



20 NOVEMBER 2018

THE ROMANTIC CHILD

PROFESSOR SIR JONATHAN BATE FBA CBE

In the spontaneous spirit of the Romantic child, the first half of this lecture is improvised in the moment, in response to the external stimuli of various poems and books that shaped the novel Romantic idea of childhood.

The slides are included here.

The second half of the lecture then turns to William Wordsworth's attempt to write the first ever poetic autobiography, which begins with a retrospective capturing of his own childhood in the Lake District.

A full transcript of the second half is provided.

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!"

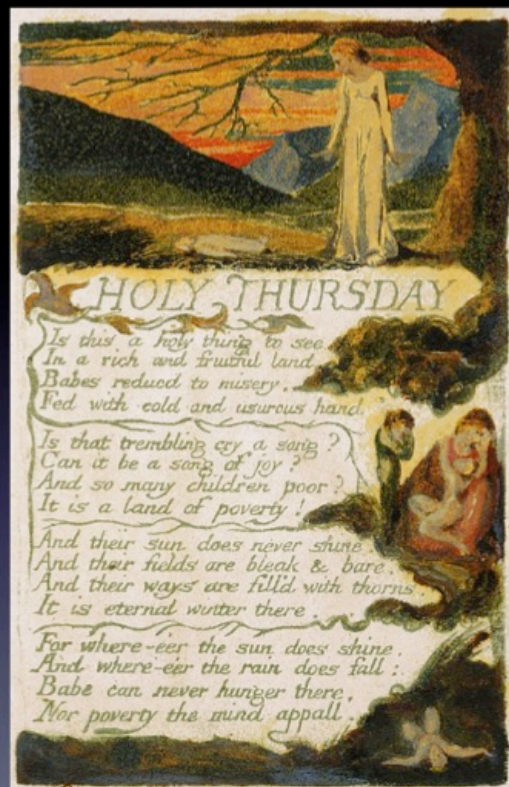
"Expostulation and Reply" / "The Tables Turned"

- "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 throats sing!
- 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—
-
- 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
- Mishaps 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.
-



Songs of Innocence / Songs of Experience



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."

The SECOND EDITION corrected.

L O N D O N :

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



Thetis, L. I.

É M I L E,
O U
DE L'ÉDUCATION.
P A R
JEAN JAKES ROUSSEAU;
Citoyen de Genève.

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

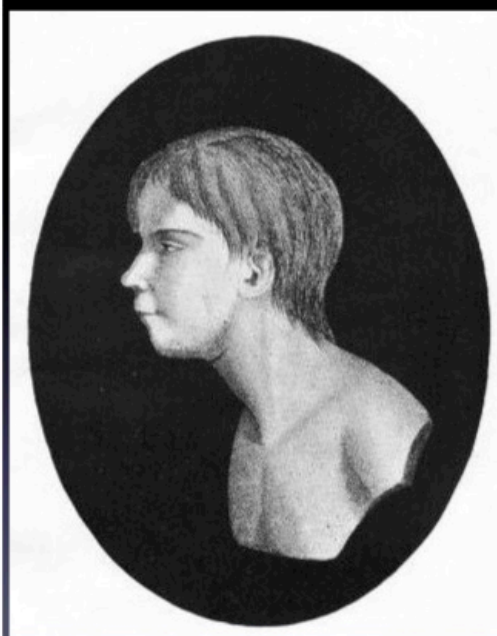
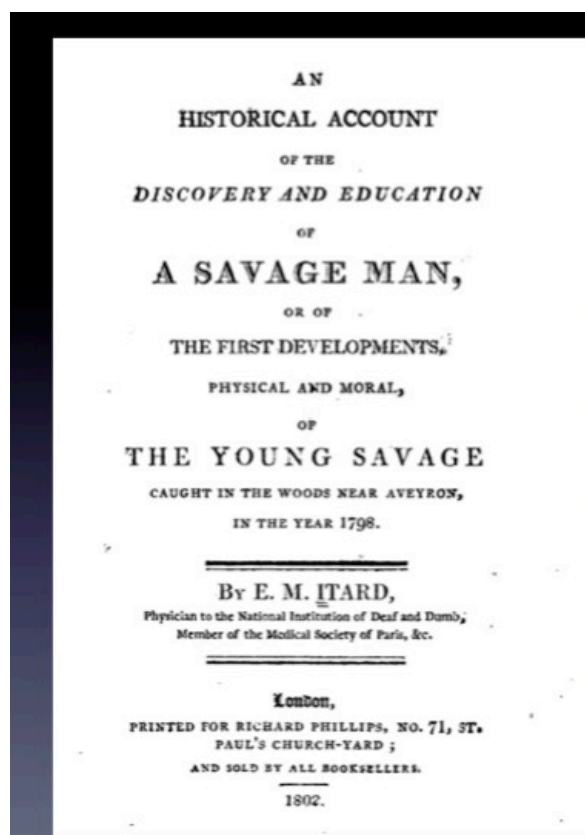
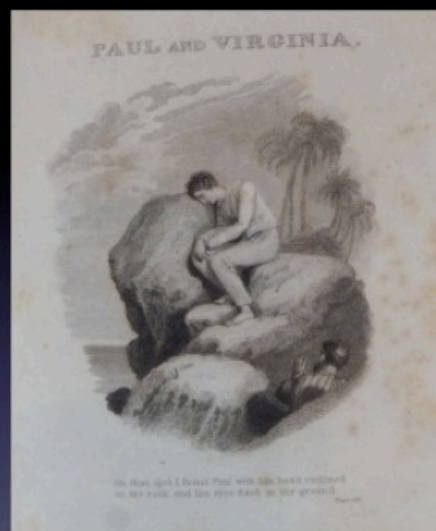
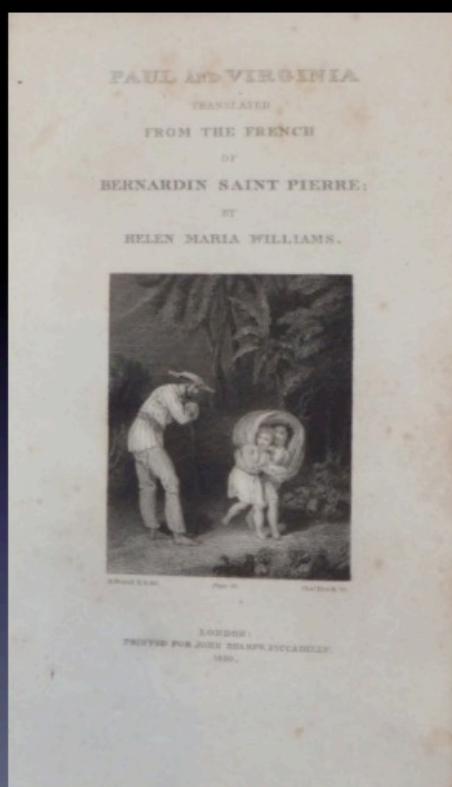
TOME PREMIER.



A AMSTERDAM,
Chez JEAN NÉAULME, Libraire.

M. DCC. LXII.

Avec Privilège de Son Excellence les Etats
de Hollande & de Westfrie.



"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"

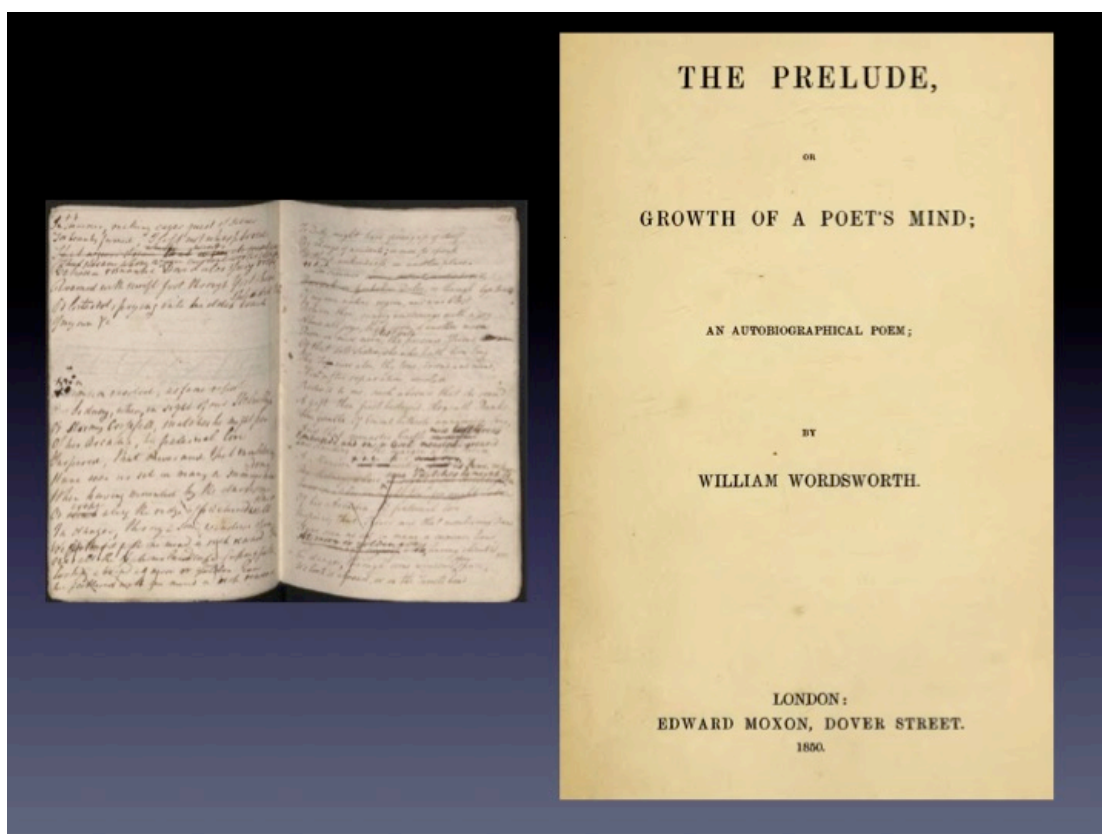


Master Betty as Young Norval (Opie, left)
& as Hamlet (Northcote, right)



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-who, to-who,
 - "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 beautiful 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.





THE PRELUDE

In my last lecture, we saw Wordsworth and Coleridge publish the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in the autumn of 1798. Then, as winter began, William, his sister Dorothy and Coleridge went to Germany, ostensibly to learn the language. Coleridge had been urging Wordsworth to write a philosophical epic. Wordsworth was meditating upon his poetic vocation. The question of his destiny led him to think of his origins, and that was where he began:

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams?¹

Wordsworthian questions may convey a sense of doubt and hesitation, a sense of wonder and surprise, or sometimes both at once. Was it for this? Negatively: for being stuck in Germany, far from home, suffering from writer's block on a project that I don't really believe in, but that I cannot give up on because Coleridge believes that it is my destiny to be the greatest philosophical poet of the age, the true successor to John Milton. Positively: perhaps it was for *this*, the very thing that I am writing now, that I was born. A poetic vision that would indeed become philosophical, but that begins in memory, in home, in nature and in childhood.

A vision that begins with the river Derwent flowing beside the garden wall of the house in Cockermouth where he was born. With the musical murmur of that river. If you are lucky enough to be born beside a river—especially in a world without the hum of traffic and electricity, let alone the white noise of modern communications—the sound of its water will be a constant under-presence to your childhood, heard below the bedtime lullabies, through the drift into sleep and on into your dreams. The river speaks and asks the nascent poet to respond in lines that will flow in blank verse across the line endings: 'Was it for this / That', 'loved / To blend', and 'a voice / That flowed'.

The river Derwent was his first muse. In his twenties, when he lived 'Among the fretful dwellings of mankind' in London and Paris, it gave him 'A knowledge, a dim earnest, of the calm / Which nature breathes among the fields and groves'.² The solace of nature as a bulwark against the stress of the city is an ancient poetic theme. 'This is the life which those who fret in guilt, / And guilty cities, never know', wrote James Thomson in *The Seasons*, a paean

¹ 'The Two-Part *Prelude* of 1799', in *The Prelude 1799, 1805, 1850*, ed. Jonathan Wordsworth, M. H. Abrams and Stephen Gill (Norton, 1979), 1. 1-6.

² 1799 *Prelude*, 1. 13-15.



to rural scenes that became the most popular descriptive long poem of the eighteenth century.³ When Wordsworth was fourteen, the clergyman poet William Cowper published his long blank verse poem *The Task*, in which he extolled the virtues of country walks and the sounds of nature that ‘exhilarate the spirit’ in contrast to the vices of city life. ‘God made the country, and manmade the town’ was the most famous line in the poem: for Cowper that explained why ‘health and virtue’ were to be found in the ‘fields and groves’.⁴

But Thomson and Cowper always proceed from natural description to moral generalization. Wordsworth inherited their art of sermonizing about nature, but he added a much more individual voice and a particularity lodged in personal memory. Cowper had his local affections, but the perambulations of *The Task* have a generic quality. The poet could be leading the reader through any English field or grove, whereas when Wordsworth begins his epic poetic task, the starting-point is specifically the Derwent of his first home, the alder tree bending into his father’s garden, the sound of the river merging into his dreams as he falls asleep as a child and as he dreams that childhood back to life in the act of writing poetry. The power of the unconscious, as manifested in memories and dreams; the child as father to the man: these are not ideas to be found in the ‘loco-descriptive’ verse of Wordsworth’s predecessors.

His birthplace, now owned by the National Trust, was elegant and imposing, Georgian architecture at its best, bathed in light by way of eight large sashed windows on the lower floor and nine on the upper. There were spacious, wood-paneled rooms and ample quarters for family servants. A new build in an old community, it was, and still is, the most handsome house on the main street of Cockermouth, an ancient market town on the north-west fringe of the English Lake District, dominated by a partially ruined Norman castle.

Standing at the confluence of the river Cocker and the Derwent, the town has always been prone to flooding: in 2009, Wordsworth’s birthplace was temporarily inundated by his beloved river. His own earliest memory, he claimed, was of total immersion in the Derwent’s crystal water. The first self-image in the first draft of his autobiographical poem is of a naked four-year-old boy making ‘one long bathing of a summer’s day’, basking in the sun, plunging into the stream. And then, when the rain comes pouring down, as sooner or later (usually sooner) it always does in the Lake District, standing alone like ‘a naked savage’ framed against crag, hill, wood and ‘distant Skiddaw’s lofty height’.⁵

‘Naked’, ‘savage’ and ‘child’: each of these words carried heavy political baggage. Wordsworth was born into a Britain in which bodies were always covered in public: frock coats, stiff collars, breaches and boots. People did not wear shorts to hike the hills, let alone strip off to sunbathe. In the early 1780s, when Wordsworth was entering

³ Thomson, ‘Autumn’, lines 1352-3, in *The Seasons* (1730).

⁴ Cowper, *The Task* (1784), 1. 181-3, 749-53. Wordsworth frequently borrowed, or alluded to, Cowper’s phraseology.

⁵ 1799 *Prelude*, 1. 17-26. In the 1805 version (1. 291-99) he is five years old—such very early memories are inevitably imprecise.



puberty, the actress, fashion icon and former royal mistress ‘Perdita’ Robinson—who would later play an important role in his poetic career—imported a new style of garment from France: the figure-hugging chemise, flowing with the contours of the female body. In a world of hoops and stays, this was perceived to be revolutionary and dangerous, as was the celebration of naked youthful bodies in the art of William Blake. For Wordsworth, as for Blake, the naked child denoted a state of innocence free from the oppression and control that came with swaddling clothes, dogmatic lessons and the discipline of the whip.

Three years before Wordsworth was born, Johann Fuseli—an artist, like Blake, who rebelled against the conventions of the age and relished the naked human body—published, with the aid of the radical bookseller Joseph Johnson, a brief anonymous treatise entitled *Remarks on the Writings and Conduct of J. J. Rousseau*. It was perhaps the first work to offer a defence in English of a much-maligned answer—‘known to all, read by few, understood by less’—to the question ‘what is the origin of inequality among mankind and does the law of nature authorize it?’ Rousseau had offered his infamous answer in 1762, in his second discourse addressed to the academicians of Dijon: humankind in ‘the state of nature’ is pure and virtuous, so, no, there is no natural justification for inequality. And when did this idyll of the ‘natural man’ come to an end? With the advent of ‘civil society’, answers Rousseau. And ‘the true founder of civil society was the first man who, having enclosed a piece of land, thought of saying, “This is mine,” and came across people simple enough to believe him.’⁶ The origin of inequality is *property*.

In Rousseau’s thought-experiment of imagining a society without inequality, the ideals are accordingly two figures who have no notion of property: the ‘savage’ or natural man, and the young child. When Wordsworth begins his poetic autobiography by representing himself as a ‘naked boy’ and then ‘A naked savage in the thunder-shower’, living in the moment, at one with nature, he is identifying as a ‘natural man’ of the kind evoked in Fuseli’s account of how Rousseau

traced man to the nipple of nature, found him wrapped up in instinct, —taught his lore by appetite and fear—harmless because content—content because void of comparative ideas—solitary, because without wants, —snatching the moment on the wing, from the past and future ones ... in this wilderness of nature ... behold him free, improveable, compassionate.⁷

This is a political idea as well as a philosophical one because, as Rousseau went on to argue in *The Social Contract*, if man is born free but everywhere in chains, the way to a better society is to cast off the chains of authority and property in order to restore liberty, equality and fraternity. The child and the ‘noble savage’ are thus linked to the ideology of the French Revolution.

⁶ Rousseau, *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*, trans. Franklin Philip (Oxford, 1994), p. 54.

⁷ [Fuseli], *Remarks on the Writings and Conduct of J. J. Rousseau* (1767), p. 25.



The idea of authority is traditionally associated with the figure of the father. In Wordsworth's case, his father John also had an association with property and the inequality that accompanies it. The house in which William Wordsworth was born belonged to a man said to be the richest landowner in England: Sir James Lowther. He was variously known as 'Wicked Jimmy', 'the Bad Earl', the 'Tyrant of the North' and 'Jimmy Grasp-all, Earl of Toadstool'. As well as his rural estates, he owned whole towns, coal-mines and the harbour at Whitehaven, the second-busiest port in the land and thus an engine-room of the northern economy. He was master of all he surveyed, exercising control over nine seats in Parliament.

John Wordsworth's father had been law-agent for Lowther's properties and dealings in Westmorland until his death in 1760. Once young John had trained in the law, he too entered the service of the Lowthers. In 1764, he was made responsible for the family's Cumberland affairs (the Lake District is now in 'Cumbria', but it was then two counties, Westmorland on the Pennine side, Cumberland towards the sea). Lowther installed his agent in the impressive house on the Cockermouth high street so that everybody would know that his man was someone to be reckoned with.

Eighteenth-century England was a place where property was power. Without it, you couldn't even vote. If you committed a crime against property—poaching, trespass, petty theft—your punishment would be severe. Most of the English land was owned by the all-powerful families of the aristocracy and the gentry, though with some important exceptions, among them the remoter parts of the Lake District. The traditional role for the steward and law-agent of a great landowner was to oversee the estates, collect rents and handle disputes. But John Wordsworth was also tasked with the work of ensuring that eligible voters turned out to support the Lowther interest at election time. To maintain the family's supremacy in the region, it was necessary to keep all those parliamentary boroughs in their pocket. Some votes were openly bought, but most were 'canvassed' by way of the supply of free alcohol. The biggest election expense was the reimbursement of innkeepers, who provided drinks on the house through the several days of polling, in return for the assurance of a vote for their patron. Following the 1774 election, John Wordsworth had to settle a bill just a few shillings short of £200, for 'Victuals and Liquor consumed during the course of the poll'.⁸ That would be about £30,000 in today's money.

The woman's role was to nurture her children in the Christian faith. At Easter, they would troop to church to say their catechism, dressed in fresh clothes. One of William's few memories of his mother was of her pinning to his breast a nosegay of flowers that she had picked and bound together for the occasion. With her husband away from home, riding the county on Lowther business, Ann often sent the children to relatives for a change of air. John's elder brother, Richard, was Collector of Customs in the port of Whitehaven. On their first sight of the sea,

⁸ Alexander Carlyle, *Anecdotes and Characters of the Times*, ed. J. Kinsley (1973), p. 213.



little Dorothy wept. In old age, William would say that this was the first sign of her remarkable ‘sensibility’.⁹ On the beach, they picked up shells and took them back to Cockermouth, holding the hollow to their ear and hearing the sound of the sea.

The children also made long visits to Penrith, staying with their mother’s parents above the linen shop, whom they found grumpy and critical. This encouraged a rebellious streak in William. He had a temper. Once, he recalled, he was so angry at being told off for some trivial offence that he went up to his grandparents’ attic and picked up one of the swords that he knew were kept there, with the intention of killing himself. On another occasion, he and his older brother Richard were whipping their spinning tops on the bare boards of the drawing-room floor. The walls were hung round with family portraits. ‘Dare you strike your whip through that old lady’s petticoat?’ asked William. ‘No, I won’t’ was goody-goody Richard’s inevitable reply. ‘Then,’ said William, launching his whip, ‘here goes’.¹⁰

William was christened, and Dorothy baptized at the same time. They became inseparable. Their favourite place was the terrace at the bottom of the garden, which commanded a fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth Castle. Sparrows built their nests in the closely clipped privet and rose hedge that covered the terrace wall. Tearaway William chased butterflies, while sensitive Dorothy feared to brush the dust from their wings.¹¹

In the poem to Coleridge, Wordsworth remembered how his eye would be drawn to a road that led over the hill above the town and on into an unknown distance. Few sights, he claims, pleased him more than a ‘public road’, a sight that

Hath wrought on my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless.¹²

⁹ PW 4. 395.

¹⁰ Christopher Wordsworth, *Memoirs of William Wordsworth* (2 vols, 1851), 1. 9.

¹¹ ‘To a Butterfly’.

¹² 1850 *Prelude*, 13. 143-50.



At least in retrospect, he imagined himself being called from his home to a wandering life. The on-the-road conversation with a vagrant, a discharged soldier, a dispossessed woman, an impoverished leech-gatherer, a shepherd bearing the last of his flock: this would become a hallmark of his poetry.

William and Dorothy periodically attended a 'dame school' in Penrith, where among the fellow-pupils was Mary Hutchinson, his future wife, and her sister Sara. And the master of the grammar school in Cockermouth spent half a year trying fruitlessly to teach some Latin to the six-year-old William. But then Wordsworth was educated into strong feeling by harsh experience. Nearly all his greatest poetry is pervaded by a feeling of loss: the loss of childhood, of freedom, of the unmediated relationship with nature that began when the four-year-old child plunged naked into the Derwent. For a psychological explanation of this, we need look no further than a day one month before his eighth birthday.

His mother returned from a visit to friends in London. She had been accommodated in the so-called 'best bedroom', that is to say a guest room reserved for special occasions and therefore not regularly aired. The bed was damp. She caught a cold, which turned to a 'decline', probably pneumonia. Soon after her return to her parents' house in Penrith, she died. The seven-year-old William's 'last impression' of his mother was 'a glimpse of her on passing the door of her bedroom during her last illness, when she was reclining in her easy chair'.¹³ She was buried at Penrith on 11 March 1778.

He readily admitted that he remembered very little of his mother, yet he firmly believed that it was from her that he learned his love of nature. 'Blest the infant babe', he wrote, as he embarked on his project to use his 'best conjectures' to 'trace / The progress of our being': the baby nursed in its mother's arms or sleeping on its mother's breast is blessed because it is learning the experience of sympathy, the force of love. It is through the bond with our mothers in our infancy that we first claim 'manifest kindred' with a soul other than our own. As the baby at the breast gazes into the mother's eye, it has its first experience of feeling. The reciprocal exchange of 'passion' is like an 'awakening breeze' that in time will extend its force and bind us to our natural surroundings, irradiating and exalting 'All objects through all intercourse of sense':

Along his infant veins are interfused
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of Nature that connect him with the world.¹⁴

The baby feels safe when 'by intercourse of touch' it holds 'mute dialogues' with the 'mother's heart'. That is the sensation needed to make the self-secure in the world. This 'infant sensibility' is the 'Great birthright of our being'.

¹³ *Memoirs*, 1. 9.

¹⁴ 1799 *Prelude*, 2. 268-94.



But what happens if the mother is lost, the young self 'left alone / Seeking this visible world, not knowing why', the 'props' of the 'affections' removed?¹⁵ Wordsworth writes of the baby in his mother's arms, 'No outcast he, bewildered and depressed'. He is reaching back to that unconscious early memory—or perhaps clutching at the beautiful belief of belonging—because his mother's death occurred when he was at such a sensitive age. It made him an outcast, bewildered and depressed.

How would he eventually recover his sense of self, his faith in the world? First, through the hope brought by the Revolution that he witnessed in France, and which I spoke about in my last lecture. Then, when the Revolution turned to violence, and political disillusionment followed, through a return to the place of his birth and his childhood: to the Lake District, which he did more than anyone else to immortalise and so to preserve. And it is that story – of the Lakes from Wordsworth to Canon Rawnsley to Beatrix Potter – that will be my theme next month.

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¹⁵ Ibid, 2. 311-26.