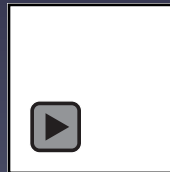


# The Romantic Child

JONATHAN BATE

Robert Schumann, *Kinderszenen*, Op. 15

("Scenes from Childhood", 1838), No. 7 "Träumerei" (Dreaming)



## *We Are Seven*

A simple child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,—  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"  
She answered, "Seven are we,  
"And two of us at Conway dwell,  
"And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
"My sister and my brother,  
"And in the church-yard cottage, I  
"Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
"And two are gone to sea,  
"Yet you are seven; I pray you tell  
"Sweet Maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
"Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
"Your limbs they are alive;  
"If two are in the church-yard laid,  
"Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
"And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
"My 'kerchief there I hem  
"And there upon the ground I sit—  
"I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
"When it is light and fair,  
"I take my little porringer,  
"And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane  
"In bed she moaning lay,  
"Till God released her of her pain,  
"And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid,  
"And all the summer dry,  
"Together round her grave we played,  
"My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
"And I could run and slide,  
"My brother John was forced to go,  
"And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in Heaven?"  
The little Maiden did reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
"Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

# “Expostulation and Reply” / “The Tables Turned”

- “The eye it cannot chuse but see,
- “We cannot bid the ear be still;
- “Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
- “Against, or with our will.
- 
- “Nor less I deem that there are powers,
- “Which of themselves our minds impress,
- “That we can feed this mind of ours,
- “In a wise passiveness.
- 
- “Think you, mid all this mighty sum
- “Of things for ever speaking,
- “That nothing of itself will come,
- “But we must still be seeking?
- 
- “—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
- “Conversing as I may,
- “I sit upon this old grey stone,
- “And dream my time away.”

- Books! ‘tis a dull and endless strife,
- Come, hear the woodland linnet,
- How sweet his music; on my life
- There’s more of wisdom in it.
- 
- And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
- And he is no mean preacher;
- Come forth into the light of things,
- Let Nature be your teacher.
- 
- She has a world of ready wealth,
- Our minds and hearts to bless—<sup>fill</sup><sub>step</sub>
- Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
- Truth breathed by cheerfulness.
- 
- One impulse from a vernal wood
- May teach you more of man;
- Of moral evil and of good,
- Than all the sages can.
- 
- Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
- Our meddling intellect
- Mishapes the beauteous forms of things;—
- We murder to dissect.
- 
- Enough of science and of art;
- Close up these barren leaves;
- Come forth, and bring with you a heart
- That watches and receives.



# “Expostulation and Reply”

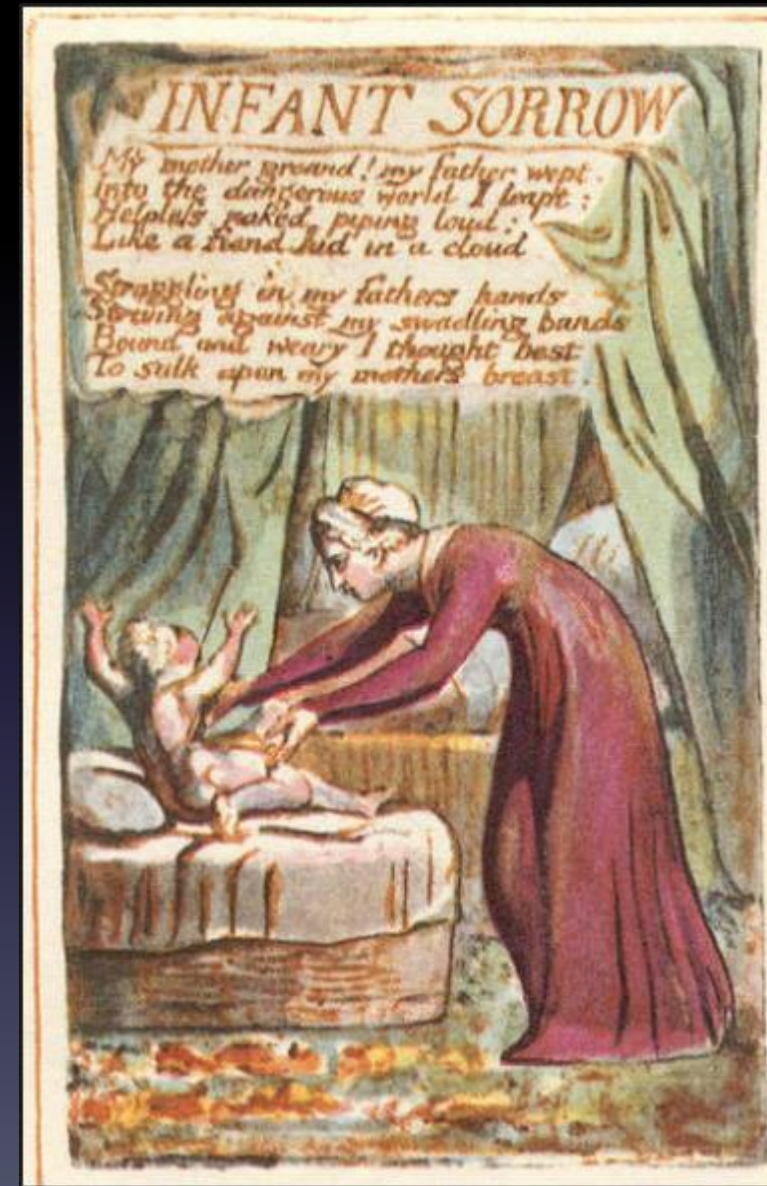
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# “The Tables Turned”

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- “We cannot bid the ear be still;
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# Songs of Innocence / Songs of Experience







## HOLY THURSDAY

I was on Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean  
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green  
 Grey-headed beadles walked before with wands as white as <sup>snow</sup>  
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow  
 O what a multitude they seem'd these flow'ers of London town  
 Seated in companies they sat with radiance all their own  
 The hush of ancient times was there but multitudes of lambs  
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands  
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song  
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among  
 Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor  
 Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door



## HOLY THURSDAY

Is this a holy thing to see  
 In a rich and fruitful land  
 Babes reduced to misery  
 Fed with cold and usurous hand  
 Is that trembling cry a song?  
 Can it be a song of joy?  
 And so many children poor?  
 It is a land of poverty!  
 And their sun does never shine  
 And their fields are bleak & bare  
 And their ways are fill'd with thorns  
 It is eternal winter there  
 For where-e'er the sun does shine  
 And where-e'er the rain does fall:  
 Babe can never hunger there  
 Nor poverty the mind appall





18. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day,  
From ev'ry op'ning flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neat she spreads the wax;  
And labours hard to store it well,  
With the sweet food she makes.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
SANDFORD AND MERTON,

A WORK

Intended for the Use of CHILDREN.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO  
ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT."

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The SECOND EDITION corrected.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STICKDALE, opposite Burlington House,  
Piccadilly.

MDCLXXXIV.



Dessiné par M. de La Harpe.

Thetis, Liv. I.

Gravé par M. de La Harpe.

# É M I L E, O U DE L'ÉDUCATION.

PAR  
JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU;  
*Citoyen de Genève.*

Sanabilibus agrotamus malis; ipsaque nos in rectum  
genitos natura, si emendari velimus, juvat.  
*Sen: de ira. L. II. c. 13.*

TOME PREMIER.



A AMSTERDAM,  
Chez JEAN NÉAULME, Libraire.

M. DCC. LXII.

Avec Privilège de Nosseigneurs les Etats  
de Hollande & de Westfrise.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA  
 TRANSLATED  
 FROM THE FRENCH  
 OF  
 BERNARDIN SAINT PIERRE:  
 BY  
 HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.



Edmond S. S. S.

Page 10

The Book 10

LONDON:  
 PRINTED FOR JOHN THOMAS, PICCADILLY.  
 1820.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.



His hand upon I found Paul with his head reclined  
 on the rock, and his eyes fast on the ground.

Page 10



AN  
HISTORICAL ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
*DISCOVERY AND EDUCATION*  
OF  
A SAVAGE MAN,  
OR OF  
THE FIRST DEVELOPMENTS,  
PHYSICAL AND MORAL,  
OF  
THE YOUNG SAVAGE  
CAUGHT IN THE WOODS NEAR AVEYRON,  
IN THE YEAR 1798.

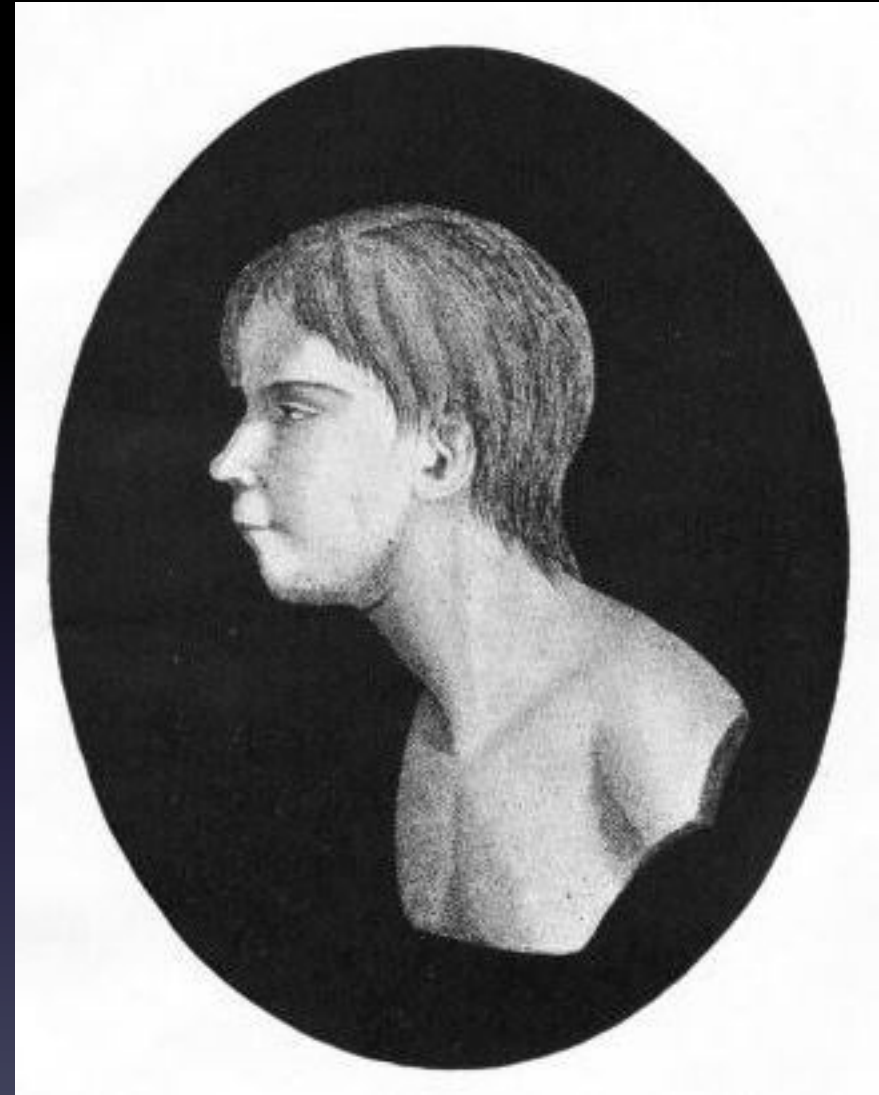
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By E. M. ITARD,  
Physician to the National Institution of Deaf and Dumb;  
Member of the Medical Society of Paris, &c.

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London,  
PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, NO. 71, ST.  
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1802.



"Victor. The Wild Boy of Aveyron"

'Twas in the mazes of a wood,  
The lonely wood of Aveyron.  
I heard a melancholy tone:—  
    It seem'd to freeze my blood!  
A torrent near was flowing fast,  
And hollow was the midnight blast  
As o'er the leafless woods it past,  
    While terror-fraught I stood!  
O! mazy woods of Aveyron!  
    O! wilds of dreary solitude!  
    Amid thy thorny alleys rude  
I thought myself alone!  
    I thought no living thing could be  
    So weary of the world as me,—  
While on my winding path the pale moon shone.

    Sometimes the tone was loud and sad,  
And sometimes dulcet, faint, and slow:  
And then a tone of frantic wo:  
    It almost made me mad.  
The burthen was "Alone! alone!"  
And then the heart did feebly groan:—  
Then suddenly a cheerful tone  
    Proclaimed a spirit glad!  
O! mazy woods of Aveyron!  
    O! wilds of dreary solitude!  
    Amid your thorny alleys rude  
I wish'd myself—a traveller alone.

    "Alone!" I heard the wild boy say,—  
And swift he climb'd a blasted oak;  
And there, while morning's herald woke,  
    He watch'd the opening day.  
Yet dark and sunken was his eye,  
Like a lorn maniac's, wild and shy,  
And scowling like a winter sky,  
    Without one beaming ray!  
Then, mazy woods of Aveyron!  
    Then, wilds of dreary solitude!  
    Amid thy thorny alleys rude  
I sigh'd to be—a traveller alone.

    "Alone, alone!" I heard him shriek,  
'Twas like the shriek of dying man!  
And then to mutter he began,—  
    But, O! he could not speak!  
I saw him point to heaven, and sigh,  
The big drop trembled in his eye;  
And slowly from the yellow sky,  
    I saw the pale morn break.  
I saw the woods of Aveyron,  
    Their wilds of dreary solitude:  
    I mark'd their thorny alleys rude,  
And wish'd to be—a traveller alone!

Mary Robinson,  
"The Savage of  
Aveyron"



Master Betty as Young Norval (Opie, left)  
& as Hamlet (Northcote, right)

# Two Wordsworthian Boys

- For while they all were travelling home,
- Cried Betty, "Tell us Johnny, do,
- "Where all this long night you have been,
- "What you have heard, what you have seen,
- "And Johnny, mind you tell us true."
- 
- Now Johnny all night long had heard
- The owls in tuneful concert strive;
- No doubt too he the moon had seen;
- For in the moonlight he had been
- From eight o'clock till five.
- 
- And thus to Betty's question, he
- Made answer, like a traveller bold,
- (His very words I give to you,)
- "The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
- "And the sun did shine so cold."
- —Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
- And that was all his travel's story.

- There was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye Cliffs
- And Islands of Winander! many a time,
- At evening, when the stars had just begun
- To move along the edges of the hills,
- Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
- Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake,
- And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
- Press'd closely palm to palm and to his mouth
- Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
- Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls
- That they might answer him. And they would shout
- Across the wat'ry vale and shout again,
- Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
- And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
- Redoubled and redoubled, a wild scene
- Of mirth and jocund din. And, when it chanced
- That pauses of deep silence mock'd his skill,
- Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
- Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
- Has carried far into his heart the voice
- Of mountain torrents, or the visible scene
- Would enter unawares into his mind
- With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
- Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, receiv'd
- Into the bosom of the steady lake.
- Fair are the woods, and beauteous is the spot,
- The vale where he was born: the Church-yard hangs
- Upon a slope above the village school,
- And there along that bank when I have pass'd
- At evening, I believe, that near his grave
- A full half-hour together I have stood
- Mute—for he died when he was ten years old.

In  
 I have been involved, as far as respect  
 to Sydney, when, in sight of our Melville  
 or Hornby, Coopersell, matches he might see  
 Of his Accidents, his paternal love  
 Proposed, that Rivers and Carl Hamilton  
 Have seen us set in many a summer  
 When having mounted by the darkness  
 Or ~~down~~<sup>look</sup> along the edge of ~~the~~<sup>dark</sup> woods all  
 In danger, though I am wandering here  
 We go through it with no mind a rock road  
 over all the Nations landscape looking for  
 Looking & being up upon or getting down  
 In gathering with you round a rock road

[illegible]

THE PRELUDE,

OR

GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM;

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON:  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

1850.











SKIDDAW, FROM APPLETREWATE.

WILSON, AND S. CO. LONDON 1841.



ARREY FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

WILSON, AND S. CO. LONDON 1841.