

or when he called up, after the lapse of half a lifetime, how when, in a wintry morning, he had journeyed before day-break, a happy boy, along the frozen Esk, and saw

‘ In the far west the Pentland’s gloomy ridge
 Belting the pale blue sky, whereon a cloud,
 Fantastic, grey, and tinged with solemn light,
 Lay like a dreaming monster, and the moon,
 Waning, above its silvery rim upheld
 Her horns, as ’twere a spectre of the past.’

I shall continue to hold, therefore, that there was no real difference between the views of the poet and those which I myself entertain, but that, as he himself well expressed it, our ‘apparent antagonism arose simply from the opposite aspects in which we had viewed the subject.’ He had been thinking of but stiff diagrams and hard names,—of dead strata measured off, in ‘geological exposition,’ by the yard and the mile, and enveloped in the obscuring folds of a Babylonish phraseology : while I, looking through the crooked characters and uncouth sounds in which the meanings of the science are locked up, to the meanings themselves, was luxuriating among the strange wild narratives and richly poetic descriptions of which its pregnant records consist.

What is it, let me ask, that imparts to Nature its poetry ? It is not in Nature itself ; it resides not either in dead or organized matter,—in rock, or bird, or flower ; ‘the deep saith, It is not in me, and the sea saith, It is not in me.’ It is in mind that it lives and breathes : external nature is but its storehouse of subjects and models ; and it is not until these are called up as images, and invested with ‘the light that never was on land or sea,’ that they cease to be of the earth earthy, and form the ethereal stuff of which the visions of the poet are made. Nay, is it not mainly through that associative faculty to which the sights and sounds of present nature become suggestive of the images of a nature not present, but seen within the mind, that the landscape pleases,