

# MS. E: Reading Text

## The Pedlar

### Part First.

'Twas summer—and the sun was mounted high.  
Travelling on foot, and distant from my home  
Several days journey, over the flat Plain  
Of a bare Common I had toil'd along  
[D, 20] With languid steps; and when I stretch'd myself 5  
On the brown earth my limbs from very heat  
Could find no rest, nor my weak arm disperse  
The host of insects gathering round my face.  
The time was hot, the place was shelterless;  
[D, 27] And, rising, right across the open Plain 10  
On to the spot I hasten'd whither I  
Was bound that morning, a small group of Trees  
Which midway on the Common stood alone.  
I made no second stop, and soon I reach'd

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The Pedlar] *no title*

*Above and to the right of Part First. are a column of penciled numbers (426, 160, 353), their sum (939), and 123 repeated twice. The first three numbers obviously refer to the lines in the three parts of The Pedlar, but seem to be later than MS. E. The revised state of MS. M comes closer to having the appropriate number of lines in each part. The significance of 123 is unclear.*

3 {P  
4 {plain  
5 Common,  
5 and] &  
8 host] hosts *a probable copying error, since the s on hosts is deleted at WW's instruction in MS. E<sup>2</sup> and MS. D has host in a similar context; Excursion, 1814, reads host*  
12-18 *on a pasted-over sheet; the original reading beneath the pastedown is as follows:*

Was bound that morning, a small group of {T  
[?Which] midway on the Common stood alone  
[ ? ? ? ? ? ? ] Elms that sprang  
As if from the same root beneath whose shade  
I found a Ruin'd House, four naked walls  
*The last four lines of the original reading were erased, and DW wrote over the erased second and third lines:*  
Which midway on the Common stood alone  
I made no second stop & soon I reach'd the port  
Which lay before me full in view

*When she noticed her error in placing the port in her overwriting, DW must have decided on a pasteover.*  
13 alone.] alone

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For that part of the Fenwick note relating to *The Pedlar*, see Appendix II, below.

	The Port that lay before me full in view.	15
[D, 30]	It was a knot of clustering Elms that sprang As if from the same root, beneath whose shade I found a Ruin'd House, four naked walls That star'd upon each other; I look'd round In search of the Old Man whom I that morning Had come to meet: he on the Cottage Bench	20
[D, 35]	Was lying in the shade as if asleep; An iron-pointed Staff lay at his side. Him had I seen the day before—alone And in the middle of the public way Standing to rest himself. His eyes were turn'd Towards the setting sun, while, with that Staff Behind him fix'd, he propp'd a long white Pack Which cross'd his shoulders, wares for them who live In lonely villages or straggling huts.	25 30
	Thus with his face towards the setting sun He stood in the high road, and I stopp'd short, Half-wondering who the Man might be, but soon As I came up to him, great joy was ours At such unthought-of meeting. For the night We parted, nothing willingly, and now He by appointment waited for me here Beneath these Elms, we having both a wish To travel on together a few days.	35
	We were dear Friends: I from my childhood up Had known him. In a nook of Furness Fells,	40

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	{P	
15	{port	
19	other,	
	{O	
20	{old	
21	after meet: <i>WW penciled an X and [?&amp;c] marking a place where the text was altered before MS.</i>	
<i>E</i> <sup>2</sup>	Bench,	
23	blot obliterates terminal punctuation, if any	
30	huts.] huts	
31-32	erased, overwritten With slacker pace towards him I advanced	there are traces of
	two penciled lines in <i>WW</i> 's hand; only the ending of the first is legible: the Road	
38	after wish <i>WW</i> penciled a caret and &c marking a place expanded in <i>MS. E</i> <sup>2</sup>	
40	We originally begun at left margin, then erased and indented	Friends,

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24-374 The Pedlar is a combination of a packman with whom *WW* had conversations while a schoolboy; James Patrick, with whom Sara Hutchinson lived as a child; and what the poet fancied his "own character might have become in his circumstances." See the Fenwick note in Appendix II.

41 "Furness Fells" are the fells, or mountains, in the area from the river Duddon to the Leven, formerly in the county of Lancashire.

At Hawkshead, where I went to School nine years,  
 One Room he had, the fifth part of a house,  
 A place to which he drew from time to time  
 And found a kind of home or harbour there. 45  
 —He lov'd me, out of many rosy Boys  
 Singl'd out me, as he in sport would say,  
 For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my years.  
 Glad was I when he from his rounds return'd:  
 As I grew up, it was my best delight 50  
 To be his chosen comrade. Many a time  
 He made a holiday, and left his Pack  
 Behind, and we two wander'd through the hills,  
 A pair of random Travellers—we sate,  
 We walk'd, he talk'd about himself, or held 55  
 Abstruse discourses, reasonings of the mind  
 Turn'd inwards, or in other mood, he sang  
 Old songs, and sometimes, too, at my request,  
 Psalms and religious anthems, sounds sedate  
 And soft, and most refreshing to the heart. 60  
 In that same Town of Hawkshead where we dwelt

42 years,] years

46 *WW* penciled in before this line, perhaps because erasures showing through from the other side—or the correction in l. 46 itself—might look like an intended deletion out of many rosy in *DW*'s ink over erasure, itself then overwritten from a swarm of (*WW*, pencil)

52 and] &

54 sate,] sate *WW*'s penciled B after sate marks where the text was expanded in MS. E<sup>2</sup>

55 erased *WW* penciled one line above and one below; the one below may end in touched

57 after sang *WW* penciled ^C

61/62 and though in truth continuing 62/63 This incident be something like a nook continuing at page foot Or pleasant Corner which from my right path / Diverts me yet I cannot pass it by (*WW*, pencil)

There was a little Girl, ten years of age,  
 But tiny for her years, a pretty dwarf,  
 Fair-hair'd, fair-fac'd, and though of stature small,  
 In heart as forward as a lusty child. 65  
 This Girl, when from his travels he return'd,  
 To his abiding-place would daily come  
 To play with the good Man, and he was wont  
 To tell her stories of his early life.  
 "Nay," would she answer him, unsaying thus 70  
 All he had said to her, "you never could  
 Be a poor, ragged little Boy, and hired  
 By the poor Man you talk of to tend cattle  
 On a hill-side, for forty pence a year."  
 All which did to the Girl appear so strange 75  
 She could not give it faith; and when she us'd  
 To doubt his words, as I remember well,  
 Spite of himself, the good Man smil'd, and held  
 His hand up to his face to hide his smiles  
 Because he knew that if the little Girl 80  
 Once spied them, she would then be sure, past doubt,  
 That it was but a story told in sport.  
 Seeing that she was thus perplex'd in mind,  
 He was far better pleas'd to sing to her  
 Scotch Songs, sometimes, but oftener to repeat 85  
 Scotch poetry, old Ballads, and old Tales—  
 Love Gregory, William Wallace, and Rob Roy.  
 All this while she was sitting on a stool  
 Between his knees; and oft did she stand up  
 Upon her stool, and coax him with a kiss 90  
 To tell her more, and, many a time, would he  
 Weep over her; and she would wonder why.  
 This, standing at his threshold, have I seen,  
 Yea many times, when he had little thought

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64 and] & small,] small

69 his] her } a copying error corrected life.] life  
 72-74 lines begin with quotation marks

74 year"

78 and] &

82 told in *del* to framed for (*WW*, pencil)

84-98 *del* with pencil and ink X's

86 Tales,

87 Roy, }

That any one was near. He was, in truth, 95  
 The kindest-natur'd Man! and dearly I  
 Delight to recollect him, and his looks,  
 And think of him, and his affectionate ways.  
 His history I from himself have heard  
 Full often, after I grew up, and he 100  
 Found in my heart, as he would kindly say,  
 A kindred heart to his. Among the hills

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96 *no hyphen*

99 I from himself have heard *del to* which he would thus in part (*WW, pencil*)

99/100 Tell to this Child I from himself have heard (*WW, pencil*)

100 Full often, *del to* Minutely (*WW, pencil*)

102 *after* his. *WW* penciled two H-shaped marks indicating where the text was altered before MS. E<sup>2</sup>

Of Perthshire he was born: his Father died  
 In poverty, and left three Sons behind.  
 [His] Mother married for a second mate 105  
 A Schoolmaster, who taught the Boys to read  
 And brought them up, and gave them as he could  
 Needful instruction, teaching them the ways  
 Of honesty and holiness severe.  
 A virtuous houshold, though exceeding poor, 110  
 Pure livers were they all, austere and grave  
 And fearing God, the very children taught  
 Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,  
 And piety scarce known on English Land.  
 From his sixth year the Boy of whom I speak 115  
 In summer tended cattle on the hills  
 But in the winter time he duly went  
 To his Step-father's School, that stood alone,  
 Sole Building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
 Far from the sight of city spire, or sound 120  
 Of minster clock. From that bleak tenement  
 He, many an evening, to his distant home  
 In solitude returning, saw the hills  
 Grow larger in the darkness, all alone  
 Beheld the stars come out above his head, 125  
 And travell'd through the wood with no one near  
 To whom he might confess the things he saw.  
 So the foundations of his mind were laid.  
 In such communion, not from terror free,  
 While yet a child, and long before his time 130

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104 behind.] behind

105 His added by WW in pencil in gap left by DW

106 Schoolmaster,] Schoolmaster

108 teaching del to shewing (WW, pencil)

113 word,] word

126 wood] woods a probable copying error since MSS. B, D, and M—and Excursion, 1814—read wood (MS. E<sup>2</sup> reads woods with the s erased at WW's instruction)

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110–114 Cf. *Resolution and Independence*, ll. 97–98: “Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use, / Religious men, who give to God and man their dues” (PW, II, 238). Both passages date from 1802.

129 Like the Pedlar's, WW's own development—as described in *The Prelude*—was “Foster'd alike by beauty and by fear” (I, 306; see also I, 625–640, and XIII, 143–149).

He had perceiv'd the presence and the power.  
 Of greatness, and deep feelings had impress'd  
 Great objects on his mind with portraiture  
 And colour so distinct that on his mind  
 They lay like substances and almost seem'd 135  
 To haunt the bodily sense. He had receiv'd  
 (Vigorous in mind by nature as he was)  
 A precious gift; for as he grew in years  
 With these impressions would he still compare  
 All his ideal stores, his shapes and forms; 140  
 And, being still unsatisfied with aught  
 Of dimmer character, he thence attain'd  
 An active power to fasten images  
 Upon his brain; and on their pictur'd lines  
 Intensely brooded, even till they acquir'd 145  
 The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,  
 While yet a child, with a child's eagerness  
 Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
 On all things which the moving seasons brought  
 To feed such appetite: nor this alone 150  
 Appeas'd his yearning. In the after day  
 Of boyhood, many a time in caves forlorn,  
 And in the hollow depths of naked crags  
 He sate; and even in their fix'd lineaments,

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131 and] &

139/140 *WW* penciled X and [?Blank] perhaps to indicate alteration of l. 140 before MS. E<sup>2</sup>

140 and forms;] & forms

147 child's] child

151 yearning.] yearnings. a probable copying error, since yearning is in MSS. B, D, and M—and in *Excursion*, 1814 (MS. E<sup>2</sup> reads yearnings with the s deleted)

154–156 erased, perhaps because lines corresponding to MS. M, 176–179 (also in MS. D—see p. 343, above), were inadvertently omitted

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131–136 Similar passages appear in *The Prelude* (I, 614–624) and *The Borderers* (ll. 1808–1810; *PW*, I, 200).

He trac'd an ebbing and a flowing mind, 155  
Expression ever varying.

Thus inform'd  
He had small need of books; for many a Tale  
Traditionary round the mountains hung;  
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,  
Nourish'd Imagination in her growth 160  
And gave the mind that apprehensive power  
By which she is made quick to recognise  
The moral properties and scope of things.

But greedily he read, and read again  
Whate'er the Minister's old Shelf supplied, 165  
The life and death of Martyrs who sustain'd  
Intolerable pangs, and here and there  
A stragglng volume torn and incomplete  
That left half-told the preternatural tale,  
Romance of Giants, Chronicle of Fiends, 170  
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,  
Strange and uncouth, dire faces, figures dire,  
Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-ancled too,  
With long and ghostly shanks, forms which once seen  
Co[uld never be forgotten.]

In his heart 175  
Love was not yet, nor the pure joy of love

167 *penciled X's before and after* Intolerable pangs, *perhaps indicate the expansion made here before*  
MS. E<sup>2</sup>

173 and] &

174 *line written over an erased copying error*: Forms which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

175 *Could never be forgotten.*] *in correcting her copying error (see the note to l. 174)*, DW here wrote only Co Within his heart *erased and* In his heart *overwritten to make line metrical*

156-163 As a boy WW himself heard "tales traditionary," and "the first / Of those domestic tales" is related<sup>in</sup> *Michael*:

And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects, led me on to feel  
For passions that were not my own, and think  
(At random and imperfectly indeed)  
On man, the heart of man, and human life. [PW, II, 81]

Anne Tyson related such stories to WW at Hawkshead (see Thompson, pp. xv-xvi), tales sometimes "half as long as an ancient romance" (*Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. Ernest de Selincourt [London, 1941], I, 309).

164-175 WW's reading was equally voracious; see Thompson, p. 344, and David Weiner, "Wordsworth, Books, and the Growth of a Poet's Mind," *JEGP*, 74 (1975), 209-220.

169 Cf. *Il Penseroso*, ll. 109-110; "Or call up him that left half told / The story of Cambuscan bold." Milton's couplet also appears on the reverse of a manuscript of the *Prospectus* (DC MS. 24) and as the epigraph for WW's modernization of the *Priores's Tale* from its publication in 1820.



By sound diffus'd or by the breathing air,  
 Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
 Or flowing from the universal face  
 Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power 180  
 Of Nature, and already was prepar'd,  
 By his intense conceptions, to receive  
 Deeply the lesson deep of love, which he  
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
 To feel intensely cannot but receive. 185

From early childhood, even, as I have said,  
 From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad  
 In summer to tend herds: such was his task  
 Thenceforward till the later day of youth.  
 Oh! then what soul was his when on the tops 190  
 Of the high mountains he beheld the sun  
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light. He look'd;  
 The ocean and the earth beneath him lay  
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,  
 And in their silent faces did he read 195  
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
 Nor any voice of joy: his spirit drank  
 The spectacle. Sensation, soul, and form  
 All melted into him: they swallow'd up  
 His animal being: in them did he live 200  
 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 expir'd.

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187 year,] year  
 196 none,] none  
 203 God,] God

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190-211 The Pedlar's sunrise experiences are described in terms similar to WW's account of the dedication walk in *The Prelude* (IV, 315-345).

Such hour by prayer or praise was unprofan'd; 205  
 He neither pray'd, nor offer'd thanks or praise;  
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power  
 That made him: it was blessedness and love.  
 A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,  
 Such intercourse was his, and in this sort 210  
 Was his existence oftentimes possess'd.  
 Oh! then, how beautiful, how bright appear'd  
 The written promise! He had early learn'd  
 To reverence the Volume which displays  
 The mystery, the life which cannot die: 215  
 But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith:  
 There did he see the writing. All things there  
 Breath'd immortality, revolving life,  
 And greatness still revolving; infinite.  
 There littleness was not; the least of things 220  
 Seem'd infinite, and there his spirit shap'd  
 Her prospects, nor did he *believe*, he saw.  
 What wonder if his being thus became  
 Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,  
 Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his mind 225  
 Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude  
 Oft as he call'd to mind those ecstasies  
 And whence they flow'd, and from them he acquir'd

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213 promise: } he  
 214 To reverence the Volume which *over erasure*  
 216 *feel*] *double underlining*  
 224 and] & desires,] desires

Wisdom which works through patience; thence he learn'd,  
 In many a calmer hour of sober thought, 230  
 To look on nature with an humble heart,  
 Self-question'd where it did not understand,  
 And with a superstitious eye of love.  
 Thus pass'd the time; yet to the neighbouring Town  
 He often went with what small overplus 235  
 His earnings might supply; and brought away  
 The book which most had waken'd his desires  
 While at the stall he read. Among the hills  
 He gaz'd upon that mighty Orb of Song,  
 The divine Milton. Lore of different kind, 240  
 The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
 His Step-father supplied; books that explain  
 The purer elements of truth, involv'd  
 In lines and numbers, and by charm severe,  
 Especially perceiv'd where nature droops 245  
 And feeling is suppress'd, preserve the mind  
 Busy in solitude and poverty.  
 And, thus employ'd, he many a time o'erlook'd  
 The listless hours, when in the hollow vale,  
 Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf 250  
 In lonesome idleness. What could he do?  
 Nature was at his heart; and he perceiv'd,  
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
 In all things which from her sweet influence  
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues, 255  
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
 He cloth'd the nakedness of austere truth.  
 While yet he linger'd in the elements

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- 229 patience,  
 230 thought,] thought  
 233 a penciled X after love. is of uncertain significance  
 237 for waken'd MSS. B, D, and M—and Excursion, 1814—read tempted (MS. E<sup>2</sup> reads waken'd)  
 242 explain] explain'd with 'd del in pencil—a copying error corrected, since MSS. B and M—and Excursion, 1814—read explain (MSS. D and E<sup>2</sup> read explain'd with 'd erased)  
 255 hues,] hues  
 256 of her forms,] of her forms  
 257 truth:

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240–271 “Geometric science” also appealed to WW, and he and the Pedlar both found solace in it (*Prelude*, V, 64–68; VI, 135–159, 178–187).

254 Cf. *Paradise Lost*, VII, 374–375: “The *Pleiades* before him danc'd / Shedding sweet influence.”

Of science, and among her simplest laws, 260  
 His triangles, they were the stars of Heaven,  
 The silent stars: oft did he take delight  
 To measure th'altitude of some tall crag  
 Which is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak  
 Familiar with forgotten years, which shews  
 Inscrib'd, as with the silence of the thought, 265  
 Upon its bleak and visionary sides  
 The history of many a winter storm,  
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.  
 Yet with these lonesome sciences he still  
 Continued to amuse the heavier hours 270  
 Of solitude.

And thus his time pass'd on  
 In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,

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259 science,] science    laws,] laws

260 Heaven,] Heaven

263 eagles

268 Or] And a probable copying error, since MSS. B, D, and M—and Excursion, 1814—read  
 Or (MS. E<sup>2</sup> has And erased and Or overwritten)

269–271 erased

He wanting much perhaps, but gaining more,  
 Breathing a piercing air of poverty  
 And drinking of the Well of homely life. 275  
 And now, growing up to manhood, he began  
 To think about his future life, and how  
 He best might earn his worldly maintenance.  
 His Mother strove to make her Son perceive  
 With what advantage he might teach a School 280  
 In the adjoining Village; but the Youth,  
 Who of this service made a short essay,  
 Found that the wanderings of his thought were then  
 A misery to him, that he must resign  
 A task he was unable to perform. 285  
 He had a Brother elder than himself  
 Six years who, long before, had left his home  
 To journey up and down with Pedlar's wares  
 In England where he traffick'd at that time,  
 Healthy and prosperous. "What should hinder now," 290  
 Said he within himself, "but that I go  
 And toil in the same calling?" And, in truth,  
 This plan, long time, had been his favorite thought.

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273 more,] more

281 Youth,] Youth

282 essay,] essay

283 were then *added when error in l. 284 corrected*

284 *first six words written over* Were then a misery to him *a copying error erased*

292 "And

He ask'd his Mother's blessing; he with tears  
 Thank'd the good Man, his second Father, ask'd 295  
 From him paternal blessings, and set forth,  
 A Traveller bound to England. The good Pair  
 Offer'd up prayers, and bless'd him; but with hearts  
 Foreboding evil. From his native Hills  
 He wander'd far: much did he see of men, 300  
 Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,  
 Their passions, and their feelings, chiefly those  
 Essential and eternal in the heart,  
 Which, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,  
 Exist more simple in their elements 305  
 And speak a plainer language. In the woods,  
 A lone enthusiast, and among the fields,  
 Itinerant in this labour, he had pass'd  
 The better portion of his time; and there  
 From day to day had his affections breath'd 310  
 The wholesome air of nature; there 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, unvex'd, unwarp'd 315  
 By partial bondage. In his steady course  
 No piteous revolutions had he felt,  
 No wild varieties of joy or grief;  
 Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,  
 His heart lay open; and, by Nature tun'd 320  
 And constant disposition of his thoughts  
 To sympathy with man, he was alive  
 To all that was enjoy'd where'er he went

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296 forth,] forth  
 298 and] &  
 301 and pursuits,] & pursuits  
 303 heart,] heart  
 304 life,] life  
 309 and] &  
 313 love.] love

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300 For WW's note to this line in *The Excursion*, see pp. 479-480, below.  
 302-306 Cf. Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1800): "Low and rustic life was generally chosen because in that situation 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" (*The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser [Oxford, 1974], I, 124).

And all that was endur'd; and in himself  
 Happy, and quiet in his chearfulness, 325  
 He had no painful pressure from without  
 Which made him turn aside from wretchedness  
 With coward fears. He could afford to suffer  
 With them whom he saw suffer. Hence it was  
 That in our best experience he was rich, 330  
 And in the wisdom of our daily life:  
 For hence minutely in his various rounds  
 He had observ'd the progress and decay  
 Of many minds, of minds and bodies too,  
 The history of many families, 335  
 And how they prosper'd; how they were o'erthrown  
 By passion or mischance, or such misrule  
 Among the unthinking Masters of the earth  
 As makes the nations groan. Pure from taint  
 Of worldly-mindedness or anxious care, 340  
 Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refresh'd  
 By knowledge gather'd up from day to day,  
 Thus had he liv'd a long and innocent life.  
 The Scottish Church, both on himself and those  
 With whom, from childhood, he grew up, had held 345  
 The strong hand of her purity; and still

- 
- 324 endur'd,  
 326 without] a possible copying error, since MSS. B and D read within; MS. M and Excursion,  
 1814, read without  
 329 them] a possible copying error, since those is in MSS. B and D and in Excursion, 1814; MS.  
 M reads them  
 {rich  
 330 rich,] {['wise] (WW)  
 336 o'er thrown  
 338 Masters] Rulers del to Masters (WW); a probable copying error corrected, since Masters is  
 in MSS. B, D, M, and in Excursion, 1814  
 339 groan.] original punctuation (perhaps a semicolon) erased and period overwritten last three  
 words erased, overwritten Untouch'd by (WW, pencil)  
 340-343 erased  
 341 and] &  
 344 Church,] Church and] &

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328-329 Cf. *The Tempest*, I, ii, 5-6: "O, I have suffer'd / With those that I saw suffer." Helen Darbishire refers to WW's comment about STC: "It was poor dear Coleridge's constant infelicity that prevented him from being the poet that Nature had given him the power to be. He had always too much personal and domestic discontent to paint the sorrows of mankind. He could not 'afford to suffer / With those whom he saw suffer'" (I quote from *Barron Field's Memoirs of Wordsworth*, ed. Geoffrey Little [Sydney, Australia, 1975], p. 100). She also points out WW's statement in *The Prelude* (X, 870-872) that he felt himself to be "withal / A happy man, and therefore bold to look / On painful things" (*PW*, V, 412-413).

Had watch'd him with an unrelenting eye.  
 This he remember'd in his riper years  
 With gratitude and reverential thoughts.  
 But by the native vigour of his mind, 350  
 By his habitual wanderings out of doors,  
 By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,  
 Whatever in his childhood, or in youth,  
 He had imbib'd of fear or darker thought  
 Was melted all away: so true was this 355  
 That sometimes his religion seem'd to me  
 Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods.  
 —And, surely, never did there live on earth  
 A man of sweeter temper. Birds and beasts,  
 He lov'd them all, chickens and household dogs, 360  
 And to the kitten of a neighbour's house  
 Would carry crumbs and feed it.

Poor and plain

Was his appearance; yet he was a man  
 Whom no one could have pass'd without remark;  
 Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs. 365  
 And his whole figure breath'd intelligence.  
 Age had compress'd the rose upon his cheek  
 Into a narrower circle of deep red  
 But had not tam'd his eye, which, under brows  
 Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it brought 370  
 From years of youth, which, like a being made  
 Of many beings, he had wondrous skill  
 To blend with knowl[edge] of the years to come,  
 Human or such as lie beyond the grave.

End of Part First.

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349 thoughts.] thoughts  
 352 & kind  
       {of  
 357 in] {in (?*WW*); of *alt* in *in MS. M*; in *in Excursion, 1814*  
 359 and] &  
 360 and] &  
 362 crumbs *del to milk (WW)* & feed  
 365 and] &  
       {freshness of his  
 367 {rose upon his (*WW, pencil*)  
 367–368 *erased, with traces of three or four illegible pencil lines in WW's hand*  
 373 knowledge] *DW did not write the last four letters; MS. M and Excursion, 1814, read*  
 knowledge

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365 *WW* uses “nervous” in the sense of “vigorous” or “strong” (*OED*).