! I feel  
 That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's pause.  
 All that took place within me, came and went  
 As in a moment, and I only now  
 Remember that it was a thing divine. (VIII.678--710)

There is no doubt here, again, evidence of the power of the collective unconscious in the form of the anima figure. His typical shift in perspective--from normal time-and-space delimited dimension, indicated by the phrases "vulgar forms" and "mean shapes," to timeless and limitless psychic dimension where he is confused and awed--is located by the word "threshold," and, once again, provides a vivid instance of his reality problem--the confusion as to subjective and objective, inner and outer, reality: was the "thing divine" external to his mind, or was it something that "took place within" him? The evidence that it was a solely internal--though external to his ego-consciousness--phenomenon is that it caused in him the feeling-tone of the archaic past, of weight and power, and of divinity. One notices his admission of the presence of these same psychic qualities in other visionary experiences when he sees the leech-gatherer as a "sea-beast," or when he sees the Blind Beggar and his mind turns round "as with the might of waters," both images representing penetration into the depths of the unconscious.

Even on his first trip to the Alps with Robert Jones

in the summer of 1790, Wordsworth insists on drawing attention to his particular distanced relationship to people and events as he had at Cambridge and in London:

We left the Swiss exulting in the fate  
 Of their near Neighbours, and when shortening fast  
 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,  
 We cross'd the Brabant armies on the fret  
 For battle in the cause of Liberty.  
 A Stripling, scarcely of the household then  
 Of social life, I look'd upon these things  
 As from a distance, heard, and saw, and felt,  
 Was touch'd, but with no intimate concern;  
 I seem'd to move among them as a bird  
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues  
 Its business, in its proper element;  
 I needed not that joy, I did not need  
 Such help; the ever-living Universe,  
 And independent spirit of pure youth  
 Were with me at that season, and delight  
 Was in all places spread around my steps  
 As constant as the grass upon the fields. (VI.688--705)

Wordsworth, the stripling, is not really conscious of the momentous things that are happening in France although he is participating unconsciously in the revelry and excitement of the time. Like a bird or a fish in its own special element, he pecks up or drinks in obliviously the sensations and sights of "the ever-living Universe."

Once more returned to France in 1791 for the ostensible purpose of learning French, Wordsworth passes through Paris on his way to Orleans and, like London, finds it, in its revolutionary fervour, a "hubbub wild" and its inhabitants "ant-like swarms." Once more, he speaks like a dreamer looking as spectator ab extra upon these scenes:

Amused and satisfied, I scarcely felt  
 The shock of these concussions, unconcerned,  
 Tranquil, almost, and careless as a flower  
 Glassed in a Green-house, or a Parlour shrub  
 When every bush and tree, the country through,  
 Is shaking to the roots.... (IX.85--90)

While he is so unprepared for and unconscious of  
 events, he nevertheless, out of instinct, follows his ideal-  
 istic bent and withdraws from the aristocratic milieu at  
 the garrison town of Blois:

and I gradually withdrew  
 Into a noisier world; and thus did soon  
 Become a Patriot, and my heart was all  
 Given to the People, and my love was theirs.  
 (IX.122--125)

His inherent idealizing tendencies grow rather  
 alarmingly here when, as a mere visitor of a few months,  
 he can so naively call himself a "Patriot" and confess so  
 openly that his "heart was all given to the People." Very  
 few Frenchmen knew of his existence, one would suppose,  
 and so he is merely having an imaginary love affair with  
 the French "People." He explains these tendencies as due  
 to his isolation in the primitive Lake District and to Cam-  
 bridge, where something

was holden up to view  
 Of a Republic, where all stood thus far  
 Upon equal ground, that they were brothers all  
 In honour, as in one community,  
 Scholars and Gentlemen, where, furthermore,  
 Distinction lay open to all that came,  
 And wealth and titles were in less esteem  
 Than talents and successful industry. (IX.228--235)

Meeting Michel Beaupuy in Blois in 1792 must also have added new fuel to the flame of idealism burning within him. In The Prelude, Wordsworth portrays Beaupuy as he does all his pastoral heroes: Gustavus of Sweden or Wallace of Scotland in Book I, Burns in the elegy, Milton in the sonnet, or Lord Clifford in Brougham Castle:

Among that band of Officers was one  
 Already hinted at, of other mold,  
 A Patriot, thence rejected by the rest  
 And with an oriental loathing spurn'd,  
 As of a different Cast. A meeker Man  
 Than this liv'd never, or a more benign  
 Meek, though enthusiastic to the height  
 Of highest expectation. Injuries  
 Made him more gracious, and his nature then  
 Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly  
 As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf  
 When foot hath crush'd them....By birth he  
rank'd  
 With the most noble, but unto the poor  
 Among mankind he was in service bound  
 As by some tie invisible, oaths profess'd  
 To a religious Order. Man he lov'd  
 As Man...somewhat vain he was,  
 Or seem'd so, yet it was not vanity  
 But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
 That covered him about when he was bent  
 On works of love or freedom.... (IX.293--313,  
319--323)

He has the typical idealism of the pastoral character: the meekness, the forgiveness, the service to mankind in lowly and unseen walks of life, the spectator-ab-extra-ness, and even the ethereal cast or glamour of the transfigured shepherd on the hills of Book VIII, of Michael, of Clifford, of Lucy, and of so many others. His nature is also described in the same gentle and fragile flower imagery of



Lucy, Burns, Wallace, and others, a usage which I have before suggested is directly indebted to the powerful fourteenth stanza of Gray's Elegy: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,/ And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I think there is little doubt also that this contact with Beaupuy, like that of the isolation of his childhood in the Lake District and the things he learned from books and dead celebrities at Cambridge, continued to distort or upset the balance between his idealizing persona or consciousness of himself and the powerful anima or collective archetype which is unconsciously projected upon all and sundry as a compensation for the extremes of idealism and glorification with which he gilds his world. In a kind of idealistic isolation, he and Beaupuy held their Platonic dialogues; perhaps a later translation of the "mute dialogues" that he held with his mother's heart:

oft in solitude  
 With him did I discourse about the end  
 Of civil government, and its wisest forms,  
 Of ancient prejudice, and chartered rights,  
 Allegiance, faith, and law by time matured,  
 Custom and habit, novelty and change,  
 Of self-respect, and virtue in the Few  
 For patrimonial honour set apart,  
 And ignorance in the labouring Multitude. (IX.327--335)

These idealistic flights seem to know no bound or check in the following passage, where Wordsworth and Beaupuy

added dearest themes,  
 Man and his noble nature, as it is  
 The gift of God and lies in his own power,

His blind desires and steady faculties  
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
 Bondage, the other to build Liberty  
 On firm foundations....  
 We summon'd up the honorable deeds  
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot  
 That could be found in all recorded time  
 Of truth preserv'd and error pass'd away,  
 Of single Spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,  
 And how the multitude of men will feed  
 And fan each other, thought of Sects, how keen  
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
 Triumphant over every obstacle  
 Of custom, language, Country, love and hate....  
 To aspirations then of our own minds  
 Did we appeal; and finally beheld  
 A living confirmation of the whole  
 Before us in a People risen up  
 Fresh as the morning Star: elate we look'd  
 Upon their virtues, saw in rudest men  
 Self-sacrifice the firmest, generous love  
 And continence of mind, and sense of right  
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

(IX.361--395)

This unrealistic--though understandably so--kind of thinking, where human nature is seen as totally unblemished and social life is going to be unadulteratedly pure and good, where Sects will be "triumphant over every obstacle/ Of custom, language, Country, love and hate," is simply storing up for itself disappointments and shocks of rather severe proportions because it is so obtuse and blind to reality. One feels here that, if Wordsworth and his contemporaries had not been so dead set against the satiric vein of writers like Pope and Fielding, like Voltaire, their idealism might have taken less extreme forms and so might have been more healthy and useful.

Beaupuy "perish'd fighting in supreme command/ Upon the Borders of the unhappy Loire/ For Liberty against deluded Men," or so Wordsworth thought.<sup>62</sup> This might merely be seen as the death of a brave man fighting for a cause that he had weighed realistically in his mind. But Wordsworth adds that he was "most blessed" in that he did not see the later excesses of the movement. The goddess Reason, enthroned in Notre Dame, turned out to be a kind of Kali or Hecate, demanding daily heads by the cartful. If the Fates had such a bloody lot cast for Beaupuy and his idealistic contemporaries while Wordsworth escaped back to England, they nevertheless kept their eyes on him--he was not to go scot-free. But there was in this crisis period of 1793--1797, another god or devil of his collective unconscious which was rousing itself and becoming more infuriated as Wordsworth's persona became more frankly idealistic. This archetype--the shadow, in Jungian terms--appears most strongly in his work after his return from France in December, 1792.

Before looking at Jung's discussion of this shadow archetype, which is usually the first one released into consciousness when a man's idealism is pitting itself against the reality of the world, and before pointing to what seem to be some examples of it in Wordsworth's work, which would be an indication that to some degree he is wrestling it into consciousness, I want to bring the biographical sketch of

this period up to date from Wordsworth's own account in Book X of The Prelude.

Still keenly interested in affairs in France, but in a rather idealistic way, he returned to England in December 1792, reluctantly, he says,

Compell'd by nothing less than absolute want  
Of funds for my support, else, well assured  
That I both was and must be of small worth,  
No better than an alien in the Land,  
I doubtless should have made a common cause  
With some who perish'd, haply perish'd, too,  
A poor mistaken and bewilder'd offering,  
Should to the breast of Nature have gone back  
With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
A Poet only to myself, to Men  
Useless.... (X.191--201)

Back in London, he is soon interested in the abolition of slavery, discovering that a movement has begun "against the Traffickers in Negro blood." His hopes still high for the revolutionary movement in France, he receives the first shock to his moral nature when, in February 1793, England declares war on the new Republic. It distresses him terribly because he has identified himself in this deeply unconscious child-like way with some of its leaders and most of its ideals. During the period of late 1793, when the Reign of Terror is inaugurated and many of the Girondists are guillotined, Wordsworth looks upon the British ships and other evidences of British opposition to France either with outright dislike or at least with ambiguous feelings. The upset from this double disappointment causes him melancholy



dabble in political journalism and polemics, a period of intensified idealistic searching:

I was led to take an eager part  
In arguments of civil polity  
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:  
I had approached, like other Youth, the Shield  
Of human nature from the golden side  
And would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
The quality of the metal which I saw.(X.660--666)

But the idealism of the persona is deadly. It has very little consciousness of reality, of the world, and so it insists that the world conform to its narrow view of things. Over the years of his youth, as he has been developing the ideal view of himself as poet, sage, and patriot, that is, the view of himself sub specie aeternitatis, Wordsworth has also been neglecting that part of himself--sub specie naturae--which is realistically animal, instinctive, and selfish. In order to be healthy, one needs to recognize this aspect of one's self, one needs to assimilate this into the conscious view of one's self. During this period, perhaps 1795 to 1797, it is this frustrated neglected shadow side of himself that is causing him psychic disequilibrium. The more this side of his personality revolts, the less capable the idealistic persona is to cope with it. Since the personality--at least, of individuals of a "higher" type<sup>63</sup>--seeks health by growing and individuating into consciousness, that aspect of it--the persona or narrow field of ego-consciousness--which is blocking growth has to give

way. But at the same time, the more he feels this frustrated latent power within him, the more he fears it and tries to hold a tight rein upon it, and the more he tries to hold it down, the more powerful it gets. This dilemma releases a kind of ruthlessness in the personality, and, as Wordsworth describes it, he

took the knife in hand  
 And stopping not at parts less sensitive,  
 Endeavoured with my best of skill to probe  
 The living body of society  
 Even to the heart; I push'd without remorse  
 My speculations forward; yea, set foot  
 On Nature's holiest places. (X.873--879)

The dilemma also develops into a kind of compulsion neurosis with its characteristic feeling-tone of helplessness and panic:

Thus I fared,  
 Dragging all passions, notions, shapes of faith,  
 Like culprits to the bar, suspiciously  
 Calling the mind to establish in plain day  
 Her titles and her honours, now believing,  
 Now disbelieving, endlessly perplex'd  
 With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
 Of moral obligation, what the rule  
 And what the sanction, till, demanding proof,  
 And seeking it in everything, I lost  
 All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
 Sick, wearied out with contrarities,  
 Yielded up moral questions in despair....(X.889--901)

The fine but unreal picture of himself that he has been building up is torn to shreds by the reality of the world demanding a corresponding reality to develop within him. This reality demands attention regardless of motives, premises, or logical conclusions. It itself is not logical nor

moral in any narrow idealistic sense. It is only concerned with the realities of the instincts: survival and life. At a certain point of tension in the personality caused by the cross-purpose or dilemma of persona and unconscious, this reality emerges as a dark brother or shadow. Jung explains it in the following way:

The shadow is a moral problem that challenges the whole ego-personality, for no one can become conscious of the shadow without considerable moral effort. To become conscious of it involves recognizing the dark aspects of the personality as present and real. This act is the essential condition for any kind of self-knowledge, and it therefore, as a rule, meets with considerable resistance. Indeed, self-knowledge as a psychotherapeutic measure frequently requires much painstaking work extending over a long period....

Although, with insight and good will, the shadow can to some extent be assimilated into the conscious personality, experience shows that there are certain features which offer the most obstinate resistance to moral control and prove almost impossible to influence. These resistances are usually bound up with projections, which are not recognized as such, and their recognition is a moral achievement beyond the ordinary. While some traits peculiar to the shadow can be recognized without too much difficulty as one's own personal qualities, in this case both insight and good will are unavailing because the cause of the emotion appears to lie, beyond all possibility of doubt, in the other person. No matter how obvious it may be to the neutral observer that it is a matter of projections, there is little hope that the subject will perceive this himself. He must be convinced that he throws a very long shadow before he is willing to withdraw his emotionally-toned projections from their object.<sup>64</sup>

Wordsworth most definitely did assimilate, to some extent, this shadow side of his personality during his crisis



period, and this is illustrated by the positive and healthful indications or results of his neurosis. It was healthy that such a narrow view of himself should have been destroyed; he needed to become aware of his larger and more real self at least in relation to the animal nature of the world. In this respect, his fantasies and his dreams come to his aid and try to help him build a new and wider basis of consciousness.

I believe that The Borderers (1796--1797) is the working out on some level of the shadow or realistic side of himself projected in the person of Oswald. The essence of the play is the debate between Marmaduke (the idealist) and Oswald (the ruthless realist) over man's moral responsibility in the face of wrong and suffering. Marmaduke (Wordsworth's idealistic persona) has begun to be affected by the dubious ethics of Oswald (Wordsworth's shadow side) in being led to believe that there is no personal agency or free will involved in ethical questions. He thinks himself a fool for having desisted from killing old Herbert because of moral qualms:

Last night, when moved to lift the avenging  
steel,  
 I did believe all things were shadows--yea,  
 Living or dead all things were bodiless,  
 Or, but the mutual mockeries of body,  
 Till that same star summoned me back again.  
 Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh Fool!  
 To let a creed, built in the heart of things,  
 Dissolve before a twinkling atom! (III.1213--1220)

Whether or not the star was a sign of the moral power of the universe warning him against murder or whether it was simply his foolish idealistic fancy projecting such an interpretation upon a "twinkling atom," he decides to test the old man, Herbert, in another way, no less ruthless but seemingly less culpable. He does not really know the facts-- Herbert is actually not guilty--but he is naive and confused and is pressured into taking Oswald's cynical view of things. So he cruelly leaves Herbert abandoned on the moor to see whether he can survive by the nature of things:

Her. Oh, Mercy!  
Mar. I know the need that all men have of mercy,  
 And therefore leave thee to a righteous judgment.  
Her. My Child, my blessed Child!  
Mar. No more of that;  
 Thou wilt have many guides if thou art innocent;  
 Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth,  
 That Woman will come o'er this Waste to save thee.  
 (III.1405--1411)

The idealist has fallen into the pit of succumbing to the opposites: at one time, totally rejecting the shadow side of life, he believes in the absolute good of mankind; now, shaken in this belief, he believes any evil of them and so submits too easily to the ruthless and amoral side of his nature, and can rationalize by projecting it upon the universe as a form of necessity.

The play therefore takes the form of an experiment in fate or necessity, a fact which causes many critics to decide that it is written under the influence of Godwin and

his necessitarian philosophy. While de Selincourt is possibly right in saying that the play "is written rather as an exposure than an exposition of Godwinism,"<sup>65</sup> it nevertheless may not have been written primarily as either. Godwin may have merely been a subsidiary or fortuitous influence. My belief is that Wordsworth, out of a need for psychic health, is forced to bring into consciousness the problem of evil--as all maturing or individuating people must--and to recognize that it is both real in the world and in himself. This is what makes him "lay it on the line," so to speak, makes him daring in setting up his experiment in the play. By experimenting with evil in this extreme form, he can objectify and therefore realize it in terms of consciousness, and this new awareness of the possibilities of evil now constitutes the healing of the division between his persona and his shadow; a new wider and healthier basis from which to view and upon which to adapt to the world.<sup>66</sup>

It is no secret, it seems to me, that artists frequently work out their problems or neuroses in a creative way--real art is always a healthy or positive thing. Many artists, both before and after Wordsworth, have depicted the psychic struggle between the persona and the shadow in their work by using the motif of the idealist and the cynic as an opposing pair. The traditional story of Cain and Abel

is such a representation and so also, probably, is the story of Christ's temptation by Satan on the hilltop. The relationship of Zeus and Pluto is similar in Greek myth. The pair in The Borderers is sometimes likened to Othello and Iago in Shakespeare's play and for good reason. Shakespeare is also using the psychological motif of the persona and the shadow. One also notes the similarity of Wordsworth's idealistic demand for proof and Othello's cry for "ocular proof." This is because, in this advanced stage of the struggle between the persona and the shadow, the persona is holding on grimly to its exaggerated conscious views and not willing to admit the presence of evil or reality into its idealistic preoccupations with itself--it is still trying to make its own world without evil or shadow instead of accepting the world as it is. Because of this, Othello falls into the same trap as does Marmaduke. Milton's Christ and Satan are a similar pair although, probably for reasons of orthodoxy, kept judiciously apart in the drama of Paradise Lost. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are such another pair in Cervantes' great work.

But it is especially in the Romantics that one finds this motif repeated. The types of shining idealist and cynical or frustrated fire-breathing brother recur together over and over again: Faust and Mephisto in Goethe's Faust, Prometheus and Demogorgon in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound,

Abel and Cain in Byron's play, Dimmesdale and Chillingworth in The Scarlet Letter, Ahab and the Parsee in Moby Dick, and perhaps others. In post-romantic literature, it is easy to find the pair again in Ibsen's plays and Conrad's novels.

Another aspect of the shadow in Wordsworth, it seems to me, is the dream in Book V of The Prelude. While I have not been able to find out anything about the date of this dream, I would at least like to establish the possibility, indeed, the probability, that this was Wordsworth's own dream,<sup>67</sup> or else Coleridge's, and not just a reworking of a dream of Descartes or of some other introverted idealist. In a note in the Second Edition which is revised by Helen Darbishire, the thesis is there accepted that it is a reworking of Descartes' dream:

If this dream came from Descartes, then who was the studious or philosophic friend who told it to Wordsworth? Most probably Coleridge, who had a special interest in dreams and also in Descartes. Wordsworth transformed the dream and made it the expression of his own mind by linking it with a deep and awful moral, and by giving it a romantic setting suggested by his own early reading of Cervantes and of Eastern tales.<sup>68</sup>

Darbishire bases this somewhat flimsy surmise on Jane Worthington Smyser's essay<sup>69</sup> which draws parallels between Wordsworth's dream and the third of Descartes' famous dreams which came to him in a series as he stayed secluded in the small German town of Ulm on November 10th, 1619. She says that "Mrs. Smyser establishes the dream as, in its central motif

and in the symbols which carry it (the two books), the very dream, one of the three, dreamt by Descartes...."

However one decides to take this statement, it reveals a certain lack of knowledge about dreams. First of all, dreams of this nature are not personal or at least not totally personal, that is, they come from a deeper level of the psyche than that of the personal unconscious. Like the vision when Wordsworth was entering London, or like that in the Simplon Pass, or like that as he viewed the leech-gatherer or the blind beggar, or even like Coleridge's visionary experience in The Ancient Mariner, this dream contains aspects and the feeling-tone of the archaic past, of the primordial slime of past ages, of weight and power, and of divinity. Like those other visions with their "sea-beasts" and "might of waters," or like the "thousand thousand slimy things" of Coleridge's vision, this dream is again connected with the sea or the collective unconscious, where things, as Shakespeare tells us, have suffered "a sea-change into something rich and strange."

This is what primitives call a "big dream" to distinguish them from the "little dreams" of the personal unconscious which everyone has. These dreams are important and need to be discussed by the tribe in council because they have significance not just for the individual but for the tribe as a whole, because they are from the level of

the unconscious in which everyone shares, they are messages from the gods. And, even if this was not completely recognized by the dreamer, the very weight, power, strangeness, and numinosity of this kind of dream image impels the dreamer to communicate it.<sup>70</sup> Hence, the fact that a dream has a similar motif with other dreams and uses similar symbols really means nothing in terms of the identity of the dreamer. Anyone at the stage of individuation where he is having problems of adaptation between his ideality and the reality of the world is able to dream the dream of the two brothers, the dream of the shadow, and the motif and symbols will be similar. Wordsworth, or Coleridge, is obviously capable of having such a dream at a time when his idealism is distorted, and, therefore, it seems unnecessary to dig up a source as tenuous or as irrelevant as that of Descartes' dream.

Secondly, the "philosophical friend" could quite easily have been either Coleridge or Wordsworth, but more than likely it was Wordsworth telling Coleridge--who, along with Dorothy, is a kind of spiritual guide who would "lend a living help/ To regulate my soul (X.907--908)"--his own dream rather than Coleridge telling Wordsworth the dream of an ancient philosopher. If Coleridge had a "special interest" in dreams, it is understandable that he would be extraordinarily interested, like de Quincey, in a dream of such power and beauty and of such general significance, and

especially a dream by one with whom he was so intimately connected.

Thirdly, the dream need not necessarily have been "given" a romantic setting nor need it necessarily have been derived from a reading of Don Quixote, although this dream likely does have some element of the personal unconscious since he states that he was reading the book before he fell asleep. There is a great deal of documentation indicating that the landscape of dreams is almost always symbolic, especially dreams of such a collective nature. The "Arabian Waste" and the "waters of the deep" can very well stand respectively for the arid area of the conscious persona which has little relationship with the more dynamic and threatening inundation of the unconscious which is both potentially destructive and creative.

If the stone and the shell stand for geometry and poetry, as the dreamer tells us, it is just these same idealistic concerns of the dreamer in the dream that Wordsworth has been exaggeratedly or neurotically concerned with outside the dream at the beginning of Book V:

Tremblings of the heart  
 It gives, to think that the immortal being  
 No more shall need such garments; and yet Man,  
 As long as he shall be the Child of Earth,  
 Might almost 'weep to have' what he may lose,  
 Nor be himself extinguish'd; but survive  
 Abject, depress'd, forlorn, disconsolate.  
 A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,  
 Should earth by inward throes be wrench'd  
 throughout,



Or fire be sent from far to wither all  
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
 Old Ocean in his bed left sing'd and bare,  
 Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
 Victorious; and composure would ensue,  
 And kindlings like the morning; presage sure,  
 Though slow, perhaps, of a returning day.  
 But all the meditations of mankind,  
 Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth,  
 By reason built, or passion, which itself  
 Is highest reason in a soul sublime;  
 The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
 Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
 Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes,  
 Where would they be? Oh! why hath not the mind  
 Some element to stamp her image on  
 In nature somewhat nearer to her own?  
 Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad  
 Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail?  
 (V.21--48)

It is typical of the distorted idealist or the intro-  
 verted intuitive and sensation types, since they see every-  
 thing, as Jung says, "as a million-year-old consciousness  
 might see," sub specie aeternitatis, with all its ageless  
 associations and feelings, to worry about such far-out  
 things that no one else would even dream of doing. Who,  
 but such people, would get worked up over the thought that  
 the Earth and Venus might collide ten million years from  
 now, or that the Himalayas might be submerged by the ocean  
 at some far distant date? Ordinary man, who normally takes  
 a more here-and-now sub specie naturae view of things, is  
 not usually aware, at least in any emotional way, of his  
 relationship to sea-beasts that swam the oceans or "huge  
 and mighty Forms that do not live like living men" that

roamed the earth like dinosaurs in the remote ages before man's evolution. From the point of view of the ordinary transient human, it is simply ludicrous to do so, and this point of view is represented in the section preceding the dream when the "philosophic friend"

answer'd with a smile that, in plain truth  
'Twas going far to seek disquietude;  
But on the front of his reproof, confess'd  
That he, at sundry seasons, had himself  
Yielded to kindred hauntings. (V.51--55)

It is putting an abnormal emphasis on the ideal as opposed to the real, and the friend's comment is a normal indication of this distortion. The fact remains, however, that people such as Wordsworth or Coleridge are bothered by such ideal questions and that they can become the burden of their dreams.

The dream, then, is a "message" to the consciousness of the dreamer from that part of himself of which he is not normally aware, trying to tell him that he is being dangerously idealistic and that he ought to become more conscious of his humanity and mutability and accept the world as it is. It acts as a kind of autonomous compensation for the narrow and distorted state of the conscious persona.<sup>71</sup>

If we look at the dream from this angle, what do we find? In the first place, it is important to gauge as far as possible the feeling-tone of the dream and its

characters in order to establish that it is, indeed, a "big dream" from the collective level of the unconscious. We have already noted that part of its locale is the sea and that the sea ultimately becomes a threatening flood--"the fleet waters of the drowning world"--a picture which would normally suggest a kind of apocalyptic eruption from the depths of the unconscious. There is also the spiritually-charged nature of the dreamer's emotions: when he first sees himself in the dream looking upon a "Desart," he begins to have a feeling of panic--"distress of mind was growing in him"; then, when the "Man"--the Arab--appears, he is as unrealistically joyful as he was a moment before unrealistically distressed; the Arab is suddenly "at his side,/ Upon a dromedary, mounted high." This height--in comparison to the dreamer--suggests an extremely imposing figure, and, together with his regal appearance and the vivid stone and shell that he carries--"a Shell of a surpassing brightness"--would indicate that he is a kind of divinity.<sup>72</sup>

The "dreaming Man" also feels the power of this mounted stranger for he is "much rejoic'd" and immediately intuits that the stranger has come as a kind of saviour to guide "him through the Desart." The Arab reveals another aspect of his divinity when he is able to interpret the meaning of the stone and shell for the dreamer. He shows the dreamer what to do with the shell and, after receiving

its message, confirms the truth of what has been told. This fact suggests that the Arab is linked to the shell and stone in a rather intimate way--they share common and significant knowledge. But it is fairly obvious where the shell of poetry and the stone of geometry come from; they come either from the depths of the sea or the deep strata of the earth where things have lain and changed, from age and tremendous pressures, into precious shells and pearls and metals and jewels. It is likely also that the Arab comes from this divine and magic kingdom. It is apt that they symbolize, as he says, poetry--"a God, yea many Gods"--and geometry--which holds "acquaintance with the stars"--since it is in such dark mysterious and revolving depths of the underworld and the outerworld of the psyche that poetry is created and universal truths are discovered. The truth of the divinity and his revelations are confirmed by the dreamer in that he never doubts him and has "perfect faith in all that pass'd."

But now a distinct change takes place, and this is related to the dreamer's comprehension of what has passed. He has been thinking all this time that the "Stranger" has come to guide him--the dreamer--through the Desert, and he has been thinking also that the "Stranger" has given him the revelations of the forthcoming "Destruction to the Children of the Earth" so that he could save himself from the problems of life: growing, enlarging, accepting evil and suffering,

accepting the world as it is with a positive spirit. But the Arab--like all divinities--is totally unconcerned with the egotistical and largely illusory concerns of human beings or mortals. He is only interested in realities. Thus, in a very god-like way, when the dreamer, in his fear, "begg'd leave to share his errand," the divinity passed on, "not heeding" him. Still not understanding, the dreamer keeps trying to tag along with him like a child with an adult. He is given another stern warning that the light "is...the waters of the deep gathering upon us," but the dreamer still thinks that he is supposed to be saved from these waters by the Arab--since he does not understand what it is the waters represent--and he calls "after him aloud." Again, the divinity

heeded not; but with his twofold charge  
 Beneath his arm, before me full in view  
 I saw him riding o'er the Desert Sands,  
 With the fleet waters of the drowning world  
 In chase of him, whereat I wak'd in terror,  
 And saw the Sea before me; and the Book,  
 In which I had been reading, at my side.(V.133--139)

As it began, the dream ends with the feeling-tone of the dreamer's fright--he has been with a Stranger who has strange power and strange wisdom, and who commands awe instinctively in him.

What then do we make of the dream and the message of the gods to the poor frightened idealist poet, whether one assumes him to be Coleridge or Wordsworth? What about the

source of poetry and universal truth? From whose domain does it originate, who are its guardians, and who should be concerned with its loss? This, it seems to me, is also quite plain. Poetry and geometry--or other such ideal studies--come from and have their source in the collective unconscious, in the eternal and ever-recurring archetypes, in the world of the gods, in the deep dark mysterious world of the divine. Therefore, the gods, not mortals, are its guardians, and they alone need to see that the shell of poetry and the stone of science are protected and not lost. The god is telling the poet that this is a superhuman concern and not one for a poor mortal poet and so he merely abandons him. By implication, he is also telling the poet to pay attention to human concerns: his mortality, his survival in the waters of life, his needs as a time-and-space-limited being.

This is truly a "big dream" and Wordsworth was really an oracle for the gods in this case; Man, "Earth's paramount creature," has, just the same, his limitations. The question remains whether or not Wordsworth knew how to interpret the oracle's message: "Mortal! Concern yourself with change and growth which, as a human, is all you can know; release yourself from the fixation with the ideal which is the concern of the gods." It is a similar message that Keats received and understood in the Ode to a Nightingale. It seems to me

that this interpretation, which does indeed contain "a deep and awful moral," certainly for the distorted idealist, is simpler and more in line with the known facts of Wordsworth's and Coleridge's spiritual situation than is the one proposed by Darbishire.

### VII Simplon Pass Vision

While the Simplon Pass (VI.426--573) and Mount Snowdon (XIII.1--119) passages of The Prelude have much in common with other projections, fantasies, dreams, or visions discussed earlier, or with others in poems that we have not discussed, they provide a fuller explanation of what Wordsworth is trying to say, however consciously or unconsciously, about the nature of his world-view or how he best adapts to the world. Before examining certain characteristics of the Simplon Pass vision,<sup>73</sup> I think it will be necessary to recall my earlier discussion of extravert and introvert attitudes towards life and also of the conflict or cross-purpose which seems to be a fundamental flaw in the structure of the poem.

This cross-purpose, I have suggested, comes about as a result of Wordsworth's faulty knowledge of himself, the kind of poem he can write, a part of his reality problem. During his youth and young manhood, he assumes poses or puts on masks to see which will fit his personality. Like any

boy who has not had much help in adapting to life from his father and mother, or from a close relative or guardian, he must take his lead or his example from those people with whom he is familiar: shepherds, schoolmasters, poets or patriots from the books he has read, and so on. But he is really not that close to any actual shepherds and, since both his class and his personal leanings would tend to make that awkward or impossible, he drops that mask. During the Cambridge years, perhaps, he does also think in terms of being a teacher, somewhat on the model of William Taylor or even of Milton. However grandly he sees this profession, it is one which requires quite a bit of planning and working with people, that is, extravert and thinking qualities are needed, and so, not feeling suited to it, he drops this mask as well. After his first contact with the revolutionary fever, he thinks for a while of being a patriot, perhaps in the manner of Beaupuy, or of those others he has read about and admired: Wallace, Gustavus, or even Milton. But again, this kind of work requires making plans of action or of battle, supposes the ability to direct people. Wordsworth realizes quickly his inability here, and simply takes the sensible way out. Once more, he thinks he can be a polemicist in the cause of better governments and social conditions, perhaps in the manner of Milton or Burke. But



this supposes a man who can think out his positions realistically and logically in relation to the world as it is, and he soon discovers that he is no good at this and gives it up.

Finally, he thinks, he can at least become an epic poet like Milton or Homer, explaining the ways of Nature to men, but once more he is not suited to this, simply because an epic poet must also be a thinker who has digested all the major fields of knowledge of his time and is capable of so presenting this knowledge that it will have a communicable and rational form and meaning to his public or to society. Wordsworth is no architect over the long run of a big poem--like most of the Romantic poets, he is out of sympathy with traditional rational and extravert forms--and he is no thinker who can logically and formally order and expand his ideas. But he is not quite aware of this at the time of writing, although his problems with the poem make him suspect that something is wrong. Wordsworth adapts to reality best with his irrational functions of sensation or intuition, but he mistakenly thinks that he can be like Milton who is basically adapted to reality best in terms of his rational functions, thinking or feeling.<sup>74</sup>

If one takes some concrete examples of the works of both poets, these differences may become more clear. Because Milton is adapting with his most differentiated psychic functions and because he is basically extravert, he is able,

in small poem or large, to see his aim and work logically and uniformly towards it, is able to make realistic judgments about the emphasis of each part to the whole, and do all this with an economy and clarity and evenness which make it comprehensible to the intelligent and informed reader. If one understands, for instance, how, in the Nativity Ode, the contrasting ideas of Christian and pagan are logically balanced against one another in terms of movement, colour, image, feeling-tone, diction, to make a radiant and rationally beautiful structure, and then can compare this with the beautiful "confusion"<sup>75</sup> of the Immortality Ode--testified to by generations of disgruntled critics--then one can begin to see not only how different is the approach to reality between these two poets but also how divergent is the nature of that reality.

In terms of drama, one could also contrast Samson Agonistes with The Borderers. One is beautifully modelled in terms of the entrances and exits of the characters, the arguments and discussions are rationally worked out in the appropriate tone and style, the elements of the story properly placed and balanced against one another, and the dramatic action beautifully constructed in terms of its contrast between spiritual and worldly success climaxed by a catastrophe which ironically plays off the distance between Christian and pagan; the other is nothing but a sensed or intuited

working out of a personal problem of the spirit, the characters rather hastily and unconvincingly formed, the dramatic action bogged down and digressive, the incidents and conversations frequently banal or idiotic, and the feeling evoked often that of bathos, or pathos at most, and the style extremely uneven.

One could make the same contrast between Paradise Lost and The Prelude in terms of the large poem. Wordsworth is an introvert whose psychic functions best adapted to reality are those of intuition or sensation, at the same time mistakenly trying to use as a model a man who is extravert and whose functions best adapted to reality are those of thinking or feeling. This, it seems to me, is the cause of all the problems of aim, style, and form which critics have perennially remarked upon in The Prelude.

In an earlier part of this chapter, I suggested as well that pastoral is "the song of the sons of the mother" and I then listed a number of the Titans of Greek and other myth. The Titans were not exactly gods nor exactly devils either. They are the deposed ones who have been in authority but are now no longer. They have been defeated by the Olympians, the bright gods of the mountain-top, and are kept underground or near the caves of the underground in Etna, Vesuvius, or Tartarus. They are represented in myth as fighting for Mother Earth against Father Sky--there is

an ambiguity, however, in some versions of the Titan myths which leaves one debating as to whether they are fighting for her or trying to escape her--and so they come to be a kind of underdog army of border guardians or rebels represented frequently as the bases of mountains: Atlas, holding up the mountain on his back; Enceladus, trying to rise up out of his imprisoning mountain cave; Sisyphus, labouring up the side of one with his stone but never getting to the top; and Prometheus, chained to his mountain in the Caucasus for having stolen fire from the sky gods.

We usually find that, when it is uncovered, the meaning of a myth is a spiritual or psychological one. The myth of the Olympians and the Titans, or the wars of the gods, has its psychological basis in the process of individuation, in the adaptation of psychic functions to reality. The victorious and extravert sky gods represent the successful differentiation and adaptation of rational functions of thinking and feeling to a new reality which demands such adaptation. The confused, defeated, and introvert Titans of the mountain bases and valleys represent inability to differentiate and adapt these same rational functions of thinking and feeling to a world which is increasingly in need of them but which continues to try to adapt in terms of the irrational functions of sensation and intuition of the old reality. Titans--like the Romantic poets--have never been

released from the spiritual mother, a kind of psychic handicap not understood by those who have normal psychic development, a drawback which possibly causes them to chafe more than usual against authority and to exaggerate, perhaps, the values of individualism.

The Titans thus become a type of the fallen ones, of inevitable defeat, because they are not adapting to reality as it has become and they are unconscious of how to do so, unconscious even that they need to do so, that is, unconscious of their problem. They are always on the border between heaven and hell, reaching for the light of consciousness and rationality but always being dragged back by the infantile undifferentiated state of their rational functions which are still underground, still unconscious, still in the domain of the mother. The Titans, therefore, unlike the Olympians, cannot soar into the clear light of the mountaintops of intellect because "mama" is always calling them with her plaintive cries and moans to return to the valleys of sensation where intellect and extravert vision are not as useful.

There are, after all, two broad kinds of truth and two kinds of vision corresponding to each. There is external and objective truth, requiring epic or extravert vision, which is concerned with the smooth working and ordering of society. Since the object of this kind of search is society,

its direction must be outward and its tone optimistic. There is also internal and subjective truth, requiring pastoral or introvert vision, which, on the other hand, is concerned with the working and ordering of the personality. Since the object of this kind of search is rather spiritual and for the individual, its direction must be inward, but, because this search is more difficult and more bewildering, its tone is coloured more in the opposite direction of pessimism and melancholy.

In the works of the greatest Western poets and prophets, these two objectives are possibly given their due and, to some extent, an equilibrium is maintained, although one feels that such poets as Homer, Virgil, and Milton, since they write successful epic, have a predominantly extravert vision and social orientation. The vision of such poets and prophets, and of their line, is always seen by looking outward, and always seen as a social context: Moses getting a sight of the Promised Land from the top of Abarim or Nebo before he dies, Bunyan's hero seeing the Heavenly City from the Delectable Mountains, the Redcrosse Knight's vision of the New Jerusalem after his purgatorial sojourn in the House of Holinesse, or Milton's invocation to the Archangel Michael to be lifted to the top of Mont St. Michel for his vision of the resurrected Lycidas "in the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love," entertained by the saints "in solemn

troops and sweet societies."

On the other hand, poets of a more pastoral inclination, like the Romantics or some of the pre-Romantics, have a more predominantly introvert vision, since by the nature of their psychic condition they are forced inwards which means seeing the other side of the mirror of life; for every conquering hero or healthy and successful member of society, there is a wretch or unfortunate suffering from maladaptation, sickness, or poverty, and who is neglected or unknown. The vision of these poets, then, is seen by looking inward, and always in an individual or asocial context: Collins, and others of the Graveyard School, wandering solitary at evening, adjusting his bat-like vision to the psychological landscape as much as to the vestiges of the external scene, which are only "twilight paths" and "dim-discovered spires"; Cowper, not conversant with "men or manners"; Gray, the melancholy recluse, finding his truths far from the haunts of men in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" or in the desert; Wordsworth also searching in the desert wastes for his stone and shell; Shelley going down into the cave of Demogorgon in his search, and Byron, the "pilgrim of eternity," wandering about the world looking and looking. They are all lonely and suffering Titans, maladapted and unable, to some extent, to hold up their end in societal relationships, bearing their mountainous psychological burdens without hope

of relief.<sup>76</sup>

It only remains, then, to look at the Simplon Pass passage--which, along with the Mount Snowdon passage, is Wordsworth's obvious set piece to represent attempts at or aspirations to--that is, the climbing to the mountain-tops--extravert or epic vision--to see that the fundamental cross-purpose in the poem is one and the same with the fundamental cross-purpose in his personality. When he reaches these prospects, he does not look outwards and upwards with a hopeful extravert vision projecting social and public meanings, but rather inwards and downwards, as would someone not free to get away from "mama," someone introverted and concerned with private, perhaps even selfish, things. In order to illustrate this, we can compare the passage on the Vale of Chamouny (VI.452--468) with that on the Ravine of Gondo (VI.549--572).

The former passage is presented just after his first vision of the summit of Mont Blanc, which "griev'd" him "to have a soulless image on the eye"; when he looks up, it seems, he sees only a "soulless" or meaningless image. Then he describes the Vale of Chamouny:

the wondrous Vale  
Of Chamouny did, on the following dawn,  
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
A motionless array of mighty waves,  
Five rivers broad and vast, make rich amends,  
And reconcil'd us to realities.



There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
 The Eagle soareth in the element;  
 There doth the Reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
 The Maiden spread the haycock in the sun,  
 While Winter like a tamed Lion walks  
 Descending from the mountain to make sport  
 Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

This day, he is apparently not troubled or moody, for he sees the vale as "wondrous" because it made "rich amends,/ And reconcil'd us to realities." He is once more telling us explicitly that he is having his reality problem, although today he manages to keep the natural scene in stasis, quiet and still--

With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
 A motionless array of mighty waves--

and is able to see things in a social and ordered and civilized way. The birds are adapted and in their proper places-- the small birds in the leafy trees and the eagle also in its higher but proper element, the Reaper and the Maiden are also doing the tasks to which they are best adapted in their proper sphere harnessing nature to man's use, and, finally, Winter, the inclement and death-signifying season, walks-- does not stalk or pounce--"like a tamed Lion," that is, adapts himself to the service of life and civilization, and "makes sport/ Among the cottages"--human life--"by beds of flowers"-- those benign and helpful aspects of nature which are close to man.

This passage, then, suggests that, when he is well

and cheerful, Wordsworth can have a kind of extravert view of life, can be optimistic, social, and rational. In this case, he creates a near paradise where the mind can somehow fit with Nature. He is almost Miltonic here in the ordering of his ideas toward a social and communicable goal, but I think that this vision is brief and atypical because it is not seen from far up the mountain nor far down the abyss. Here, the vision is human, commensurate with reality, and not distorted by undue ideality. We must now turn to the contrasting passage where he describes the Ravine of Gondo, which I prefer to deal with now before speaking about the confrontation with the Imagination which actually comes between the two passages.

Contrasting with the "wondrous Vale of Chamouny," it is a "gloomy Pass," where they journeyed several hours "at a slow step":

The immeasurable height  
 Of woods decaying, never to be decay'd,  
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
 And every where along the hollow rent  
 Winds thwarting winds, bewilder'd and forlorn,  
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 The rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears,  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the Heavens,  
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light  
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first and last, and midst, and without end.

This passage is reminiscent both of the boy's projections upon nature in Book I and also of the boy's primitive unpsychological state, subjective and objective are one and out there in the landscape. It is more than likely he who is sick and giddy, but he projects these qualities upon the scene and sees its various elements as psychized beings. He is definitely troubled and has a black melancholy which seems even to have very physical symptoms--the "sick sight and giddy prospect of the raving stream"--as though he were suffering from a kind of vertigo or mountain sickness. I am going to come back to this question of mountain sickness a little later since it is an extremely important link in the chain of spiritual events which we are following during this period of Wordsworth's life.

But, returning to the Ravine of Gondo passage, we see that he is having a reality problem this day, because he sees things in a very asocial, confused, and irrational way. To begin with, there are no human beings doing their tasks in harmony with nature's cycle--it is simply a wilderness of pointless mutability--"woods decaying, never to be decay'd." There are no human or even benign animal sounds like the warbling of birds--"stationary blasts" suggest inhuman apocalyptic sounds of supernatural trumpets, and "rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears,/ Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side/ As if a voice were in them," suggest

the "voice of Ruin," the groans of Titans immured in their mountain caves or the cries of the dispossessed dalesmen in the slums of cities piping their "solitary anguish."

Secondly, there is no orderly development of an harmonious cosmos in which everything has its place and cooperates with the totality but rather only vegetable decay, "winds thwarting winds" along the hollow rent, "unfetter'd clouds," tumult and peace, darkness and light; in short, a seemingly purposeless chaos, which has very little to do with "mind" from the extravert point of view but rather is more like the workings of one womb, the irrational womb of Nature, just as the image of the "mighty Mind" in the Snowdon passage is more like a mighty Womb. It is possibly also an inner vision of one aspect of the creative process, at least from the point of view of Wordsworth, which is most definitely dark and irrational. Poetry, as we were told in the dream of the Arab, is not simply the product of a rational sun-illumined mind but also of a dark swirling and bloody abyss where much is battered, pulverized, and destroyed before something is shaped, smoothed, and created. Nor is life. This is the malign face of Nature, her Kali or Hecate aspect.<sup>77</sup>

This passage, then, suggests Wordsworth's more typical pessimism, unsociability, and irrational moods. This passage is not a representation of a paradise where the mind

fits with Nature, unless it is a "raving" or "giddy" mind of a poet in the throes of creation, or of a mental patient confronting his powerful visions, or even of a woman suffering in childbirth. This is a view of life badly distorted by the height of the mountain of anguish or by the depth of the abyss of suffering. Wordsworth is a Titan, a creature of the mountain bases and underground caves, a boundary figure, and can climb or soar to the heights of the Olympians only at his own peril, since his most consciously controlled functions of sensation or intuition are not adapted to those clear rational heights and peaks. If one is unused to high mountains and tries suddenly to climb one, vertigo or mountain sickness results.

It is here that I think it most appropriate to introduce Jung's story of the man who had mountain-sickness symptoms, not, as would seem natural, from suddenly scaling physical mountains to which he was unused, but rather from trying to go too far and too fast socially without understanding his own limitations.

This is a case of a man forty years old, a married man who has not been ill before. He looks quite all right; he is the director of a great public school, a very intelligent fellow who has studied an old-fashioned kind of psychology, Wundt psychology, that has nothing to do with details of human life but moves in the stratosphere of abstract ideas. Recently he had been badly troubled by neurotic symptoms. He suffered from a peculiar kind of vertigo that seized upon him from time to time, palpitation, nausea, and peculiar attacks

of feebleness and a sort of exhaustion. This syndrome presents the picture of a sickness which is well known in Switzerland. It is mountain sickness, a malady to which people who are not used to great heights are easily subject when climbing. So I asked, 'Is it not mountain sickness you are suffering from?' He said, 'Yes, you are right. It feels exactly like mountain sickness'. I asked him if he had dreams and he said that recently he had had three dreams.

I do not like to analyse one dream alone, because a single dream can be interpreted arbitrarily. You can speculate anything about an isolated dream; but if you compare a series of, say, twenty or a hundred dreams, then you can see interesting things. You see the process that is going on in the unconscious from night to night, and the continuity of the unconscious psyche extending through day and night. Presumably we are dreaming all the time, although we are not aware of it by day because consciousness is much too clear. But at night, when there is that abaissement du niveau mental, the dreams can break through and become visible.

In the first dream the patient finds himself in a small village in Switzerland. He is a very solemn black figure in a long coat; under his arm he carries several thick books. There is a group of young boys whom he recognizes as having been his classmates. They are looking at him and they say: 'That fellow does not often make his appearance here.'

In order to understand this dream you have to remember that the patient is in a very fine position and has had a very good scientific education. But he started really from the bottom and is a self-made man. His parents were very poor peasants, and he worked his way up to his present position. He is very ambitious and is filled with the hope that he will rise still higher. He is like a man who has climbed in one day from sea-level to a level of 6,000 feet, and there he sees peaks 12,000 feet high towering above him. He finds himself in the place from which one climbs these higher mountains, and because of this he forgets all about the fact that he has already climbed 6,000 feet and immediately he starts to attack the higher peaks. But as a matter of fact though he does not realize it he is tired from his climbing and quite incapable of going any further at this time. This lack of realization is the reason for his symptoms of

mountain sickness. The dream brings home to him the actual psychological situation. The contrast of himself as the solemn figure in the long black coat with thick books under his arm appearing in his native village, and of the village boys remarking that he does not often appear there, means that he does not often remember where he came from. On the contrary he thinks of his future career and hopes to get a chair as professor. Therefore the dream puts him back into his early surroundings. He ought to realize how much he has achieved considering who he was originally and that there are natural limitations to human effort.<sup>78</sup>

While Wordsworth's vertigo in the Simplon Pass is probably caused by climbing real mountains--after all, Jones and he were on a march "of military speed":

Day after day, up early and down late,  
 From vale to vale, from hill to hill we went  
 From Province on to Province did we pass,  
 Keen Hunters in a chace of fourteen weeks  
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a Ship  
 Upon the stretch when winds are blowing fair  
(VI.431--436)--

yet the whole incident of the mistaken way and the unexpected confrontation with the Imagination suggest a metaphorical relationship with the nature of his spiritual troubles during this period, that is, his ideality--the ideal height he thinks he can achieve in epic poetry, patriotism, and politics--is in conflict with the facts, the reality that he himself is not psychically adapted to these things which require highly differentiated rational functions of thinking or feeling. We have seen this contradiction developing from his early childhood days, from his experiences at Cambridge and in London. Now, here, we have

again seen this conflict within him building up to proportions the intensity of which is causing him to have fluctuating and irrational moods, black melancholy, nightmarish dreams, and even physical sickness.

He and Jones are flying around the country with super-idealistic notions, super-charged with sentiment for "the universal reason of mankind,/ The truth of Young and Old," mercurially elate and despondent by turns:

Nor, side by side  
Pacing, two brother Pilgrims, or alone  
Each with his humour, could we fail to abound  
(Craft this which hath been hinted at before)  
In dreams and fictions pensively compos'd,  
Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
And gilded sympathies; the willow wreath,  
Even among those solitudes sublime,  
And sober posies of funereal flowers,  
Cull'd from the gardens of the Lady Sorrow,  
Did sweeten many a meditative hour. (VI.477--487)

When he goes on to relate the particular incident of missing their way, he says that

Far different dejection once was mine,  
A deep and genuine sadness then I felt:  
The circumstances I will here relate  
Even as they were. (VI.491--494)

Then he tells of the "Band of Travellers" whom they used as a guide to the point where they ate at the inn and then fell behind them. Having lost them, and not knowing the way, they chose, "after a little scruple, and short pause," to climb up "a lofty Mountain," but, finding no sign of the travellers, they were fortunate to meet a peasant who told them that they "must descend."



It is almost as though the peasant is sent to warn the idealist that he needs to get down to the sphere where he belongs. He is not a god, like Winter, who is able to descend the mountain as he pleases to "sport among the cottages," nor is he an eagle soaring in its clear high element. He is not even the type of human whose rational functions are free and conscious for flights of the intellect, but rather the type of a traditional valley-inhabiting kind, like the Reaper or the Maiden in their harvesting pursuits, who is adapted to his world in terms of sensation or intuition. It is difficult, however, for the dreamy idealist to recognize his particular limitations, and he suggests this in his reiterated questioning of the man, saying that they were "hard of belief." When the realization does get across to him, there is a huge let-down, a "dull and heavy slackening," and he goes on to describe the descent in terms of dismay and disappointment.

Why, then, the interpolation of the "Imagination" passage? Perkins suggests a similar metaphorical explanation about the cross-purposes in their Alpine journey:

Here in Book VI one might almost say that the narrative passage embodies in symbolic terms what comes as explicit statement immediately afterwards. When Wordsworth and his friend resumed their hike after lunch and came to a mountain stream, the hill on the other side "held forth/ Conspicuous invitation to ascend." The beckoning, in other words, is up; or, as the later passage puts it, "Our destiny...Is with

infinite." The travelers "clomb with eagerness." They were loth to "descend," to take the "plain" course, "the beaten downward way," which is the way of most people, or rather the way life forces upon us, though the romantic hero resists, will not consent to it--"For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds." And then, too, just as the narrative passage tinges a concrete experience toward symbolism, the expository passage turns into metaphor what had been literal in the previous passage. The mind is a traveler lost in mountains (amid vapors and abysses) just as Wordsworth was in the Alps.<sup>79</sup>

Actually, if we look closely at the passage, I think one would be inclined to see the experience as not different basically from those other moments when he has had his meetings with transcendence or immanence. In Resolution and Independence, the leech-gatherer appears subjectively to Wordsworth:

The old Man still stood talking by my side;  
 But now his voice to me was like a stream  
 Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;  
 And the whole body of the Man did seem  
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream;  
 Or like a man from some far region sent,  
 To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

Just as in the dream of the Arab, there is this feeling of awe and numinosity and power about the figure which commands absolute trust and obedience to his message. In the same way, the Blind Beggar is felt to be such a noumen, and, like the frightened poet in the dream of the Arab, or like the idealistic dreamer with the leech-gatherer, he looks upon him "as if admonish'd from another world." In the same way, London, the stern preceptress, affects him

as mortals are traditionally affected in the presence of deity or divinity: "Great God!/ That aught external to the living mind/ Should have such mighty sway!"

Now, the passage:

Imagination! lifting up itself  
 Before the eye and progress of my Song  
 Like an unfather'd vapour; here that Power,  
 In all the might of its endowments, came  
 Athwart me; I was lost as in a cloud,  
 Halted, without a struggle to break through.  
 And now recovering, to my Soul I say  
 I recognise thy glory; in such strength  
 Of usurpation, in such visitings  
 Of awful promise, when the light of sense  
 Goes out in flashes that have shewn to us  
 The invisible world, doth Greatness make abode.  
 There harbours whether we be young or old.  
 Our destiny, our nature, and our home  
 Is with infinitude, and only there;  
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
 And something evermore about to be.  
 The mind beneath such banners militant  
 Thinks not of spoils or trophies, nor of aught  
 That may attest its prowess, blest in thoughts  
 That are their own perfection and reward,  
 Strong in itself, and in the access of joy  
 Which hides it like the overflowing Nile.  
 (VI.525--548)

It is another meeting of the ego with the archetypes of the collective unconscious: it has the same suddenness of appearance, "lifting up itself...like an unfather'd vapour"; it has the same power, "in all the might of its endowments, came/ Athwart me"; the same deep source, coming like vapour from the depths of the abyss; and its presence commands absolute trust and obedience--the poet is "lost as in a cloud, Halted, without a struggle to break through." It is also

the source of creation, of the images for poetry, as he goes on to say. He recognizes its power and divinity, its "glory," and he feels "awe" in its presence, it completely overpowers his miserable ego consciousness, "the light of sense goes out," and he knows, like everyone else who has met the gods and goddesses of his collective unconscious, that this is "Greatness" or divinity.

But does the idealist poet take the warning of this goddess any more than he took the warning of the god in the Arab dream? It seems also to be telling him that he should not try to live in areas that have too little oxygen and too little darkness for his powers, and that he should remain in those areas--perhaps, the valleys of pastoral--to which his differentiated functions are capable of adapting.<sup>80</sup> It seems to me that it is a case, once more, of the old battles between the Titans and the Olympians, a similar battle to the one Keats was later to work through. Wordsworth, as we all know, had a powerful personality, a powerful ego, and he insisted on reaching for Olympian fire, the fire of the bolt, or extravert truth, but really knew how to handle only Titanic fire or goddess fire, the fire of the volcano, or introvert truth. He, like the other Titans, is eventually to be punished for this presumption by being chained to Rydal Mount as the servile lackey or underpinning of the interests of the Tory aristocrat Lord Lonsdale and his son.

## FOOTNOTES

1/J.E. Congleton, Theories of Pastoral Poetry in England 1684--1798, (University of Florida Press, 1952). See Ch. 1, pp. 13--20.

2/Ibid., Chs. 3--5, pp. 53--114.

3/Ibid., especially pp. 134--154.

4/Frank Kermode, Introduction to English Pastoral Poetry, (New York, 1952), p. 42.

5/In my use of the phrases "gods of the bolt" and, later, "goddess fires," together with their related ideas, I am indebted to Joseph Campbell, The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology, (New York, 1959), pp. 393--394.

6/See Patricia Merivale, Pan the Goat-god, (Cambridge, Mass., 1969), pp. 16--17, for Elizabethan handling of the singing contest, and pp. 43--47, for Augustan treatment of the same.

7/See G.W. Meyer, Wordsworth's Formative Years, (Ann Arbor, 1943), pp. 53--54, for another explanation of Pan's dislike of the light of midday.

8/See "Hymns of Pan and Apollo," from Shelley's Later Poetry: A Study of his Prophetic Imagination, printed in Twentieth Century Views, ed. George M. Ridenour, (Englewood Cliffs, 1965), pp. 153--158.

9/Footnote 11.

10/I am using A.S.F. Gow's edition of Theocritus in two volumes, Text and Commentary, (Cambridge University Press; Cambridge, 1950). The fifteen I consider central are: I, II, III, VI, VII, VIII, X, XII, XIII, XIV, XIX, XX, XXIII, XXIX, XXX; peripheral: IV and V; poverty: XVI, XXI; alternative activities: IX, XI, XV, XVII, XXVI, XXII, XXIV, XXV, XXVIII; fulfilled love: XVIII, XXVII.

11/Pastoral, (London, 1971).

12/Ibid., pp. 44--45. Virgil also makes the theme of loss and unrequited love central in some of his eclogues, especially I, II, V, VIII, while VII, IX, and X, mention them peripherally.

13/Ibid., pp. 45--46.

14/Ibid., pp. 73--74.

15/See Ch. 1, Footnote 28. Broughton's statement is, no doubt, sound, but I think that Coleridge's Sicilian visit is hardly fundamental enough to explain Wordsworth's pastoral tendency.

16/Herbert Lindenberger, On Wordsworth's Prelude, (Princeton, 1963), p. 243. I would prefer myself to say that it claims the primacy rather of the values of the pastoral hero--in which Art and Society may also be included--over the values of the epic hero, an antithesis which I think is more accurate than that of "Nature over Art and Society."

17/Hartman, p. 38.

18/"The Prelude as a Portrait of the Artist," from Bicentenary Wordsworth Studies, (Ithaca, 1970), p. 203.

19/Modern Man in Search of a Soul, (New York, 1933), pp. 140--141.

20/"Wordsworth's Great Failure," from Wordsworth's Mind and Art, ed. A.W. Thomson, (Edinburgh, 1969), p. 13.

21/This and all other quotations from The Prelude of 1805 are from the Second Edition, ed. by E. de Selincourt, revised by Helen Darbishire, (Oxford, 1959).

22/See notes, pp. 513--515, for a fuller account.

23/See notes, p. 515.

24/See Appendix A for a discussion of the star, as well as of the flower, motif in Wordsworth's poetry and its derivation from Gray.

25/See de Selincourt's Introduction, especially Sections 2 & 3, pp. xxxiii--xliv.

26/Analytical Psychology: Its Theory and Practice, (New York, 1970), p. 41, a reprint of the Tavistock Lectures that Jung gave in London in 1935.

27/Lindenberger, pp. 11--12. See also "The Problem of Shape in The Prelude," J.R. Grandine, (Cambridge, Mass., 1968).

28/Ibid., p. 302.

29/Ibid., pp. 303--304.

30/See my discussion on pp. 46--47, Ch. 1.

31/Lindenberger, p. 305.

32/Ibid., p. 306.

33/See my discussions on pp. 46--47, Ch. 1, and on pp. 125--126, Ch. 2.

34/See notes, p. 594, where this simile is said to be indebted to Paradise Lost, XI.391.

35/C.W., or Collected Works of C.G. Jung, Bollingen Edition, (Princeton University Press; Princeton), Vol. 6.

36/Ibid., p. 405.

37/Ibid., pp. 403--404.

38/Ibid., p. 401.

39/Ibid., pp. 397--398.

40/Ibid., p. 395.

41/Many critics have commented on this: see Lindenberger, p. 209, Hartman, p. 215, and Richard J. Onorato, The Character of the Poet, (Princeton, 1971), pp. 47--48, and so on.

42/The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, ed. A.B. Grosart, (London, 1876), Vol. 3, pp. 194--195.

43/Psychology and Education, from The Development of Personality, C.W., Vol. 17, (Princeton, 1954), pp. 12--13.

44/From "Man and Woman," p. 88 of Psychological Reflections, an excerpt from Paracelsus the Physician, C.W., Vol. 15.

45/See Mary Moorman, William Wordsworth--A Biography--The Early Years, (Oxford, 1957); Emile Legouis, The Early Life of William Wordsworth, (London, 1921); and Christopher Wordsworth, Memoirs of William Wordsworth, (Boston, 1851).

46/See G.W. Meyer, pp. 7--8.

47/Christopher Wordsworth's Memoirs, Ch. 2, pp. 7--17.

48/E.Y., the first three letters of Dorothy Wordsworth to Jane Pollard, July, August, and November of 1787, pp. 1--12.

49/Early Life, p. 24.

50/"Child Development and Education," from Psychology and Education, (Princeton, 1954), p. 43.

51/Ibid., pp. 44--45.

52/Hartman, pp. 220--221.

53/Analytical Psychology: Its Theory and Practice, p. 102.

54/Pastoral, pp. 77--78.

55/Analytical Psychology: Its Theory and Practice, pp. 175--178.

56/Ibid., pp. 46--47.

57/Sperry, Anti-Climax, pp. 132--134. See also Owen, Wordsworth as Critic, where he discusses the difficulties of following Wordsworth's arguments on poetic theory, pp. 27--109, on classification of genres, pp. 151--187, and on audience appreciation of poetry, pp. 188--228.

58/See Onorato, Ch. 2, especially pp. 29--32.

59/Memories, Dreams, Reflections, ed. Aniela Jaffe, (New York, 1961), p. 255.

60/Analytical Psychology: Its Theory and Practice, pp. 106--107.

61/See Hartman, pp. 102--140 and pp. 234--239, Lindenberger's Chs. 7 and 8, "The Social Dimension" I and II, Onorato, who has done a long study in his Ch. 6, "The World Beyond the Vale," and Meyer's chapter, "Biography, 1770--95," pp. 3--36.

62/See de Selincourt's note about Wordsworth's mistake in attributing Beaupuy's death to this earlier date



in the Vendée when he actually died in 1796 at the Battle of Elz, p. 589.

63/See Jung, Two Essays On Analytical Psychology, "The Relations between the Ego and the Unconscious," (New York, 1971), pp. 193--194.

64/From Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self, C.W., Vol. 9.ii, reprinted in The Portable Jung as Aion: Phenomenology of the Self, "The Shadow," pp. 145--147.

65/See de Selincourt's discussion in the notes on pp. 603--606.

66/See Onorato, pp. 360--362, for a "Freudian" view of this play, and Meyer, pp. 170--210, for a detailed discussion wherein he supports the play as an exposition of Godwinian "recommendations for the conduct of the enlightened individual in society."

67/The Prelude is, after all, concerned with Wordsworth's own inner processes, "the growth of a poet's mind," and it would seem unlikely then that he would use as material dreams or events that did not relate to his own development or that were part of that development. See lines 171--188, Book III, where he states that his "theme has been what pass'd within me."

68/See pp. 539--540.

69/PMLA, March 1956, Vol. lxxi, pp. 269--275.

70/See Jung, "Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious," from Two Essays, p. 188.

71/See Hartman, p. 227, who seems to suggest something similar and who also assumes that the dream is Wordsworth's. Lindenberger, p. 157, agrees with me that the Arab "does not belong to the ordinary world of time" and, in fact, comes from the "timeless world of eternity." Onorato, pp. 369--377, on the other hand, assumes with Smyser that the dream is taken over from Descartes. He thinks that the Arab should be identified with Wordsworth and that the flood means a death in the past, i.e., that of his parents. His interpretation is "Freudian" but I think erroneous since the dreamer in the dream already represents Wordsworth and his idealistic concerns. The Arab, in contrast, is most un-human in his power, knowledge, and awful presence.

72/See Perkins, pp. 103--104, who connects the shell and the sea with the "being of God" but does not connect the Arab with divinity specifically.

73/I have omitted discussing the Snowdon passage since it covers roughly the same material as this one.

74/See Jung, Psychological Types.

75/Vagueness of expression: "That there hath past away a glory from the earth," "To me alone there came a thought of grief/ A timely utterance gave that thought relief," "But there's a Tree, of many, one"; sudden transitions: between Stanzas IV and V and between Stanzas VII and VIII; banality or sometimes nonsense of the ideas: the stages of life in Stanza VII and the idea of the child as a seer or prophet in VIII; tenuousness and impalpability --something like a Turner skyscape--of what he is trying to describe, especially in Stanza IX.

76/See Hartman especially, pp. 198--202.

77/See Joseph Campbell, The Hero With a Thousand Faces, pp. 113--116, for a discussion of the dual aspect of the Universal Mother or Kali.

78/Analytical Psychology: Its Theory and Practice, pp. 87--88.

79/pp. 220--221.

80/See also Hartman, p. 39, who suggests that Wordsworth is "afraid of his own imagination" or has "a failure of mind vis-à-vis the external world." I think rather that Wordsworth would have been well advised to take the warning of the imagination seriously, since what it is saying is generally compensatory with a view to the health of the whole personality.

## Chapter 3: Pastoral in The Excursion

### I The Judgment in the Singing Contest

Wordsworth held The Prelude, what we now consider a much greater poem, in manuscript for forty-five years, making frequent changes in it as time flowed on, yet, in an expensive quarto edition, rushed into print The Excursion, a poem that most critics--contemporary or later--who were not either dull or partisan have considered a prolix and pedantic reformulation of his doctrine of Nature, a shrunken and retrogressive view of life which fitted the mood of the reactionary aristocracy of the post-Napoleonic period in England. By this statement, I am not attempting to question his literary judgment--though it was sometimes bad--nor wishing to disparage the prudential considerations<sup>1</sup> which may have caused it to be so. Rather, I wish to put my finger as quickly as possible on The Excursion's essential fault: its negative attitude towards life. When one leaves the earlier lyrics, the fell-side tragedies, and The Prelude, and arrives at this, the air becomes stifling, one feels one ought to tippy-toe and whisper and look sour as in a sick-room rather than stride and shout for joy like "a man pleased with his own passions and volitions...who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is

in him."<sup>2</sup>

When Matthew Arnold asks wherein Wordsworth's superiority consists over such poets as Burns, Keats, and Heine, and then answers that "he deals with more of life than they do; he deals with life...more powerfully,"<sup>3</sup> he is referring to poems such as Lucy Gray, The Thorn, The Brothers, Michael, Resolution and Independence, The Ruined Cottage, sections of The Prelude, and other poems of the golden decade. These are the great vital Wordsworthian characters, the sons and daughters of Mother Earth, instinct with her life: Martha Ray, huddled in the driving rain on the mountain-side like a "jutting crag," the Leech-Gatherer "like a sea-beast crawled forth...to sun itself" or like a huge boulder on the "bald top of an eminence," Lucy Gray, "blithe as the mountain roe" and singing her song "that whistles in the wind," Michael, in his "unusual strength," performing "all kinds of labour for his sheep, and for the land," the shepherd looming up through the mist on the fells or caught in the radiance of the setting sun. They are mighty and abiding forms, extensions of the earth herself, with lungs that exhale her vapours and mists, with eyes that kindle with wild pleasure and reflect the setting sun on her mountain tarns, and with keening sorrows that sound like her sharp winds whistling in the high fells.

What is more, they are life, proud, courageous, and

uncomplaining, presented starkly and uncompromisingly as facing up to the lightning bolt or the fierce wind or the raging flood of the sky gods with no interference of false sentiment or timid conscience. At this time, the creative psychic war--the war of the gods and giants on the mythical level--of the imagination goes on freely in Wordsworth. And, as a result of this free and honest play of the imagination, these great characters demand and get by their true presence the foreground of the drama and fill it powerfully and truthfully.

Perhaps one could make a case for some narrator interference in a poem like The Thorn (1798); Wordsworth seems to have something of a divided interest here, unfortunately concerned with his "loquacious narrator," the retired superstitious sailing captain, when it is Martha Ray who should be the sole centre of the stage. One does not, however, feel that this interference is anything more than mere aesthetics, a technical problem, and not a conscious attempt to weaken Martha Ray's presence and situation, its stark and uncompromising nature, its unwavering look at evil in the world. It is possible to forgive and overlook this interference since it is naively done. Again, there is also the earlier case in which Wordsworth cannot restrain himself from interjecting into the picture of the life of The Old Cumberland Beggar (1797) this propaganda:

But deem not this Man useless--Statesmen! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
 Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not  
 A burthen of the earth!

Once more, one feels the honest Lear-like if naive nature of his protest and forgives the aesthetic or dramatic ineptitude; its cause is not weakness or negativity towards life but inexperience with his techniques. Yet, for all this, is it perhaps a sign of things to come when Wordsworth has fallen on darker days?

No doubt, in some of these earlier trials--perhaps Guilt and Sorrow (1791--1794) is another case of this kind--Wordsworth is more concerned with propaganda than with art, more interested in his message than in the right development of his drama. This is the problem of the young imagination, the problem of seeing evil clearly within the context of life, the problem of seeing reality as a whole or unity, not with falsification due to over- or under-emphasis of one side (suffering, sorrow) or the other (ecstasy, joy) which results in melodrama. Keats had to "burn through" this same problem, and seems to have solved it with his Beauty-Truth equation: if one sees life as a unity of Beauty--love and joy--and Truth--brutality and suffering--then, one sees it truly with the clarity of the imagination, and, at least at the time of that imaginative perception, can accept life

in its totality with courage and trust. Shelley, too, seems to have solved it--at least in some of his greatest works--by way of Dantean allegory. One also remembers how G.B. Shaw--highly influenced by Shelley and the other Romantics--frequently lost control of his art in his burning desire to propagandize, and Tolstoy is an even more gigantic example of how a great imaginative artist could turn his back on it--"a beautiful lie!"--at the pinnacle of his career.

As Wordsworth develops his skill in this period, however, he learns how to keep his narrator-conscience from being mere clumsy interference and uses him impartially either as functional extra-dramatic informant, as in Lucy Gray (1799) and Michael (1800), or, with what seems like even greater artistry, makes the narrator an actual participant in the drama, as in The Brothers (1800) and Resolution and Independence (1802).

Since it is apparent how critical for the success of Wordsworth's pastoral poetry the way in which the relationship between narrator character and fellow-side character is adjusted--as Tmolian intermediary and umpire between the Apollo of higher wisdom and the Pan of suffering humanity, he must not overweigh either by his conscious ego prejudices but remain impartial--we must first look at this relationship in The Excursion to see both how the balance

has been distorted and to what extent this is detrimental to his pastoral song. And since the formal emphasis on the relationship between the oracular narrator with his higher wisdom and the fell-side wretch with the knowledge of his earthly suffering is tightly connected to the doctrinal, argumentative, philosophical--or whatever other adjectives critics may have used--content, it will be necessary, later, to examine a major aspect of that content, namely, the nature of evil and its relationship to the imaginative conception of reality. Finally, I will attempt a psychological explanation of the decline of his imagination, the diminution and extinction of his pastoral viewpoint.

## II Fell-Side Characters and Narrator Characters in Book One

The first thing noticeable, on reasonable acquaintance with The Excursion, is that the fell-side characters--Margaret in Book One and numerous others in Books Six and Seven--have become pale and denatured, and have been moved to the deep background of the stage in order to allow the monstrous narrator characters to expand and vomit abstractions in the foreground. When the three-headed narrator--Poet, Wanderer, Pastor--explains away the tragedies, and sometimes pseudo-tragedies, of these rural folk by way of the system, or when he pompously eulogizes the State and



Church of England or tries to dress up a simple commonplace in the language of pedantic pseudo-philosophy, as he does in Books Six and Nine, there is something almost pathological about the poem by contrast with the health of the earlier fell-side tragedies. It is as though Shakespeare had, in some mad suppression of his muse-goddess, given the nod in the piping contest to Polonius, or Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and had allowed them to "buzz-buzz" and palter and make long eulogies on the greatness of Claudius and the system or the State of Denmark, while, at the same time, trying to play upon Hamlet the song of self-abnegation and acceptance of one's lot in order to stifle his truth. Where Shakespeare has Hamlet--the oracle of his imagination--spear the puffed-up falseness and hypocrisy behind the arras and leave that other pair of dissembling pipers in a trap which they have made for themselves, Wordsworth has allowed his monster with its sterile destructive breath to burn the life out of his poem.

This etiolation of the fell-side characters is noticeable in the story of Margaret in Book One, even though she is stronger and much more vital than many of the others, due, perhaps, to the fact that she was conceived in a period--The Ruined Cottage, circa 1795--17984--when Wordsworth's imagination was healthier. Strongly as her character and her story emerge in Book One, they are nevertheless corrupted

first by a confusion as to who is central in this book-- echoes of Guilt and Sorrow and The Thorn?--and second by the interpretation given of her reaction to her suffering.

The fact that the first 450 lines--roughly half-- are taken up with the nature and the history of the Wanderer indicates at least a lessening of interest in Margaret's story and a corresponding growth of concern with one of Wordsworth's egotistical conceptions of himself. What is unfortunate, here, is that this interference with Margaret is not merely bad workmanship--like the interference with Martha Ray in The Thorn--but seems consciously intended both to lend false authority to the Wanderer's knowledge of human nature and to interpret the situation so that it will fit in with the prepared doctrine of the poem.

The Wanderer is first given an identification with a kind of Titan or Pan figure, one

who on soft cool moss  
Extends his careless limbs along the front  
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,  
Half conscious of the soothing melody,  
With side-long eye looks out upon the scene,  
By power of that impending covert thrown  
To finer distance. (I.9--17)

This is the usual introvert pose that we have seen Wordsworth use in the earlier poems and The Prelude for his pastoral

heroes. When the Poet first meets his friend, he is "seen upon the cottage-bench,/ Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep," and thus tallies with the previous figure.

After a passage on his boyhood contact with him, the Poet again gives the Wanderer another trait of the pastoral hero; he is also a "mute, inglorious Milton," another flower "born to blush unseen":

...these favoured Beings,  
All but a scattered few, live out their time,  
Husbanding that which they possess within,  
And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds  
Are often those of whom the noisy world  
Hears least; else surely this Man had not left  
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed. (I.88--94)

The Poet then goes on to say that he will make some amends and "record in verse" a part of the Wanderer's "eloquent speech." It is highly ironic that, in many of the later books, our "mute inglorious Milton" is represented as being rather a garrulous pedantic and canting Pecksniff whose "gems" of wisdom might well, without harm to anyone, have been left "unfathomed."

Other aspects of the Wanderer's pastoral nature are given: he was born in poverty and in the country, where his upbringing was austere; Nature was his nurse, guiding him through the instrumentality of her beauty and her power to cause fear; he also had hallucinations from this communion, a communion, actually, with his own projections; his education also consisted in reading but few books; from this incul-

cation upon his mind of the forms of nature through the senses of sight and hearing, he also, like the boy in The Prelude, began to believe that Nature was consciously teaching him love. It is the same participation mystique of the boy in The Prelude, of the primitive, in which he is himself unpsychological but sees everything "out there," subject and object indistinguishable, and which leads him to the further and unwarranted deduction that Nature reciprocates his own feeling:

Far and wide the clouds were touched  
 And in their silent faces could he read  
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,  
 All melted into him; they swallowed up  
 His animal being; in them did he live,  
 And by them did he live; they were his life.  
 In such access of mind, in such high hour  
 Of visitation from the living God,  
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.  
 (I.203--213)

From this intense communion--this participation mystique--alone with nature, he also received or imbibed other typical ideas and feelings of a primitive mentality: ecstasy, humility, superstition, immortality. He also, like the poet in The Prelude, read and idealized "that mighty orb of song,/ The divine Milton," and found a cure from depression in reading "books that explain/ The purer elements of truth involved/ In lines and numbers."

But along with these impressions, one senses a great

deal of confusion in the Wanderer's thinking--or lack of it, since "thought was not," frequently--about Nature:

These occupations oftentimes deceived  
 The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,  
 Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf  
 In pensive idleness. What could he do,  
 Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
 With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,  
 Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
 In all things that from her sweet influence  
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
 (I.258--269)

It is the old question of individuation that we discussed in the last chapter. Anyone, like the poet of The Prelude, or the Poet or the Wanderer of this poem, who sets up the primitive participation mystique as an ideal state for man, or who idealizes the unconsciousness of childhood, or who cannot, except with difficulty, make distinctions between objective and subjective phenomena, or who resists the idea of being weaned from Nature, in my opinion, is not to be trusted with a doctrine, an argument, or a philosophy, of life. This does not mean to say that, ultimately, if he is relying fully on those functions of his which are conscious and adapted to reality, the introverted intuitive or sensation type like Wordsworth is not to be trusted. Any man who could intuit or sense so beautifully the reality of the world of Michael or the Leech-Gatherer--its beauty and its evil seen so clearly co-existing--

is, in my estimation, most certainly to be trusted. But, if this man begins to think, it would be intelligent to examine his "thought" gingerly. Goethe remarked of Byron, in his conversations with Eckermann, that the minute he started to think, Byron became a child. This is also almost totally true of Wordsworth, and, in varying degrees, of the other Romantics. When Wordsworth begins to think, the result amounts to little more than non sequitur, tautology, repetition of woolly commonplaces, and the voicing of narrow class prejudices. When he relies fully upon his senses or his intuition, speaks of what he knows, he is much closer to his idea of Man, "Earth's paramount creature." If we want introverted thinking that is to be trusted, we must go to people like Kant or Schopenhauer, or for introverted feeling to a poet like Dante.

Once more, like the poet in The Prelude, the Wanderer's education is strangely inadequate for coping with the world, having been reared "in dreams, in study, and in ardent thought." Further, the Poet says that he was "strengthened and braced, by breathing in content/ The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty." While someone blinded by his prejudices may possibly be led to believe that poverty is wholesome, at least for others, that is not the common belief of intelligent men. With all this training, he reveals his faulty adaptation, for he cannot teach:

Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
A village school--but wandering thoughts were then  
A misery to him; and the Youth resigned  
A task he was unable to perform. (I.312--315)

Thus, he chose a pedlar's life because it allowed him to go on wandering, reclining, dreaming, communing with himself, with no set responsibilities--these are the "attractions manifold" that the life of a pedlar offered him. Of course, this pedlar is as unreal as many of the masks which the poet in The Prelude tried on. Such a pedlar could never make ends meet for a year, let alone into years of advanced age, if he spent his time reclining in cave-mouths or listening to the song of the birds or having sentimental reflections about abandoned housewives. He is simply an ideal of Wordsworth's and not a substantial human being.

Finally, there is the question of the Wanderer's ability to understand human suffering, whether one who has not suffered himself can understand others' suffering, whether a mere sentimental identification with another sufferer without giving practical help is not more cruel and hypocritical than outright neglect. The teaching of Christ's story of the Good Samaritan is plain, but Christ did not include in that story the example of a priest or a Levite who pretended to be a good Samaritan. Is it possible that one can be a human, in the full sense of that word, by merely contemplating evil and rationalizing it away as part

of a greater plan? He says of the Wanderer that he kept

In solitude and solitary thought  
 His mind in a just equipoise of love.  
 Serene it was, unclouded by the cares  
 Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped  
 By partial bondage. In his steady course,  
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
 No wild varieties of joy and grief.  
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
 His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned  
 And constant disposition of his thoughts  
 To sympathy with man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,  
 And all that was endured; for, in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,  
 He had no painful pressure from within  
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 With coward fears. He could afford to suffer  
 With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came  
 That in our best experience he was rich,  
 And in the wisdom of our daily life. (I.353--373)

One of the important traits of the pastoral hero that we discussed in Chapter One was that of service to others, perhaps unrewarded and unknown. One understands that this is at the core of Michael and other shepherd figures, that the Shepherd-Lord, Clifford, was honoured by the cottage folk for such service, that it is also the core of such patriot figures as Wallace fighting for Scotland or Beupuy fighting against poverty and injustice in his role as revolutionary leader, and that it is also extremely central to such patriot-poets and statesmen as Milton, whose "heart/ The lowliest duties on herself did lay," and to Wilberforce or Burke who also struggled in the arena of public life. But this Wanderer has not served anyone, has not engaged in life, in fact, has purposely avoided it. If



Wordsworth had temporarily forgotten his Milton, he could easily have been reminded of the example of Milton's service and Milton's belief, expressed in Areopagitica, about dealing with evil:

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.<sup>5</sup>

Milton also said that a faith that has not been tested is no faith at all. Yet here is the man, reclusive, unadapted, dreamy and somewhat lazy, perhaps falsely sentimental, whom Wordsworth is offering to us as an observer and interpreter of Margaret's story.

Actually, the story itself is told in a manner reminiscent of his best stories, Michael, say, where Margaret and her husband are shown at first happy and contented in their domestic pursuits with the sounds and sights of the rural scene about them (I.513--534). Then, both drought and war intervene--as did "unforeseen misfortunes" or the forfeiture for Michael and Isabel--to separate the couple and start Margaret on her downward path of poverty and heartbreak. One notices that the major structural difference between the two poems is that the story of Margaret begins with the tragic separation and then builds upon the downward course

of Margaret's life, whereas Michael is built upon an upward curve of happiness and hope--the story of Michael's relations with Isabel and Luke and the land--only to have its course fall shortly before the ending. The major part of Margaret's story, then, is taken up with her gradual deterioration over a nine-year period--departure of husband, separation from older child, death of younger child, and gradual decay of house and garden--until at last she becomes sick and dies. It is also different from most of the early fell-side tragedies in that there is no sudden catastrophe--no bolt of lightning, no flood, no blizzard, from the sky gods--to sweep away the hero or heroine in a short time, but rather a slow eating away of heart and home, a fate which seems much more baffling and fiendish and also more modern. There are no real heroics here since fate does not present itself in dramatic form but, like faceless bureaucracy or aristocracy, simply ignores the victim to death. "This is the way the world ends/ Not with a bang but a whimper."

The question, then, that remains to be answered is the function of the narrator in Margaret's story. In two of the three earlier stories--The Brothers and Resolution and Independence--in which the narrator was a participant in the drama, Wordsworth seems to be completely successful because the narrator in these poems does not impose anything extraneous or foreign upon the dramatic world itself but

acts within and according to its laws. However quaint or prejudiced we may feel the priest of Ennerdale to be in The Brothers, he is yet himself, dramatically true to the world of the vale where the Ewbanks lived, and does not know or imply more than he ought. Again, whatever feeling we may have about the idealist poet who confronts the Leech-Gatherer, whether or not we are disturbed by his alternating joy and depression, he is also a totally genuine actor within his dramatic world, acting and reacting to the old man as such a person might.

With the third of the three, The Thorn, the case is somewhat different. While the retired captain of a trading vessel,<sup>6</sup> the "loquacious narrator," could be understood within the poem's dramatic limits to have settled in the area and to have taken an interest in Martha Ray's story, he is nevertheless too opaque and too clumsy a character--his characteristics are given as credulousness, garrulity, and superstition--not to detract from Martha's tragedy. His ignorance--repetitions like "I cannot tell; I wish I could" in Stanza IX, "More know I not, I wish I did,/ And it should all be told to you" in Stanza XIV, and "I did not speak-- I saw her face;/ Her face!" in Stanza XVIII--is simply too ludicrous to be mystifying. His bumbling--mistaking Martha for a crag and going to find shelter under her--is pure farce. His literal-mindedness--the height of the thorn, its distance

from the mountain path, and the distance of the muddy little pond from the thorn, are all carefully given--is exaggerated to circus proportions. It is as though the tragedienne is upstaged by the clown. And while it may be bad drama--our interest is divided and confused because we are forced to see the tragic through the perspective of the comic--from a technical point of view, yet it is not dishonest drama or self-obsessed drama. Both the tragedienne and the clown have something good and true to offer but, unfortunately, it is offered in a too conflicting manner.

In Margaret's story, now, the fourth in which the narrator is a dramatic participant, the Wanderer is not really part of the drama but falsely superimposed upon it, rather like a ghost or a god from another world--that of well-fed aristocracy untouched by a knowledge of poverty--making periodic visitations upon the poor mortal, Margaret, not with the idea of relieving her distress, but rather with the idea of making her an example in his plan or philosophy of Apollinian higher wisdom. He is like a welfare worker who has learned from his social-work manuals that it is not good or proper procedure to get too emotionally involved with his cases but must note carefully in his case-book the conditions of the recipient, must remain "objective" in his contemplation of the variables of the situation, in order that he can formulate for his bureau a report which will

support the pre-conceived ideas of the planners, an account which will justify their planning even at the expense of the lives of the recipients. People are expendable but the system must be upheld.

Even in his introduction of the story to the Poet, the Wanderer assumes this oracular other-worldly pose:

I see around me here  
 Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,  
 Nor we alone, but that which each man loved  
 And prized in his peculiar nook of earth  
 Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon  
 Even of the good is no memorial left.(I.469--474)

Actually, the wisdom he is offering is pure banality but it is a first defence of his argument for "higher wisdom"-- if everything vanishes, if suns rise and set impervious to human turmoil and drama, why then we must see the story I am about to relate, he says, in proper perspective, in relation to the system. He is quick, of course, to counteract the ugliness of this view by saying that Margaret gave him a "daughter's welcome" and that he loved her as his "own child."

But this view of his love for her is belied to some extent when he remarks:

I speak...of One whose stock  
 Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.  
 She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
 Tender and deep in her excess of love;  
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy  
 Of her own thoughts: by some especial care  
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
 A Being, who by adding love to peace  
 Might live on earth a life of happiness.(I.511--519)

He is not worried about her as a human being, he loves her not so much as a daughter, with needs of a physical and emotional nature, but rather as some kind of ideal case, a compendium of virtues, steady mind plus love plus joy plus peace, and so on.

This interest in Margaret's "virtues" is given more focus a little further on when the Poet begs the old man to continue the story while he stands "drinking comfort from the warmer sun." The Wanderer begins again by remarking that it would be

a wantonness, and would demand  
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts  
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw  
A momentary pleasure, never marked  
By reason, barren of all future good.  
But we have known that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,  
A power to virtue friendly.... (I.626--634)

He seems to be saying that it is heartless and condemnable to play frivolously with others' troubles for the sake of pastime. This is true. But surely it is just as heartless and condemnable to be using Margaret's misery and her fight against adversity as a moral lesson, as an example to others of "a power to virtue friendly," a homily on evils that must be borne, instead of giving her help. An honest man would be inclined to say "Damn virtue!" or "Damn the lessons one can derive from seeing another's struggles against misfortune, or damn the comfort that one can get from viewing the

strength of love that is to be gotten from others' sufferings in defence of their young or in trying to keep home and hearth together!" The Christian message is plain: to give real and substantial help to the downtrodden when needed, and not to moralize about the evils of life and get comfort, however philosophically, from the examples of others' sufferings. Of course, Wordsworth was likely not Christian but his Wanderer is assumed to be so.

When the Wanderer makes his next visitation to see how Margaret is faring, and learns that her husband has left her, he remarks that "he had little power/ To give her comfort," but "was glad to take/ Such words of hope from her own mouth as served/ To cheer us both." He cannot help her but he has come to examine the deterioration of the case. On a subsequent visit, when she has lost her older child and neglects the younger, and when the garden reflects her preoccupation with her troubles, she honestly admits her helplessness to cope and hopes "that God/ Will give me patience to endure the things/ Which I behold at home." On parting from her, this time, the Wanderer's reaction to her trouble can only be described as that of a pious fraud:

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,  
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,  
Which with a look of welcome she received;  
And I exhorted her to place her trust  
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.





sufferings as moral edification for himself and the Poet. He is more or less merely contradicting his earlier idea that "poverty is wholesome." Obviously, it is not, no matter in what kind of hypocritical nonsense he clothes such a philosophy. It is quite easy to be philosophical about the troubles of others; it is another thing when it comes home to one's self. This is one of the major insights we are given in Fielding's portrayal of Parson Adams, and a needed corrective to the false idealism promulgated by such characters as the Wanderer, or by such poets as the later Wordsworth.

And this is also what is false about the image of tranquility with which the Wanderer leaves us at the end. It is not the tranquility of cosmic composure arrived at through experiential knowledge of the strife of the human heart, through his own suffering (he admits that he has not), through his own passionate confrontation with evil. It is the tranquility, rather, of egotistical callousness, behind which hides fear and a distrust of life. This is what is wrong with the drama of the story of Margaret. The narrator is an Apollo, or a lackey of Apollo, looking down upon these fools of mortals like Margaret and her family with contempt, or at least unconcern, and not engaging in the drama of life himself. He cannot infuse the story with proper life because he does not feel life in himself. He has turned his back

upon it, content to shed a sentimental tear and offer pious platitudes about what he no longer understands.

### III Fell-Side Characters and Narrator Characters in Books Six and Seven

We noted that a full half of Book One was taken up with Wordsworth's egotistical concern with himself in the guise of the Wanderer persona, partially, at least, to the detriment of the dramatization of Margaret. This emphasis on self expands enormously in Books II, III, IV, and V, which are almost totally involved with the description of the unequal contest between the three-personed benevolist or optimist upholder of the system and the lone voice of tragic and pessimistic vision, the piper of the truth of suffering humanity. It is as though the Holy Alliance of Russia, Prussia, and England, knowing that they have all but defeated Revolutionary France, are now--by fair means or foul--trying to stamp out the last flame of revolutionary protest and make everyone feel that the status quo is not only inevitable but better for all. It is also a gruesome picture of Wordsworth in the act of strangling the muse-goddess of his imagination.

There is now a kind of heavy pall of fearful authoritarianism and obscurantism enclosing the poem, as though Wordsworth had become a kind of poetical Lord Eldon, a

die-hard Lord Chancellor of the courts of the spirit, in which even Voltaire's Candide is hauled into the box and given sentence. The sentence for radical thinkers is basically that of fresh air and hard work, enough so that one is too tired to have subversive ideas:

And they perhaps err least, the lowly class  
Whom a benign necessity compels  
To follow reason's least ambitious course;  
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,  
And unincited by a wish to look  
Into high objects farther than they may,  
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,  
The narrow avenue of daily toil  
For daily bread. (V.593--601)

As we come to Books VI and VII, then, we can see how the higher wisdom of the Poet-Wanderer-Pastor is shutting out or falsifying the voice of the suffering spirit because it is afraid to meet the challenges of life. It is only pretense that Wordsworth has identified his Wanderer with a pastoral or Titan figure in Book I, for his turgid opening to Book Six, proclaiming the virtue and rightness of the aristocratic status quo of Church and State, is ominous for the fate of the fell-side characters, the subjects of his former poetic greatness. He seems to be saying now that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" are better off dead.

The subject of the first pastoral (VI.102--211), the man "crazed in brain/ By unrequited love," is not treated truthfully but rather is forced into speaking and

acting from the viewpoint of a sentimental valentine, whose borders are heavily overlaid with the false lace of commentary and interpretation by the Vicar and the Wanderer in order to conceal the true nothingness of the story. When the woman he loves refuses him because she is in love with another, he "scaled the rocks,/ Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,/ In hope to find some virtuous herb of power/ To cure his malady." This reaction is, in itself, not untrue to the nature of unrequited love. But the Vicar--Wordsworth's mask for the denying of the real power of physical love--has the man trying to recover from his malady by an application to books and works of science, as though he had never himself felt the terrible power of Cupid's darts. The first Wordsworthian remedy--application to books of science--does not work, and so the second is advised by friends:

Go to the hills...remit a while:  
This baneful diligence--at early morn  
Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods....

Neither does this work. However, the man has something called "innocence" or "simplicity of mind" which is "most sacred in the eye of heaven." I conjecture whether or not it has any relation to the Lady's "sun-clad power of chastity" in Comus. The man is somehow cured, by grace or nature, and recovers, only to succumb anti-climactically to a fever. Better he had died of his love. A sentimental

flourish at the end has both this poor duffer offering his loved one a book in which plants pressed by his own hands are enclosed and the interpretation of this gesture as a "monument of faithful love."

But the man is not a man--rather a pale anemic and sentimental abstraction of Wordsworth's thought which is entirely divorced from reality. What this abstraction had was not love-sickness--we must go to Goethe's Werther or Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights for that--but the sickness of too much ideality, a total choking off of the loins, of the sources in Mother Nature. He is a glamourized sexless ghost around whose death-bed the life-denying Wanderer and Pastor smirk and gloat.

The second pastoral (VI.212--261) is of a man interested, with others, in mining ore in the mountains. When the others stop the search as futile, he keeps on until people begin to pity him, thinking him "insane of mind," or else as "the luckless thrall/ Of subterranean Spirits," which is much the same thing. When, after twenty years, he does find the reward in the "mountain's entrails," he is unable to bear the weight of his success, goes crazy--"On the fields he looked/ With an unsettled liberty of thought... by daylight walked/ Giddy and restless"--drinks too much, and "vanishes." The pathway to the mine continues to exist and is named--by whom he does not say, but presumably by

the moralizing Pastor--"the path of perseverance." The Wanderer uses the story as a homily or parable by which to suggest the hope that the virtuous might, "like this Labourer...dig their way,/ Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," and that the wise might be granted "his firmness of resolve."

But the Wanderer's interpretation of the story and its moral is surely whimsical and even mistaken. We are told plainly, first of all, that many people about the area considered the man insane. Secondly, his reactions on finding the treasure support the truth of their assumptions--he reacts like a man going totally insane--he vanishes without a trace. If the man had reappeared, able to consolidate and use the wealth he had gathered for the purposes of life, one might be inclined to agree with the Wanderer's choice in making his story an example to men of perseverance against odds. But this is not normal perseverance as much as it is the fixity of insanity. The man is swallowed up by his vision of the collective unconscious, his mind being too weak to withstand its powerful attraction. This is a spiritual situation, no doubt, in which Wordsworth found himself many times, but hero-like, he came out of it having captured the treasure hoard from the den of the dragon.<sup>7</sup> The moral, then, from this story should surely be to have critical awareness or intelligence

enough to know how far to go in one's resolve to reach a goal, and not allow the goal to become such a fixity that in the end it becomes a quest of one's malign fate, a search for dissolution of one's self. This is not to encourage the faithful into a "firmness of resolve" but into the inflexibility of madness.

The third pastoral, the Prodigal (VI.275--391), and the fourth, the Jacobite and the Hanoverian (VI.404--521), are merely sentimental, it seems to me, and therefore unremarkable. Perhaps, they suggest that, within Nature and Time, many strange turnings take place in a man's life and that also many strange alliances are formed. The conversation that develops, however, between the Sceptic (Solitary) and the Priest (Pastor) (VI.522--674) is more pertinent to the argument that is going on in Wordsworth's soul.

After the Pastor reads the inscription on the sundial with its higher wisdom plainly proclaimed--

Time flies; it is his melancholy task  
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,  
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.  
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will  
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,  
Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed!--

the Solitary answers that, despite this lofty view of man sub specie aeternitatis, we should nevertheless feel for the sufferings of man here and now:

If, then, their blended influence be not lost  
 Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,  
 Even upon mine, the more are we required  
 To feel for those among our fellow-men,  
 Who, offering no obeisance to the world,  
 Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a sense  
 Of constant infelicity,' cut off  
 From peace like exiles on some barren rock,  
 Their life's appointed prison.... (VI.527--535)

He also supplies, in order to support his argument, two images of Titans--Prometheus and Tantalus, two of the most rebellious and defiant against the tyranny of the sky gods--to suggest the eternal validity of man's tragic lot as individual against the callous indifference of the system:

Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,  
 The generations are prepared; the pangs,  
 The internal pangs, are ready; the dread strife  
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
 Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny. (VI.553--557)

I think we feel the reverberations of this passage and its argument in Keats's Ode to a Nightingale where that poet is concerned as well in the double vision and pull of the self between time and timelessness. It is pertinent, also, to note, as H.W. Garrod has done, what, in actual fact, the attraction of Wordsworth was for Keats. In his letter to Reynolds,<sup>8</sup> Keats debates the relative worth of Milton and Wordsworth, and seems to give Wordsworth an edge in his greater "anxiety for humanity," although, later, he evens the score between them by suggesting that Wordsworth's greater depth is not so much "individual greatness of mind" as it is the "general...advance of intellect." If



we assume that Keats is referring to the fell-side tragedies of Wordsworth's best period, or even to these faint glimmers of protest against the system in The Excursion, then it is possible to understand his attraction.

In remarking on the letters in which Keats speaks of The Excursion as one of the "three things to rejoice at in this age," Garrod underlines a possible confusion in Keats's mind between philosophy and poetry in relation to Wordsworth: "I have the suspicion that, under the influence of Bailey, Keats had at this time begun to 'rejoice', not only in the good poetry, but in the bad philosophy, of the Excursion--for this great, but embarrassing, poem abounds in both...."<sup>9</sup> Keats, himself a pastoral poet with aspirations towards epic, must also be understood to be speaking about the doctrine or philosophy of the Solitary--a character within the poem--rather than the over-riding doctrine of the poem itself which would be that of the Poet-Wanderer-Pastor persona representing authoritarian aristocracy, when he speaks favourably of The Excursion. For surely he could not, any more than Shelley or Byron, have been so dull or hypocritical as to have acclaimed the continual stifling of genuine feeling for the suffering of humanity as is once again revealed in the Pastor's rebuttal.

In answer to the Solitary's restatement of the reality of the tragic vision, the Priest, with a kind of smugness

and superior tolerance, tries to shut him up on a subject which is relatively taboo to Establishment ears:

Though...these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 We, whose established and unfailing trust  
 Is in controlling Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life abounds  
 With mysteries;--for, if Faith were left untried,  
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence--that ranks  
 Among the first of Powers and Virtues--proved?  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask;  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes  
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.  
 (VI.558--572)

The suffering of the individual human is now a "mystery," a useful abstraction by which one is relieved of bothering to grapple with it in practice. The individual's suffering is also, it seems, to be a test of Faith, of another abstraction of the system. If some people, like Margaret or Ellen, are swamped and overborne by their miseries, well, it proves the wonder and the mystery of life, or the strength of general Faith--shades of Hecate and Kali! How often now, also, is this talk of virtue on the lips of the three-headed narrator. Along with other counters, such as "purity" and "sweetness" and "meekness," it smacks of unhealthy separation from the sources of life. We must not talk of "grievous crimes and strange disasters" for fear they might upset the delicate sensibilities of those who

benefit from the tyranny which causes them. So the Pastor handles the Solitary by blanketing him with eighteenth-century orthodox "optimism," implying that tragic vision is distorted vision. It is no wonder that Voltaire is banned from the kingdom; sharp and intelligent thought will always be unwelcome to the murk and slothfulness of minds which uphold systematic "optimism." "If only one saw it from a higher--"higher" meaning "more distant"--point of view, from the point of view where God and I sit," one might suppose the Pastor to say, smugly assuming his own salvation and his ascension to the Right Hand of the Father, "then, one would no longer weep for the odd unfortunate wretch who was too stubborn or too sinful to see the error of his ways." One wonders about this "optimism" of the system, and whether it is anything more than a cloak of insensitivity by which the fortunate hide themselves from the reality of suffering.

The remaining four pastorals of Book VI continue to be swathed in many veils of lifelessness, false sentiment, acceptance, resignation, and so on, wrapped about them by the wisdom and optimism of the three-headed narrator monster. Sometimes, it is true, the tail (Solitary) of the monster is recalcitrant and has to be snarled at or scolded back into line, but, as a whole, he is adequately squelched. And yet, for all this systematic bullying, a potentially

powerful subject--the Proud Lady (VI.675--777)--is treated in his fifth pastoral. In a sense, she is not really a subject for Wordsworthian pastoral, for she is no half-hidden violet, blooming quietly and modestly where hardly anyone can see her:

While yet a child,  
 She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the vale,  
 Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished  
 With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
 To be admired, than coveted and loved.  
 Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,  
 Over her comrades; else their simple sports,  
 Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
 Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.

While it may be too much to say that she resembles Lady Macbeth--she does have that kind of domination over her associates and does, in the later stages of her story, suffer from the pathological effects of it--she at least has the characteristics of an Emma or a Catherine Earnshaw. Since the Poet has, however, laid down the conditions by which the Pastor will select his narratives (VI.624--645), and since the Pastor "willingly confines" himself, with some qualifications (VI.660--674), to subjects "of nature's unambitious underwood,/ And flowers that prosper in the shade," we must be prepared for an unlikely and unsatisfactory ending to her story.

We learn that, for all her pride, intelligence, and qualities of leadership, she develops certain petty and pathological traits: "an unremitting avaricious thrift"

and "a strange thralldom of maternal love,/ That held her spirit, in its own despite,/ Bound...to a poor dissolute Son, her only child." One of the reasons given for her parsimony is that she wanted to build a house, no doubt an outlet for her powers of intelligence and active leadership.

The Pastor attributes her spiritual malaise to her lack of Christian piety--"heaven's blessing/ Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust/ In ceaseless pains"--a supposition which sets us up for a weak sentimental conclusion to the story of this proud and strong woman. But surely, as has been the pattern, his systematic wisdom is blinding him to the real truth. This leader of men who, in her heyday, had never bothered "to hold converse with heaven" is now, on her death-bed, given these most sickly words of resignation. On looking up at a star--ominously Jupiter, king of the sky gods--she is heard to say:

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

Surely, the reason for her pathological traits and her sickness is due to the fact that, in this narrow pastoral life, she has nothing upon which to expend her energies and talents, and must, out of pure frustration and boredom, turn those positive qualities into dangerous and life-negating caricatures of themselves: avaricious hoarding of material

things, and the emasculation of her child.

The Pastor sums up her case confidently, totally unaware, it seems to me, in his callous upholding of the system, of her real suffering and of the suffering of the "poor dissolute son":

She, who had rebelled,  
Was into meekness softened and subdued;  
Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,  
With resignation sink into the grave;  
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,  
Tho', in this Vale, remembered with deep awe.

It seems to me that here, and in the sixth pastoral of forsaken Ellen (VI.787--1052), the Tmolean judge of Wordsworth's conscience reaches a level of desperate deafness to pastoral truth which, in itself, is pathological in the extreme.

The story of Ellen--the plight of the abandoned wife or mother--is a common one of the time, and Wordsworth has used it frequently before. In the Lyrical Ballads, both The Mad Mother and The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman are on this theme, and Ruth(1799), The Afflictions of Margaret(1801?), and The Thorn(1798), repeat it. Wordsworth even knew of a real case, that of Mary of Buttermere,<sup>10</sup> who was had by the spoiler: he married her under false pretenses, gave her a child, and then abandoned her. He refers to her in The Prelude VII.310--359. Once again, it is also that of the story of Margaret, the first pastoral episode in The Excursion.

In these earlier poems, the abandoned woman, either talking to herself or to her small baby, reveals her desperate situation and the deep melancholy or even madness which afflicts her because of it. She is usually presented out in the wilds, wandering about aimlessly, like a deranged Ophelia, her objective situation mirroring the wandering and aimlessness of her thoughts. She is presented simply and unsentimentally, and there is no hint that some kind person is going to come and help her, or even that some ghost or social worker is going to visit her periodically to watch her deterioration. Her situation is truly desperate, but, at the same time, she does not pray for release to some abstract Saviour who will carry her off to his abode. Even though her situation is hopeless, she still wants to live, wants to succour her baby, wants to find her husband; she is defiant and not defeated and resigned. Because of this honest portrayal, a genuine pathos is evoked from these figures, even in the most clumsily executed of them.

Wordsworth has his Pastor begin Ellen's story in a mawkish vein. Speaking of the small grave under the shelter of the larger one, he says:

If mild discourse, and manners that conferred  
A natural dignity on humblest rank;  
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,  
That for a face not beautiful did more  
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;

And if religious tenderness of heart,  
 Grieving for sin, and penitential tears  
 Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained  
 The spotless ether of a maiden life;  
 If these may make a hallowed spot of earth  
 More holy in the sight of God or Man;  
 Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood  
 Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.  
 (VI.793--805)

Ellen's sad story is told, the Pastor all the while hinting that the reader should be dabbing his eyes with a handkerchief. There is a heavy use of adjectives meant to suggest the appropriate response to the reader: "by her innocent Baby's precious grave," Ellen is a "weeping Magdalene"; in the time of her frequent visits to its grave, she moved with "virgin fearlessness"; when this "virtuous woman" was betrayed, she sighed idealistically about the nature of the cold world:

Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,  
 And nature that is kind in woman's breast,  
 And reason that in man is wise and good,  
 And fear of him who is a righteous judge;  
 Why do not these prevail for human life,  
 To keep two hearts together....

This "tender passage" is not totally accurate, he says, although he had earlier read it on "the blank margin of a Valentine,/ Bedropped with tears" where Ellen had written it.

When the baby is born, she gazes on it as a "pure and spotless gift" and finds the "blameless Infant" a comfort in her distress. When "scruples rose" because she was living on her mother, Ellen hires out as a foster-mother,



leaving her own baby with her own mother. But her new employers are heartless and they do not allow her to see her own baby; even on the day of the child's burial, "hapless Ellen" barely got to see it before the earth was thrown over it. The continual visitings to the child's grave begin to tell on her since her employers, heartless to the end, refuse to permit it. Finally, when it is evident that "the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped," the Parson gets her released from her bonds. Her husband, the "rash betrayer," has passed away from her thoughts, she can no longer think of him as a flesh-and-blood person but only in the sense of a "moral being." She is now so overwhelmed not only at his false betrayal but also at her own neglect of her infant that her spirit simply longs "for its last flight to heaven's security." As she wastes away, she broods on the state of her soul and opens her heart to the Pastor. The picture of her death-bed is sentimentally described by the same:

no pains were spared  
 To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
 The sting of self-reproach, with healing words.  
 Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!  
 In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,  
 The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
 A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!

(VI.1031--1037)

The pasteboard quality of this story is so evident, the emotions and sentiments so melodramatic, that one is

tempted, as were Thackeray and Bret Harte in similar cases, to make a complete mockery of it. It is too patently saintly and smells of hypocrisy. Ellen dies with the most affected sanctity, and the Pastor assures us that "her Spirit passed/ Into that pure and unknown world of love/ Where injury cannot come." It is the old distrust of life, the life-denying stench, which kills these characters. If she wanted to die so badly--at least that is what the Pastor would have us believe--why should any reader feel sympathy or even take it seriously. In fact, as with others, she is not human as much as she is a kind of glamourized ghost.

The seventh pastoral, of Wilfred Armathwaite (VI. 1075--1114), is simply about the man's abandonment of his family and his subsequent remorse:

...through remorse and grief he died;  
 Though pitied among men, absolved by God,  
 He could not find forgiveness in himself;  
 Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

The eighth pastoral, on the Widower with the Six Daughters (VI.1115--1190), is a happy rather than a sad one although it begins at the sight of the mother's grave. The father, distressed by his wife's death and also at the thought of looking after his brood single-handed, has become happy and blessed because of the help and comfort that the daughters, now growing up, are able to afford him.

In effect, the wife's spirit, in the form of the gracious and useful daughters, still lives. There is something quite charming and healthy about this tale,<sup>11</sup> since no one is too saintly and no one pines for an "unknown world of love/Where injury cannot come," for an escape from life.

The ninth pastoral, first of Book VII (VII.38--291), is also cheerful and straightforward enough, and is, perhaps, concerned with the changes and freaks of time. A Clergyman from the Northumbrian Hills, tired of waiting upon his rich and titled friends for a benefice more lucrative, decides to take the living in a small inaccessible mountain parish, a move which will mean a vast change from his accustomed style of life. He is basically a gay and social spirit but manages to adapt nevertheless to his rural solitude and its pastoral duties--with some bitterness, it is true, at the memory of his former life--and makes the parsonage a civilized place. Through the space of forty years, he and his wife and family inhabit the place with no outward event. Then, suddenly, like a shadow from a passing cloud, death lowers and takes them all off--the man and wife and three children--in less than two years. Yet they all died peacefully, the old man, the very last, dying in his sleep. Death need not be an escape nor a terrible trial, it seems, even though it works with a devastating power.

The tenth pastoral, of the Wonderful Priest of a neighbouring vale (VII.315--360), is simple praise for a virtuous but little known man. The Pastor, here (VII. 361--395), dwells on an old contention of Wordsworth's, perhaps derived from Gray's Elegy, that a poet should celebrate in verse a "good man's purposes and deeds" as well as those traditional themes of love and war. Obviously, this can be done, as he has done himself in poems like Michael, Brougham Castle, The Prelude, and others. But, in the context of The Excursion, it does not seem obvious that to write of good men automatically means to write good poetry. Some of the earlier "good" men and women, the unrequited lover, Ellen, turn out to be not so much good as ghostly and unreal. In some of these latter pastorals, the men, while good, at least with only minor aberrations, and relatively happy, are boring or at least boringly presented--two-dimensionally and sentimentally--in lace-edged valentine cameos. What most of the characters in these Excursion pastorals lack is the life instinct: they are all running away from life, resigning themselves to an other-worldly place where there is no pain or sting or critical people.

The Pastor's argument, then, is a mistaken one, since poetry is not averse to dealing with good men, bad men, indifferent men, or any other kind, so long as they are

real. The important distinction for poetry is, then, not between good and bad, beautiful or ugly, but between real and unreal. Poetry is a ruthless judge: it will no more accept falseness into its ranks than will life. The gods and goddesses of the unconscious, who are the source of poetry, are also the source of life, and, as we have seen in Wordsworth's *Dream of the Arab*, they reject falseness in life as they do in poetry. Apparently, by 1814 at any rate, Wordsworth has still not understood the message of the dream.

The story of the deaf man (VII.395--481), the eleventh pastoral, and the story of the blind man (VII. 482--536), the twelfth pastoral, are presented, one supposes, as examples of men with permanent afflictions who carry on their lives cheerfully and without complaint at their misfortunes. Insofar as these two men reveal fortitude in coping with their handicaps--handicaps which cut them off, by one step, from outer reality--they are, I would agree with the narrators, entirely admirable. But neither the Pastor, who interprets the moral derived from the deaf man's situation, nor the Wanderer, who comments on the state of blindness at the end of that story, are willing to leave it at that. They want to make more out of these stories than just simple examples of moral fortitude.

They seem to want to insist that deafness and

blindness are good in themselves, that, for certain reasons, one is better off being deaf or blind. For instance, the Pastor's supposition seems to be that deafness makes the man more unselfish:

For himself,  
 All watchful and industrious as he was,  
 He wrought not: neither field nor flock he owned:  
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind;  
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.  
 (VII.423--427)

While, for the very exceptional man, a life without home or land, without money, without relationships of an intimate and human kind, a life of this kind might be possible, yet, for the average man, it would be nothing short of hell, and, even for the exceptional man, it would mean terrible suffering.

Again, the Pastor suggests that his state of terrible dependence on others, his helplessness, is a perfectly fine thing:

Though born a younger brother, need was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home  
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.  
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
 His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
 Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,  
 By the pure bond of independent love,  
 An inmate of a second family. (VII.428--435)

Here again, we have a classic case of Wordsworth's defence of never individuating, of staying in the womb, of the oblivious childhood state, without cares, responsibilities, or normal adult emotions of grief and loss, without really

knowing what life is at all. It is defending the state of the egg as opposed to that of the bird flying in the sun, saying that the seed ought never to open and shoot above the ground and blossom into consciousness, and, in turn, seed and propagate itself. And, somehow, deafness is a help in this.

Finally, like the poet in The Prelude or the Wanderer in Book I, this man is dependent almost totally on books for social intercourse. Books, the thoughts of Man--ideal man--over the centuries and the millennia speaking to him, only books. While it may be beneficial to have had a god speak to one at some critical time in one's life in order to straighten one out or find the right course in its tempestuous or heaving chaos, a steady diet of ideality is too much--a human being needs to hear as well other silly and superficial things, like jokes, endearments, and admissions of weakness in others, in order to give balance to his own humanity, in order to maintain his own sanity. And yet the Pastor assumes that this communion with pure ideality, this lofty detachment from human cares and sufferings, aided by the handicap of deafness, is better for him:

--Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
 No langour, peevishness, nor vain complaint:  
 And they, who were about him, did not fail  
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized  
 His gentle manners: and his peaceful smiles,  
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,  
 Were met with answering sympathy and love. (VII.455--462)

Again, the Pastor idealizes the situation of the blind man, and would have us believe that he is almost more fortunate than those with sight:

--Methinks I see him--how his eye-balls rolled,  
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired,--  
But each instinct with spirit; and the frame  
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
Fancy, and understanding; while the voice  
Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
With eloquence, and such authentic power,  
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood  
Abashed, and tender pity overawed. (VII.507--515)

Surely this is not true of most blindness. Most blindness, while it may give the person a finer use of some of his other senses, is still a drudgery and a burden, and does not noticeably increase the powers of his or her intellect. Of course, Wordsworth is likely thinking of great geniuses who happened to be blind as well--the apocryphal Homer, Milton, or even fictional characters like Shakespeare's Gloucester who "stumbled when he saw." But this is the mistake of assuming that a mere physical or biological accident is responsible for a man's genius instead of a man's innate ability or his character and strength in the face of adversity. Blindness is likely not good despite the fact that some men have done great things in such a state.

What is worse, however, than this faulty logic of the Pastor is the unwitting callousness or insensitivity of the Wanderer who exclaims so ecstatically over the possibility of lessons for inculcating virtue:



"A noble--and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer said,  
 "Beings like these present! But proof abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, therefore, cease to be.  
 And to the mind among her powers of sense  
 This transfer is permitted,--not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may win;  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity; nor last nor least for this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of death,  
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.

(VII.516--530)

These people--Margaret, the Proud Lady, the Deaf Mute, and the Blind Man--with their poverty, frustration, or other affliction, are not seen by the Poet-Wanderer-Pastor as individual human beings who need help, no matter how much false sentiment is wrapped around them or crocodile tears dripped on them, but are interpreted as being "lucky," "fortunate," or "chosen," in their misfortune, so that, like the Old Cumberland Beggar and the Idiot Boy, they can become objects of "love and charity," can be moral exercises for the smug and insensitive, and also examples of "hope" for the unimaginative and cynical. But whatever benign or sanctified face this three-headed monster of the Establishment puts on when it mouths these hoary euphemistic platitudes, it is very little different from the Edmunds, Gonerils, and Reagans, when they callously "shut up their doors" to the cries of human suffering coming from those "poor naked wretches" who "bide the pelting

of the pitiless storm" in Wordsworth's fell-side country.

Pastoral thirteen, about the female Infant of Goldrill side (VII.632--694), is similar to some earlier stories in which there is the sudden transition from joy at the birth of a long-awaited baby girl to grief at her sudden and unexpected death. It does not really make for good drama because the child is too young to have any character, and so we do not take any interest in its death. What little drama that develops is mirrored in the reactions of the family at second hand. The story depends too much on manipulation of the reader's emotions, in other words, like the stories of the unrequited lover, of the Prodigal, of Ellen, it is simply melodrama.

The fourteenth pastoral, the story of young Oswald (VII.695--890), is also basically melodramatic, since we are coerced into an interest in him rather than finding him intrinsically so. The fact that he dies of convulsions brought on by jumping into a chilling flood after partaking in a heated chase does not add to his dramatic interest but seems intended to play upon our feelings merely.

The fifteenth pastoral, of Sir Alfred Irthing (VII. 923--1050), a type of story well known to Wordsworth and used by him, in some variation or other, in such poems as Hart-leap Well, Simon Lee, Brougham Castle, and perhaps others, concerns an Elizabethan knight who found a rural

spot in the dales in which to retire from the busy world. This idea of retirement to rural simplicity, as we know, is not only totally central to Wordsworth's ideal view of life--all his major personae do it--but is also a recurrent theme in the literature of the West. Yet, at the same time, it is not an idea which has much connection with the fell-side tragedies of 1797--1807 or with the pastorals--apart from the fourth and the fifteenth--of Books Six and Seven of The Excursion.

The point, here, is one connected with a distinction made in Chapter II between "blue" and "green" pastoral. The idea of retirement to quiet and simplicity out of the fever and fret--court, camp, or city--of the world can only come to the ruling aristocracy, or the servants or hangers-on of aristocracy, since they are the only ones who could have such an idea. Hence, pastoral that is concerned with this idea can only be the "green" variety, that is, life interpreted from the viewpoint of the ruling aristocrat, life raised above continual and real suffering, life seen as green and hopeful, often blind to the suffering of others, life seen from a distance, from the eye of Apollo. That is why the pastoral of Virgil, Horace, Petrarch, Mantuan, Spenser, Tasso, Milton, and Marvell, in varying degrees, is "green" or "Apollinian," has taken too little care "to feel what wretches feel."

On the other hand, the wretched and the suffering--the Martha Rays, Poor Susans, Leech-Gatherers, unrequited lovers, tubercular artists, frustrated mothers, castrated children, drug addicts--live in real and constant fever and fret; their life is hell most of the time. This idea of retirement is therefore not concerned with the pastoral of the common man; his pastoral, his view of life, is "blue," that is, life sunk below the level of hope, life seen as blue and melancholy and depressed, blind, as well, but often understandably so, to the possibilities of life. It is life seen much too closely, from the sensations of Pan. That is also why the pastoral of Theocritus, Burns, Cowper, the early Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Dickens, and Hardy, is "blue" or "Panic,"<sup>12</sup> a workaday or popular understanding of life.

However this may be, the real point that the Vicar and the Wanderer seem to want to make from Sir Alfred's story is that old classic and medieval one of sic transit gloria mundi. But, as with some of the other examples of poverty, affliction, or misfortune--the common fate of mankind--that he finds it necessary to dwell upon, Wordsworth, unlike his more realistic poetic forbears, wants to do more than observe that "all things to their destruction draw" or that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." He wants, it seems, to tell the suffering and the wretched

that they ought not to worry if they have missed out on the good things of life--they will be rewarded in the next and ought to bear their trials and troubles with acceptance, patience, resignation. He holds out a kind of promise of "immortality," some kind of life beyond life about which no one really knows but nevertheless must blindly accept as a kind of sop. Of course, this is good aristocratic or bureaucratic propaganda which helps to keep the natives from being restive, from upsetting or endangering the status quo social order. The Proud Lady of the fifth pastoral is "softened and subdued" into meekness, the unrequited lover of the first pastoral dies in an idealistic illusion, and Ellen, in the sixth pastoral, is passed into "a pure and unknown world of love/ Where injury cannot come." Of course, injury and evil cannot come to something unreal, like the ghosts Wordsworth's Wanderer and Pastor have created, but neither can benefit or good. It is not a sound bargain: to give up life--with all its brutality and evil--for fantasy or false ideality is fatally silly.

Finally, when the Wanderer thanks the Pastor for "the pathetic records" which he has narrated to them in the course of surveying the graves in the country churchyard, we feel that they are pathetic in a sense not intended by the author. The pathos in these cases in The Excursion does not so much derive from seeing individuals

struggling against the hopeless odds and uncompromising evils of the real natural and social order but rather from seeing these individuals duped and coerced into believing in an unreal and false picture of the world, a picture given them by Wordsworth's life-negating personae in order to suit the propaganda needs of the system. It is a case of the insensitivity of old age and self-interest, a case of Wordsworth's Tmolean conscience--the ego personality trying to live without the enrichment of psychic reality--operating, when we are asked to

yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
 For the pathetic records which his voice  
 Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,  
 Tending to patience when affliction strikes;  
 To hope and love; to confident repose  
 In God; and reverence for the dust of Man.

(VII.1052--1057)

The pathos, that is, does not inhere in the pastoral dramas themselves but rather extra-dramatically in the knowledge gained by the reader from the ironic contrasts between the earlier great poems and these sentimental valentines. It is only a pretense, in these books of The Excursion, that Wordsworth has been describing "the short and simple annals of the poor." He has, in fact, been describing his own shrunken and poverty-stricken imagination. The dramatic interest has been almost solely focused upon himself in the guise of his narrators and not upon the fell-side characters. He himself, and his negative views

of life, have held front and center stage.

In these books, the pastoral characters are noticeably etiolated and choked by the atmosphere of egotism, by the weeds of the ego's fear and distrust. It is something like a paysage moralisé of the reactionary spirit. The Apollinian ego mentality is now shining so oppressively that the vital unconscious inspiration of Pan is not only sleeping but dying from the heat and the aridity in the withering thicket of Wordsworth's imagination: the unnoticed stars of the sky have paled and fallen, the half-hidden violets and daisies are blanched and drooping, and the song of the invisible linnets and skylarks is now heard in wierd squawks and sickening falsettos of resignation and death.

Apollo, the voice of aristocratic or bureaucratic society's truths, has the ear of the Tmolean judge-- Wordsworth's conscience--to the extent that Pan, the piper of suffering humanity, can hardly be heard. The one person--the Solitary--who, like Midas, still tries to understand the value of Pan's music, is ridiculed--given ass's ears--and silenced into submission. Tmolus has judged and Pan has lost the singing contest.

#### IV Evil and the Imagination

Thus, by the time of the publication of The Excursion,

Wordsworth has moved--a tendency he has likely always had but which was limited by his confrontations with the divinities of his unconscious during the crisis and creative years--to the point where doctrine destroys drama and where propaganda replaces truth. His purpose is no longer that of presenting truth as it is perceived by the imagination--which he now distrusts and fears--but of monitoring everything in accordance with the decrees of the intellect, telling us how we should interpret it. He is no longer now so much a poet as a propagandist, and certainly not a pastoral poet.

And the propaganda is dreary stuff: an immature conception of evil, acceptance of one's lot, self-abnegation, resignation, muscular Christianity, and false idealism. What is more important, however, is that the propaganda is not merely dreary but pernicious. It gives its readers or auditors only a special interpretation of truth, an interpretation behind which selfish motives lurk. Wordsworth's propaganda, however ideally clothed, is no exception to this. It is quite well known that by this time Wordsworth is a lackey of the aristocracy, imbibing its special biases and prejudices and upholding its special viewpoints. One need only read the letters in and around the election year of 1818 to see to what extent he has become a mouthpiece and tool of Lord Lonsdale and Viscount



Lowther, and, later, his opposition to reform and Catholic emancipation reinforces the same point. He is now a pleader of special interests, something a poet can never be.

If poetry is truth--that is, a true reflection of reality--then the poet must rely on his imagination, the gods and goddesses of the unconscious, the passionate instincts of the soul, and not on his intellect or ego personality which is always on the watch for itself and its selfish concerns.

And if the imagination is no longer to be trusted, then, neither is nature to be trusted, for, as we have seen with Wordsworth, the mystical or unifying or healing or teaching powers of nature are none other than the powers of his own unconscious. With his increasing antagonism towards his imagination, the spontaneous unruly troublesome but also independent part of his soul, he also begins to withdraw his projections, denudes nature of her mystery, so that he comes to find that "there hath past away a glory from the earth," discovers that it was a "light that never was, on sea or land," or the shadow that goes along with such a light. The fact that both the Ode and the Elegiac Stanzas were published in 1807 suggests that this was a critical time in the life of Wordsworth's imagination.

It is not that Wordsworth, even in his earliest recollections, has ever been unaware of the presence of

evil--positive, real, and mysterious--in reality, and not just some kind of misconception of the good. Huxley's view,<sup>13</sup> that Wordsworth saw nature or human nature as merely friendly or tame and civilized, is, as a whole, erroneous, of course, and has, no doubt, been pointed out as such before. The question that is really interesting in regard to Wordsworth's conception of reality is not his unawareness of the dark side of things but his developing grasp of the relationship between evil and good, what part evil plays in the imaginative conception of the truth. For, in fact, unless one sees evil clearly, one cannot grasp reality or, therefore, write poetry. One of the evidences of his withering imagination by the time of The Excursion is this very loss of grip on the relationship of evil to reality noticeable in the poem.

Before going on to look at some aspects of this in Books VIII and IX of The Excursion, I think it will be helpful to sketch in general the way in which Wordsworth has dealt with the problem in his development as a poet. As in most of the loco-descriptive poetry of the eighteenth century, An Evening Walk (1787--1789) gives the impression of an author either unaware of suffering and evil or at least not imaginatively concerned about it:

In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,  
And hope itself was all I knew of pain;  
For then the inexperienced heart would beat  
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,

And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,  
 Through passes yet unreach'd, a brighter road.  
 (11.21--26)

Descriptive Sketches (1793) is also basically untouched by the tragedy of the human heart, although, as in Thomson's Seasons, there are some gloomier aspects of nature portrayed and a few references to the plight of peasants and housewives.

With Guilt and Sorrow (1793--1794) and The Borderers (1796--1797), however, Wordsworth's imagination becomes dramatic, that is, is touched by the problem of evil, and is no longer simply content with benevolent or deist optimism. At the same time, he is only beginning to experiment, and the evil to which we are introduced in Guilt and Sorrow is exaggerated and gothic. Along with the Spenserian stanza form, Wordsworth has adopted Spenserian metaphysics and Spenserian melodrama. Characters are dwelt upon not as individuals with interest of their own but as examples of evil and brutality, compassion and goodness, as though they were puppets whose main function was to represent the warring principles of good and evil. It is a kind of Calvinistic conception of reality--elect and damned--which, in its zeal to eradicate evil, tries to eradicate the world. This kind of conception of reality always thinks that good and evil are separable. It is basically naive and negatively based on a fear of acceptance

of the whole of reality. It always wants the good separated or strained from the bad and is therefore unrealistic and immature in its refusal to accept life as it is.

The Borderers, a further attempt of Wordsworth's to see into the nature of evil, was dealt with in Chapter Two. Once more, its tense view of the world as a war of opposites between unswerving ideality and total depravity precludes the possibility of a reconciling function which would transcend its sterile rigidities and present a conception of reality more mature and fruitful. It is this "reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities," in Coleridge's phrase, that is a hallmark of great imaginative art. It is also this psychological phenomenon of the appearance of a transcendent function<sup>14</sup> which allows the artist to see life in a new healthy and mature way, freed of the obstructions of the merely duality-conceiving intellect or ego consciousness.

When we come to the great fell-side tragedies of Michael, Resolution and Independence, The Brothers, Lucy Gray, The Thorn, and so on, we see that Wordsworth has developed a more mature vision of reality. Evil is not down-played nor over-played nor displayed in some separated fashion from so-called good. It is inextricably fused with life in such a way that our normal bases of judgment are inoperative and we must simply wonder at it. In any

one of these works, we see that evil is positive and powerful, and part of the creative process, and that, without it, reality would be a poor thing. The blizzard that swallows Lucy Gray, the lightning bolt that strikes down James Ewbank, the circumstances that break Michael's heart or overcome Martha Ray's sanity, seem to be rooted in the very bed-rock of things so that the viewer or reader is humbled before them, made powerless to judge them with his own petty intellectual categories of right and wrong. These happenings are bigger than men's intellects or philosophical systems, they scorn or spurn them, and thus are not subject to them. They partake of the nature of divinity in which the categories of good and evil are fused and transformed, are made to suffer "a sea change, into something rich and strange." Thus, like all great imaginative art--King Lear, Wuthering Heights, Keats's Odes, Hardy's last great novels, the lyric masterpieces of Yeats and Frost--the fell-side tragedies of Wordsworth rise up and judge their readers rather than anything, since they are products of the collective unconscious, the dwelling-place of the gods, and have that effluence of the divine which is like a power to perform miracles--make gardens bloom in the wasteland--and thus stun our mortal judgments and annihilate the petty constructions of the intellect.

When we come back to The Excursion, we feel a sad

loss of imaginative power, a regression back to a kind of intellectually conceived view of reality with good and evil once more separated into tidy categories, and where evil can be nicely understood and manipulated by the ego principle. There are poor suffering people, people of the fells, people forced into working in factories, and so on, to be sure, but they are not portrayed imaginatively, they are insulated off from life in which evil is a factor. They concern the author only at a distance as a philosophical problem and not as human beings who command his passion and concern. They need to be given education (IX.293--335), or moral teaching, the "discipline of virtue," so that they will not be a threat to the order:

order else  
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.  
 Thus, duties rising out of good possess  
 And prudent caution needful to avert  
 Impending evil, equally require  
 That the whole people should be taught and trained.  
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve  
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take  
 Their place.... (IX.353--361)

They need to be housed as well, but, if the island gets too crowded, Britain may cast off

Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;  
 Bound to establish new communities  
 On every shore whose aspect favours hope  
 Or bold adventure; promising to skill  
 And perseverance their deserved reward. (IX.377--382)

From his lofty and distant position--like being in the place of Zeus, the thunderbolt hurler, or like riding

in Apollo's chariot--at the Right Hand of God, the Father--  
 "as one/ Who from truth's central point serenely views/  
 The Compass of his argument" (VIII.598--600)--Wordsworth  
 now sees the folk as statistics or pinpoints, masses to be  
 moved hither and yon, to be coerced or to be processed  
 for this or that purpose of the rulers. He sees himself  
 as a kind of philosopher king, sitting on his mountain top,  
 at the ready

to commune with the invisible world,  
 And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
 Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
 A clear sonorous voice, inaudible  
 To the vast multitude; whose doom it is  
 To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
 Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

(IX.86--92)

Like Plato as well, no doubt, he would have ejected all the  
 poets--all pastoral poets--unless, like the Solitary,  
 they can be bullied into submission.

If nothing up to this point had convinced the  
 reader of The Excursion that Wordsworth was no longer a  
 pastoral poet, the peroration on the sun god (IX.588--754),  
 the paternal sky god, would surely be enough to do so.  
 Like the Snowdon episode at the end of The Prelude, the  
 climb up the "green hill's side" is for the purpose of  
 guiding us to the summum bonum of truth to which the whole  
 poem has been a gradual ascent from base camp. But we  
 know that Wordsworth, a creature basically of sensation or  
 intuition, is no assured dweller on the Olympian heights

of intellect, and climbing mountains--metaphorical or otherwise--leaves him prone to a kind of vertigo which makes his vision unstable. It was the moon on Snowdon, in The Prelude, queen of the night, the supreme symbol of the imagination, that shone over the world and gave it unity with a sudden flash of light which overcame the viewer's ordinary judgment. Here, it is the sun, not only the chariot of Indra, Jehovah, or Apollo, the standpoint or throne of the paternal sky god, but the symbol of consciousness and intellect, which is the "fount of glory" and source of "unity sublime."

And there is something shrunken and cautious about this vision no matter how he has tried to trick it out with pompous phraseology. There is symbolic inconsistency, if not error, in paying tribute to the sky god at the moment of his decline or death, when his power has waned at sunset. This is when he least gives light and life to his creatures and when he deserts them. It is his rising, his glorious appearance, that is surely the occasion for the laudation by his creatures, just as was the glorious appearance of the moon on Snowdon to the former devotee of the imagination. So, although there is a spiritual switch from allegiance to the principle of the imagination and timelessness to the principle of the intellect and time, it is the allegiance to a particular aspect of the latter



principle which reveals the retrogression in Wordsworth's nature. He seems to be worshipping its negative aspect rather than its positive life-affirming one.

This sole worship of the sun god, especially its negative aspect, seems less satisfying than was the sole worship of the moon or earth goddess in The Prelude. For though, in fact, both are unnatural extremes which it is well to avoid on any level of life, whether that of the individual or the group, the ordinary human being can live even less satisfactorily in the realm of consciousness, daylight, mechanical or logical order, than he can in the participation mystique of the collective unconscious, the dark instinctive world from which his consciousness is born. Society is also much less satisfactory when the relationship between ruled and rulers is merely that based upon cold logic, external form, and coercion. We are creatures, obviously, of night as well as day, of unconsciousness as well as consciousness, of instinct and imagination as well as thought and intellect, of timelessness as well as time.

As he had earlier exaggerated the role of imagination and unconsciousness, Wordsworth now exaggerates the role of intellect and consciousness. God is not now some uplifting or awe-inspiring manifestation rolling through the mists of the hills and speaking of strength and love or moving

like a mountain to chastise or admonish erring mortals,  
 nor is his voice heard like the wind on a mountain crag  
 or like the undersong of the streamlets running down the  
 valley. He is now rather a pompous bureaucrat,

inaccessible to human thought,  
 Save by degrees and steps which thou hast deigned  
 To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,  
 To the infirmity of mortal sense  
 Vouchsafed; this local transitory type  
 Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp  
 Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,  
 The radiant Cherubim.... (IX.615--622)

There is no personal interest or concern on the part of  
 this deity, hidden away in his private rooms, but just  
 orders passed down by telephone through the ranks--Cheru-  
 bim, Seraphim, Denominations, and so on, to the Elect--  
 to be followed unquestioningly by the "humble creatures"  
 as a matter of course.

Even the elect are part of this unalterable bureau-  
 cracy carrying out god's orders to the poor and unwashed,  
 and taking on a tone of righteousness and a holier-than-thou  
 attitude:

Such as they are who in thy presence stand  
 Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
 Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
 From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth  
 Shall be--divested at the appointed hour  
 Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal stain.  
 (IX.628--633)

Wordsworth--or his personae--no doubt considers himself  
 as one of these elect at the foot of the throne, and re-

minds one of the story of the Pharisee and the Publican in Luke (18: 9--14), in which the Pharisee says: "I thank thee, God, that I am not like the rest of men."

At any rate, he is quite confident he is saved, for he speaks as though privy to God's plan for the future of the race. Referring, one supposes, to the elect--and, by implication, the damned--he somewhat impatiently exhorts:

Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude  
Time's weary course! Or if, by thy decree,  
The consummation that will come by stealth  
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,  
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away  
The sting of human nature. (IX.634--639)

One need not be surprised that Wordsworth, once admitted to the throne-room, would soon be intimate with God's cosmic intention. After all, he once told us--in the Preface to the edition of 1814--that he passed unalarmed "Jehovah--with his thunder, and the choir/ Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones...." What is discouraging about this passage is the fact that he wants life or reality, as we know it, to end because he is tired of it! Or else if not that, at least, that evil be removed from it--"the sting of human nature." He is as though saying: "If you can't quite manage the Apocalypse as yet, God, at least simplify existence so that there is no more confusion, no more flux, no more ambiguity. I need to be at peace." But he knew, at an earlier date, by using his

imagination, that that sting, that ambiguity, is part of the unity which is reality, that his great poetry could never have been written without it, and that it could not be removed by spreading "the law/ As it is written in thy holy book,/ Throughout all lands" by external decree and coercion. If that had been possible, then, Adam and Eve need never have left their Eden, nor Persephone her flowery fields of Enna to sojourn half the year with gloomy Dis.

Then he goes on to plead: "Father of good!" Apparently, in his mind, the sheep and the goats have already been separated, the elect enjoying God's presence, the damned in some god-forsaken limbo. But this is not the nature of God who walked in the great poems of 1797--1807. He was no more father of good than he was father of bad. He was the great spirit of creation, rising up before the first consciousness of the world, awesome, beautiful, and brutal, and ultimately mysterious and beyond the judgment of men's intellects. The "speaking face of earth and heaven" was no old grandmother sorting peas, or old bureaucrat sorting memos, but a power to behold: beyond good and evil, maleness and femaleness, beauty and ugliness, and all the categories by which men judge.

The usual systematic condemnations of pagan idols and pagan sacrifices, in the style of Milton, are made in order to show what advances have been made over the cen-

turies of good from evil. As anyone can see, this is terribly unrealistic, not to say untrue, and mere propaganda. Evil does not disappear because we wish it away or intellectualize it out of existence. It is a positive part of reality, like earth, air, and sunlight, and a necessary part of a full and creative life. By this time, one simply wishes that the Pastor would shut up, since any god-- even the old declining inaccessible bureaucrat of The Excursion--might be forgiven for blasting him into a healthy silence with a thunderbolt or two. That mealy-mouthed servility, fear, and negativity, is enough to make even a god lose his temper.

#### V Psychological Basis of the Decline

The question as to why Wordsworth changed from a pastoral poet into an epic propagandist, from a champion of the imagination into a lackey of the intellect, from the poetry of sincerity to the poetry of wit, has often been asked<sup>15</sup> and seldom been answered satisfactorily. Despite all the explanations of the change derived from biographical facts, these facts, in themselves, never seem convincing but are rather more in the nature of symptoms than causes of the decline if they are not simply accidental and totally unrelated to it. I intend to offer a psychological explanation since it seems to me that only

in the psyche can the origins of such a classic example of enantiodromia--change of a thing into its opposite--be found.

There are, of course, many conventional critics who vehemently dislike psychology and psychological interpretations. They do not usually wish to state this dislike openly for fear of being thought backward or obscurantist, and so they hide it, in this case, under the rationale that there is no real change in Wordsworth's attitude and that, in turning his back on the passions and principles of the French Revolution to embrace toryism and conservatism, and in changing his style and manner from the "language really used by men" to the rather conventional and artificial aristocratic poetics of the eighteenth century, he is really being consistent with his own nature and principles, and is taking the only course open to him under the circumstances. Even if this way of thinking was tenable--which I do not think it is--one would still have to explain the poetry of the great decade as a kind of "aberration" when he had temporarily succumbed to enthusiasm or madness and the later life style and poetry as a return to "sanity."

And, of course, there is a kind of madness, divine madness, about the poetry of the great decade, as there is in all great imaginative poetry, of which it would be foolish of us to make little. We also know the origin of this madness in the archetypes of the collective unconscious,

confrontations with which Wordsworth's ego personality has had to contend and to whose effects it has had to adjust. He has described many of these overpowering spiritual events in the poetry, especially The Prelude. There is enough evidence, without manufacturing any, in Dorothy's journals and in the great-decade poetry itself to show to what extent he was in spiritual travail, and observers like de Quincey, who thought that Wordsworth looked like a man of sixty in 1809, corroborate the fact of his inner trials and sufferings.

Jung has outlined for us<sup>16</sup> four broad types of reaction to collapse of conscious attitude attendant upon the appearance of contents from the collective unconscious. These are briefly: 1) being totally overpowered by these contents and thus the person becomes paranoid or schizophrenic; 2) credulous acceptance of these contents causing the person to become eccentric with a taste for prophecy; 3) outright rejection of these contents which causes the person to attempt the restoration of his personality at an earlier regressive level; and 4) the critical understanding of the contents by which the person is able to make a more or less normal re-adjustment--this is, of course, the most useful or ideal reaction of all. In Wordsworth's case--and he seems to have weathered several near collapses of consciousness previous and subsequent to his great crisis

described in Book X of The Prelude--there is no need to consider the first type of reaction, nor, I think, the last type, since it seems evident that he never did clearly understand what happened to him (a not surprising fact when one considers how few people of any age would understand). To the second and third types of reaction to assimilation of unconscious contents, however, we need to pay some attention, since they appear to describe or help us to understand some of the spiritual facts of the great decade and the later years of Wordsworth's life.

a) Identification with the Collective Psyche

In an earlier section<sup>17</sup> of this work, I attempted to account psychologically for what appeared to me to be a more than normal introversion of Wordsworth's childhood and youthful consciousness, an introversion resulting from certain unfortunate parental influences which prevented his being weaned from the deep unconscious state of intimacy with the archetypes at a time when gradual adaptation to the external world is usual and imperative. I tried to indicate, also, that, in his youth and early manhood,<sup>18</sup> Wordsworth had a very difficult time in deciding who he was, in stabilizing his ego, in building up a persona by which he would relate his ego with the external world. The powerful and perhaps abnormal hold which these



archetypes had over his consciousness was most probably the principal reason why he had this difficult time in adapting. In the period of crisis and creativity when he was anywhere from twenty to forty years of age, and during a time when he was making his most strenuous and prolonged attempt to relate himself consciously and meaningfully to society, he had a number of collapses or near-collapses of consciousness which naturally shook his confidence in himself because they confused his sense of reality--as earthquake conditions always do--and blurred the boundaries of his personality which he was, with difficulty, trying to build and strengthen.

While the influxes of contents from the collective unconscious are felt, at least initially, as a threat by Wordsworth, and, perhaps as a result of his naive identification with them, increasingly so as the years go on, they, nevertheless, in many cases, effect a radical enlargement of his personality, bring into his consciousness new and rich stores of knowledge about life, its good and evil, its ecstasy and sorrow, its sublimity and baseness. This new knowledge and awareness, like most things in life, has ambiguous possibilities, depending on the mode of reaction characteristic to the recipient. The knowledge itself confers upon the knower a kind of "god-likeness" because it is about qualities and principles of a super-

personal and universal nature and validity, and therefore transcends mere personal and mortal concerns. When one eats the apple of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the tree which is within one's self, when one discovers that one is a god or has total freedom to choose between them, because both good and evil are intimately within one's self, then, this knowledge opens the floodgates of the soul to all sorts of possibilities, all sorts of heights and depths and giddinesses, the struggle of the eternally opposed opposites. To feel this drama played out in one's soul before one's consciousness is to experience the gods at war, to experience deadly enmities and magnanimous friendships, to experience horrors and miracles, and to be inevitably changed.<sup>19</sup>

Jung speaks of two kinds of recipient of this god-like knowledge:

One man's optimism makes him overweening, while another's pessimism makes him over-anxious and despondent. Such are the forms which the great conflict takes when reduced to a smaller scale. But even in these lesser proportions the essence of the conflict is easily recognized: the arrogance of the one and the despondency of the other share a common uncertainty as to their boundaries. The one is excessively expanded, the other excessively contracted. Their individual boundaries are in some way obliterated....In fact we shall see clearly how his uncertainty forces the enthusiast to puff up his truths, of which he feels none too sure, and to win proselytes to his side in order that his followers may prove to himself the value and trustworthiness of his own convictions. Nor is he altogether so happy in his fund

of knowledge as to be able to hold out alone; at bottom he feels isolated by it, and the secret fear of being left alone with it induces him to trot out his opinions and interpretations in and out of season, because only when convincing someone else does he feel safe from gnawing doubts....Both are at once too small and too big; their individual mean, never very secure, now becomes shakier than ever. It sounds almost grotesque to describe such a state as "god-like." But since each in his way steps beyond his human proportions, both of them are a little "super-human" and therefore, figuratively speaking, god-like. If we wish to avoid the use of this metaphor, I would suggest that we speak instead of "psychic inflation," ...in other words, a state of being puffed up. In such a state a man fills a space which normally he cannot fill. He can only fill it by appropriating to himself contents and qualities which properly exist for themselves alone and should therefore remain outside our bounds. What lies outside ourselves belongs either to someone else, or to everyone, or to no one.<sup>20</sup>

There is quite a lot of evidence that Wordsworth, in these personality-expanding trips to the divine realms of the psyche, does tend to identify himself with its inhabitants--an understandable tendency even if not pleasing to others--perhaps not in the extreme form of thinking himself the re-incarnation of a god but at least in thinking that he has a privileged position in relation to divine truth. The various passages in The Prelude--especially X.402--430, X.792--805, XII.278--353, and XIII.428--452--where he assumes the role of the prophet are obviously suffused with a kind of arrogance--in The Prelude, at least, tempered by his awareness of suffering--born out of his identification with eternal principles clothed in the apparitions of the

divine.

Jung says that such identification would be like

acceptance of the inflation, but now exalted into a system. In other words, one would be the fortunate possessor of the great truth that was only waiting to be discovered, of the eschatological knowledge that means the healing of nations. This attitude does not necessarily signify megalomania in direct form, but megalomania in the milder and more familiar form it takes in the reformer, the prophet, and the martyr. Weak minds run no small risk of succumbing to this temptation, since as a rule they have more than their fair share of ambition, vanity, and misapplied naivete.<sup>21</sup>

The reason for desiring identification with the collective unconscious, Jung goes on to relate, is the fact that it promises renewal of life for the individual, or increase in knowledge, or enhances his life-feeling. In order to keep a hold on these valuable spiritual treasures, the individual will try to maintain his union with these sources of life:

Identification seems to be the shortest road to this, for the dissolution of the persona in the collective psyche is a direct invitation to wed oneself with the abyss and blot out all memory in that embrace. This piece of mysticism is characteristic of all better men, and is just as innate in every individual as the "longing for the mother," the nostalgia for the source from which we sprang....there lies at the root of the regressive longing which Freud conceives as "infantile fixation" or the "incest wish" a special value and a special cogency. This is brought out in myths, where it is precisely the strongest and best man among the people, the hero, who gives way to the regressive longing and deliberately exposes himself to the danger of being devoured by the monster of the maternal abyss. He is, however, a hero only because in the

final reckoning he does not allow himself to be devoured, but conquers the monster, not once but many times. The victory over the collective psyche alone yields the true value, the capture of the hoard, the invincible weapon, the magic talisman, or whatever it be that the myth deems most desirable. Therefore, whoever identifies with the collective psyche--or, in terms of the myth, lets himself be devoured by the monster--and vanishes in it, is near to the treasure that the dragon guards, but he is there by extreme constraint and to his own greatest harm.

Probably no one who was conscious of the absurdity of this identification would have the courage to make a principle of it. But the danger is that very many people lack the necessary humour, or else it fails them at this particular juncture; they are seized by a sort of pathos, everything seems pregnant with meaning, and all effective self-criticism is checked. I would not deny in general the existence of genuine prophets, but in the name of caution I would begin by doubting each individual case; for it is far too serious a matter for us lightly to accept a man as a genuine prophet.<sup>22</sup>

#### b) Retrogressive Restoration of the Persona

But Wordsworth has, in these years after his crisis, definitely over-extended or inflated his personality due to unthinking identification with the collective psyche. Evidence for this is not wanting in the afore-mentioned and other passages of The Prelude, in his letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, in various letters to friends and acquaintances, and in his prophetic attitude towards man in general and the movements of the times. I do not wish to follow the too-easy lampooning of Wordsworth's eccentricities, naive misjudgments, or lapses of humour, but, at the same time, one must be frank if one is to deal

justly with him. He was inclined, especially in this period, to see divine and unutterable qualities in everything and everyone, to feel the stars and the stones quiver and breathe as though part of his own heart-beat and breath, to find profound thoughts in "the meanest flower that blows," because he was filled with this cosmic god-likeness from his over-identification with these dominants of the psyche. These things are psychic facts and do have their just place in a spiritual autobiography such as The Prelude. Nevertheless, the exigencies of practical life insist that things or individuals also have their own identities and boundaries, that the normal run of men are not god-like or even "earth's paramount creatures," and that social movements or revolutions of various kinds are not likely to bring about the millenium in any short order.

After the first delirium of the experience of this god-like knowledge, when it seems that Coleridge may have helped him to eat of the apple that Coleridge himself had previously plucked from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and found good, Wordsworth began to be aware of its ambiguity. He found that the truths for which he had fought dragons were not necessarily truths to all eyes, not so much that they did not have validity and intrinsic worth, but that he naively supposed they could be a trans-

formation for everyone or that they could be understood and appreciated in all situations. In other words, he made the mistake of raising the individual and the particular to the level of the general and the universal.

Further, he found that his claims for the principles of the French Revolution and for future social harmony were also exaggerated, and he eventually had to backtrack and modify and take reactionary positions. His squelching of his letter to the Bishop of Llandaff and also his keeping The Prelude under wraps suggest that he had some fear that his ideas or positions about the growth and nature of man and his social organization were either incorrect or improperly extended. His "theory" about audience reactions to poets<sup>23</sup> is also an attempt to account for his own relative unpopularity--perhaps especially in the case of The Excursion--and to shore up his reputation in his own eyes by showing that all great poetry is underrated or neglected at the time of its creation,<sup>24</sup> unless one could be deceived into considering the praise of the Duke of Devonshire<sup>25</sup> or the Bishop of London<sup>26</sup> as indicative of literary merit.

Wordsworth, by the time of The Excursion at least, and probably before, is having many doubts about the divine revelations and convictions gained from his confrontations with the unconscious, and ultimately rejects them in favour

of intellect or conscience, rejects the inner power of the imagination for the outer power of Church and State. He qualifies always, in that poem, praise of the imagination in favour of controlling intellect, and we have seen that his last peroration was to that power. He indirectly reveals his now antagonistic position to the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" in a letter to a young Scotch amateur poet, Robert Pearce Gillies, whom he advises in late 1814 about his depression resulting from the loss of a large part of his fortune in bad investments:

I am not a little concerned that you continue to suffer from morbid feelings, and still more that you regard them as incurable. This is a most delicate subject, and which, perhaps, I ought not to touch at all, considering the slender knowledge which circumstances have yet allowed me of the characteristics of your malady. But this I can confidently say, that poetry and the poetic spirit will either help you, or harm you, as you use them. If you find in yourself more of the latter effect than of the former, forswear the Muses, and apply tooth and nail to law, to mathematics, to mechanics, to anything, only escape from your insidious foe.<sup>27</sup>

Jung tells us that the man who has gotten himself "out on a limb," so to speak, due to psychic over-inflatedness, and has found that the distorted hold of the unconscious--since it is never totally deprived of its energy and can come back at any time to haunt one--is having adverse effects, can reject his former beliefs and convictions and come to see himself as a "crazy visionary," wanting to throw out all his former dealings with the collective psyche:



The meaning and purpose he so eagerly desired he will see only as infantile maunderings. He will understand that his longing was absurd; he learns to be tolerant with himself, resigned. What can he do? Rather than face the conflict he will turn back and, as best he can, regressively restore his shattered persona, discounting all those hopes and expectations that had blossomed under the transference. He will become smaller, more limited, more rationalistic than he was before. One could not say that this result would be an unqualified misfortune in all cases, for there are all too many who, on account of their notorious ineptitude, thrive better in a rationalistic system than in freedom. Freedom is one of the more difficult things.<sup>28</sup>

When one considers, however, the tremendous battles and ordeals that Wordsworth has been fighting with the dragon-muse of his powerfully charged imagination, one ought not to be too harsh in one's criticism of his taking up a regressive position--sad as that is--in his later years. He is simply turning back, as Jung says, "to the measure he can fill." If he has fallen back to a position which is like an earlier phase of his personality, if he pretends to be like he was before his crisis, it must be remembered that he was battling with a hard fate of psychological injury--"the Child is father of the Man"<sup>29</sup>--or with destructive experiences that--like Beowulf--no man could totally withstand and escape all harm. One can only be amazed at his great spiritual strength, that he was obliged to go down into the cave so often and that he came out of it with such a treasure hoard. Those fights which, as de Quincey observed, aged him before his time, remind us of

Peele Castle from the Elegiac Stanzas,

standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling  
waves.

If there is good reason--as I feel I have shown-- to judge him somewhat harshly for The Excursion and much of the later poetry, it is because it is such a deaf and insensitive denial of everything great that the poetry of the golden decade stands for. It would have been much better for him had he had the insight to destroy a great deal of the later poetry including large sections of The Excursion. But, perhaps, Wordsworth is a better test than most poets of our own ability to accept reality--its sublimity and triviality, nobility and servility, beauty and ugliness--as a whole. As a man with family and friends, Wordsworth should not be begrudged his later hard-won security, but, as a poet, one always wishes that, like Don Quixote, he had died once he became aware of his "insanity."

## FOOTNOTES

1/See letter to Catherine Clarkson, New Year's Eve, 1814, in M.Y. or The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, ed. by E. de Selincourt, Second Edition, revised by Mary Moorman and A.G. Hill, (Oxford, 1970), p. 181, where he expresses the wish for The Excursion's sale regardless of its merit in order to pay the expenses of his Scotch tour.

2/P.W., Vol. 2, p. 393.

3/From "Wordsworth," Essays in Criticism, ed. S.R. Littlewood, (London, 1960), p. 88.

4/P.W., Vol. 5, Notes, pp. 369--373.

5/The Student's Milton, ed. Frank A. Patterson, (New York, 1933), p. 738.

6/P.W., Vol. 2, Notes, pp. 511--514.

7/See "Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious," from Two Essays, pp. 179--181.

8/John Keats: Selected Poetry and Letters, pp. 313--319.

9/See H.W. Garrod's Keats, (Oxford, 1926), pp. 41--43.

10/The story is told by de Quincey in Chapter I of Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets, (London, 1911), pp. 35--44.

11/These two stories, pastorals seven and eight, are included in a manuscript of The Recluse written in 1800. See P.W., Vol. 5, Notes, p. 456.

12/The connection between "panic" and the god of pastoral is fairly well known.

13/"Wordsworth in the Tropics," Collected Essays, (Toronto, 1960).

14/See C.W., "The Transcendent Function," Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche, Vol. 8.

15/See especially W.L. Sperry's Wordsworth's Anti-Climax, and Carson C. Hamilton's Wordsworth's Decline in Poetic Power, which attempt to sum up some of the various earlier explanations.

16/"The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious," from Two Essays, especially Sections II and IV.

17/See Pastoral of Childhood, Ch. 2.

18/See Spiritual Crisis, Ch. 2.

19/See Owen's section on "The Concept of Power," pp. 195--203, especially p. 201.

20/"The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious," pp. 151--152.

21/Ibid., p. 179.

22/Ibid., pp. 179--180.

23/"Essay, Supplementary to the Preface," P.W., Vol. 2, pp. 409--430.

24/In a section of his Chapter, "The Preface of 1815," pp. 157--158, Owen discusses this, and also in the chapter, "Essay, Supplementary to the Preface," pp. 188--228.

25/M.Y., pp. 164--165.

26/Ibid., pp. 170--172.

27/Ibid., p. 168.

28/"The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious," p. 176.

29/See Chapter 5, Sections VI and VII, of Bonaro W. Overstreet's Understanding Fear in Ourselves and Others, (New York, 1951), where she suggests that the fear and immaturity of parents has a fatal and permanently crippling effect on their children.

## APPENDIX A

The Influence of Stanza Fourteen of Gray's Elegy on the Star  
and Flower Motifs Connected with Wordsworth's Pastoral Heroes  
and Heroines

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
(St. 14, Gray's Elegy.)

The "re-appearing Star" of Brougham Castle, of course, is not just an isolated use of the star image there. One can profitably compare other uses of the star about this period. We remember from Chapter One that the star is often used by Wordsworth as a kind of sign of the appearance and course of an individual's life, the classical and ballad idea that people's lives and fates are written on the face of nature, as in some of the fell-side tragedies and in the Immortality Ode (1802--1804): "The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,/ Hath had elsewhere its setting,/ And cometh from afar." He seems to be saying, among other things, with the same sentiments as Thomas Gray, that it is not just gods and heroes or aristocrats whom nature remembers in her acts or writings, not just the proud, ambitious, and famous who are stored in her community memory or micro-film library, but also the simple humble and virtuous folk who live

out their lives in noble but unsung heroism serving in out-of-the-way places, like "mute inglorious Miltons."

The star, in this sense<sup>1</sup> of representing a person of humility, modesty, retirement, service, beauty, and virtue, in other words, a noble soul, is also used in She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways (1799):

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
--Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

The important meaning here<sup>2</sup> is that Lucy, a modest retired creature, unknown and therefore unappreciated by the walkers or riders of the "trodden" ways, by worldlings, by the cynical and the proud, is in reality, if one could see her with the spiritual or pastoral eye, of great loveableness and worth and beauty--"Fair as a star, when only one/ Is shining in the sky." Who can see a "half hidden" violet unless he is looking for it, or who can see a single star who never looks up to the heavens? Most people are totally bound up with their selfish concerns, chained to their fears or drunk with their desires, and therefore see

nothing that has no relation to themselves, no relation to their own "getting or spending." Lucy is like those common people spoken about by Gray in Stanza Fourteen of the Elegy who, worthy as they are, never get noticed.

Not only has Wordsworth taken over the general theme of "lives lived virtuously in obscurity," the theme of Gray's Elegy, but he has even adopted Gray's beautiful and accurate imagery. The star shining in the sky alone and unnoticed, except to the narrator, is like the "gem of purest ray serene" in its "dark unfathomed cave," and the "half hidden" violet is like the flower "born to blush unseen," which "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," except to those with the spiritual perception of their own suffering, to the nostalgic narrator of Lucy's life or the melancholy swain who looks at the graves where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." It is too simple to think that a spirit and intelligence like Wordsworth's, because he at one time used a sonnet of Gray's to point out the excesses of eighteenth-century poetic diction, could not appreciate the worth of the older poet in his moments of greatness. Here is an example of how Wordsworth was moved and how he wished to pay a tribute to the poet of the great elegy.

Wordsworth's Lucy poem is an elegy as well. Like Gray, he is lamenting the death of those whose lives are

hidden and lonely but yet give off a virtue, a perfume or a ray, which can only be scented or seen by the spiritual viewpoint or nose--to the average sensual selfish person, their deaths mean absolutely nothing. But to him, to the man who can see Lucy's true beauty and worth, the death is terrible in its impact and that is the force of the "oh" placed so rightly at the end of the penultimate line.

It is suggested also by Durrant<sup>3</sup> that the star which shines alone virtuously in the sky as a sign of the modest Lucy is Venus, the evening star. I think he is right here because Wordsworth uses this star in these years to mean things like patience, goodness, duty, constancy, patriotism, and so on. He talks about it as he looks over the Channel in 1802 from France, calling it "Star of my country." The star connected with Michael's cottage, suggesting constancy, stability, noble endeavour, England, also has this same idea of something worth and of beauty where it is unexpected--in a humble shepherd's hut.

Even Burns, another poet of the common man, "following his plough, along the mountain-side," is elegized in the same way and by way of the same two symbols that Gray used in his elegy and that Wordsworth used in the Lucy poem:

Fresh as a flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,  
Rose like a star that touching earth,  
For so it seems,





Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful  
 Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady  
 That doth reject all show of pride, admits no out-  
 Because not of this noisy world, but silent and  
 divine!

There is the suggestion again that what is of worth and beauty cannot be seen by the eye or heard by the ear inured to the "noisy world," the world of the classic values of love and war, the world of the proud and the mighty.

There is also the famous Milton sonnet, London, 1802, with the memorable line:

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart....

This manages to draw into itself all the associations that have been accumulating in Wordsworth's life and poetry as he thought, read, struggled, debated, and tried to test the worth of things, how to live a life of worth in obscurity. It also brings into it all of Milton's own intense personal problems and his great idealistic musings on them: On His Blindness, the passage on Fame in Lycidas, the agony and resolution of the hero's trials in Samson Agonistes, the poet who is to sing of the highest spiritual insight, the very intentions of God towards men, barely able to carry out his plan in the dark days of writing Paradise Lost when he is infamous and helpless and totally blind. So the star means all these as well, the noble soul in trial, his problems of

allegiance, his ignominy, how to carry out his god-like aims in such a world of human accident and failure, basically the choice that Christ had to make:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

And so the star symbol, as modelled on the "gem of purest ray serene" in Gray's poem, or like Christ's star above Bethlehem, especially at this period, frequently represents the lonely stand of the virtuous and dedicated spirit, harnessing itself to lowly and unrewarded service, not noticed or understood or illuminated by the glare of fame and rumour of the world, but only by those with insight and spiritual vision, just as the true worth of the unknown villagers is only seen by Gray, just as Christ's star was seen only by shepherds and wise men. Thus, the star, the "re-appearing Star," of Brougham Castle is given its proper weight in the accumulated allusions and suggestions of all of Wordsworth's usage.

## FOOTNOTES

1/He also uses the star, in this period, as a spiritual guide: The Borderers, P.W., Vol. I, p. 176, ll. 1213--1227; Vol. III, Sonnet V, p. 127; and Vol. III, p. 306, ll. 759--761; as a sign of patriotism: Vol. III, p. 109; and as a sign of illusion: Vol. III, p. 324, ll. 1354--60. The star that appears to Marmaduke, usually interpreted as the hand of Nature preventing murder (See Jonathan Wordsworth, The Music of Humanity, (New York, 1969), pp. 245--246, and John Jones, The Egotistical Sublime, (London, 1960), pp. 77--78), is questioned and discussed by Enid Welsford, Salisbury Plain, (New York, 1966). As we have seen in earlier works, there is always this ambiguity about the nature of "the speaking face of earth and heaven."

2/I find F.W. Bateson's discussion (Wordsworth: A Re-Interpretation, (London, 1954), pp. 33--35) of this poem more confusing than helpful. He thinks the poem based upon a system of "antithetical opposites," that is, superficially, which are then transcended by a "tremendous new image" of Lucy, representing a kind of "higher reality." The poem is more easily explained and understood by its connection with Gray's theme. While I do not entirely agree with Geoffrey Durrant's explanation of the star symbol in the second stanza (Wordsworth and the Great System, (Cambridge, 1970), pp. 148--151), I think he is right about Bateson's imaginary difficulties and also correct in emphasizing the question of "the value of lives lived virtuously in obscurity"--in other words, Gray's theme--in connection with these symbols.

3/Wordsworth and the Great System, pp. 148--151.

4/See At the Grave of Burns, 1803, Stanza 4, P.W., Vol. III, p. 65.

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