**RI MS HD/14/E Transcription**

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 001**

1  
1827  
28 June. Mondsee. T. 60 in  
room at 8. 56 in window  
made preparations to go to  
the river which joins Mondsee

& Cammersee.  
After a morning of bright sunshine  
at 3 in room 62°. Went  
to Underact where the river  
joins Mondsee & Cammer  
see. a large stream nearby  
half the size of the Aqqer  
with a greener tint, saw  
many coarse fish & fished  
a little in the sunshine  
Caught two Grayling only & many [insertion][underline][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/underline][/insertion]   
1 about a lb. -  
The views on the Lake were  
fine & the mountain bounding  
Mondsee of a very inspiring  
form.- Though weak from  
evacuations by Mrs & Mr & [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 002**

I have a headache & feel  
valde miser: – vastes rubris  
Saw in the fisherman’s stew  
plenty of male perch & bream  
& chub dace, roach [insertion]& bleak[/insertion] [deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]   
So that this lake contains

[deletion]almost[/deletion] all the varieties  
of fresh water fish with  
the exception of Schile, Wels,  
Hucor & Zingel & some  
of the Carp genus. Tabling  
are said to be found in the  
deeper parts. Then in room  
after a day of constant sunshin  
at 9 62 1/2 in window 58.  
29. A light & sunshiny morning  
Ther. in my room 63 at 7. was  
in window at 4 55. I shall leave  
this place for Salzburg Diovolente’  
Vledamark is a good fishing  
station. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 003**

3  
Salzburg Thermometer at 2 66.-  
The views descending from the Vienna  
road are very beautiful; but changes  
here like those at Goritzia have  
occured My host [unclear]Princ[/unclear] Swartzenburg

is long dead & the master of the Inn.  
I am in the room where [deletion][unclear]Mr. xxxx[/unclear][/deletion]   
slept 9 years ago & [underline]next[/underline] that. **[unclear]Mort[supercript]s[superscript][/unclear]**[unclear]**set flame**[/unclear]."Spes invita” - practa –  
After a bright day a beautiful  
calm evening the mountains in great  
beauty. Th. in room at 1/2 past 9. 67  
in window 65. -  
June 30. Th. in room at  
one 68.69. bright sun after  
a heavy shower a 4 in the  
morning.. Headache & inf eyes  
Temper[unclear]x[/unclear] appli. 4 Hirud. -  
Hottest day I have yet felt.  
Th. in window in shade 78. 79 at 6  
in sun 108. In room approaching  
c. 70. Had a sabling for dinner  
from Ausee 3/4 of a lb & full of curd

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 004**

& like a fresh run salmon.

July 1. T. in room 68 67. at 7

70 in window – cloudy.

Left Salzburg & came on to

Wariteen 2p 1/4 a good inn

stopped a clear rustic round

of the good Warn - a fine

evening with much lightning

& thunder but no rain -

fished & caught a number

of inch trout under half

a pound. 15 or 20. Thermometer

from 1/2 past 1 like 6. 70.

At time in my return under

70. & in window 68. At 10 in

room 68

July 2. A bright day. T in

room at 10. 69 in the room at 1

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 005**

5  
[unclear]xxx[/unclear] 64. unbroken sunshine. In window

in the shade .80 at 2. in window at 1/4 [unclear]xx[/unclear].

4 83 West at 1/2 past six

in the carriage to a Chateau   
about 5 miles off on the river

& fished, the thunder storm of  
last night had raised the water  
& it was tinted [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] not  
muddy. very few fish rose. I  
caught two or three small Trout

& one large grayling I should think

15 inches. [insertion] It was 15 3/4 by 8 2/10 15.75. 8.2[/insertion] In returning I saw a single [insertion]1 6 oz 12lb[/insertion]  
quantity of fire flies of the

same kind as that I found at

Kammer a clear & beautiful  
wing [insertion]with a crescent moon[/insertion] not a cloud in the sky at

sunset, at 10 it is cool.  
The thermoter in window [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] 66

in rain 68.69.-

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 006**

July 3 - Bright sunshine. T in  
the window shaded at 5 63.  
in room at 8 69.- B[unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear]  
[deletion]100- A 101[/deletion] - as to Austria as 101..4  
100 - Ther. at 2 in room 70 1/2

in window 84 in perfect shade.

at 3. 85 in window at 1/2 past 3

87. & before the formation of  
thunder clouds. 90 at 4 -

As the thunder clouds formed, wind  
& then fell to 78 - at 1/2 past 5  
Went to the Traun about  
3 miles below the town which

was still foul at least [unclear]xxxx[/unclear]

though less than last night  
caught [unclear]xx[/unclear] one inch trout as

my fishing was put an end  
to by a violent storm which   
lasted all the evening  
Ther[superscript][unclear]x[/unclear][/superscript] in window at 9 69 -

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 007**

7  
lightning & rain continuing –  
July 4. Rain & lightning all night  
& still continues at 8. T fallen  
to 63, 62 in window & in room  
65. - Left Traunstein in the  
M[unclear]xxxx[/unclear] road – [insertion]cool & fresh[/insertion] The Chiem See

& small Lakes form beautiful  
x [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] in the landscape the Chiem  
see bounded by high mountains &  
surrounded by woods. rained till 1  
OClock. & then was fine views

of the mountains with clouded  
intervals - reached Aibling at 4 oClock  
two rivers join one was clear  
but without fish at lunch for

angling, went out but saw nothing  
rise, saw a fisherman who had some fish  
that He called - Nasen - A Carp.  
T. in room 68 .67 [insertion]at 4 & 5[/insertion] At window  
at 9. 60. In room 65° a beautiful  
evening & red but yellowish [unclear]xxxx[/unclear]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 008**

a bright 3/4 moon. T in window

open at 10. 58. bright moon  
July 5 T at 7 in window 58. 59.  
In room 63. light clouds. [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]  
D V proceed to Munich. Found  
it hot & disagreeable. T 70  
in room. Vald. miser. [unclear]xx xxx[/unclear].

temp. -  
July 6 a fine & cool night  
T 62 in window at 7 - 68  
69. in room. Went to  
the Museum of Nat  
History saw prof[superscript]r[/superscript] Wagner  
who gave me a perch  
which I suppose is the  
Perca asper; but which

He calls [underline]Perca Schradler[/underline]

& which He says is in Bloch  
though I can not find it

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 009**

9  
there.- It has many more  
spines in the back fins 17

in the first & I believe 15  
in the second - It has 3  
black bands a the back  
& the back fin spotted &  
a head like a gudgeon. -  
I saw [underline]pieces[/underline] of Hucho in fish  
market: without spotted fins

& one large one in the  
collection of Natural history  
without [deletion]fi[/deletion] this character. Prof[superscript]r[/superscript]  
Wagner however says He has  
[underline]seen [insertion]fish with[/insertion] spots[/underline] on the fins &  
that this fish is a variety.  
I saw a bird in a collection  
from the Broch exactly  
like a snipe but 6 times

as large.  
Quere is the Danube

Heart of Med?

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 010**

Saw the [unclear]**StechlinVendace**[/unclear] Salmon  
in the collection. like a  
well fed trout [underline]but narrower[/underline]   
Saw all my Ardeas of  
Laybach. Ardea purpurea   
Ardea **Nycticorax** Comata [insertion][unclear]xxxxxx large[/unclear][/insertion]  
or ralloides & [insertion]corax[/insertion] Ardea minima  
At 10 Therm. in room 69  
in window 64. It has been

all day in room about 70  
& higher in window. [underline]Apli Vesicat[/underline]  
& [unclear]xxx[/unclear] sinistr pect:

7. Cool in the morning at 8  
Ther. 62 in window. Shall  
leave M. for Starenberg on  
the lake. Borelly paid up to [underline]June 21.[/underline] -  
The journey to Starenberg not  
interesting through large woods  
lake too low & mountains   
too distant Hopped the

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 011**

11  
high, thermetr at day 70  
in evening at 10 67 68 in  
room 64 in window  
Fished in a small stream.

& caught a great number of  
small trout  
8 Ther. at 4 55 in window  
at 6 58, - a bright sunshine  
in room at 7 65 shall pursue  
my journey. had yesterday for dinner  
Shellies and lavants which being

fresh fried were not bad.  
Th. here in room 68 69 . 70 but  
a fresh breeze [insertion]& little difference between the outer & inner air[/insertion] - The views near this  
place very beautiful & the snowy mountains  
near [added in different ink]Wind in the evening[added in different ink]  
to a small lake Kokalsee  
about 6 miles off. the scenery  
I think finer than I have yet

seen in Bavaria except

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 012**

perhaps the Chiem see. In

returning caught some small  
trout in a brook we

crossed. The fisherman says  
there are Hucho both  
in the Lake & the large river

that feeds it – ,T in window  
61 at 10 In room 65  
June 9. - Ther. at 55 in window  
at 5 in room at 6. 63.-  
I intend to proceed to Fussen.  
A sunshiny day. - came on  
to Fussen. The road  
picturesque - particularly the  
last 8 or 10 miles T. at  
5 70 in room & window  
at 10 68 in R 65 W.  
Went to the fall of the Lech, a  
large river tinted from melting snow

The fish not huge but the scenery  
surrounding it fine. T. at 6 window

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 013**

13  
65 in room 66. 67 -  
July 10. another bright day shall leave  
DV. Fussen for Kempten.

found Kempten very hot &  
came on to a small inn  
there, but with bad eating  
midway between Kempton &  
Rothenbach. - a breezy day

though with unclouded sky  
Th in room 73. [insertion]at 4 in inn[/insertion] at night 9  
65. & in window below 60.  
- a beautiful moon.  
Caught in the brook a trout  
& B another –   
11. Constant sunshine without a  
cloud - came on to Bregentz

The views on descending to the  
Inn fine & the mountains of the  
Tyrol & Appenzel very grand  
seen over the top of the lake.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 014**  
  
hot in the sun in the shade 76.77  
& the thermometer was in the night  
above 70. - Went in the evening  
to see brooks at the top of  
the lake & a glorious sunset.  
[unclear]x[/unclear] but on the side not much  
of the lake seen. did not see a fish  
12. Shall set out for Constance  
promise of a cloudy day. T. 70  
at 7. passed the Rhine a large  
turbid stream rich country  
abundance of vinyards but nothing  
picturesque along the bank of  
the lake. Constance little worth  
seeing. The Rhine a grand  
river where it joins the two  
lakes. went in a boat &  
fished but saw nothing [insertion]at Constance very 70. 71.[/insertion]  
13. Constance. Tolerably fresh  
at 7 T. 65. went to the fish

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 015**  
  
15

market where I saw no new

fish & sought in vain for

the Salmo [deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]cerulea or grayfish[/insertion] – [unclear]xxxx[/unclear], perch

a large silvery trout, Lavant

& pike with chub even the cheif

fish, another bright day; but

with some wind & fresh at 8 in

room 66°.- only. App. Ver. minin

dextra coll.-

Most of the Lake of Constance

[deletion][unclear]xx xx[/unclear][/deletion] white & silvery with

black spots 2 feet 3 inches [unclear]xxx[/unclear] 15.

Dorsal fins. - 12 & the little one

landed to the last extremity. 21:

Anal. 10

Ventral 9

Pectoral. 13 or 14.

8. lb & 1/2

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 016**

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 017**

17

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 047**

47

With an undazzled eye & steadily  
Soar upwards full in the immortal ray  
Through the blue depths of the unbounded sky  
Portraying wisdoms boundless purity  
[Next three lines surrounded by curly bracket]

[underline]Before me still a lingering ray[/underline]  
[underline]appears[/underline]  
[underline]but broken & prismatic seen through[/underline]  
[underline]tears.-[/underline]  
The light of [deletion]life[/deletion] [insertion]joy[/insertion] [underline]& immortality[/underline]. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 048**

I could no longer bear the scorching rays  
And when I looked again they were

not seen -

but in the brightness of the solar

blaze  
Their memory left a type & a desire

[deletion]So should I desire[/deletion]

[insertion]So should I wish towards the[/insertion]

[deletion]Towards the immortal[/deletion] course of  
light to rise.  
Intending younger spirits to aspire

Where I could never reach amidst

the skies  
And joy [insertion]below[/insertion] to see them lifted higher

Seeking the light of purest glorys

prize -

[deletion]So would I look on light[/deletion][deletion]what [unclear]x[/unclear]y dazzled[/deletion]

[deletion]to soar in [unclear]xx[/unclear] steadiness[/deletion]

So would I look on splendorous  
brightest day

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 049**

49  
Dissolves to vivify the parched earth.  
[deletion]And whether[/deletion]  
And I have not [deletion]unkind[/deletion]  
both coldness & unkindness  
As the [insertion]fair plant of Ceylon[/insertion] cingalian tree which [deletion]wounded[/deletion] [insertion]when cut.[/insertion]  
[/insertion]Does[/insertion] not alone [underline]perfume[/underline] the axe: but gives a balmy

oil

[Horizontal rule]   
Which preserves | its harsh & sullen  
texture from decay. –

[Horizontal rule]

Eagles.  
The mighty birds still onwards [insertion]upwards[/insertion] rose  
In slow but constant [insertion]& most steady[/insertion] flight  
The young ones following. & they would pause  
As if to teach them how to bear the

light

And keep the solar glory full

in sight.  
So went they on till from excess  
of pain

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 050**

Essays in murmurs of imperfect art

Expressing in the clearest, sweetest tones

Thy fathers mind and all thy mothers [insertion]heart[/insertion]

Thoughts after the [underline]ingratitude[/underline]

of the Northumbrians with respect

to [underline]the Safety lamp[/underline].

And though in all my intercourse with

man

The feelings recollected scarcely leave

Aught to admire or glory in. Though

good

Has been repaid with evil. And a light

Of Science & humanity received

With stern ingratitude - Yet have I not

Resented. Or relaxed in labours high

For these my enemies. And if a [deletion]glow[/deletion] [insertion]chill[/insertion]

of indignation has oppressed my mind

It was but transitory like the chill

Of a snow cloud in summer. Which though

dark

And threatening soon in genial dews

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 051**

51

To a Child; daughter of T.  
and AB.  
Sweet blossom of the early spring of life  
Thy opening lineaments in the hope I view  
And as I think on thy maturer age  
I form a fairy dream and wish it true  
I see thou cheeks now pale[deletion]d[/deletion] as are the clouds

Which in the watered vale in Morning lie  
Kindling with the rosy hues of happy [insertion]health[/insertion]  
And glowing like the autumnal evening [insertion]sky[/insertion]  
I see that hair [insertion]locks[/insertion] which now has [insertion]have[/insertion] scarcely reached  
Thy foreheads smoothness & thy neck of snow  
In darkest hues of beauty's contrast clad  
In graceful ringlets down thy shoulders [insertion]flow[/insertion]  
I see those eyes which now impassive gaze  
Are filled with softness and unchanging light  
Kindling with holy feelings, brilliant rays  
And in expressions, liquid lightnings [insertion]bright[/insertion]

I hear the accents which thy infant [insertion]voice[/insertion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 052**

On the four Eagles 2 young & 2 old  
Nature was richly clad in summer

dress  
The heavens & earth were filled with

loveliness

Bright was the azure of the sky above  
The aerial minstrels warbled songs

– of love  
I was soujourning on this lovely day

On the high hills where Luicharts

waters spring

When far above the cataracts foaming spray  
I saw four [underline]Eagles[/underline] soaring on the wing  
Two were above the parents & the

guides

Of the young aery that towards them rose

[Horizontal rule]  
Amidst the trophies [underline]ye[/underline] [insertion]thou hast[/insertion] have [underline]won[/underline] from

time

[Horizontal rule]

[deletion]Amidst the forms ye said[/deletion] or [unclear]xxxxxx xxxx[/unclear]  
To that high temple where amidst

the stone

Ye made to breathe, ye stand alone

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 053**

53

Such as a Seraph spirit might ken;  
Gave thee thy immortality,  
And placed thee midst undying men.  
Canova.  
Thou wert a light of brightness in an age

When Italy was in the night of art  
She was thy country; but the world

thy stage  
On which thou acted thy creative part  
Blameless thy life. Thy manners playful

mild

Master in Art yet Natures simplest

child.  
Phidias of Rome like him thou

stand sublime

And after artists shall essay to climb  
[deletion]To that high temple [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] by [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]To that high temple where ye stand alone[/insertion]  
Generous to all but most to serving

Merit

By noble praise awakening the spirit  
Yet all unconscious of the eternal flame

And light of glory circling round your name.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 054**

Though grey thy hair, thine eye is bright  
As in thy freshest youthful days:  
It flashes intellectual light.  
Thy mouth with smiles expresive plays,  
Expressive of the cheery heart  
Gentle, though strong; and warm though mild;  
Smiles unconstrained and free from art,  
Like those of the untutored child,  
When after absence long he hears  
His mothers voice, Smooth is thy brow  
Unstained by passion or by cares.  
Thy voice is full and sweet, tho' low  
And chastened [deletion]in[/deletion] [insertion]Such[/insertion] its varied powers:  
It haunts me in my very dreams,  
In cities as in rural bowers;  
Bringing back echoes of these themes  
Where reason strong, and [unclear]xxx[/unclear]ing high

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 055**

55

The Priests’ high god, the demon [insertion]of the coward[/insertion]  
And the form the angel form that to the [insertion]tear wet eye[/insertion]  
Of some devotion stricken maid appears   
Who having lost her plighted love on earth  
Transfers her hope to the bright seraphs dream  
Are cloathed in all the attributes of man  
[deletion][unclear]xxxx xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]Distorted[/insertion] by the changeful, stormy cloud

influence

[Horizontal rule]  
Of passions dreamings.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 056**

Oh, let the breeze

[Horizontal rule]  
Oh, let the breezes play upon my brow  
Upon some wood clad hill  
And let a gentle stream beneath me flow  
A gently murmuring rill.  
[Horizontal rule]  
There let me feel with new born pleasure  
The most exalted human pleasure;  
Let health my feeble body bless  
Health in all her loveliness!  
[Horizontal rule]

There let recovery come  
To fix my doubtful doom;  
And let me, like the sportive boy  
Feel life an everflowing well of Joy!

[Horizontal rule]  
Written at the end of a fever which lasted  
40 days

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 057**

57  
And on the elements unchangeable.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 058**

A source of life and light to numerous [unclear]xxx[/unclear]

The smallest, that which scarcely visible  
Travels within the  
A view extensive to pass through

The idea of the universe  
The dweller in the chill & humid north  
Where snowy mountains or where verdant [insertion]hills[/insertion]  
Pour down a thousand streams to feed the [insertion]Earth[/insertion]  
These who live amidst the waters  
The stream moved gently on and winded [insertion]soft[/insertion]  
Through verdant meads and pleasant pasture [insertion]moves[/insertion]  
Where [deletion]from[/deletion] [insertion]for[/insertion] the freshness of the dewy air  
All living things [unclear]xxxx[/unclear]ed, peace and love  
And joy were here immortal as Nature

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 059**

59  
The plants around the little cradle grew  
In full luxuriance  
The fishes sported on the waves  
Myriads of lovely insects filled the air  
And all was life and happiness  
Her mind in deepest sympathy  
Shall all things live and thou the [insertion]masterpiece[/insertion]  
Of all things living perish, | Soon in the [insertion]midst[/insertion]  
The light was broken by a mass of rock  
Which rained its rugged brow above the [insertion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/insertion]  
A mist arose which brightened all the [insertion]sky[/insertion]  
[deletion]Sky[/deletion] [insertion]Nor[/insertion] moon nor star nor water now was [insertion]seen[/insertion]  
But I am of another world he said  
Cast thine eyes upward to the vault of [insertion]heaven[/insertion]  
Ten thousand stars pour forth their [insertion]mingled light[/insertion]  
Amidst the etherial blueness. Every star

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 060**

Like the mild Zephyr of the full born [insertion]spring[/insertion]  
Succeeding to the frosty northern blasts  
She felt that nature had designed her [insertion]to perform[/insertion]  
All soft and tender duties; to become  
A Wife, a Mother: that her heart was [insertion]formed[/insertion]  
Not for the dull inert and callous round  
Of [deletion]earthly[/deletion] [insertion]courtly forms and[/insertion] ceremonies; but soft & filled  
With [deletion]spirit[/deletion] [insertion]power[/insertion] and with passion to become  
All natural sympathies; to interweave  
Itself with other hearts; to glow with [insertion]rapture[/insertion]  
At anothers joys; to melt in sorrows  
At anothers woes: This was its Spring [insertion]time[/insertion]

After its winter frost;  
A helpless innocent condemned to die  
Gently flowed on the water as  
The sun shone on them in full brightness

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 061**

61  
Moisten[deletion]ing[/deletion] the lips of a dear [insertion]dying suffering[/insertion] infant,  
There are aged man. One shout were  
In adoration, all bent down & worshipped  
Unawed with eyes upraised to heaven  
And a living mind feeling the harmony  
Of forms, the Prophet stedfast set  
When murmuring as of the distant fall of [insertion]water[/insertion]  
Came fall on his ear, and as the breezes [insertion]changed[/insertion]  
[deletion]Changed[/deletion], now louder rose, now faintly [insertion]died away[/insertion]  
More rapid rolled the stream impelled [insertion]in foam[/insertion]  
Our rocky fragments, on the current still  
The bank moved quickly on  
O with what pleasure, with what strong [insertion]delight[/insertion]  
Does nature long sub[deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion]dued, imprisoned long  
By heavy custom and the cumbrous charm  
Of earthly ceremony, assume his rights

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 062**

Nov  
Sounds [insertion]of sadness[/insertion] and murmurings of deep contempt  
Against their leader [insertion]Rose[/insertion], Where is the Lord  
[deletion]Jehovah[/deletion] [insertion]]Where is[/insertion], the God of Israel, [insertion]they said[/insertion] Job  
And have we left the fertile plains  
And the eternal waters of the Nile  
To die in agony, parched a nation lost  
The shepherd spoke not, moved but in  
The coldness of prayer in secret groaned, [insertion]long[/insertion]  
Did he look toward heaven with sadness  
When on a sudden brightened up his eye  
With exhultation, [deletion]and in[/deletion] [insertion]& His[/insertion] loftiest tone  
Filled each heart with hope & joy  
"The Lord shall save," he cried.  
O, who can paint the scene of joy  
Of tumult and of hurried hope  
Here was a Mother seen, to plunge her hand  
Into the stream and from the moistened palm

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 063**

63

His temple is the Heavens whence His life  
Flows into nature and is felt and seen  
In sunbeams and in Cloud, and in the balm  
Of evening breezes, and reviving dew  
That clothes the earth [deletion]with[/deletion] [insertion]in[/insertion] verdure. [insertion]He dwells not[/insertion]  
Obscurely but [insertion]is[/insertion] through Universal being [deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]visible[/insertion]  
Each fleeting cloud the offspring of the [insertion][deletion]blast breeze[/deletion] breeze[/insertion]  
Chilled by the bosom of the mountain chain

[Horizontal rule]

Fixed every eye. All looked with wistfulness   
Upon the unbroken surface of the sky  
Its heavenly blueness made them sick at [insertion]heart[/insertion]  
Each lip was parched the eye was dry & red  
The tawny cheek burnt with unwholesome [insertion]fire[/insertion]  
And slow and languidly their unwilling limbs

Performed their irksome functions [deletion]of sadness[/deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 064**

His thousands and ten thousands through the [insertion]waste[/insertion]  
To fetch the treasure of the Indian shore  
And bend before the Lotus on the banks  
Of yellow Indus, and idolatrous,  
Bow down before [deletion]a[/deletion] strange altars & strange gods  
Dreary and awful was the inmost dome  
A Single lamp threw oer it such a light  
As dimly [deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]ing[/deletion] [insertion]rendering[/insertion] all things visible

Put in the imagery of distempered fancy.

Mysterious [deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]forms[/insertion] and visions preternatural,  
In the midst suspended, by a golden chain  
Hung high the semblance of a monsta bird  
Light flashed forth  
I stumbled and I fell

[deletion]God[/deletion] [insertion]the true God I said Jehovah[/insertion] [deletion]spake, and said “for[/deletion] I dwell[insertion]th[/insertion]

not

In your temple, [unclear]xxx xxxx[/unclear]  
In darkness, [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] not made manifest  
By Images, nor in [insertion]midst[/insertion] the glory of material sacrifice

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 065**

65

An attempt by the Priests  
to imitate Moses.  
High was the dome built of that mighty [insertion]rock[/insertion]  
Over which the nile a foaming torrent pours  
In Mountain Egypt. Carved on the wall  
The symbols and the sensible imagery  
Of Nature, and the natural forms of things   
Rose fresh as newly from the gravers hand  
Though wrought in ages part  
Ground in order regular [deletion]ar[/deletion]rayed & pomp  
Or ornament, the embalmed bodies stood  
Of those, the chiefs and nobles of the land  
Who in the age of Shepherd kings had lived  
Feeding their flock beneath the Palm tree [insertion]shade[/insertion]  
Dwelling in tents, a family of love;  
Breathing soft music o[deletion]f[/deletion][insertion]n[/insertion] the pastoral [unclear]xxxx[/unclear]  
Of those, a bolder race in after time  
The conquerors of the east - those who went [insertion]forth[/insertion]

When the bold sceptered Hero led his hosts

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 066**

The Camel with dry nostrils  
He stood alone, the shepherd; Over him [insertion]moved[/insertion]  
The Simoom in its strength: He felt the [insertion]flush[/insertion]  
As of a fever fit, but quick it passed,  
And then he knew his life preserved, and [insertion]sacred[/insertion]  
To [insertion]an[/insertion] Almighty purpose[deletion]s[/deletion] - to a glorious Ministry.  
And, I have dwelt amidst the naked rocks  
Beside the waste where no stream murmured  
[deletion]And[/deletion] where no sounds [deletion]are heard[/deletion] [insertion]were heard[/insertion] save of the [insertion][deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]blast[/insertion]

That with its sandy burthen wildly roared

[deletion]are heard[/deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 067**

67

Of Nature in her noblest mountain garb

Came new upon his spirit.

[deletion]And[/deletion] [insertion]On[/insertion] the wild rock and on the palm[deletion]s[/deletion] cloathed [insertion]hill[/insertion]

[deletion]Even[/deletion] [insertion]And[/insertion] in the snowy mountain, pleasure [insertion]seemed[/insertion]

To fix her dwelling place; and music for [insertion]him moved[/insertion]

[insertion]for him in every torrent murmuring sound[/insertion]

And balmy sweetness dwelt in every [deletion]dell[/deletion]

[insertion]breeze[/insertion]

And every sunbeam ministered to life

And he had wandered in the desart [insertion]skirts[/insertion]

Watching the median flocks that far had [insertion]strayed[/insertion]

Basking amidst the sunshine of the waste

When in the north, a dim and feeble light

Of purple hue appeared and onward moved

As if a blast of fire. Before it sunk

Each living thing: The bounding antelope

Whose swiftness rivals even the arabs shaft

Is prostrate trembling on the burning sod

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 068**

Proclaim the Eternal One, proclaim His Will:  
Let Egypt and the kindred nations know  
That He [underline]alone[/underline] is God! That he will free  
In terror and in wrath his chosen seed:  
Exalt the oppressed, tread the tyrant low,  
And scatter as the sand upon the blast  
The people that rebel against his will.  
Go forth his servant. Go deliverer.  
But now his hope returning, for the tide of feeling  
Like the Ocean Still in ceaseless motion [insertion]lives[/insertion]  
He felt a sentiment of pleasure thrill  
Within his bosom; and the liberty [deletion]of[/deletion]  
If free unbiased action sweeter seemed  
Then all the pomp and luxury of state  
And chains of ceremony. The wild majesty

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 069**

69

Or loftier cliff amidst the solitude.  
And loud she struck her harp and raised the [insertion]song[/insertion]  
Her ebon tresses waving in the wind,  
Her dark eye sparkling, and her bosom  
Throbbing with transport high: "Thou, thou art [insertion]he,[/insertion]  
The chosen one of God, the man foretold,   
The saviour of thy people; prophet, chief,  
And lawgiver of Israel. At thy birth  
Delivered to the waters, yet preserved   
By hand unhallowed: from the regal [insertion]pomp[/insertion]  
Of Pharaoh, and the dark idolatry  
Of Egypt’s Kingdom, led to know thy God:   
In Nature and in solitude to feel  
His mighty inspirations. Go thou forth  
In all the high unbroken strength of hope,

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 070**

yet low in bondage, bondsmen of the slave.  
The star of evening brightly shed its light  
upon the waters; yet he lingered still  
Amidst the mountains shadow; seemed fired  
By some strange mystery of prophetic thought,  
When, lo, borne downward by the murmuring [insertion]flood[/insertion]  
A boat advanced towards him, rude in form  
Of twisted osiers framed to meet the strength

Of troubled cataracts. No living form  
Within it moved; yet to the prophet’s eye  
It seemed directed by an earthly power  
For more than human purpose. On the ground  
[deletion][unclear]xx xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] In fervid adoration low he fell:  
Then full of confidence, of faith, of hope,  
Trusted his body to the foaming stream.  
The stream was rapid; he quick glided on  
Upon the waters shone  
The bright full moon, now imaged in the flood  
Now intercepted by the lofty palm,

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 071**

71

And he had wandered by the pleasant side  
Of silver Jordan, here a mountain stream,  
A murmurer wild amidst the broken rocks,  
Of ancient Horeb and the Cedars shade  
Of Antilebanon, Matching the strange tints  
That played upon the waters; in the sky  
Tracing the fleecy clouds, that seemed to move  
From heaven to earth, - now on the mountains [insertion]top[/insertion]  
Resting on Canopy of purple light;  
Now through the valley floating as a sea  
Of undulating mist. Glad was his mind:  
The loftiness of joy upraised his heart:  
In nature and her mighty forms he saw  
The plenitude of wisdom, and he felt this power  
That moves invisible in energy,  
At once the soul of each and life of all.  
And soon his thoughts  
Turned backward to his people, to the oppressed  
The servants of the Living One, - the race [deletion][unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

Of promise, the selected of from mankind;

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 072**

The lovely changeful light of even  
The fading gleams of morning skies’;  
The transient rainbow tints of heaven,  
From the [underline]eternal sun[/underline] arise.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 073**

73

To reach the earth. The eternal being  
Preserve one glorious wise design;  
Order amidst confusion flows  
And all the system is divine  
If [underline]matter[/underline] cannot be destroyed,  
The [underline]living mind[/underline] can [underline]never die[/underline]:  
If een creative when alloyed,  
How sure its immortality.  
Then think that intellectual light

Thou loveds’t on earth is burning still:  
Its lustre purer and more bright,  
Obscured no more by mortal will.

-  
The things most glorious on the earth  
Though transient & short lived they seem;  
Have yet a source of heavenly birth  
Immortal: not a fleeting dream.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 074**

The massy pillars of the earth,  
The inert rocks, the solid stones,   
Which give no power no motion birth,  
Which are to Nature lifeless bones;

-  
Change slowly; but this dust remains  
And every atom measured, weighed,  
Is whirled by blasts along the plains  
Or in the fertile furrow laid.

-  
The drops that from the transient shower  
Fall in the noon-day, bright and clear  
Or kindle beauty in the flower,  
Or waken freshness in the air;

-  
Nothing is lost. The ethereal fire  
Which from the furthest star descends  
Through the immensity of space,   
Its course, by worlds attraction bends.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 075**

75

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 076**

[unclear]And Low[/unclear] and melancholy groan of the [insertion]expiring;[/insertion]   
Point out to moving multitudes the [insertion]difficult[/insertion] path

Leading to victory and calmly to build up  
[deletion]The difficult path heading to victory[/deletion]

The glorious structure of a splendid [insertion]fortune[/insertion] [deletion]sit[unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]  
[deletion]And reaching the [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] of the [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]   
upon the basis of a nation’s bones  
[deletion]After splendid fortune[/deletion]  
Others to move with powerful voice [insertion]the changeful multitudes[/insertion]  
And by the force of pliant tongue and [insertion]plausible argument[/insertion]  
To gain the Senates difficult ear, the [insertion]sovereigns choice[/insertion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 077**

77

Reposing his gray silvery hairs

If Upon a damsels knee who was

herself placing her bright locks

On a matrons lap had with

fingers

Red [unclear]xx[/unclear] searched through her

auburn locks

All seeking there [unclear]small cursed mites[/unclear]

That breed in happy heads.

Yet deem not this as idle occupation

Or low or mean.

For spirits are framed diversely

some to scan

The vault of heaven & weigh the

golden stars

Measure their distances & trace the laws

Which to Creation’s wonders infinite,

Give the pure harmony of one design.

Others to wield the terrible machinery

Of War; And midst the shrieks of wounded

men.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 078**

In that fair clime where spring &

summer reign  
Alternate When the Carabus bright

green

And the myrtles pleasant shade  
And the golden fruit of the Hesperion

tree  
Give to the plain a richness &

a warmth

Which seems to mock the mountains

poverty  
And cloak of snow. Oft have I seen

Reposing on the rocks which fringe

the bright shores

Of that sapphire sea [unclear]without[/unclear] a tide

A multitude of [underline][unclear]grasses[/unclear][/underline] composed of  
withered nature - of blooming [unclear]reed[/unclear]

And sporting children, springing from the water  
Naked & wet [deletion][unclear]x[/unclear][/deletion] with sea foam from which  
it seemed as if they spring [unclear]And have[/unclear]

[unclear]x xxx[/unclear]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 079**

79

Since first the sense of beauty thrilled my nerves  
Yet still my heart is sensible to thee,  
[deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion][insertion]As[/insertion] when it first received the flood of life  
In youths full spring-tide: and to me it seems  
As if thou wert a Sister of my soul;  
An animated being - carrying on  
An intercourse of high and lofty thoughts,  
Awaking the slumbering powers of inspiration  
In those [insertion]most[/insertion] secret founts of high poetic feeling  
[underline]A paragraph[/underline] in the book on

angling. Rainbows & omens.

& here "the coldest time' of the 24.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 080**

Augt 19.

Thou loveliest form of the celestial world  
When in the circle of thy brightness  
Thou sheddest in the blue unclouded sky  
All thy meridian lustre in the North  
Above the heath clad mountains have I [insertion]seen[/insertion]  
Thy clear and mellow light; & when the waves  
Of the atlantic raised their foaming surge  
Against the eternal rocks, where fabled sleeps  
The last of the Western Titans;- there when young  
In mind and light of heart, thy rays had all [insertion]the power[/insertion]  
To solemnize and tune to thoughts sublime,  
My vagrant spirit. And now in these fair [insertion]climes[/insertion]  
Where in a purer and more balmy air,  
And in a sky where tints of ether seem  
Giving a saint-like glory to thy rays,  
Thy influence is strong in a heart   
Wearied, but not yet broken or subdued.  
Though many chequered years have passed [insertion]away[/insertion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 081**

81

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 082**

Aug[superscript]t[/superscript] 19

I catch but dimly inspirations faint   
Of that eternal power. They come to me  
Like flashes of a light uncertain, imaging  
But for an instant mighty forms, with gleam  
Too transient to mark their nature or their [insertion]character;[/insertion]   
Yet something of a certain destiny awakes my [insertion]spirit.[/insertion]  
Thus the traveller benighted midst the mountains

When the thunder storm is rife  
By the blue lightnings momentary blaze  
Catches the awful forms which round [insertion]him rise[/insertion]  
But knows not whether they be battlements  
Of Alpine castle, or a ridge of rocks

Or village towering midst the pines:  
And moulds them as his fancy best may [insertion]chuse[/insertion]  
To suit its preconception.  
If warm with hope, the anxious traveller [insertion]sees[/insertion]  
In the fire that blazes on the mountains [insertion]height[/insertion]  
The shepherds watch light. If chilled with fear

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 083**

83

Thus in the mind

Rises a new born energy

Thoughts that were dead are raised

The power [unclear]xxx[/unclear] wakes again

And all the store & fortress

& impurity

Are buried in the ocean deep & still

of reason

and saw creation dance[insertion]danse[/insertion] upon its waves[insertion]waves[/insertion]

E'en as they purify, a thousands forms[insertion]forms[/insertion]

of Beauty & of grace.

The intellectual soil freshened[insertion]freshened[/insertion] by dews

Enriched from the leaves is green

with life

Green are the fertile crops.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 084**

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 085**

85

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 086**

The tempest gathered on thy verdant hills  
O Lusignano. [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] the azure of the southern

sky.  
Was dimmed by fleeting mists. Soon the cloud

Formed more compact & to the zenith rose.  
The bright blue of the [deletion]mountains[/deletion] [insertion]distance[/insertion] then

was lost.

And all the mountains showed their craggy crests  
Of ancient chestnuts dark & deep in shade  
To the feverish flush of the meridian sun  
Suceeded quick a damp & sudden chill  
The lightning flashed at first a feeble light  
Scarce seen even in the darkest part of heaven  
Suceeded by low murmurings Brighter glowed  
Suceeding flashes & now louder roared  
The thunder; yet a distance: but it

soon became.  
The loudest nearest burst of heavens artillery  
- The whirlwind gone -  
A calm, a freshness soon succeed

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 087**

87

Cast thine eyes upwards in the vault of

heaven  
Ten thousand stars pour forth their

brilliant light  
That mingle in the ether  
Look at the brightest

of these orbs  
My place of birth my heritage

The space  
Which midst these brilliant stars to thee

appears  
Mere emptiness & void, Is filled with life  
But of a nature all unlike to thine  
Thy breathe, not hear not see not  
But derive from impulse & powers to thee

unknown  
Sources of sense & thought

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 088**

To seem to mingle with the southern sky  
Hills stretch[insertion]stretch[/insertion] oe'r hills in distance far away  
Till in the tints of heaven they seem to die

[Horizontal rule]  
So grows the grass that on the mountains

brow  
Amidst the heather stunted by the blast

[deletion]Which[/deletion] [insertion]And[/insertion] half the year covered with ice or

snow  
Yet deeper throws its roots & clings as

fast  
To the brown soil as if the Zephyrs breath  
Alone it felt. Thus is the radiant clime  
Medal [insertion]radial[/insertion] forms [deletion]of [unclear]x[/unclear][/deletion] Man loves his rocks  
His native soil: & een to death

defends them -  
And in the radiant clime deeper  
the feelings for the Spirit loved -

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 089**

89

[underline]The effect of Tears[/underline] in calming the mind  
Dark was her front whilst she wildly

stared  
Ee’r the full tears began to flow  
Thus the cloud is formed  
On the mountains dark brow  
Ee'r the melting of its Alpine snow  
Ee'r the torrent begins to fall below  
But the winds are hurled on the rare

[deletion]descends[/deletion] pour down

And the mists disappear

And [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]Nature from[/insertion] dark & angry power

Begins to shine forth in sunshine

clear  
So her anger was soothed & softened her Rare

[deletion]And softened her voice[/deletion]  
As She felt the balm of the leaking

tear.

[Short horizontal rule]

Fair are these hills in which the brightest

green  
And purple of the heath are so entirely [unclear]xxxxxced[/unclear]  
That scarce the separating line is seen  
In Nature boundaries are rarely fixed  
And never in the beautiful. The sea

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 090**

Aug [superscript]1[/superscript] 1819  
He who passes from flower to flower  
& from fruit to fruit enjoying their  
fragrance & their sweets may  
sometimes be pricked by the thorns  
round the rose or stung by a   
wasp on the peach: but the  
anguish is transient as the cause  
He is truly wretched who having  
all his life raised one flower  
& cultivated one fruit finds the

fragrance & the taste destroyed by  
a frost & the thorns alone remaining  
& the fruit fair & fresh without  
but with the worm rottenness  
& corruption within.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 091**

91  
What if the stars themselves  
Be but a different animated world  
Of which our narrow intellect can form  
No just conception. What if each bright orb  
In the act of pouring forth its flood of light  
Should feel intensest pleasure & the globes

That dance in everlasting circles [deletion]cor[/deletion]

round  
Should in the attractive power which

moves them onward  
Feel a holy glow like that of purest love.  
Light & life profusely were before our

little globe  
An atom in the universe appeared.  
And when [deletion]it is known[/deletion] it ceases to

exist  
With all its weak memories Light

& life  
Shall be as now –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 092**

Thus brightest round the stagnant pool

arise  
Luxuriant grass & flowers of purest

dyes.

From poisonous steams their hues

their fragrance flow.

They purify the air in which they grow.

[Horizontal rule]   
Time was when all was fresh  
When Immortality itself appeared  
But as a [unclear]due[/unclear] of justice; when every

perishable opening flower  
Of changeful odour & of transient hue  
Appeared as amaranth bud filled

to shine

In the triumphant crown of fame

undying  
When in the world, the dead & the unknown  
In their mysterious attributes of

greatness  
These were my companions,

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 093**

93

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 094**

Around his brows there shines no

laurel wreath  
No need of conquest gained by death  
But that fair civic crown [deletion]of ancient[/deletion]

[deletion]oak[/deletion]

from Umbrias

shades  
Which blooms in [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] verdure

in the glades

Of blest Parthenope, which Roman senates

gave

To the pure patriot not the imperial

slave.   
Not that the pride of Britains wood

Not that which stems the angry flood  
who bears the red cross burning  
Amidst the lightning flash of war

And ceaseless thunder turning  
But are [deletion]embalmed[/deletion] [insertion]nurtured[/insertion] by [insertion]the[/insertion] widows tears  
[deletion]By[/deletion] [insertion]the [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] Tamed by the **[unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear]** grateful **[unclear]scythe[/unclear]**

Which its green head superbly rears

–In joy & immortality –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 095**

95

Seeking the light of [unclear]Valens[/unclear]

morning star.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 096**

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 097**

97

Ulswater Aug 4. 1825.  
Ye lovely hills that rise in majesty  
Amidst the ruddy light of setting suns  
Your tops are bright with radiance whilst [insertion]below[/insertion]  
The wave is dark and gloomy and the plain

Hid in the obscurest mist. Such is the life  
Of Man. This vale of earth and waters dark  
And gloomy: but the mountain range above  
The skies, the heavens, are bright: There is a ray  
Of evening which does not end in night;  
A Sun of which we catch uncertain gleams  
In this our mortal state, but which  
For ever shines, wakening the spirit of man  
To life immortal and undying glory.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 098**

Is destroyed by [deletion]heat[/deletion] [insertion]that[/insertion] which is not changeable  
The granite rock, the mightiest of the mighty  
The burden of the earth, yields to the dews  
Of heaven:- the particles of which intangible  
Act through the lapse of ages with a [insertion]strength[/insertion]  
Sure and irresistible -  
So worlds are worn away! So Monuments  
Raised by the labour of a myriad race  
Vanish before the frosts, the sunshine  
And the winds of heaven!

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 099**

99

Such are the Eternal laws, acting in power  
As if Eternal justice was their end.  
So the forms of animated nature changing [insertion]changeable[/insertion].  
From the most sordid & imperfect forms  
Rise to a glorious and etherial life  
Lo, that which grovels in the dust  
In darkness or the stormy bosom of the flood  
Rises on radiant wings and like a seraph  
Sports in the blaze of that which seems its god  
Earth rises into dew, and dew assumes  
The powers of air; and air in heat  
And light melts into subtler and more noble [insertion]forms[/insertion]  
The slave becomes the master, and the might  
And genius of the Elements subdued  
Even like the fabled Proteus yields [insertion]to[/insertion] what  
Appears the feeblest of [insertion]all[/insertion] natural powers  
That which seems most everlasting

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 100**

Aug 1. Copenhagen [underline]24[/underline]  
Whatever burns, consumes: Ashes remain.  
And though in beauty and in loveliness,  
And infinite variety of forms,

Matter Beings  
The primitive substance shone; their relics sad  
Have the same pale and melancholy hue.  
Such are the traits strong passions leave behind;   
Consumers of the mind and of the form.

The auburn, flaxen, and the ebon hair  
Take the same hoary hue. The blooming cheek  
Of beauty, [deletion]of[/deletion] the bronzed [deletion]brow[/deletion] [insertion]brow[/insertion] of manly vigour [insertion]strength[/insertion]  
And [insertion]the[/insertion] smooth front of Wisdom, sadly shew

The same deep furrows. Intellect alone,

Does not so quickly waste itself: and like

That [insertion]tranquil[/insertion] light which in the ocean springs [deletion]of life[/deletion]

When living myriads in succession quick

Sport in the wave - it [deletion]lasts[/deletion] [insertion]lives[/insertion] and in the storm

And change of things appears more [deletion]brilliant[/deletion] [insertion]beautiful[/insertion]  
[deletion][unclear]x[/unclear][/deletion] Triumphant oer the elements.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 101**

101

In fancy een though checked by age;  
Make sunshine in the darkest day;  
And kindle in the coldest sage  
Some strain of vocal minstrelsy.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 102**

It is a time for minstrelsy:  
For round those walls what magic forms  
Appear in grace and harmony.  
The pencil of the artist warms  
The coldest scenes, and powers sublime  
Awakening moral forms of things  
And new creation, steal from time  
His scythe, and close his wings.

-  
It is an hour for minstrelsy  
For social converse wakes the mind  
To pure and happy sympathy  
And elegance and taste refined.  
-

Call to the hospitable board  
The force of reason and the flow  
Of memory with wisdom stored  
Which might awake a grateful glow

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 103**

103

It is a time for minstrelsy  
For still the laurel blooms around  
And bay. And fancy's dreaming eye  
Can see through mists the fairy ground,  
And hill and dale and woodlands green  
And lakes which pastoral meads surround;  
The distant ocean, and a scene  
At home where blossoms rise around  
And Nature gains from Art new powers  
Charms that in happy union meet  
Where wild and cultivated flowers  
Together blend, their odours sweet.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 104**

Ashburnham Place Jan[superscript]y[/superscript] 22.

1823. - -

Is this a time for minstrelsy?

When Nature rests in death like sleep,

And roots & buds and herbage lie

Embalmed in icy cerements deep.

-

When scarce a stream is heard to flow

And scarce the distant woods appear

So widely spreads the drifted snow,

The mantle of the new born year.

When the wild songsters of the grove

Shivering around the mansion fly

Without a single note of love,-

Is this a time for minstrelsy?

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 105**

105

[Blank page]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 106**

Such as well may suit & harmonize  
Not [deletion][unclear]xx xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]with the[/insertion] fragrant unguents of [insertion]the south[/insertion]

Nor the rich [deletion]myrtle [unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]roses[/insertion] or  
[deletion][unclear]xxxxx xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] the myrtle  
Which pleasure’s sons assume  
But rather with the darker [underline]laurel[/underline] crown  
In which some purple amaranths are twined.

The flowers & leaves of immortality

[deletion]And[/deletion] which may prepare thee for

immortal palms  
And christian rays of triumph. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 107**

107

In curling [deletion]ringl[/deletion] ringlets seemed as

of a [underline]Sybarites[/underline]  
Well filled for the odours strong & strange  
And for the colours varying where the bay

Was mingled with the dark anemone   
And where the birds & deadly nightshade mixed  
Their leaves incongruous with the lilly pale  
And humble violet [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] that tranquil hangs

Its [deletion]head[/deletion] dewy head in shade. But not in vain  
Has Time upon thy godlike countenance  
Thrown its chastened & more [deletion]mellow[/deletion] tranquil tints  
And not in vain has given thy raven locks  
Some hues of wisdom in their silver light

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 108**

[underline]Lord Byron[/underline]. written  
[underline]Whilst living[/underline]. – 23.  
[deletion]Although thy youthful & [unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]Wreath[/insertion],  
Although thy youthful & luxuriant wreath  
Of splendid & most glorious hues was woven  
From all the fairest sweetest flowers of spring  
Yet some strange blossoms & some poisonous weeds  
[deletion]Lovely in hue but from a torrid clime[/deletion]  
[deletion]When by the rose powerful sun[/deletion]  
Was mingled with the jasmine & the rose  
And the sweet orange flower  
And thy dark locks

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 109**

109

The coldest time of the

24 hours is not in the

darkest night but at the

X end of twilight upon the rising

of the Sun. - analogy to

knowledge & civilization

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 110**

[underline]Corrected Stanza[/underline]  
to be added to the Poem  
on the death of L[superscript]d[/superscript]. [underline]Byron[/underline].  
Now passing near those high & blessed  
abodes  
Where Beings of a [deletion]higher[/deletion] [insertion]nobler[/insertion] nature

move  
In fields of [insertion]purest[/insertion] light. Where [deletion]intellectual[/deletion] [insertion]brightest[/insertion]

rays

of Glory shine. In power allied to Gods  
Whose minds etherial & undying prove

that

Truth in its brightness, [insertion]hot[/insertion] [deletion]&[/deletion] Eternal blaze

[deletion]Which man sees slowly [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear]

Whose hearts are warm with everlasting love.

Whose minds in Life & in practice prove

That unconsuming & etherial blaze  
Flowing from returning to Eternal love

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 111**

111

Would you give R many a [unclear]bill[/unclear] will carry him

Tell him a Widowed Countess dies to marry him.

That his complexion is exceeding clear

Or that ten thousand copies every year

Of human life are sold. His heart to touch

Say that his Works [unclear]x[/unclear] translated into dutch

Or as He flees from an entitled bore

Add to his lot one wondering [underline]Dutchess[/underline] more  
^Which man through clouds

sees daily from above

Vandalis

2 Born of the sunshine in the beam [deletion]then[/deletion]

to die  
3 Spend the chill evening & its [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] pain

4 Existence [insertion]was[/insertion] to them [insertion]is an[/insertion] as existing.  
1 Their [insertion]fit[/insertion] [deletion]life[/deletion] of youth & love [deletion]is[/deletion] [insertion]was[/insertion] not in vain.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 112**

To [underline]Love[/underline].

Thou who art so cunning  
So bright & heavenly fair  
Which is thy beginning  
And ending. It is care.  
First a sigh then a smile  
The honest vows then guile

Amidst the moonlight bowers  
And wreathes of rosy flowers.  
Then come jealous hours  
Then rapture then fears  
And thou endest in showers  
of [unclear]sparks[/unclear] or of tears

-

Or  
And then endst in a shower of tears  
Of despair or repentance or joy.

[Horizontal rule]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 113**

113

And the poor despised Boy

Felt high power & future joy

Trusting to strength & energy

That well He knew could never die.

He since has seen the alpine snows

The source from whence the Save flows.

[Horizontal rule]

The Person who becomes an orator

by public practice is like a stream

which is fed from known sources

ie tributary visible rills.

He who bursts forth at once like a

+ river from a subterranean cavity

has yet been fed by similar sources

but they have been private & secret

underground & are purer having

been collected from the air & hoarded

in the rock –

[deletion]Born of the sunshine[/deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 114**

pure their bids. -  
Verses.  
They do not kindle at my glory

They do not love my name in story  
The selfish feeling uncontrasted  
In narrow minds usurps the throne  
Which in the spirit lofty bold:  
Is little known or known alone

To be disposed & conquered  
 – [underline]Mounts Bay[/underline]

Yet that to which the mind alone

Applied its own [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] measure

Though facts & feelings all are gone  
be still as age a sacred treasure

In solitude T'was mine to own   
The mighty dead & the unknown  
And pure & hallowed sympathies  
For them took their were work

to rise

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 115**

115  
Manhood power & passion. Sunshine  
& the full leaf & blossom. -  
The productive autumn of life  
its quiet peaceful & lazzy days

The fruit formed more permanent

The brightening of intellect & its  
highest perfection before failure

In winter coldness & feebleness

Roots or hoarded fruit the  
stores of mind. In other respects

a second infancy.

[Horizontal rule]  
How much is life in all its varied hues  
And course & current like a mighty stream

And there are streams which are for ever pure  
And which perennial from their sources youth  
With the same force & mystery

fed from heaven

Without a saint of earth so

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 116**

[underline]the same[/underline.  
[underline]Verses[/underline]. 1824  
Such feelings have the power to waken life  
New & fresh life; where life [deletion]before was faint[/deletion] [insertion]was all decay[/insertion]  
So in the meadows in the genial strife  
Of Rain & to the drop, of [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] may  
Another fresher verdure, raise new flowers  
These feelings are the may dew of the mind  
Which [deletion]haunting exi[/deletion] falling on its  
[deletion]gloomiest[/deletion] [insertion]darkest[/insertion] shady bowers.  
Dispel the gloom & leave fair green

behind

[Horizontal rule]  
A pretty parallel may be made  
between the seasons & the periods  
+ of Man's life. [underline]Infancy[/underline] the beginning  
of the year [underline]feeble[/underline] & pale. pale its  
blossoms & buds, the primrose &  
the snow drop - youth the bright  
bursting & purple spring. the season  
of love and flowers. [underline]Summer[/underline]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 117**

117  
as [underline]ideal[/underline] : but the heaven & the  
hell formed by intense belief

in the human mind may be  
regarded as real & even [underline]as adhering[/underline]  
to [underline]the thinking principle[/underline] if any

thing adheres after death.  
So that all religions may be  
absolutely false : but virtually true

for the people that [underline]believe them[/underline]

As we know nothing of the universe

but [underline]thought[/underline] Why should not the

same generation powers belong to  
[underline[thought[/underline] which the physical Philosophers  
ascribe to matter. –   
The Sun is the most perfect  
emblem of infinite existence.   
The [underline]rays[/underline] producing the image  
change probably millions of times  
in a minute. yet the image  
& the source of light are everlastingly

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 118**

[unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] last no longer than the vision of his [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear]

enemy

[Horizontal rule]

& that the monad or sentient

Principle gains after death are  
where new existence -

This is likewise made probable  
by the [underline]forgetting[/underline] of our infancy  
& [underline]old[/underline] age. depending upon feebleness  
of the organs. –   
[underline]A New Theory of Religion[/underline]  
[underline]Mind[/underline] creative  
The energy of imagination makes

what was first [underline]idea[/underline] even vivid  
continually till it becomes as  
in [underline]insane[/underline] persons [underline]Reality[/underline].  
When the whole power of the Mind  
is devoted to one object  
So that the Gods of Greece may  
be said to have existed & The persons  
one believe [underline]intensely[/underline] in different  
creeds [underline]create[/underline] in their own minds

the results of those creeds. Thus  
the X[superscript]n[/superscript] religion may be considered

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 119**

119

were by which He seems to rise towards the sky  
But bring him nearer to the grave & all his might

[Horizontal rule]

So when the Mother folds her eager arms

Around her fever smitten [insertion]stricken[/insertion] Child & presses  
His glowing [insertion]throbbing[/insertion] breast to her maternal charms

He heightens the sad cause of her distresses

And bids [insertion]makes[/insertion] his throbbing pulses beat more wild

[deletion]In the[/deletion]

And to the sickness gives a dangerous power.

So is the rose destroyed by the child

Who in his bosom hides the cherished flower.

[Horizontal rule]  
And Nature never feels so strong her powers  
As in the trusty worth of buds & flowers  
Love is the flower of life. too short its bloom  
lovelier its [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] the sweeter its perfume

Shorter the richer are its [deletion]scents & hues[/deletion]

hues & scents  
And He that plucks it hastens its sad doom,

And soon that He has [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] so fair a thing repents.  
It is difficult to conceive any  
future existence in which the ideas  
gained from our terrestrial existence  
can be of any use: for there must

be an external world like ours  
to make them of use. The probability  
therefore is that they belong to the organization

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 120**

The flow of time & of Mortality.-

Yet vain His hopes & vain His aspirations  
Imperial Rome who in her power & pride  
Raised her high piles for distant generations  
Like mighty floodgates in times restless tide.-  
E'en by [deletion]their[/deletion] [insertion]her[/insertion] works destroyed [deletion]their[/deletion] [insertion]her[/insertion] childrens power  
For those accomplished in inglorious sloth  
The Emperor wasted [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] the [insertion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/insertion] [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] clover  
Of greatness was destruction. And the Goth  
Like the old Gaul had found the Roman [insertion]steel[/insertion]

[deletion]sword[/deletion].   
Weightier than gold; but that there was no arm

Of strength to wield it & no mind to feel  
And such is then with all his majesty  
His glory & his power  
He puts on like them his wedding garments

But to weep & die  
And all his mighty fields of glory

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 121**

121

And as thy moving waters pure as air

And as the etherial vault [deletion]of hea[/deletion]

celestial blue

The insect tribes like spirits free & fair

Swarm as they stream or o'er its surface flew.

Whilst [deletion]for[/deletion] [insertion]on[/insertion] the short lived lovely race above

The swallow [deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]preyed[/insertion] [deletion]The vagaries [insertion]The vagrants[/insertion][/deletion] [unclear]xxx [deletion]xxx[/deletion][/unclear] [insertion]forests[/insertion] [insertion]bright[/insertion]

[deletion]Destroyed it o'er its [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] to quickly[/deletion] move

[deletion]All living forms to death. the Natural[/deletion]

Destroyed the [insertion]ear[/insertion] ear [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] happy [deletion]that[/deletion] life of love

[deletion]But of a moment born as if for death[/deletion]

was passed [deletion]full of the joy of life[/deletion]

[underline]Thought[/underline] enjoying e'en in death.

Man thirsts for immortality, the Mind

Which feeds on hopes applies its loftiest powers

In framing pilars [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] & undefined

Of Earthly greatness or Elisian bowers

[Horizontal rule]

It seeks the durable & whilst the day

Framing its [deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] organs wastes [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion]

the purpose high

He seeks by mighty monuments to

stay

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 122**

1824 to the Wandle

or [underline]Vandalis[/underline].

Full twenty summers now have passed away.

Time past O Vandalis by thy pure stream

I lingered through a happy summers day

Just as becomes the Poets fairest dream.

Nature was beautiful. The sun was bright

But sometimes clouded. In the genial strife

Of Elements. [underline]Warmth[/underline] was more strong his

light

And kindled in the air & waters life

Green were the trees & meadows even where

[deletion]tints[/deletion] hues

Of yellow [deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]azure[/insertion] crimson tinted flowers

And pear & apple blossoms bright with dews

Opened in fullest bloom to catch the showers

The Nightingale from noon to eventide

Sung blithe his song of love and perfect joy

Filling the wood reaching the valley wide

A song that proved his loved one was not

coy.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 123**

123

The imperial city saw by forms  
The temples of her gods adorn  
[underline]The Appenines in spring[/underline]  
The infant buds beneath the Zephyrs

breath  
Expand.

And force away the brown & withered

leaves

Which winters storms had spared

the blackest blooms

In vernal beauty. Here the sylvan thorn

Scatters her snowy blossoms. There the rose  
Displays her delicate tints & that rich tree

Of [deletion][unclear]xxxxx xxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

Round which the [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] damsels walking

dance

Amidst the solemn rites of that high past

[deletion]Where love & death preside[/deletion]  
Of love & death from nearer Venus

seemed

Glows in full beauty & may well be

[unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]  
Itself the purple of the Roman spring.

[Horizontal rule]

Once more I wet my feet with raw delight

O Vandalis in thy translucent stream  
Oft has thou been to me a lovely dream

Blue in thy stillness in thy [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] white.-

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 124**

And the soft whispering of the vernal wood.  
And caverns bursting with the living stream  
In foam descending from the precipice  
And sparkling in the sunshine

Nurturing with dews

A thousand odorous plants & fragrant flowers  
In the secret music of the vernal woods.  
From winged minstrels & the louder sounds  
Of mountain storms & thundering cataracts  
The Voice of inspiration well might

come.

[Horizontal rule]

- Amidst the [underline]copious feast[/underline] of  
Natural form & the rich harmony  
of Nature sounds. Poetic visions rise  
with all the power of prophecy.  
The Soul is present past & future

to itself  
The Image of the Eternal [underline]deity[/underline].  
Carrara  
Two hundred centuries are past  
Since first the Roman Warrior rode  
Disturbed thy mighty solitude  
Raised on the base [underline]the quarried stone[/underline]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 125**

125

Of objects sensible not yet revealed  
In noontide brightest on the Syrian Mount  
For thee the Eternal Majesty of heaven  
In all things lived & moved & to its power  
And attributes [deletion]Poe[/deletion] imagination [insertion]poetic fancy[/insertion] gave  
The forms of human beauty strength & grace  
The Naiad murmured in the silver stream  
The Dryad whispered in the nodding wood  
Her voice the music of the Zephyrs breath  
On the blue wave the sportive Nereid moved  
Or blew her conch amidst the echoing rocks  
I wonder not that moved by such a faith  
Thou raised the sybils temple in this vale  
For such a scene was suited well to raise  
The mind to high devotion. To create  
Those thoughts indefinite which rise above  
Our sense & reason & the hallowed dream  
Prophetic. In the sympathy sublime  
With natural forms & sounds the mind forgets  
Its former being. Images arise  
Which seem not earthly. Midst the awful rocks

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 126**

The Music of the [unclear]xxx xxxx[/unclear]

soothes my ear  
The rich & lively green delights my eye  
The ocean wave I see Its murmurs hear  
Blue & unclouded is the windy sky.  
When harsh and cold: but warm its -  
midday beams  
Evening at Nice.- 1814  
Is this The plain reflects the coming gray  
But sun beams gild the alpine snow  
When lingers still the parting day  
The splendid hills rise above  
The richness of the orange grows  
When balmy odours fill the air  
When lovely tints delight the eye  
[underline]The Sybils temple[/underline]  
Thy faith O Roman was a natural faith  
+ Well suited to an age, in which the light  
Ineffable gleamed though obscuring clouds

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 127**

127

The great object both of  
education & government  
should be [deletion]not[/deletion] to make  
Men [underline]good[/underline] & happy.  
X They may be so without  
being wise & powerful.  
They may be wise & powerful  
& not good & happy  
& they may be [underline]all[/underline] W P G & H

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 128**

Hopes such as dying [unclear]truly in[/unclear] bliss

And kissing thee I seem to share

[deletion]Thy innocence & happiness[/deletion]. –

And in thy kiss I seem to share  
Thy innocence & happiness.  
The source a pure contentedness  
[deletion]Which ever changing still is [unclear]bright[/unclear][/deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 129**

129

Thy lips warm pressure wakes no thought  
Unworthy of the [deletion]sainted name[/deletion] [insertion]sainted name[/insertion] virgin’s fame virgins

[deletion]Which is not worthy thee & me[/deletion]

But gives me hopes allied to heaven

Which [deletion]may[/deletion] [insertion]will[/insertion] survive this earthly frame.  
Hopes such as sainted Vestals know-

[deletion]Thy virtue is to me as dear[/deletion]  
[deletion]As my own life, nay dearer far [insertion][deletion]And in thy Kiss[/deletion][/insertion]

[deletion]And if I shed thus a transient tear [insertion] & loved no less[/insertion][/deletion]  
[deletion]It is a tear of happiness[/deletion]  
Thy innocence I [deletion][unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]**seem**[insertion] to share:

And [deletion]yet[/deletion] [insertion]sure[/insertion] I share thy happiness,

[underline]to the same[/underline]

The light that [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] **[unclear]wakens[/unclear]** in thy eye.

So [deletion]bright[/deletion] [insertion]mild[/insertion] so pure so soft so clear  
Is of that fire not meant to die

Which never glitters through a tear  
The Vestals fire, or sacred light  
[deletion]Its source a hope of heavenly bliss[/deletion]  
[deletion]Devotions flame for ever bright[/deletion]  
[deletion]A Virgin that a saint might kiss[/deletion].

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 130**

16

Laybach Aug[superscript]t[/superscript] 16. 27  
[underline]To Josephine Dettela[/underline]  
Kiss me Pepina, kiss again  
Thy kisses will become a sage  
They waken in my heart a hope  
Which was not of my [deletion]y[/deletion]early age.  
A hope a blessed father feels  
A hope the much loved brother knows  
A hope which heaven itself reveals.  
Of that love which purest glows.

[horizontal rule]  
And from its purity derives  
Its claim to immortality  
That [underline]fire[/underline] which stains [insertion]wastes[/insertion] our early lives  
Though burning brightly burns to die  
But when thy angel form I see  
And gaze upon thy bright blue eye  
And watch thy calm [deletion]unpassioned[/deletion] [insertion]& holy[/insertion] smile[instertion]s[/insertion]  
And know thy virgin purity.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 131**

131

Supplement to the  
poem on the death of  
Lord Byron. [unclear]Fintl[/unclear]  
- July 28.27  
Now passing near those high & blessed

[deletion]abodes ways.[/deletion]

ways,

Where beings of a higher nature move  
In fields of light [deletion]& glory[/deletion], when [insertion]intellectual[/insertion] [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion]rays  
[deletion]cold like[/deletion]  
[deletion]Of [unclear]xxxxxxx xxxxx xxx[/unclear] a constant [unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion]   
[deletion]of glory upon thee[/deletion]  
[deletion]Surround their blessed heads[/deletion], whose

minds state  
[deletion]A[/deletion] glory shone [deletion]around them[/deletion]   
In power allied [insertion][deletion]designed[/deletion][/insertion] to gods [insertion]power[/insertion]  
A [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] undying intellectual Rage.  
Whose mind exists on truths eternal stage  
Whose heart was fitted for eternal [insertion]immortal[/insertion] love.

-   
This thought might be pursued  
& is I think called for by the  
dazzling intellectual brightness of  
some of his poetry.- see  
Cain & Manfred.-

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 132**

But in thy wayward & most perilous leaps   
Thou still art pure & [deletion][unclear]xxx xxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]might[/insertion] image [insertion]well[/insertion]

The inverted mind of Poet [insertion]or of Sage[/insertion] [deletion]& philosopher[/deletion]   
In thy bright azure depths & when thy  
Take into quietness I yearn [insertion]form[/insertion] to view

That season of our life, when pleasure

fades

And sober [deletion]intellectual[/deletion] [insertion]reason [deletion]mounted[/deletion][/insertion] [deletion]beliefs[/deletion] with its

[deletion]calm[/deletion]

[deletion]And[/deletion] heavenly light | Fills the deep cool

& [unclear]xxxxxxxxxx[/unclear] mind escaped, from [insertion]turbulent & fretful[/insertion] youth.  
Its truths [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] bubbles rose & foam,

Which are well imaged in this falling stream.  
E'en as I look upon thy mighty flood

Absorbed in thought it seems that I have

A part of thee. And in thy [deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]  
[deletion]Warm &[/deletion] flowing [deletion]stream[/deletion] [insertion]waves[/insertion]

Thy thoughts are [insertion]lost of[/insertion] [deletion][unclear]xxxxx xx xxx[/unclear][/deletion]

& pass [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] to [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] time.  
Seeking the infinite & rolling as [deletion]into the[/deletion]

Towards the sea eternal & unbounded  
Of the allpowerful omnipresent mind.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 133**

133

These [deletion]poem[/deletion] [insertion]verses[/insertion] were written by one  
[deletion][unclear]xxxxxxxxx[/unclear] July 25 1827.[/deletion]  
of the [insertion]parts[/insertion] on the fall of the [underline]W[unclear]xxx[/unclear][/underline].

From the high rock thy lovely

waters burst  
As if a new creation, like the [unclear]xxxx[/unclear]

That in the descent from [insertion][deletion]gushed[/deletion][/insertion] the [insertion]hallowed[/insertion] [deletion]powerful[/deletion]

wand  
Of Israels mighty prophet spring to life

To save his people.. But the dreamy thought

Of that most blessed though but [unclear]xxxxxx xxxx[/unclear]

Gives no idea of thy might & power

And awful force & fulness. As of a spirit  
Imprisoned by magic act & now released  
Thou prudent or determined to destroy  
And thy mild functions to produce & cheer

Are changed for attributes more terrible  
Subduing & destructive - carrying [deletion]onward[/deletion] on

[insertion]Rocks[/insertion] Trees before thee in the great [unclear]xxxx[/unclear].-

Raiding the [deletion][underline]rock[/underline], leaving the mountain side[/deletion] [insertion]mountain & through a new [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear][/insertion]

[deletion]And[/deletion] Opening herself a passage to the plain

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 134**

And here when [underline]once[/underline] with [insertion][deletion]**eager**[/deletion] deepest holy[/insertion] **rapture** glowing  
I propel thee [insertion]willing[/insertion] to my eager arms. -  
[insertion]Alass[/insertion] Whilst tears of [underline]purest grief[/uncerline] are flowing  
How [deletion]bright a view[/deletion] [insertion]**fair** [deletion]an apparition[/deletion] vision[/insertion] of thy [insertion]youthful[/insertion] charms

[deletion]fair vision[/deletion]   
Wakes in my mind, a **rainbow** light

Upon the dark & falling storm.  
[deletion]And little rests in[/deletion]  
I seem to know thee [unclear]**blest in blesses**[/unclear] bright  
As was the beauty of thy earthly form

in C. [unclear]xxx xxx xxxxx[/unclear]:

[deletion]For thee [underline]wert innocence[/underline], one fault alone[/deletion]  
[deletion]were thine. To love[/deletion] me. I am.-  
[deletion]Which[/deletion]   
Where in my [insertion]exhausted suffering[/insertion] mind - a vision bright  
[deletion]So bright[/deletion]  
Bright but not burning, [insertion][deletion]lovely[/deletion] placid[/insertion] pure [deletion]yet[/deletion][insertion]yet[/insertion] warm  
Those [insertion][deletion]copious[/deletion][/insertion] tears it sheds a [insertion]glorious[/insertion] rainbow

light  
Upon the [deletion]dark[/deletion] [insertion]glowing cold[/insertion] & [insertion][?xxxxx] falling storm  
Age of [deletion]weakness[/deletion], desolation  
Of [deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] weakness [deletion]coldness[/deletion] grief

And [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] [insertion]a living[/insertion] power [insertion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] &[/insertion] divine

**Gives** to my wearied **bosome** calm relief  
And seem from [insertion]highest[/insertion] heaven itself to shine

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 135**

135  
She raises from the earth their

hopes sublime

To higher [insertion]heavenly[/insertion] bliss above the skies.

Thus the bright moon when

silver light has shed  
[deletion]Oer the long night [unclear]xx[/unclear] bright[/deletion]   
[deletion]Its radiance oer the [underline]azure of the[/underline] [insertion][unclear]& glowing seas[/insertion][/unclear][/deletion]

Its cheering radiance oer [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] [insertion]charm[/insertion] & [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] [insertion][deletion]night[/deletion][/insertion]

Rests its full orb [deletion]still in dying lustre[/deletion]

upon the [deletion]bright[/deletion] oceans   
[deletion]Upon the oce[/deletion] bed

- And throws its lustre o'er the western sea

And makes the western sea its tranquil pillow

Lost in the wave its radiance

slowly dies

Yet [deletion]its[/deletion] [unclear]xxx[/unclear] its [unclear]xxx[/unclear] it points its

lingering ray  
To the bright [deletion]orient[/deletion] [insertion]purple[/insertion] of the

[deletion]open[/deletion] Eastern sky

To the fair dawning of a glorious day.

[Small ink sketch]

Salzburg 29 June 27.  
The [deletion]memory of[/deletion] pleasures past which never

can return.

Like [insertion]covered[/insertion] ashes in the heart remain  
And without flame or glow [deletion]will[/deletion] [insertion]ing ever[/insertion] burn.  
But thou art [insertion]pure &[/insertion] free from earthly stain

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 136**  
  
Mondsee. June 28. 27.  
Virtue in its influence on life  
from its beginning to its end  
may be compared to the full Moon  
guiding the pilgrim in his  
nightly journey & pointing  
in setting in the west to   
the brighter & more certain  
guide the sun [insertion]setting in the east[/insertion] from  
which her light was but  
a faint reflection/thought  
of early youth 32 years ago, when  
I was 18 + & versified then  
in Annual Anthology 1799.  
Virtue the daughter of the skies

supreme

Directs their life informs their tuneful lays  
Her heavenly redeemer with a tranquil beam  
From morn to even gilds their happy days  
Where life’s warm fountains feel the frost

of time  
When the chill dews of darkness [unclear]press[/unclear] their

eyes

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 137**

137  
those [underline]had[/underline] been  
The Solar light when the bright orb

has sunk

Dwells not in known space  
And that which kindleth the  
whole frame of nature

Has no known abode, altho its

source  
Is everlasting. It burns but to decay  
And in its course a million miles

are nothing

It passes from & to & through

the infinite  
So in our life of thought we look

not back  
Beyond a few short hours.  
A life, a day an age  
That period [deletion]passed[/deletion] gone  
We blend with future & with

past eternity. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 138**

Copied June 21 at Traunsee

written Ravenna March 1[superscript]st[/superscript]

[Horizontal rule]

In ignorance of all things we assume  
What reasonings most please us & in

things

The most unlike in form as well as

essence

We trace analogies as if it were  
A Joy to blend all contrarieties & to

discover  
In things the most unlike come qualities

Showing relationships & family ties  
Thus life we term a spark a fire

a flame  
And then we call that fire that flame

immortal  
Although the Nature of all fiery things

Belonging to this earth is perishable  
The lightning in its fierceness & its power  
Is of an instant only.  
The Meteors blaze lighting the visible

universe  
Is as transient  
And verily should we search when

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 139**

& with respect to the attempt  
made by Demegoges whether  
in newspapers or speeches.  
whether by the mechanic [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear]  
founded in the time  
scribblers in the foul gazettes  
Vox Chatre uva dictoli;  
The National Philosopher  
who have his god [underline]an[/underline]  
[underline]artist in contrives upon[/underline]  
[underline]in grand intellectual mode[/underline]  
The [unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear] vanishes  
his in words & it is a  
power an unknown principle  
or energy; not omnipotent  
& omnipresent.

Probably no two individuals  
ever had he some idea or  
victory in this subject.  
as so he binds in  
[unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear] news new  
ways the same no. of times. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 140**

[deletion]& religious. Nothing did[/deletion]  
[deletion]the [unclear]xxxx xxxx[/unclear] Emperor[/deletion]  
[deletion]so much harm as that[/deletion]  
[deletion]which [unclear]x[/unclear] the Roman [/deletion]

[deletion]Church. –[/deletion]  
The fact is [underline]opinion[/underline]  
is a kind of representation  
of his divine will amongst  
the [underline]people[/underline] & is not  
to be [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] by human

reason. like the [unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear]

which makes birds migrate  
it acts upon great  
masses & is incomparable

Vox Populi Vox Dei.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 141**

141

[unclear]xxxxxx xxxxxxxxx[/unclear] - are  
yielded & supported the

growing religion, the  
other opposed it. though  
the Apostate was infinitely  
the [underline]better[/underline] Man [deletion]of[/deletion] than  
the first Christian Emperors  
Napoleon by fighting

with [deletion]fortune[/deletion] [insertion]the [unclear][deletion]xx[/deletion] xxxxxxxxx[/unclear] of Italy[/insertion] lost the

empire, & Lord  
Byron owed much  
of his misery to an  
[underline]unconquerable will[/underline] [insertion]in common life[/insertion] like

that of Napoleon in politics

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 142**

have to [unclear]xx xxxxx[/unclear] could

be little men only to bend

on this subject. the [underline]finite[/underline]  
must in fact always  
fear the same relations  
to the infinite.  
To submit to the laws  
of divine wisdom is  
the duty of Man &  
not to combat them.  
The Romans attained their  
greatness by their desperation

to tolerate & even entice  
all [underline]religions[/underline] which  
they considered as institutions

filled for each country  
Constantine was fortunate

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 143**

a mental picture.  
[deletion]Men are[/deletion] [insertion]Man is[/insertion] entirely ignorant of every

thing & the misfortune is that  
He will not know or acknowledge  
his ignorance. Were he [unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear]  
portion of the mysteries of [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]

to be opened to him. He would   
require a new being to comprehend it.  
& I know no better node of   
explaining myself than by saying  
that in attempting to think  
of the divine schism. He is  
like the fish called Uranoscopus

looking at the stars. - His relation  
[deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] to this great book is  
the same as those of a

writer to Milton's paradise lost   
or Shakespeare's plays & [unclear]xxx[/unclear]  
B[unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] having the same  
relation to them but than

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 144**

than should believe in Jupiter  
Venus & Apollo in the year of  
the world 3000 & in Christ  
the Virgin & the Holy Spirit  
in 5000. - And with different  
states of Society even different  
intellectual [insertion]& religious[/insertion] events. the same  
creed does not fit the Natural

Philosopher & the [deletion]Moral[/deletion]  
Metaphysician or the Savage  
of Chichester & the Bishop of

London. - The Savage creates  
a god suited to his own  
feeling & capacity & worships  
it under a form of wood & feathers.  
the Bishop has likewise his own  
god in the form of a dove  
or a crucified man; but He   
recedes from the great Christian

[unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] in the worship of a picture

or statue & worships a word or

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 145**

145  
faith that is essential to  
its own notion & that is  
suited to its own habits  
Religion is as much  
a part of the mind & essential  
to its organization as the  
eye or mouth to [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] thee  
corporeal organized form & as  
they are fitted to wants, so  
they produce new ones.  
Man is never so [deletion]great an[/deletion] [insertion]absurd[/insertion]  
[deletion]which[/deletion] as when He would [insertion]apply his[/insertion] reason  
to matters of faith. It is like  
[deletion]reasoning on[/deletion] [insertion]presuming to define[/insertion] the cause of a  
colour. It pleased Divine  
wisdom that vegetables should  
be green & that green should  
fit the eye. It pleased the  
same divine wisdom that

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 146**

[unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear]. May [deletion]2[unclear]x[/unclear][/deletion] 31.-27  
I once requested the unknown to  
give me his opinion respecting  
the religion of the ancient civilized  
world saying that it [insertion]it[/insertion] was the  
opinion of some of the great  
Christian advocates of the reformation  
that there were really spiritual  
[unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] or Daemons worshipped  
by the greeks & romans, an  
opinion they supported by the oracles  
+ & powers of the priesthood & by  
the miracles attributed to the  
[deletion]divine[/deletion] gods & goddesses. He said,  
if powers believed by the vulgar  
Is to supernatural were  
really proof of a divine  
return, there is no shrine  
of a saint that is not

inhabited by a Deity. In this  
respect the mind is creative  
& it forms for itself the

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 147**

147

For infinite wisdom & unbounded

power  
Its organs fail alone for they are

dust

Is it not possible that the   
mind or indestructible percipient  
principle may acquire in the  
progress of intellectual actions  
powers almost of an infinite  
kind & may not one mind  
be at length creative &  
all percipient, & may not   
organized frames be likewise

effects of the first workings  
of such a plastic or creative  
principle.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 148**

Laybach. May 1[unclear]xx[/unclear]

The Human intellect when Titan  
like:  
It was against divine intelligence  
Wakens f confusion & the mountains

hurld

Towards heaven  
Tall [deletion]& cov[/deletion] [insertion]but to hide[/insertion] the empires Lands

that raised them

And the tortured mind under its sceptic

[deletion]weight[/deletion]  
E'en [unclear]xxx[/unclear] the falled giant, with

[deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

[deletion]And fire below knows[/deletion] [insertion]knows[/insertion] no repose.

With snow above [insertion]the hard cold [unclear]walk[/unclear][/insertion] & flames of fire below.

Gratz. May 25. -  
The one precipient has never

changed

For still is [underline]self[/underline] its essence verifies

Though all its habits [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]

powers & forms

Hang eternally. What it is  
no [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] can know but it seems

filled

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 149**

149

When after all his struggle & vain efforts  
He must at last obey. rebelling gainst

the love

Which would have made him happy.  
Is not this the History of Man.  
Of that bright & beauteous garden where  
In innocence & ignorance He lived

& loved  
Till the fatal taste of knowledge

Made him wretched. And [underline]He knew[/underline]  
[underline]That He must die[/underline]. And is not this  
The glory & consummation of the Christians

faith  
Which gives him back his innocence  
[deletion]Of immortality[/deletion] [insertion]His confidence in god[/insertion] which through his life [insertion][deletion][unclear]x[/unclear][/deletion] his hopes[/insertion]  
Still tilds the picture with a

golden blessing.

Of an expected immortality.-  
Man fell in Adam knowledge was his

bane.  
Man saw in [underline]Christ[/underline] recovering his

ignorance  
Or substituting [underline]hope[/underline] for what was

[underline]doubt[/underline].-

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 150**

addition to the thought [deletion]or youth.[/deletion]  
& [unclear]xxxxxxxxx[/unclear] to ceramic compound

the road [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] Laybach. April

20 - 27.  
For time has withered all the  
lovely flowers  
That once adorned my youthful coronet  
And death has cut & utterly destroyed

That beauteous tree which for two

[unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] bore

Perennial roses having all the hues

& scents  
Of vernal flowers, yet like the amaranth  
Blooming in wintry frost & summer

heat.

April 19. 1827.  
Our [underline]real kn[/underline]owledge is but to be sure  
That we know nothing & I can but doubt

+If this be curse or blessing those who hope

Trust & believe are surely happier far  
Then those who doubt and the submissive child  
Who of his fathers goodness is secure  
Is far more that than He the forward one

Who sets himself against [deletion]a[/deletion] [insertion]his[/insertion] powerful will

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 151**

151  
By the imperial citys fallen walls  
Laying bare the bones of heroes & the monuments

[deletion]And[/deletion][insertion]Of[/insertion] generations of the ages past  
Or we might rest on [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] cloud

covered hill  
Whose marble rocks are cloaked with

brightest green.  
Where treasured flowers of unknown hues &

tones

Scent the cool air, rarely by human breath

inhaled

But which the wild bee knows & ever [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear]  
And whence descends the [unclear]xxxxxx[/unclear] influence  
Of those bright waters tossed from the [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]

Of ancient Appenine. Whose sacred source  
Hygeia loves. There my weary limbs  
I [deletion]have[/deletion] [insertion]might[/insertion] repose beneath the shade  
Of chesnuts whose [deletion]time[/deletion] worn [unclear]xxxxxxxx[/unclear]

proclaim

Their [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] of other centuries.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 152**

Ravenna April 7  
Oh couldst thou be with me daughter of

heavn  
Urania. I have now no other love.  
For time & death have withered all

the flowers  
That once adorned my youthful coronet.  
with thee I still may live a little

space  
And hope for better intellectual light  
With thee I may e'en still in [deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

vernal times  
Look upon nature with a poets eye.  
Nursing those lofty thoughts that in the mind  
Spontaneous rise, blending their sacred powers  
With images from moutains & from flood  
From chesnut groves amidst the broken rocks  
Where the blue [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] pours to meet the wave  
Of foaming Serchio or midst the odrus heath  
And cystus flowers that clothe the stream worn

sides  
Of the green hills whence in purity.  
The virgin streams arise of Mountain Tiber  
Not yet polluted by the lowland rills  
Or [deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] turbid with the ruins of the plains  
When in [deletion]thy[/deletion] [insertion]that[/insertion] sullen majesty [deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] He

murmurs

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 153**

153

[deletion]Rise in a stout gigantic [unclear]column[/unclear][/deletion]

Stand like a tree above.  
Een in my heart  
By sickness weakened & by sorrow chilled  
The balm of [deletion]kindness[/deletion] [insertion]calmness[/insertion] seems to penetrate  
Mild soothing genial in its influence  
Again I feel a freshness & a power  
As in my youthful days & hopes &

thoughts  
Heroical & high. The wasted frame  
Soon in corporeal strength recruits

itself

And wounds pale with new flesh

So in the mind [deletion]the death of objects[/deletion]

The death of objects & the loss of hopes  
Are [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion] in the end succeeded by some births  
Of new creative faculties & powers  
Brought [insertion]forth[/insertion] with [deletion]pangs[/deletion] [insertion]pains[/insertion], such as the mother  
E'en with her first born: [insertion]feels[/insertion] but like [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear][/deletion]

vigorous child

Repaying [deletion]by their[/deletion] [insertion]its[/insertion] beauty for the pang.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 154**

Baths of Lucca. 1819. Aug[superscript]t[/superscript].  
Quando mia fu la bella  
spera[insertion]n[/insertion]za ed anche piu

Again that lovely [deletion]orb[/deletion] [insertion]lamp[/insertion] from half its

orb  
Sends forth a mellow lustre that

pervades  
The eastern sky & meets the rosy light  
Of the last sunbeams dying in the west  
The mountains all above are clear

& bright  
[deletion]Their[/deletion] great forms distinctly visible  
Crested with shaggy chesnuts, or erect  
Bearing the helmed pine, or raising high  
Their marble columns crowned with grassy

slopes  
From rock to rock the foaming Lima

pours  
Fell from the thunder storm, rapid & strong  
And turbid. [deletion]Still[/deletion] [insertion]Hushed[/insertion] is the air in silence  
The smoke moves upwards & its curling waves  
[deletion][unclear]Mem. xxx as if[/unclear][/deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 155**

**155**

[deletion]laurel[/deletion]

wreath

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 156**

Ravenna - April 5  
When life was new then every

verdant tree  
Seemed cloaked [insertion]trimmed[/insertion] with laurels which

to my free head  
Seemed to offer themselves,  
And every [insertion]humble[/insertion] mind [deletion]seemed[/deletion] was

cloaked with flowers.  
I saw the rose; but never saw  
the thorn.  
I saw the brilliant [deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear] adder[/deletion] [insertion]snake[/insertion]  
but [deletion]not its poison fang.[/deletion] [insertion]never felt[/insertion]

Its poison fang, or [deletion]suffered[/deletion] or even its

rude harsh scales.   
When every voice was sweet

& soft its sound

A voice of praise, [insertion]or love[/insertion] & every flower  
[deletion][unclear]xx[/unclear] seemed[/deletion] [insertion]Appeared[/insertion] to form a wreath

of festal joy.  
And every leaf a gem in some bright  
[deletion]field[/deletion] crown

Of civic honour or the poets

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 157**

157  
Love is the flower of life  
[deletion]its brightest[/deletion] bloom [insertion]too short its[/insertion] [deletion]too soon it fades[/deletion]

[deletion]Sooner the fairer are its changeful[deletion]

Shortest when [insertion]brightest[/insertion] richest & [unclear]**most rich**[/unclear] [insert]**hues**[insert]

[deletion]The sooner, when most rich its tints &[/deletion] [insertion]its scents[/insertion]

And he that plucks it hastens its sad doom  
And now that He has spoilt so  
bright a thing repents.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 158**

Has brought you here to cheer our

tardy spring  
Oft had I seen you midst the orange

[deletion]trees[/deletion] bowers  
That Cloak Parthenope

& where Velino pours  
In thundering cataracts; But ne’er before  
So high upon the mountains where ye soar

Een in mid air and, leaving your halcyons

[deletion]Why have ye left your halcy[/deletion]on plains

Where spring or summer everlasting reigns.  
When flowers & fruits [deletion]together[/deletion] [insertion]mature[/insertion] alone together grow

To visit our rude peaks where still the snow

Glitters een in the genial month of flowers

But brightly do ye move in fiery showers  
Seen like the falling meteor from afar

[deletion][unclear]Not[/unclear] of[/deletion] [insertion]like[/insertion] the kindred of the erring star

May not the stars themselves [insertion]in orbits charted[/insertion]   
Be but - a different animated world

In what a high & lofty [insertion]breath[/insertion] world of life  
[deletion][unclear]xxxx xx[/unclear][/deletion]

Of worlds & insects calms [deletion]the [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]the wakening strife[/insertion]

strife.  
Commands the elements & bids them move

[deletion]The constant change produced by constant love

In animation, to the voice of love

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 159**

159  
To the fire flies, the  
same place & summer  
written in blank verse but not Rhyme  
in May & June 1827.  
Ye moving stars that flit along

the glade  
Ye anchored lamps that midst the shade  
Of ancient chestnuts on the lofty hills  
Of Lucignano, by the foaming rills  
[deletion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion]  
Which feed Blue Serchio, in the evening

play.   
[deletion]Making the twilight your[/deletion]  
So bright your light that in the unbroken

ray  
Of the meridian morn it brightly shines  
How [deletion]lightly[/deletion] gaily do ye pass beneath

the vines

Which clothe our nearest hopes  
Now through the groves

Of Lucca do ye dance, the breeze that moves  
Their silver leaves, a mountain Zephyrs

[deletion][unclear]xxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

wing

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 160**

At the Baths of Lucca. 1819.19  
And may not all the varied life of

Man

Be but a larger dream.

Sometimes in dreams  
We catch the feeble echoes as it were  
Of other painted dreams. In infancy  
The origin of life is lost to memory  
Yet powers existed of [insertion]a[/insertion] glorious nature  
Reason & thought & feeling, How we

know not

Nor is there aught that teaches from what

lamp

The flame of human life had caught its

fire  
So dreams have no connection, yet

the past

Arises sometimes in them  
And they may  
Image the future.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 161**

161  
Of planetary beings. Then in rapid

race  
Vying with light in swiftness like a

King  
Of void & of Chaos rising high  
Above the stars in awful majesty. [insertion]majesty[/insertion]  
now passing by 3 [insertion]4[/insertion] those high & blessed abodes  
And such [underline]may be[/underline] his fate: And if

to bring

His memory back, an earthly type were

given  
And I possess'[deletion]t[/deletion]d the artists powerful hand  
A Genius with an eagles powerful wing  
Should press the earth recumbent

looking on heaven  
With wistful eye. A broken lamp shall

stand  
Beside [deletion]this[/deletion] him. On the ground its

naphtha flowing  
In the bright flame, e'en earthly  
ashes glowing. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 162**

On the death of Lord Byron  
composed at Westhill in the   
great storm, Nov[superscript]r[/superscript]. 1824  
1

Gone is the Bard, who like a powerful

spirit  
A beautiful but fallen child of light  
Of fiery seraphs, the aspiring peer  
Seemed fitted by his nature to inherit  
A wilder state than that the genial

strife  
Oh mighty Elements have given our sphere  
Fixed in a stated round its course to

run  
A chained Slave around the master sun  
2  
Of some great comet He might well

have been  
The habitant that through the mighty

space  
Of kindling ether rolls, now visiting  
Our [deletion]little world[/deletion] [insertion]glorious sun[/insertion] By wondering myriads seen

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 163**

Ravenna April 2 - 27  
Our human Histories of ancient  
things  
Are like the wrecks upon the

stormy shore  
Things are known of heaven  
They are light & worship  
Or become entangled in seaweed  
the prejudices & passions  
Of vague matters.

The storms of revolutions bring  
forth filth.  
The gems of zeal work  
on

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 164**

Ravenna. April 2. 27.  
Our life is like a cloudy sky  
Midst mountains

When in the blast the vapours float  
Now rapid gleams of light pass

over lovely hills,  
And make more lovely the purple

heath green grass & russet bracken  
Now a dark giant shadow

hides them all.

And in the farthest distance   
of pasturely gloom

& alternate sunshine

fear & hope succeed.

[underline]And of another [deletion]land[/deletion] & unknown[/underline]

land

[underline]We see the sunshine in the[/underline]

clouds reflected.

Which is the future life beyond  
the grave. –

untouched by waves or storms [insertion]the still calm or fathomless abyss[/insertion]

are rarely seen

Our Histories of Wars & earthquakes  
[unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]  
But [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] of the virtues  
of the good.

[inverted]163[/inverted]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 165**

165

E'en with respect to human things & forms

We estimate & know them but

In solitude. The eye of the worldy Man

Is insect like

Fit only for the near & single object

The true philosophers [deletion]at[/deletion] in distance sees them

And scans their forms their bearings & relations

To view a lovely lanscape in its whole

We do not fix upon a single tree or rock

Or wooded hill out of the range

Of the whole scenery. We rather mount

A [deletion]distant[/deletion] lofty knoll & mark the varied whole

The waters blue, the mountains grey & dim

The shaggy hills & the embattled cliffs

With their mysterious glens awakening

Imaginations wild & interminable

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 166**

Aug [superscript]t[/superscript]5. Ulswater. 1825  
It is alone in solitude we feel

And know what powers belong to us  
By sympathy excited & by constrained  
By tedious ceremony in the world  
[insertion]Many we are fit to lead  
We follow een inferiors  
And fools & confident men & those who think

Themselves all knowing from the littleness  
Of their own talents & the spheres they move in  
Which is most little govern the world.

[insertion]Een like the poets dream of elder time[/insertion]

The fabled Titans imaged to aspire  
To the infinitely distant heaven

Because they raised a pile of stones  
And higher stood than those around them.

The greatest is ever   
Obscure & indefinite & knowledge still  
The highest the most distant most sublime  
Is like the stars composed of luminous points  
But without visible image or known distance

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 167**

167

1825  
And when the light of life is flying  
And darkness round us seems to close  
Nought do us truly know of dying  
Save sinking in a deep repose  
And as in sweetest soundest slumber  
The mind enjoys its happiest dreams  
And as in stillest night we number  
Thousands of worlds in starlight reams  
So may we hope the undying spirit  
In quitting its decaying form

Breaks forth new glory to inherit  
As lightning from the gloomy storm.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 168**

April 1 Ravenna  
Then on his [deletion]mind[/deletion] [insertion]soul[/insertion] flashed  
the bright images  
Of what He was in youth

when power & beauty [deletion]formed[/deletion] [insertion]moved[/insertion]  
[unclear][deletion]his livid[/deletion] looks[/unclear]

[deletion]his turning mind active mind[/deletion]  
[deletion]Which moved a body[/deletion]  
To seek for power and beauty  
& the [underline]ideal[/underline] was far more  
vivid than the real now.  
When power was his the  
undying power of mind  
And beauty such as  
in the god of light imaged  
in marble by the grecian  
hand  
called for admiring

[Horizontal rule]  
That e'en as a [unclear]wish[/unclear] Would be nothing  
at all. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 169**

169

fragments feb 12. 1825  
We know that whence our origin  
we drew  
Or when from dust we first  
essayed to climb  
Whither amidst creations grand

& new  
We started into being, when sublime  
the Eternal wind proclaimed the

birth of time  
Or if we are of but a moment past  
Unknowing what we were of what

we are

we [unclear]guess[/unclear] & hope seeking a station

high  
But ever changing how the mighty heir

Of immortality the scraps [unclear]xxx[/unclear] we  
We claim & to the treats of highest  
heaven aspire.

[Horizontal rule]  
When broken down authors with worn out

brains  
By booksellers cut & slender in means  
May find a [unclear]retreat[/unclear] or a pension so

small

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 170**

[Heavy deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 171**

[Heavy deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 172**

[Heavy deletion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 173**

[Blank page]

173

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 174**

But what the span of the

Almighty mind.

We ne'er can know To wonder

to adore

Is givn to Man In some new

state to find

A nobler fitter intellectual lore

What we have been we know not

What we are is [unclear]dimly xxxxx[/unclear]

Dark as futurity

Save where some gleams of light

most fecund – though fair

From heaven proclaim we

do not [underline]wholly[/underline] die. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 175**

175

Not gained by lay experience

in the faith

The harmful paths of practice  
but infused Een as an

inspiration  
Such as when in his

first infant state is much

required.  
His [underline]revelations[/underline] by [deletion]not[/deletion] then to

him [deletion]what[/deletion]

What instinct [insertion][deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion][/insertion] is to every  
common brute. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 176**

Naught do we truly know of Man  
Of Nature. Of their birth & origin  
And destinies & end yet do we see  
though dimly, in the constant laws

of things

An order - an intelligence, a power

Which is the principle of life &

thought  
Nay life itself- e'en as is our own

mind  
There is a one presiding principle  
Which for the body acts Een so in

this  
The visible universe, a spirit [insertion]thus[/insertion] moves

Omnipotent.  
And in the birth of Man &

in his history.

There is distantly imaged faith

a Knowledge of futurity  
Which is to us omniscience  
All connected beings too possess

All that is necessary for their wants

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 177**

[Blank page]

[inverted]177[/inverted]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 178**

turn aside.  
And [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] their eyes [deletion][unclear]xxxxxxxx xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]with [unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/insertion] [unclear]xxxxx xxxxxxxx[/unclear]

[unclear]xxxx[deletion]xxxx xx[/deletion][/unclear]   
And though **[unclear]xxxxxx[unclear]**, she [deletion]rails[/deletion] swears

[deletion][unclear]xx xxxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]at us from[/insertion] [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear]

Whether [deletion]they[/deletion] [insertion]We[/insertion] love too much [deletion]or[/deletion] [insertion]eat[/insertion]

drink or laugh.

All are not saints not [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] at his dinners  
Yet Hasburg sauce is often  
she [deletion]takes a[/deletion] lover a little native irish raff

at her dinners  
She has a little genuine native raff.

And tis suspected had too much

by half.

[deletion]The [unclear]xxxxx[/unclear] the [unclear]xx xx xxxx[/unclear][/deletion] ties

[deletion]Of [unclear]xxxx[/unclear] [insertion][unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/insertion] [underline]Essex Calf[/underline].[/deletion]

[deletion]of an Essex Calf.[/deletion]

[insertion]She takes the[/insertion] best bits of an E SX Calf  
[deletion]E[/deletion] [underline]SX[/underline]

And has character of his Brother.

And wonder at the Dublin cowmans

[underline]stride[/underline]

Who wants but wings  
an Angel forth to fly  
All are not saints that  
Flatter at his dinners  
She likes a little genuine irish [insertion]raff[/insertion]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 179**

179  
Lady S. & Lord E.

[Horizontal rule]

[unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear] by the World is voted  
[deletion]greatest[/deletion]  
A Model of most wondrous  
purity  
And is by mothers to their  
daughters quoted  
A palace Saint. S[superscript]t[/superscript] James M[superscript]rs[/superscript] Fry.  
A pattern Lady fitter for the

sky

Nor for this earth &  
dull humanity  
Who wants but wings an angel forth to fly.  
Yet under her high patronage

we see  
The naked [unclear]xxx[/unclear] erect in

all the pride  
Of vigorous yet gracious

harmony  
Which the male fig leaf is not meant

[deletion]does not wholy[/deletion] to hide  
Whilst wantons stare & maidens

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 180**

And this is the case with most  
of the wonders  
Those who had trusted them  
find they have made blunders

That C. [deletion]&[/deletion] B [insertion]& Mu[/insertion] have made

them their tools.  
And that knaves are  
the natural masters [underline]of fools[/underline].

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 181**

181  
Gold is shortly to come from  
the mexican works  
In such plenty that no  
one will use silver forks.  
Our plate will be had into  
[deletion]pans[/deletion] saucepans & kettles.  
We shall laugh at the [deletion]fools[/deletion]  
sages who hoarded their metals  
We have copper that will not  
[unclear]dissolve[/unclear] in the sea.

The patent secures it quite

from decay  
And makes it in voyages

bright as the day,  
But every one knows who is  
not as ass [deletion][unclear]xxxxxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

That the worth of their copper

depends upon brass

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 182**

Of the bright sun seen, seen as

the bursting wave.  
Bright but without distinctness

[deletion]Emminent[/deletion] yet [deletion]imaging[/deletion] [insertion]in passing showing[/insertion] its glorious

& distant source. –

[deletion]origin[/deletion] [Horizontal rule] March 18-27

Ra[superscript]a[/superscript].

Dec[superscript]r[/superscript] 1823.  
[underline]On the Bubbles[/underline]  
This is the age for humbug &

cant.

Whoever possesses them nothing

can want.

We have conferences now for

all [deletion][unclear]xxx[/unclear][/deletion] sorts of things.  
From cheese & milk making

up to steam wings

We [deletion]make[/deletion] [insertion]forge[/insertion] gold out of firebrick

a wonderful story

And Bromeggan loves her gilding

& glory.

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 183**

183

[underline]Thought[/underline].  
The hope that other ages  
which in light

More glorious than those  
feeble beams which shine

in this wan twilight  
Shall distinctly see what  
we imagine  
And we feebly hope  
The world intractable in which  
alone  
Wisdom is found. the life  
& light of things  
The breath divine creating  
power divine  
The One of which the human  
intellect

Is but a type as feeble

as that image

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 184**

of [deletion]carved stones[/deletion] carved stones

Conqueror & Sages deep beneath

the sod  
Shall future mightier [insertion][deletion]monumental[/deletion][/insertion] piles  
e'er hide [deletion]the[/deletion] [insertion]such[/insertion] bones.

[deletion]Not such higher spheres bore[/deletion]  
As these - high worthies [insertion][deletion]allied to[/deletion] God[/insertion] bore  
allied to God  
Gifted with noblest hopes &  
aspirations  
And perfecting their will  
& rising high  
The wonder & the blessing of  
the Nations  
To the true sources of immortality  
[deletion]Hoarding[/deletion]  
Shewing a Virtue which can  
never die. –

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 185**

185  
Of earthly commerce. [deletion]E’en[/deletion] [insertion]where[/insertion] the winds

thy slaves

[deletion][unclear]xxxx Bring[/unclear][/deletion] [insertion]Bear[/insertion] this [insertion]rich[/insertion] tribute to the

Ocean Kings.

Thy temples & thy graves

filled with mighty dead

are awful things.

For in the dust the mighty

& the proud

The conquerors of Nature & of

Man.

Those for whom Fame her

Clarion sounded loud

Who triumphed o'er the ocean

Earth and air [deletion]In a [unclear]xxxx[/unclear][/deletion]

[deletion]Of dust are found[/deletion]

Now are found [deletion]in a few[/deletion]

[deletion]feet[/deletion] beneath a few small heaps

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 186**

Ravenna. March 18  
1827.  
Frag[superscript]s[/superscript] of [underline]Verses copied[/underline] from  
[underline]other Books.[/underline]  
[underline]London[/underline] written in the end  
of 18[unclear]x[/unclear]4  
Such art thou, mighty in  
thy power & pride  
No city of the earth with thee can vie  
Along thy streets still flows the  
unceasing tide  
of busy thousands. Ee'n thy misty sky  
Breathes life & motion. And the  
subject waves  
That wash thy lofty arches  
bear the wings

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 187**

[Blank page]

[inverted]187[/inverted]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 188**

wr  
written   
with my  
Written  
written

written

con la  
written momo

manca  
with

June 15. 28  
written with  
my left hand  
Aug[superscript]t[/superscript] 27  
at Wurzen

[Short horizontal rule]

[inverted]188[/inverted]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 189**

[Blank page]

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 190**

14E

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 191**

14E

**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 192**

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 193**

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**RI MS HD/14/E, p. 194**

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14e