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THE ATTITUDE OF THE ROMANTIC POETS TOWARDS NATURE.

--oOo--

THESIS

SUBMITTED TO

FACULTY OF UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE.

BY

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CANDIDATE FOR DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE ROMANTIC POETS TOWARDS NATURE.

-----oOo-----

(An attempt to portray the different roles that nature has played in the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron.)

By nature I mean the wide world of eye and ear that surrounds man, the kinship of which to man, it has been the poet's privilege to interpret. Each poet interprets differently because each sees through different glasses.

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live."
(Coleridge - Dejec. 4 - 1.)

Nature has been truly called a "maker of poets". Had she not used her magic wand, we should have had no Wordsworth with his appreciation of the meanest things of life; no Shelley with his lark songs; no Coleridge with his glorious "Hymn to Mt. Blanc"; no Keats with all his wild flowers; no Byron with his love of calm and raging sea. She made them all what they are and yet, how different.

In every one we find the same love of mountain, lake and stream, night and silence, the moon, and the night-in-gale. In all, except perhaps Wordsworth, we feel the true Englishman's love of the sea, calm, blue and beautiful, or wild and terrible. Wordsworth seems to have felt it, but calls it the "joyless ocean." (When to - 84.)

In Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, we meet the little lowly English wild-flowers, - the primrose, the violet, the musk-rose, the daisy, the forget-me-not, and the whole host of others that if we do not already know, we learn to love in reading them.

Yet each of these poets introduces us to the flowers in his "own sweet way." Wordsworth makes us see them just as they are, no more beautiful, yet each perfect in its way. Coleridge and Shelley clothe them with wonderful imagery. Keats has us to see, hear, smell and taste them.

"And one coy primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites."

(Words. - The Prim. of - 6)

"That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,

Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not."
(Coleridge - The Keepsake - 12)

"I saw an arbour like a drooping roof
Of trellis vines and bells, and larger blooms,
Like floral censers swinging light in air."
(Keats - Hyp. A Vis. - 25)

"Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth
The constellated flower that never sets."
(Shelley - The Ques. - 2 - 2)

The lark and the night-in-gale sing for us in the
same way, a different song for each.

Byron shares with the rest the appreciation and love
of the fierce, tremendous side of nature, - the Alps, the sun,
lightning, thunder, rain, and sometimes even the twilight, the
stars, and silence.

Each needed nature as a haven from contact with men of
coarser mold and yet the necessity of this solace to each was
different, as his regard towards mankind differed. Byron, and
Wordsworth in his early life, regarded nature as absolutely per-
fect except for man. Man seemed in his imperfections, to have
been, especially for Byron, a blot on the landscape.

"Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?"
(Words. - Lines in E.S. - 23)

"Is it not better thus our lives to wear
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to
inflict or bear?"
(Byron - Ch. H.P. - LXXI - 9)

Coleridge did not seem to wish to leave man entirely
out-side when he communed with nature. We find always the
thought of man, there, but not as in Byron, as an intrusion on
nature. In the deepest solitude, he thought of man and wished
to help him.

Shelley makes man a part with all the rest of nature as
Wordsworth does when he is older and has heard "the still sad
music of humanity".

"He is made one with nature."
(Shelley - Adonais - XLII.)

They all seem to feel and cause us to feel the eternity
of nature and the passing moment of man.

In each, there is the hope of some kind of immortality.

God for each one is different just as all other things

are. With Wordsworth, God and nature seemed almost one. With Shelley, God is man's enemy, nature his mother. With Coleridge, all nature was made by God for man as a great glory to God. With Byron, we cannot quite tell, although one gets the impression that God and nature are good and in accord, but man is a discord.

My purpose, in this thesis, is to discuss each of these five poets in turn, bringing out the different way in which each has regarded nature and also the common points that they have loved in her.

WORDSWORTH AND NATURE.

--oOo--

"His daily teachers had been woods and rills."
(Brougham - 162)

Wordsworth is said to have seen and to have had man see nature as she really is, more truly than any other poet. He says,

"I called on both (earth and sky)
To teach me what they might."
(Prelude - 3 - 112.)

They taught him and he taught us.

Wordsworth, however, did not seem to feel the relentless fatefulness of nature as Tennyson for instance, saw it. He looked on her as a mighty whole, beautiful in each little detail. He has the same quiet touch, true and unerring, that Hardy has in later years in his prose, handling the rough common subjects of life with the same skill that others display in writing of the grand and marvelous. To him, the gorgeous sunset, the wonderful castle, imposing mountains, the unfinished sheep-fold, the daisy in the field, the little patch of stars above, are all parts of God's wonderful world, each important in its way.

Nature seems to have played a peculiar role in the development of Wordsworth, the man and poet, however. In his youth even at the early age of nine, he seems to have considered man a blot on the landscape. At that time, he was completely overpowered by nature., "The first virgin passion of his soul."
(Excurs. 1 - 285)

He tells us in "Tintern Abbey" that in his love for nature at first he was more like one

"Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved."
(Tintern A. - 72)

Nature was to Wordsworth a great, wonderful passion, beautiful in itself alone, each little separate part worth while and great in itself. She seems to have been absolutely perfect except for "what man has done to man."

"To her fair soul did nature link
The human soul that through me ran
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has done to man."
(Lines Writ. in E.S.-6)

"Oh, leave me to myself nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again."
(Early Youth - 14)

With the fervor of youth, the animal passion passed,
however, and the love remained, but the man began to look on
nature as hearing oftentimes

"The still sad music of humanity."
(Tintern Abbey - 91)

He writes - "I found
"Once more in man an object of delight."
(Prelude 13 - 49)

Then he began to study man.

"I sought
For present life in life's familiar face."
(Prelude 13 - 62)

"He loved to watch the road that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill."
(Prelude 13 - 148)

and study the people that trod it. The lonely road became an
"open school" in which he might daily read the passions of man-
kind. He began to see the depth of human souls that seemed to
the naked eye to have no soul. He understood and loved the
lowly shepherd folk about him. The place he knew best was
"Sheep-selling Cockermouth." as he calls it.

He mentions, often even describes, the dwelling of the
poor, not in a way to make one pity but almost envy them.

"Here on the brown wood cottages they sleep."
(Desc. Sket. 214)

"Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars."
(P.B. 228)

"Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss."
(Yarrow V. - 61)

"Every mortal feeling of his soul
Strengthened and braced by breathing in content
-----the wholesome air of poverty."
(Excurs. 1 - 306)

"The Old Cumberland Beggar", himself was worth while.

As a result of his study of man, later in life Words-
worth even makes a bright contrast between man and bird.

"Like those aspirants let us soar - our aim
Through life's worst trials whether shocks or snares
A happier, brighter, purer heaven than theirs."
(Where lies the Truth? - 12)

So to "the light of setting suns, the round ocean, the living air, the blue sky" was added "the mind of man."

Nature to Wordsworth was just a great teacher and a delightful solace. We do not find in any of his works the inexorable, fateful, relentless law that characterizes the nature of some of the later poets. She was his nurse, his guide, the guardian of his heart and soul of all his moral being.

"Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy."

(Tintern Ab. - 104)

She can so teach us that no matter how harshly men may deal with us in the ordinary dreary intercourse of daily life, we can still see a blessing in all things.

Wordsworth feels God in all.

"His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

(Excurs. 1 - 217)

"In the mountains did he feel his faith
All things here breathed immortality infinite."

(Excurs. 1 - 226.)

"One adequate support for the calamities of life exists
Faith absolute in God."

(Excurs. 4 - 22)

Wordsworth feels as all great poets seem to have done, the everlastingness of nature as compared to the brief life of man -

"Holds up before the mind intoxicate
With present objects and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure."

(Prelude - 13 - 32)

Fancy plays a great part with every poet in his treatment of nature or rather, in her treatment of him. Even Wordsworth who made the little things of life appear so much as they really are, says -

"I had a world about me - 'twas my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me."

(Prelude 3 - 142)

He made it live for us however, in all its simplicity, but with Wordsworth's appreciation added to it.

Man's fancy makes the raven croak of death; the owl forebode mishap; the whip-poor-will voice the spirit of the toil worn slave etc., but even fancy for Wordsworth cannot sadden the song of the lark, "the happiest bird out of Paradise."

Silence seems to have been a necessary feature in

dear old robin-redbreast, the "harbinger of everlasting spring" are doing their little work in his world.

In the clouds, he finds joy and rest "lodged in the bosom of eternal things." (Clouds - 94)

He has the same love of the moon as a companion in his lonely nights that are not lonely, that all the other poets have.

However, he seems to have lacked the natural deep love of the sea that the island-born Englishman usually has.

"Back to the joyless ocean thou art gone."
(When to. - 84)

What a contrast to Byron and Tennyson. He says
again -

"Of the old sea
Some reverential fear is with me."

So we find this gentle man, all poet loving everything in nature, at last even man and the poor man at that, feeling God in all and making us glad to be alive in "God's beautiful world."

He writes -

"As in the eye of nature he has lived
So in the eye of nature, let him die."
(Cumberland Beggar - 197)

but Wordsworth and his nature poetry cannot die as long as the English tongue continues to be read and spoken.

COLERIDGE AND NATURE.

--oOo--

In Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Hymn to Mt. Blanc", we find his conception of nature -

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."
(Hymn to Mt. Blanc. - 85)

As Wordsworth says, all nature is speaking to us everywhere, if we will only stop to hear and each man makes his own nature-world. To Coleridge, all nature seems to have been one great voice shouting "God". He saw God's work in everything. It was to him just all one great proof of God's wonderful sovereignty and, as in the grand hymn to Mt. Blanc, should speak God's praises and be one great paean to Him the All God, All Powerful, All Terrible.

"Sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice."
(Hymn - 60)

"And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God."
(Hymn - 62)

"Ye flowers, --- wild goats --- eagles ---lightnings
signs and wonders of the elements
Utter forth "God", and fill the hills with praise."
(Hymn - 64)

He is not a pantheist but has no judgment to pass on him who sees God everywhere. Lines - 34

"----- so shalt thou see and hear
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great Universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask."
(Frost at Midnight - 58)

Nature blended always with his thoughts of God and prayers to God.

In his "Answer to the Child's Question", he says

"I love my Love and my Love loves me."
(Ans. to C.Q. - 10)

Nature was his love, but she was the voice of God to man. He enjoyed nature to the full with a reverent solemn joy, felt God pervading every part of her. In his description of the "Valley of Seclusion" as he was leaving it he writes: - "God, methought, had built him, there, a temple: the world seemed imaged in its vast circumference.

It was a luxury - to be!"
(Reflections - 38)

For him, nature was meant as a rest. He loved to stay with her but not in Byron's wild, passionate way. He felt his duty towards man, constantly. Always in the most delightful musings on nature, man intruded and yet we do not feel him altogether an intrusion. He could not enjoy even so rare a pleasure as a flower-bloom in the open in February without comparing it to the shortness of beautiful youth and hope.

Wordsworth, we feel, reasoned Nature - God - Man;
Coleridge - God - Man - Nature.

The voice of the night-in-gale, "the minstrel of the moon" seemed to him not so sweet as the voice of her "best loved of human kind." (To the Nightingale - 24)

Always with Coleridge, after God, comes humanity. Companionship is good for man, he thought and nature is his great healer, solace, and teacher. Society seemed worthwhile, - conversing with the mind and giving it.

"A livelier impulse and a dance of thought."
(Fears in Sol. - 205)

"Grateful that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened and made worthy to indulge
Love and the thoughts that yearn for human kind."
(Fears in Sol. - 224)

Like Wordsworth, he loved the simple things of life. Riches seemed futile to him and the little cottage and roses more to be desired than much fine gold. A simple cot, vines, roses, the river, seemed "bliss enow" to him. He says - "Sweet abode! Ah! - none greater! and that all had such!" (Reflections 69)

"Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. (Reflec. - 1)

"-----Once I saw
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen; methought it
calmed his thirst
Of idle gold and made him muse
With wiser feelings. (Reflec. - 9)
Again he speaks of "my own lowly cottage".
(Fears in Sol. 220)

All the little simple parts of nature spoke to him just as they did to Wordsworth but his fancy always clothed them with some imagery. Just his bold, clear way of expressing things and the strong words he uses gives one a wonderful picture

"Nor dim nor red like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist."
(Rime of a M. - 2 - 18)

So great a force was nature in his life that he con-

tinually personifies her. He makes every part of her live.

He cannot write of nature as seen in the "common people". His sphere is always the supernatural but his elements, the natural. No man for whom nature had not lived could have used her as he does in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The sun, the sea, the moon are all living moving beings, part of life and existence.

"The Sun came up upon the left
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright and on the right
Went down into the sea."
(Rime of A.M. 1 - 25)

Again writing of the Storm-blast -

"As who pursued with yell and blow."
(Rime of A.M. 1 - 46)
"It cracked and growled and roared and howled."
(Rime of A.M. 1 - 61)
"Bloody Sun --- above the mast did stand."
(Rime of A.M. 2 - 30)

Again -

"The western wave was all aflame!"
(Rime of A.M. 3 - 29)
"The stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark."
(Rime of A.M. 3 - 57)

In his description of the moon -

"The moving moon went up the sky."
(Rime of A.M. 4 - 94)
"The wan stars danced between."
(Rime of A.M. 5 - 26)

Like Wordsworth, Coleridge feels silence to be a great force in nature -

"Alone, alone, all, all alone
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be."
(Rime of A.M. 4 - 1)
"The moonlight steeped in silence."
(Rime of A.M. 6 - 69)
"The bay was white with silent light."
(Rime of A.M. 6 - 71)
"The silence sank
Like music on my heart."
(Rime of A.M. 6 - 89)
"A green and silent spot amid the hills.
A small and silent dell. O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself."
(Fear in Sol. 1)

"Tis a quiet spirit-healing nook."

(Fear in Sol. 12)

"Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!"

(Fear in Sol. 223)

"And after lonely so - journeying in such a
quiet and surrounded nook."

(Fear in Sol. 208)

"O soft and silent spot

On the green sheep track up the healthy hill."

(Fear in Sol. 203)

Coleridge feels also the voice of the wind and the tremendous place he plays in nature. In describing the wind coming in a storm, he writes. -

"What a scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out that lute
sent forth."

(Dejec. 7 - 4)

He calls the wind the "Mad Lutanist."

"Mak'st Devil's yule, with worse than wintry song."

(Dejec. 7 - 13)

"Thou actor perfect in all tragic sounds!"

(Dejec. 7 - 15)

In Coleridge, we find the true Englishman's love of the deep -

"God be with thee gladsome Ocean."

(On Re. Sea - S - 1)

Again -

" We could hear
At silent noon and eve and early morn
The sea's faint murmur."

(Reflec. 2)

"Ye Ocean Waves that wheresoe'er ye roll
Yield homage only to eternal laws."

(France 3)

In speaking of the stars and moon which all poets love, he writes -

"I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!"

(Dejec. 2 - 18)

He finds melancholy in nature. He had a happy way from youth of throwing fancy into everything and making himself happy whether or no. He calls this faculty "My shaping imagination."

(Dejec. 6 - 11)

The night-in-gale which Milton named "most musical, most melancholy bird", he speaks of -

"Tis the merry night-in-gale."

(The Nightingale 43)

He says there is really nothing melancholy in nature; but man who has known grief finds it in the things about him because he puts it there. In ball-rooms and hot theatres, youths and maidens heave sighs over the melancholy strain of the night-in-gale which he declares is really joyous.

This poet feels a healthy scorn for those who prefer the "intricacies of labored song" in a concert room to -

"Nature's passion warbled plaint."
(Lines Compos. in C.R. 6)

He loved also the "singing skylark" as he calls it -

"O singing skylark
That singest like an angel in the clouds."
(Fears in Sol. 27)

"
That sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best."
(Fear in Sol. 17)

The little flower, the tinkling rill, the birds, the hills, the mountains and man-kind were alike dear to Coleridge each fulfilling a part in the life of the universe and God directing all.

"A man who would fain preserve
His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
For all his human brethren."
(Fear in Sol. 30)

SHELLEY AND NATURE.

--oOo--

Nature to Shelley meant more than she did to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats or Byron. He calls her "Mother of the unfathomable world." He also, writes of Mt. Blanc, but for him the mountain sings no hymn to God, but is just all nature, sufficient in itself. It stands for eternity and power in itself not for the praise of the God of Coleridge.

Shelley is a real pantheist. Everything about him was God. In his address to the "Spirit of Nature" in "Queen Mab", he writes -

"Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple."

He considered nature as one with man, however, not as Wordsworth as more beautiful and apart from man, but each as a phase of the great whole. He calls her the "Great Parent."

Like Coleridge, Shelley loved mankind and was continually brooding over man's troubles, not considering them as Wordsworth did in his youth and Byron did - a blot on the landscape; but just one little portion of the nature that is altogether harmonious except for man whose troubles break in on the harmonious whole and cause a discord. He has a sword that takes away nature's peace, he grinds down the poor with an instrument still more dreadful than a sword. All the rest of nature is kind to rich and poor alike. The sun shines on the cottage as brightly as on the palace and the good rain falls for all.

"The fruits, the flowers, the trees
Arise in due succession; all things speak
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe
In nature's silent eloquence, declares
That all fulfil the works of love and joy -
All but the out-cast man."

(Queen Mab - 3 - 194)

Nevertheless, Shelley has hope for man and in this hope he strives. He is continually trying to find a way out for mankind. Man's lack of freedom, want of love for fellow-men, and all the other troubles of the human race are brought out in almost every line of "Prometheus Unbound", but the spirit of nature pervades the whole and Shelley finds hope for man in the perfection of other parts of the great universe.

"Like their's his age of endless bliss
Which time is fast maturing
Will swiftly, surely come."
(Queen Mab 3 - 235)

Shelley falls back, just as all the other poets do, on nature as a solace and a joy, a hope and comfort when man's troubles get past endurance. Nature is his religion, his God. Even man, he concludes, finally becomes one with nature and a part of her. After what we call death, man is as free and as good and as immortal as the other forms of nature.

"He is made one with nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music."
(Adonais XLII)

The transiency of things mortal preys on his mind just as it does on that of Wordsworth -

"Behold! where grandeur frowned
Behold! where pleasure smiled
What more remains?
(Queen Mab 2 - 3)

"Beside the eternal Nile,
The pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue her changeless way
Those pyramids shall fall.
Their very sight shall be forgotten
As in their builder's name."
(Queen Mab 2 - 126)

"Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,
There is a moral desert, now."
(Queen Mab 2 - 162)

"Nature's unchanging harmony alone remains."
(Queen Mab 2 - 257)

"Rome has fallen, ye see it lying
Heapt in indistinguished ruin
Nature is alone undying."
(Fr. Rome 1)

Like Wordsworth and Coleridge, he felt the necessary part that silence and solitude play in the plan of the universe. To him they were essential, at times, although he loved mankind.

"Silence and twilight unbeloved of man
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen."
(Summer Ev. 5)

"Twilight ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreath - his braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day.
Night followed clad with stars."
(Alastor 337)

One feels the silence in these lines. In the "Spirit of Solitude" one feels Shelley's joy in loneliness, but the shadow of death

saddens him. The solemn reverence for the beauties of nature and his almost holy love for her and her lonely spots are best expressed in this poem but in such a sad vein as to render it almost depressing. We feel always in Shelley the unsatisfied longing for the harmony of truth and beauty, the everlasting search for the key-note to the things that are unfathomable.

Shelley must have felt, as he wrote, as a part of nature, regarding earth, ocean, air - "the great trio" as "his beloved brethren", else he could not have made all nature live for us as he does in his wonderful dramatic way. All phases of nature, for him, are personified. What could be more dramatic -

"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing."

(Ode to W. Wind 1 - 1)

"Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air."

(Ode to W. Wind 1 - 2)

"Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere
Destroyer and preserver, hear O hear."

(Ode to W. Wind 1 - 13)

All the "Queen Mab" nature is personified, dramatized. The fairy addresses the stars, the moon, the ocean, as though they were to him living thinking human beings. Shelley must, at times, have felt them so or he would not have been able to make it all so real.

"Prometheus Unbound" is just one great personification of nature. Only a man very close to her heart could have written it.

Just so "The Skylark". We have to rise with the bird, we cannot help it. We can hear the "rain of melody", the "flood of rapture so divine". He makes us, however, feel the difference between man and nature, the full ignorant joy of the bird that ne'er knew "love's sad satiety" and man who looks before and after and "pines for what is not". Even in man's laughter, there is pain, his sweetest songs are those of sadness, but he, like Wordsworth, tells us we can hear, if we only listen, the happiness of other forms of nature and become happy.

Shelley sings of the same things in nature that Wordsworth and Coleridge do but differently. His touch is that of the dramatist. He makes the to us inanimate objects, live; not in Wordsworth's simple, natural way, nor Coleridge's bold beautiful way, but with a soft imagery that makes us see not only the form of nature but weaves a little story about it, sometimes with a simple word.

He uses adjectives of color, especially gold and purple.

Wordsworth's simple statements do not satisfy his great love of beauty and grandeur. His thoughts soared just a little higher than Wordsworth's as his skylark does, even though his heart is still upon the ground.

He makes the cloud "to laugh" as she passes by and "to sleep in the arms of the blast" or "to bask in heaven's blue smile" or "rest in her airy nest as still as a brooding love" or hang "like a roof with the mountains for columns." One feels and knows, because he says it so convincingly that this cloud may change but never die.

Here, he uses a single adjective and gives us a picture and a story if we have not the "soul of a clod." -

"The Naiad - like lily of the vale."

(Sensitive Pl. 1 - 2)

"Starry river-buds."

(Sensitive Pl. 1 - 46)

He speaks of the daisy as the "castellated flower that never sets." (The Question - 2 - 2)

Again -

"The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening moon
Beyond the purple mountains."

(Prom. 2 - 1 - 17)

We see, in this, the star shining white against the deep blue of the sky contrasted with the orange of the moon and the purple of the mountains. The one word "quivering" and the adjectives of color make it live.

"The waves are dancing fast and bright."

(St. Dejection 1 - 2)

We feel and see them going up and down in joy, and gleaming.

No poet has written more about the flowers, especially the little simple ones. He does more than Wordsworth with them. We see their color and feel their atmosphere.

"And the hyacinth purple and white and blue
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense
It felt like an odor within the sense."

(Sensitive Pl. 1 - 25)

Who from such a description cannot see, smell and catch the message of the hyacinth? Wordsworth might have given us the message but not the odor and the color.

We feel and see all the flowers in "The Sensitive Plant". Shelley speaks of the "tender blue bells." (The Question 2 - 4)
We get a clear picture of the fragile little things from the two

words "tender" and "blue".

Again he mentions the "faint oxslips". (The Question 2-3)
His spirit of love always wove a history into the descriptions of the little blossoms of earth.

"And the wand-like lily which lifted up
As a Naenad, its moonlight-colored cup
Till the fiery star which is its eye
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky."
(Sensitive plant 1 - 33)

The underscored words speak volumes. He had also, a great love for the wind and makes, as always Shelley does, a living breathing creature of it.

"The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings."
(Sensitive Pl. 1 - 78)

"Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere
Destroyer and preserver, hear O hear!"
(Ode to West W. 1 - 13)

Shelley has the real poet's love of the moon and night.

"The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly thro' her form -
That form of faultless symmetry."
(Queen Mab 1 - 79)

Again -

"Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls."
(Queen Mab 4 - 6)

"When the moon over ocean's line
Is spreading the locks of her bright gray hair."
(Fr. Song 3)

"Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple moon's transparent might."
(St. Dejection 1 - 3)

"The orb'd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon."
(Cloud 45)

He had, also, the love of the sea natural to his race. Whenever he mentions even the terror and might of it, we feel that it is very dear to him.

"I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown."
(St. Dejection 2 - 1)

"I see the waves upon the shores
Like light dissolved in star showers, thrown."
(St. Dejection 2 - 4)

So, we find Shelley singing of the little flowers, birds, insects, the mighty or gentle wind, the fierce or calm ocean, the mighty peaks of the Alps, the ice, the snow, and almost every phase of nature, regarding each one as his brethren and everything as a part of the great whole.

KEATS AND NATURE.

--oOo--

"Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushing banks
And watch intently Nature's gentle ways."
(I stood - 6)

Keats, well-loved by all poets, especially by those of his own era, has been termed "the bard of beauty", though it is doubtful whether any one poet deserves that distinction, as each presents beauty to us in a different way.

Like all the poets of this group, he loved the flowers, the sea, the moon, the stars, the birds, insects, and humanity and sings of them all. Wordsworth's simple words, however, never could have sufficed for Keats, nor yet Coleridge's clear pictures, nor even Shelley's imagery. Keats is so full of sense impressions that we can smell the flowers, taste the luscious fruit, and hear the wind murmuring in the trees. Like Wordsworth, he was alert to the least little sight or sound in nature, so much so that with the help of his wonderful imagery, his reader's senses are awakened just as his were and we have before us a glorious world that some of us have never seen or heard or smelt before. Here are some examples: -

" - - - - Every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plentitude
As bees gorge full their cells."
(Endymion 111)

" - - - - Rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun."
(Endymion 1 - 5)

"To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet Kernel."
(To Autumn 1)

"Wind hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white and budded Tyrian."
(Ode to Psyche.)

"The morn was clouded, but no shower fell,
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May."
(Ode to Indolence 5)

"I saw an arbour with a drooping roof
Of trellis vines, and bells, and larger blooms
Like floral censers swinging light in air."
(Hyp. A. V. 2)

" - - - - Cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the sun."
(Endymion 1 - 5)

"So the unnumber'd sounds that evening stores
The songs of the birds - the whispering of
the leaves

The voice of waters - the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound." (Sonnet 4)

One who reads this, must have no senses, if he hears not what the leaves are saying and what the waters are calling to one another. He cannot but feel the solemn spirit of the eventide. Again -

"So I straightway began to pluck a posey
Of luxuries bright milky, and rosy."
(I stood - 1)

"And filled are the fruit with ripeness to the core."
(To Autumn 1)

"As the year grows lush in juicy stalks."
(Endymion 1 - 3)

His magical use of the words ripeness, juicy and lush speak more to us than volumes of description.

Keats has a wonderful way of using adjectives and nouns that are simple in themselves, but draw vivid sense pictures for the reader.

"Our feet were soft in flowers."

The one word "soft" is the key-note to the whole picture.

"O for a beaker full of the warm south."
(Ode to a Nightingale 1)

Nature lived for Keats even more vividly than she did for Coleridge and Shelley; so he constantly personifies all parts of nature in his poetry. I do not believe that one who is not close to the heart of nature can personify her different parts in a convincing way.

"The sun when first he kist away the tears
That filled the eyes of morn."
(Sonnet to B.G. 3)

Again -

"Open afresh your round of starry folds
Ye ardent marigolds."
(I stood 4)

"E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently."
(Sonnet 10)

One seems to hear the tear fall.

Like all the other poets of this group, Keats needs nature as a relief and a joy not found in humanity. Beauty he must have. As Shelley, he worships it and finds his greatest consolation in it. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" seems to be the slogan of these two poets. It need not be a big thing but just natural and beautiful. Their conceptions of beauty however, differed. In Shelley's "Hymn, to Intellectual Beauty" and Keats' "Sleep and Poetry", we find this difference most strongly emphasized. Keats in his conception seems to dwell a little nearer to the earth. He wanted in his poetry to have the earthly beauties. He writes -

" - - - - - The blue
Bar'd its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious: beauty was awake!"
(Sleep and Poetry - 8)

"And they shall be accounted poet kings
 Who simply tell the most heart-easing
 O may these joys be ripe before I die."
 (Sleep and Poetry - 11)

Keats seems in his poem to long to ease the senses with his verse, to catch a vision that would live in the hearts of men and ease them.

Shelley seemed to be grasping always after something higher, something that he cannot quite catch and hold but keeps striving after. He speaks of it as -

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
 Floats tho' unseen amongst us."
 (Hymn to I.B. - 1)

"It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance."
 (Hymn to I.B. - 2)

"Spirit of Beauty that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form."
 (Hymn to I.B. - 2)

"That thou - O awful Loveliness
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express."
 (Hymn to I.B. - 6)

Shelley seems to believe that Beauty of a type so high that it is almost inconceivable to one who cannot soar, will redeem the world and make man immortal and omnipotent.

They both feel their spirits linked with those of the great poets who have gone before and try to catch the spirit of the beauty contained in the poetry of each; but just as the nature poetry of each differs, so the conception of beauty caught and held seems to have differed for every great poet. Shelley's seems to have been most intangible since he seems always to have soared higher than other poets in his thoughts. However, although we cannot quite catch Shelley's vision, we have to believe with Keats -

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty - that is all
 Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."
 (Ode to Grecian Urn. 5)

Keats loved humanity, however. He considered human life as a part of nature but higher.

"Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life
 Where I may find the agonies, the strife
 Of human hearts."
 (Sleep and Poetry - 6)

Like Wordsworth, he feels the difference between man and bird. This is best brought out in his "Ode to the Nightingale" -

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird
 No hungry generations tread thee down."

Rich and poor are alike to the birds. Nature is impartial. Man is full of sorrows but his life is higher.

We feel that Keats was very near to country life and the rude things that compose it but his imagery is never laid aside even for the rudest phases. His shepherds are ideal ones. They seem to have a glamour about them that makes it impossible for us to realize that his shepherds and Wordsworth's are the same simple folk.

Like all deep thinkers, Keats seems to have realized the briefness of human life, compared to that of nature, although he does not bring out this point very definitely in his poetry. We gather that impression from it as a whole, however. Here are some of the references to that subject -

"Stop and consider! life is but a day
A fragile dew drop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit."
(Sonnet - 10)

"Bright star would I were steadfast as thou art."
(Sonnet - 1)

"And still they were the same bright petient stars."
(Hyperion I - 12)

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."
(Ode to Nightingale.)

In writing of the sea -

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores."
(S. to Sea.)

Keats seems to have been so busy however, seeing the beauty about him that he had not time to meditate on the "sting of perishable things" as Wordsworth did.

Silence was with Keats one of the necessary factors in the universe.,

" - - - - Then there crept
A little stir among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."
(I stood - 1)
"How silent comes the water round that bend."
(I stood - 6)
"There is a charm in footing slow across a
silent plain."
(Lines - 1)

Of course, Keats young and ardent, sad and glad, loved Dian in all her beauty. He, it is, that addresses her -

"O Maker of sweet poets."
(I stood - 7)

"Thee must I praise above all other glories."
(I stood - 7)

"What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move

My heart so potently?"

(Endymion 3 - 4)

"One moon with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night."

(Hyperion - 4)

"Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light."

(I stood - 7)

The following gives us some idea of his love of the sea and his joy in it: -

"O ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea."

(Sonnet on Sea.)

He thinks that one who has had too much of "cloying melody" would enjoy the noise of a cavern by the sea.

"Ocean, too, with all its solemn noise."

(Hyperion - 3)

"The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its fears."

(Sonnet to B.G. Line 5)

All the little simple flowers are as dear to Keats as to Wordsworth. He, however, loved the "gentle musk-rose most than all".

"The coming musk-rose full of dewey wine."

(Ode to Nightingale - 5)

"I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields
A fresh-blown musk-rose."

(Sonnet - 5)

"I thought the garden-rose it far excelled."

(Sonnet - 5)

"A bush of May flowers with the bees about them."

(I stood - 2)

"Here are sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight."

(I stood - 5)

" - - A tuft of primroses

O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes."

(I stood - 7)

Keats interprets for us the song of the lark and the nightingale and even the grasshopper and the cricket come in for their share of appreciation. He writes a sonnet on the grasshopper and the cricket in which he says -

"The poetry of the earth is never dead."

(Sonnet - 15)

In writing of the grasshopper -

"He takes the lead

In summer's luxury."

(Sonnet - 15)

"The cricket's song in warmth increasing ever."
(Sonnet - 15).

Each little creature about us has his song.

"The merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezing sky."
(Endymion 1 - 9)

"Bright as the humming bird's green diadem
When it flutters in sunbeams that shine
through a fountain."

(On Receiving.)

" - - - - - Hark!

The early April lark."
(Fancy - 43)

"Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep."
(Fancy - 48)

"The red-breast whistles from a garden croft."
(To Autumn - 3)

We feel that if Keats had lived longer, he would have learned much from life and taught us much; but for a man who had not yet reached his twenty-eighth birthday when death overtook him, he did more than his share towards the world's literature. He, at least, awakens in the hearts of all who read his work -

"The beauties of nature
They must be always with us or we die!"
(Endymion 1 - 2)

The following words of his seem to characterize Keats young and full of joy and sorrow as he was.

"I love to mark sad faces in fair weather
And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder."
(Fragments - Line 5)

"Dancing music, music sad
Both together, sane and mad!"
(Fragments - Line 11)

"Laugh and sigh and laugh again
Oh! the sweetness of the pair!"
(Fragment - Line 14)

BYRON AND NATURE.

--oOo--

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place
 With one fair spirit for my minister
 That I might all forget the human race."
 (C.H. 4 - 187)

The last poet in this group, Lord Byron, living the conventional artificial life that he did, cannot be truly said to have loved nature for herself as did Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Coleridge. He loved her only in certain phases. The big, wild, wonderful parts of her, - the storm, the sun, the Alps, and most of all, the sea appealed to Byron. He needed nature more than any of these poets but her simplest beauties would not suffice. So wild and fast was his life among men that he sought nature to bring him back to a normal state. Because he had lived so violently the social side of life only the wilder side of nature sufficed to interest him and help him back to a normal state. Byron was always either living life to its utmost among men, or seeking to get as far away from mankind as possible. No poet has assumed more of an anti-social position in his writings than Byron and yet, he never loses himself in nature so completely that he entirely forgets mankind. We cannot imagine his living quietly in the country in Old England as Wordsworth or Coleridge. He had to have an audience. In spite of his assurances to the contrary, we are compelled to feel all the time that mankind fascinated him and nature was merely a relief from too much man. We cannot help feeling that if he had lived a little nearer to the purer type of man away from cities and temptations at least part of the time, that he might have had less of an anti-social attitude even in his imagination.

He seems to me to have used nature in his writings just as he did in his life as a sort of a background whereon to place mankind. He writes no poem to the lark or the night-in-gale, nor is the simple cowslip or the star-shaped daisy even mentioned in his writings. We wonder if he really knew them by their names or if they were too small and insignificant a part of nature's whole. The only flower he really names is the violet. He writes -

"But now the wild flowers round them only breathe."
 (C.H. 1 - 22.)

Keats would have told his reader what color they were, would have had one smelling them, seeing, feeling each particular one. Shelley could never have resisted adding a bit of speaking description.

"Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee
 More restless than the swallow in the sky."
 (C.H. 1 - 27)

Just so Byron. He saw nature's beauties, but was in such a hurry to pass on to the next thing in hand that unless they spoke loudly enough to him he could not hear them. Men, their doings, and ways really concerned him although he truly thinks they do not. Had not nature stepped in and saved Byron for us, we feel that he could not have written poetry that would have endured. He was one with the lightning that he loved, never slow and sure but flashing here and there.

His attitude towards mankind is best explained by the following in speaking of the hermit -

"Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot
Then turn to hate the world he had almost forgot."
(C.H. 2 - 27)

We know he could not have survived long in such a life, however.

"Our life is a false nature not in
The harmony of things."
(C.H. 4 - 116)

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased."
(C.H. 4 - 122)

"Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone."
(C.H. 4 - 122)

"And reap from earth, sea joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear."
(C.H. 4 - 176)

"I love not man the less but nature more."
(C.H. 4 - 178)

"Then must I plunge again into the crowd
And follow all that peace disdains to seek!"
(C.H. 2 - 47)

"The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam
Were unto him companionship."
(C.H. 2 - 10)

Always the need of companionship except when gorged with it.

"But in man's dwelling he became a thing
Restless and worn, stern and wearisome."
(C.H. 3 - 15)

"Is it better to be alone
And love earth only for its earthly sake?"
(C.H. 3 - 71)

We cannot feel that he loved Mother Earth for her own sake. There is something lacking. He does not get close to her heart. He loves her simply as a relief and a contrast to mankind.

"I can see nothing to loathe in nature save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain."
(C.H. 3 - 72)

He never becomes so lost in nature that he is able to put man completely from his mind.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and my soul as I of them?"

(C.H. 3 - 75)

"Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks whose rich fleece right well the trader knows."

(C.H. 1 - 31)

It would never have occurred to Wordsworth to think of sheep on the hill-side and the price of their wool, in the same thought, let alone in a line of a poem.

Again -

"O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills
(Oh, that such upheld a freeborn race.)"

Wordsworth would have told us of the little bits that composed "the romantic hills" and Shelley, Coleridge and Keats would have made us see them even as each of them did in his own sweet way.

Byron does not write nature poetry although he has to have nature in it. His descriptions however of the wild terrible parts of nature are wonderful. To him Mt. Blanc seemed to sing no paean to God but -

"The throned Eternity in icy balls
Of cold sublimity where forms and falls
The avalanche - the thunder-bolt of snow."

(C.H. 3 - 42)

Of the storm he writes -

"O night
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong
Yet lovely in your strength."

(C.H. 3 - 92)

We believe that this is genuine because we feel he really joyed in the boisterous storm.

"Then let the winds howl on: their harmony
Shall, henceforth, be my music."

(C.H. 4 - 106)

"Dear nature is the kindest mother still
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path
To me by day or night she ever smiled
Though I have marked her when none other hath
And sought her more and more, and loved her best
in wrath."

(C.H. 2 - 37)

When Byron writes of the sea, however, we feel that he is at his best; for he seems to have truly loved the ocean in all its different aspects.

"Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home."
(C.H. 3 - 13)

"He that hath sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight."
(C.H. 2 - 17)

He tells us that when he gazed into the water where Dian was reflected his soul forgot the present, her schemes of Hope and Pride and flew back over long years finding something worth a tear.

"As winds come lightly from the west
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene."
(C.H. 2 - 70)

"Once more the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
(C.H. 3 - 2)

We feel the joy in that.

"For I am as a weed
Flung from a rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail."
(C.H. 3 - 2)

"And I have loved thee, Ocean!"
(C.H. 4 - 184)

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue Ocean - roll!"
(C.H. 4 - 79)

He is glad that man has no control over the ocean. Armaments, rock-built cities, monarchs are but toys for the deep.

The sea changes not with time -
"Boundless, endless, and sublime
The image of Eternity."

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy brow."
(C.H. 4 - 182)

"Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried
And danced in triumph o'er the water wide
The exulting sense."
(Corsair 1 - 1)

These are some of the most striking of his references to the sea.

His tribute to the sun in "Manfred" is one of his best -

"Glorious orb, the idol
Of early nature and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind." etc.
(Manfred Act. 3 - 2)

He tells the sun God chose it for his shadow and put it in the sky as his first minister, the center of all the stars, to rule the reasons, to shine and set in glory.

The moon does not seem to have come in for her share of admiration among nature's wonders. She is always mentioned rather casually.

"The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand."
(C.H. 2 - 21)

How different to Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, no one of whom could have resisted the possibilities of the moon.

"And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon upon
All this and cast a wide and tender light."
(Manfred Act. 3 - 4)

When Byron does undertake to describe a single small part of nature he does it well.

"An iris sits amidst the infernal surge
Like Hope upon a death-bed."
(C.H. 4 - 72)

His descriptions of the Rhine seem to be genuine and beautiful but are so interwoven with the history of man and his doings that we feel he has merely used "the glorious Rhine" as a spool on which to wind the threads of history, using nature as usual, when he needs her.

As the other poets do he feels the eternity of nature as compared with man's three-score years and ten.

"-----like yonder Alpine snow
Imperishably pure beyond all things below."
(C.H. 3 - 47)

"State falls, arts fade - but
Nature doth not die."
(C.H. 4 - 3)

Byron loved solitude, evening, silence just as Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Coleridge did but not for itself alone as they did but as a relief from too much "man". Twilight and night seemed to have soothed his wild nature more than anything else could.

"I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man."
(Manfred Act. 3 - 4)

"And this is night - Most glorious night!
Thou wert not made for slumber!"
(C.H. 4 - 93)

The following is as beautiful as anything Byron has written -

"When the last sunshine of the day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart as dew upon the flower?"

(Man. on Death of Sheridan 1)

"To sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
 stores unrolled."

(C.H. 2 - 25)

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men

And roam along the world's tired denizen
 With none to bless us, none whom we can bless

This is to be alone, this, this is solitude!"

(C.H. 2 - 26)

"If from society we learn to live

'Tis solitude should teach us how to die."

(C.H. 4 - 33)

Byron seems, in his youth, to have recognized God's hand
 in nature's workings: He sees God's law in her. -

"Thy laws in nature's works appear."

(Prayer of Nature 10 - 2)

He writes so little along this strain however, that one
 cannot be sure just what he thought of God and immortality, though
 he seems to have considered God as apart from nature not nature as
 Shelley did -

"Alone - man with his maker must strive."

(C.H. 4 - 33)

"My altars are the mountains and the ocean
 Earth, air, stars - all that springs from the
 great "Whole",

Who hath produced, and will receive my soul."

(C.H. 4 - 10)

Shelley's idea which Byron has caught.

We really feel that Byron was his own God or else the big,
 wild wonderful parts of nature - maybe the sea, served as a kind of
 God to him.

One of the great true beautiful characteristics of Byron
 was his love for Greece and nature as found there. Whether this
 might be termed part of a nature subject, I know not; but I do know
 that some of his most beautiful descriptions are those of the land
 he loved, although we well know we should not have had them if Greece

had not once been the land she was.

"Yet, in fancied Attica, some lovely dales are
rarely seen."

(C.H. 2 - 46)

In Childe Harold, when he approached Greece on his voyage, he writes -

"But when he saw the evening star above
He felt or thought he felt no common glow."

(C.H. 2 - 41)

"Epirus's bounds recede, and mountains fail,
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly oh as smooth a vale
As ever sprang yelad in grassy dye."

(C.H. 2 - 54)

We feel his nature here is natural. He actually loves her but because she is a part of his loved Greece.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth
Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great!"

(C.H. 2 - 52)

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled
And still his honied wealth Hymethus yields
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds
The free-born wanderer of the mountain air,
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."

(C.H. 2 - 87)

He tells us that God made Greece beautiful but man has marred it into wilderness and trampled on the flowers. He curses the tyrants that destroy.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Eternal summer gilds them yet
But all, except their sun, is set."

(Don Juan 3 - 86)

So we find Byron loving the big wild parts of nature because he might have loved her every phase, if he had not been rushing so from one place to another, one thing to another, all the time. He writes in one poem -

"The scene was savage but the scene was new."

(C.H. 2 - 43)

We cannot help believing that if Byron had lived very near to nature's heart the greater part of the time, instead of wildly among men that he seemed at times to hate, he would have been truer. His poetry would have been deeper and minus that flippant tone which so often grates on the ear. His views of life would have been saner and he would have been more certain of the law of right and wrong had he studied nature's book where all may read.

CONCLUSION.

-oOo-

In conclusion then, Nature has given us these five poets, each great in his own way - Wordsworth in his sweet simplicity and naturalness; Coleridge in his wonderful pictures; Shelley in his beautiful imagery and love of intellectual beauty; Keats in his telling descriptions and sense impressions; Byron in his wild joy in the big unusual parts of nature. As long as the English tongue and race endure, I believe these poets will continue to awaken in the hearts of men a deeper truer love for nature herself and through this love bring man unconsciously a little nearer to his God, somehow the maker of it all.

"Thus ye teach us, every day
Wisdom, though fled far away,
Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!"

(Keats - Ode)