

## The New Sublimity in "Tintern Abbey"

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Wordsworth's poems about daisies and cuckoo birds are concerned with the human condition. Both *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* assert, to a degree beyond the assent of Byron and Shelley, the potential and therefore the essential equality of all persons. His conclusion in *The Prelude* that "the inner frame is good" (XII.280) is to be equated with his assertion that, however low of station a person may be, "high service is perform'd within" (XII.226). One of his most famous phrases of concern for our kind occurs in the poem called "Tintern Abbey"—"the still, sad music of humanity." Critics with an ear for English agree that the phrase is justly famous; they quote it as representative of Wordsworth's *ethos*; but they have not made clear how the phrase found its way into "Tintern Abbey." It belongs there, I will suggest, because of a current change, marked by Wordsworth as early as 1798, in attitudes toward the sublime.

The "Lines Composed on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye" begin by confronting a speaker with "a wild secluded scene" of "steep and lofty cliffs," seen again after the passing of five years. When Wordsworth took his vacations from college, and when he composed this poem, rules had been established for the observation of landscape. Books told you where to go, how to stand, how to look, and what to see. William Gilpin had published several editions of accumulated "Observations" and essays on where to stand, how to look, and how to sketch picturesque vistas.<sup>1</sup> For most who wrote concurrently with *Lyrical Ballads*, everything in nature or art was either beautiful or sublime, much as critics who thought

they were Freudian used to declare every object in a symbolic poem, a novel by Kafka, or a realistic drama either male or female. Instead of saying male trees and female hills, writers in the age of sensibility and taste said beautiful trees and sublime hills.<sup>2</sup>

In 1756 Edmund Burke had made "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful." With a rough hand, he separated the beautiful sheep from the sublime goats. Beautiful things are small, smooth, gently curved, and delicate. The colors of a beautiful object are clear and bright. To be sublime, a thing must be vast, "rugged and negligent," massive, angular, dark, gloomy, and obscure.

Burke and other writers on the Longinian sublime were trying to explain why certain things give a kind of pleasure even though in some sense they terrify. A beautiful landscape, said Burke, ought to evoke a pleasure akin to love. A sublime landscape ought to evoke awe, terror, a sense of the awful power of divinity. The sublime smacks into your feelings. Soon came those many novels, dramas, and ballads of terror; in Jane Austen's phrase, horrid novels, horrid ballads, horrid plays; in the denigrating phrase of Coleridge, Lamb, and Keats, "the *material* sublime."

In Burke's account, the characteristics of the object determine the reaction of the observer. By this account, transferred to art, one can paint a beautiful picture only of a pretty object; as if to say, one can ignore Sophocles if one sees enough sadness in life itself. In the counterview that we call Romantic, value lies in an interrelationship with the object, in response to it, in an artist's treatment of it, seldom if ever in the artist alone but not in the object itself.

The materials for history are seldom neatly structured. The paintings most admired in Burke's day, and in Wordsworth's youth, were neither merely beautiful nor purely sublime. The landscapes of Poussin and Claude, and of their imitators, were asymmetrical but balanced. Not determinedly "sublime," they were uniformly ideal. They revealed the beauty of repose, but also the mystery of some power beyond: Poussin sought that power, it may be, through reason, Claude through feeling.

A third category began to be talked about, the picturesque, meaning "like a painting." For most, "picturesque" meant like a painting by Poussin; "sublime" meant like a painting by Salvator Rosa. Late in the century, the picturesque took over the intermedi-

ate ground unoccupied by the beautiful or the sublime. The space available seemed to be that of intricate variety. Neither smooth nor grand, but varied and intricate. The emergence of a third category helped change critical and popular views of the other two, especially the sublime. The idea of the picturesque was concerned with the composition of a scene. "Tintern Abbey" curls its way toward the word *sublime* and a redefinition of it, but it seems to open with the picturesque. It lays out a scene, intricately various.

To take it as picturesque, even with the double focus of the five-year interval, would be to leave out not only the poet but nearly everything that has made the poem endure. Philosophers after Locke had gone on to say that objects depend on the observer not only for sound and color, taste and smell, but also for any knowable mass and weight and shape, that the human mind can know only its own perceptions, never the object itself. If a person can know only through individual experience, it follows that the mind itself must play a very large part in any awareness of sublimity. Richard Payne Knight, in *An Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste* (1805), went far beyond John Baillie's point in *An Essay on the Sublime* (1747) that an encounter with the sublime expands the mind; rather, Knight explained, the mind creates its own feelings of sublimity by grasping at the sublime. In grasping at infinity, the mind exalts itself until its own feelings become sublime. "Tintern Abbey" had already gone further, to point toward the mind's part in the continuous creation of a sublime universe. Like other major poems to follow, the lines written on the banks of the Wye concern the uses, including the misuse, of mankind's essential sublimity.

When the poem first appeared, argument over the picturesque was nearing its peak. Soon the picturesque could be anything you liked, provided that you resembled everybody else in liking an asymmetrical arrangement of natural forms. Amidst the plethora of talk and the dearth of sublime new poetry, William Lisle Bowles, Byron's "maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers," seemed important and revolutionary. He attached to the picturesque a variety of tender feelings. Allowing for a few exceptions within Wordsworth's family, probably all the first readers of "Tintern Abbey" had read—and fewer than we might think had forgotten—

Bowles's sonnet "At Tynemouth Priory," published in the year of the French Revolution:

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,  
 Much musing on the track of terror past,  
 When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,  
 Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide  
 That laves the pebbled shore: and now the beam  
 Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,  
 And yon forsaken tower that time has rent;  
 The lifted oar far off with transient gleam  
 Is touched, and hushed is all the billowy deep!  
 Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's breast  
 A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest,  
 While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,  
 Like melodies that mourn upon the lyre,  
 Waked by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire.

As in the opening stanza of "Resolution and Independence" and the close of Coleridge's "Dejection: An Ode," storm has been followed by a clearing of the air. But Bowles knows only the terror of the howling blast, not the terror of the divided self. He represents himself as musing in tranquility on a storm just past.

He gives us a picturesque scene, with the sun setting in calm on a ruin of pointed Gothic arches emblematic of an ancient religion eroded by time. He begins with a steep cliff and a recent storm; distance has converted fright into solemnity of response to the sublime. Art enables him, and enabled the readers he used to have, to contemplate the sublimity of a storm without being terrified by actual thunder and lightning.

Coming after Bowles, Wordsworth could be expected to write a poem about the picturesque ruin of Tintern Abbey. The ever-generous David V. Erdman has pointed out to me a precise example of what Wordsworth's poem could be expected to say. In the summer of 1792 Julius Caesar Ibbetson and two other painters journeyed along the Wye for the purpose of making preliminary sketches to be etched and sold to a public hungry for picturesque

scenes. The report of Ibbetson, John Laporte, and John Hassell appeared promptly in London the next year as *A Picturesque Guide to Bath, Bristol Hot-Wells, the River Avon, and the Adjacent Country*. In search of the picturesque along the Wye one thanks God, Longinus, and Dr. Syntax that the "awful magnificence" of Tintern Abbey lies ahead: "The Wye, at Monmouth, does not exhibit such romantic scenes as about Chepstow. . . . By land, there is not a single object till we reach Tintern abbey, that deserves notice" (p. 245). The reference to the abbey in Wordsworth's title invites lovers of the picturesque to read on. The various engravings and photographs of Tintern Abbey that have been published with the poem, if collected in this volume, would provide a survey of technological changes in book illustration since 1800, but they have nothing to do with Wordsworth's text. Peter A. Brier has pertinently suggested that the poet designated Tintern Abbey in the title to "reidentify" Tintern with a pantheistically oriented natural religion,<sup>3</sup> but I would propose that the proffered irony is still greater. In "Simon Lee" the poet stops to scold the reader for expecting "Some tale will be related." The title of "Michael: A Pastoral Poem" promises to readjust the reader's conception of pastoral poetry. Aside from designating a particular segment of landscape along the Wye,<sup>4</sup> the force of the words "Tintern Abbey" in the title is to say "You have been misguided by Bowles and such; now let me introduce to you a better picturesque and the true sublime."

Bowles had begun, "As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side." Climbing, for a plump parson, had taken physical effort, the hard work of seeking the picturesque and the sublime in the hinterlands. The poet revisiting the banks of the Wye says, "once again, / Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs." I *behold*. By contemplation (as the derivation of *behold* implies) I make them mine to keep. By contemplation, I make them *mind*. What I perceive I can thus completely hold. Less objectively than it might seem, "The day is come when I repose here." The opening movement is slow, not to suggest physical effort, but partly to elicit questions from the reader, partly to emphasize the importance of the years passed, "five summers, with the length of five long winters,"<sup>5</sup> and partly because a poem dedicated to the spiritual effort of evaluation is not yet ready to say why this day is momentous.<sup>6</sup>

The first verse paragraph of 22 lines, which keeps some of its rhetorical devices unobtrusive, openly exploits a series of implied contrasts. England is a green and pleasant land, but the western area described in these opening lines is greener than most. The home counties near London are green, snug, and populous. The absent but normal scene that the reader of "Tintern Abbey" visualizes is rolling country, the hills near enough on each side to give neighborly comfort without crowding the traveler. Along the road, again on each side, neatly trimmed hedges sit in rectangles. They do not "run wild." Green, but less green than the banks of the Wye, the small squares are still hedged in as they continue, with occasional squares of beige or yellow, up the slopes toward the domesticated hills.

In this normal farmscape that Wordsworth imagines into the mind's eye of the reader, the English house, of brick or stone, seems to sit in a clearing, with a coach road or driveway, beds of flowers, perhaps raw dirt where the wagon sits. Chimneys on the steep roofs are often capped by ornamented chimney-pots, from which in Wordsworth's day smoke emerged the year round, for cooking and for warmth. From the road, the traveler saw that the family was at home, because smoke curled from the chimney.

In his *Guide through the Lakes*, which in general reverts to Burke's antithesis of the beautiful and the sublime, Wordsworth pays especial attention to chimneys. Here too he makes a contrast with the home counties. Following a "View of the Country as Formed by Nature," which is founded on uniformitarian geology but concentrates on the play of light over surfaces—the human eye experiencing permanence in the transitory—the second section provides a history of human habitation in the district, and the third advances a program for preserving "the joint work of Nature and time," with its blending of cottage life into the mountain scenery, against the intrusion of garish mansions that dispute Nature's primacy. In a way that illuminates the opening of "Tintern Abbey," he praises the cottages made of native stone, extended organically as needed by each generation, "so that these humble dwellings remind the contemplative spectator of a production of nature, and may (using a strong expression) rather be said to have grown than to have been erected;—to have risen, by an instinct of their own, out of the native rock—so little is there in

them of formality, such is their wildness and beauty." Then he gets to the chimneys. Some "are of a quadrangular shape, rising one or two feet above the roof; which low square is often surmounted by a tall cylinder, giving to the cottage chimney the most beautiful shape in which it is ever seen. Nor will it be too fanciful or refined to remark, that there is a pleasing harmony between a tall chimney of this circular form, and the living column of smoke, ascending from it through the still air." 7

Along the Wye, the poet looks down on farms that are not laid out in checks. The plots of cottage-ground are not divided by hedges into rectangles, but by wavering lines of unclipped trees, "little lines of sportive wood run wild." The region looks more like green woods than like populated farms. The farms are like pastures, "Green to the very door." People thrive in this unravished region. Their fathers lived here, and their children will live here; but the trees almost conceal all human activity. Wreaths of smoke are

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These lines make their point of contrast by negatives and abatements: "hardly hedge-rows," absence of a clearing "to the very door," smoke sent up "in silence" (a sublime deprivation, according to Burke), "vagrant," "houseless," and "alone"—yet not really houseless. In the home counties, the houses would give certain notice of busy lives; here the daily work of these families causes no more disruption to the processes of nature than a hermit would. Chimneys in the Lakes are the most beautiful to be seen (heard melodies are sweet); but chimneys along the Wye, not seen at all, are melodies unheard, sweeter and sublime: the unnoisy melody of human life.

Elsewhere as well Wordsworth commends for our admiration natural places that hide life and power beneath apparent calm, and similarly, the power hidden in cottagers, shepherds, or a nearly inarticulate, eloquent leech-gatherer. In the sea at Calais, and in

the child at the poet's side, Nature speaks softly but carries a big stick. In the sleeping city seen from Westminster Bridge, as in the silence of those seemingly houseless woods along the Wye, sounds the unheard music of humanity. People seen seem puny, but those unseen are potent.

At first in "Tintern Abbey" Wordsworth barely hints at the interchange of values between man and Nature in the act of human perception. In sketching the scene along the Wye, he understates the marriage between mind and Nature: The steep and lofty cliffs impress on a wild secluded scene thoughts of more deep seclusion. During the five years since he first saw these groves, draining himself in the muddy flow of existence in rented rooms, he has remembered from the seemingly houseless woods the still sad music of fellow sufferers, all, given such experiences as he has had, capable of little nameless acts of kindness and love. From this day of reaffirmation his companion and dearest friend need have less fear of lonely rooms. Instead of a ruined abbey, a green landscape giving a sense of solitude to gregarious human life becomes emblematic of that life, past, present, and to come.

The visit to the Wye five years earlier, recollected so fervently now, had been an extension of the days on Salisbury Plain, with their visions of savage ancient warfare and their scenes of human dereliction in the present. Indeed, the entire walking tour of 1793 either came hard upon or continued his nightmares

of despair,  
And tyranny, and implements of death,  
And long orations which in dreams I pleaded  
Before unjust Tribunals, with a voice  
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense  
Of treachery and desertion in the place  
The holiest that I knew of, my own soul.

(*The Prelude*, 1805, X.375-381)

These terrors and torments of experience and conscience, toned down until they became the *Guilt and Sorrow* of 1842, are both recapitulated and purged in "the still, sad music of humanity." These, again, are images that could have been expected had Wordsworth found sublimity in physical prowess. But the poem

moves irreversibly toward an "aspect more sublime" (line 37), a "sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused" (lines 95-96), a true sublimity not dependent on physical vastness, roughness, darkness, loudness, or violence.

Burke had included an impression of solitude as a category of sublime deprivation. Kant, not in his *Beobachtungen über das Gefühl des Schönen und Erhabenen* (1764) but in his return to the subject in the *Kritik der Urteilskraft* (1790), emphasized the subjective state of mind put in motion by an object thereby regarded as sublime. In the same year (1790), Archibald Alison's *Essays on the Nature of Taste* shifted attention from the sublime object to the mind that perceives sublimity. Increasing (or recircling) emphasis on the perceiver was coincident with increased emphasis on the godliness of tranquility. Leigh Hunt published his distress at the storm and flames and noise at the end of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. Assuming, as many critics and stage directors have, that Mozart was trying to achieve the sublime, Hunt thought that quiet should prevail.<sup>8</sup> A true ghost could do without the noise and smoke appropriate to a pretender like Horace Walpole. Hunt quoted 1 Kings 19:11-12, as Ruskin in a similar context did after him:

... A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

That still small voice, the true sublime, is the divinity within the still sad music of humanity.

Probably much of the new emphasis on the sublimity of silence in solitude came indirectly from Johann Winckelmann's stress, notably in his *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums* (1764), on the still spirit and tranquil eye reflected in Hellenic art.<sup>9</sup> Both the humanity and the tranquility are present in "Those green-robed senators of mighty woods" (Keats, *Hyperion* I.73); in preparation, the divinely majestic tranquility of "grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone, / Still as the silence round about his lair," has given way to awesome deprivation, not waiting for the lines on Saturn's

nerveless, listless, unscattered hand and realmless eyes (I.17-18) but apparent in the sympathetic quiet around him, the stirless air and voiceless stream (8-12). It is "more noble to sit like Jove" than "to fly like Mercury," Keats told Reynolds.<sup>10</sup> The Hellenic sublimity of "silence and slow time" comes immediately to the fore in "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Although the juxtaposition of external and internal sublimity can be seen in Shelley's work as early as the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" (1816)—the "awful shadow" is deeper in effect than any "voice from some sublimer world" (lines 1, 25)—the contrast is nowhere more forcefully made than in his notes and letters of 1819 on the gross inferiority of Michelangelo to Phidias, Praxiteles, and other Hellenic masters. The figures of Michelangelo, "rude, external, mechanical," communicate energy, terror, distortion of nature; Hellenic figures "combine the irresistible energy with the sublime & perfect loveliness supposed to have belonged to the divine nature."<sup>11</sup> Strong silence begets awe. Thus far the romantic internalization involves a movement from Hebraic obscurity to Hellenic linearity.

Apart from this movement, "Tintern Abbey" insinuates a similar silence to the ear, "quiet of the sky" to the eye, and to both ear and eye the smoke sent up "in silence" with "uncertain notice." The quiet comes no doubt partly from what Lionel Trilling described as Wordsworth's rabbinical passivity.<sup>12</sup> But the new sublimity is above all epistemological. A poet coming in self-conscious unease after Locke, Berkeley, and Hume (and after Schiller's essay *Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung*), if he would speak on human life, had first to find nature in his own consciousness. It is inadequate to describe romantic subjectivity as J. R. Watson does: "... the romantics brought to the landscape their own pre-occupations: Coleridge's unhappiness, Byron's pride, Shelley's restlessness, Scott's sense of the past."<sup>13</sup> Albert O. Wlecke comes much nearer in arguing that "the 'sense sublime' refers to an activity of the esemplastic power of the imagination during which consciousness becomes reflexively aware of itself as an interfusing energy dwelling within the phenomena of nature."<sup>14</sup> Wlecke (p. 79) aptly quotes Coleridge: "I meet, I find the Beautiful—but I give, contribute, or rather attribute the Sublime."

One preposition in lines 93-102 has never been accounted for:

And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things.

I have quoted the first edition, which, like Wordsworth's three other editions of *Lyrical Ballads*, has a comma at the end of line 99; from 1815 on, a colon ("the mind of man:") replaces that comma.<sup>15</sup> The punctuation here apparently troubled Wordsworth; the preposition *in* should have troubled the rest of us. How does it function grammatically? The solution, I think, lies in the proleptic appearance here of "spousal verse." Everything after the colon is within the mind, a reflection of the supposedly external world, of objects, and of other minds thinking objects, *in* the mind of the perceiver. To paraphrase Iago, "'Tis in ourselves, that a thing is thus, or thus: our minds are gardens" in which we must will to replant what is natural, that there may be a correspondence between internal and external creativity and growth. The life abroad is the life within; the sublimity is from within.

Epistemologically, Shelley's "Mont Blanc" and the passage in "Tintern Abbey" could serve for exegesis of each other: "The everlasting universe of things / Flows through the mind . . ." These are ruminations over the limits to human knowledge, but they are less cries of despair that the world has lost its props than exclamations of awe that the mind half-creates through interfusion with what it had once regarded as external to it. Each is tentative. Shelley's poem moves toward uncertainty; his what-if comes at the close. "Tintern Abbey" begins and ends with the phenomena most certain; the scene before the eye, and the poet's hope for his sister. His if-not and if-vain come deep in the center of the poem.

Yet he would find it still more majestically sublime if the ultimate sense of the one life in this active universe had no need of eye or ear. In remembering the banks of the Wye, he has concluded

that we are in such moments "laid asleep in body, and become a living soul."

He makes here still another point against the "mimic rules" of the sublime and the picturesque. It is not the immediate sense of terror, awe, or pleasure that is most important, nor even one's previous associations with that sense, but what one does with the experience of awe or pleasure in later moments of quiet reflection. And what one does *after* reflection. The strength of landscape is realized by a strength of humanity and divinity within. William Empson led his many admirers to ask, "more sublime" than what? Even more sublime, the poem says, than little nameless acts of kindness, which are themselves sublime—as "beauteous forms" without "an eye made quiet" are not.

The philosophical function of that surreptitious preposition *in* is to say that all objects take definition and value only from the human mind. But the ultimate poetic function is to evoke such a direction of thought, rather than to state the thought. In his greatest philosophical passages Wordsworth is metaphysically, and even epistemologically, the most elusive of poets. *Why* he concealed or blurred the academic sources and rational explanations of his thought is debatable; *that* he did so is indisputable. He knows, and sometimes makes clear, what explanations of experience he regards as inadequate. As a poet he declines to be rationally paraphrased. The critic who gives a consistent epistemological interpretation equally to one of Wordsworth's great passages and to each phrase within the passage has invariably falsified some of the phrases and opened the larger interpretation to rebuttal because of the inevitable distortions. One way to begin an explanation is to say that Wordsworth knew poetry to be not only more philosophical than history but also more sublime than philosophy.

On the sublime itself he has left us a fragment in prose, with fewer appeals to Burke's physical categorization than in his *Guide to the Lakes* and fewer withdrawals into eighteenth-century aesthetics generally than in most of his prose and poetry after 1808. He asserts forcefully some of the points I have attributed to the romantics generally:

To talk of an object as being sublime or beautiful in itself, without references to some subject by whom that sublimity or

beauty is perceived, is absurd; nor is it of the slightest importance to mankind whether there be any object with which their minds are conversant that Men would universally agree (after having ascertained that the words were used in the same sense) to denominate sublime or beautiful. . . . The true province of the philosopher is not to grope about in the external world &, when he has perceived or detected in an object such or such a quality or power, to set himself to the task of persuading the world that such is a sublime or beautiful object, but to look into his own mind & determine the law by which he is affected.

(*Prose Works*, II, 357)

W. J. B. Owen has written valuably on the identification of sublimity with power in Wordsworth's essay.<sup>16</sup> W. P. Albrecht has written equally well on "the sublime of vision" in the romantic view of tragedy: "The fullness of the imaginative process became more important to the sublime than visible size or the duplication of its emotional impact."<sup>17</sup> Wordsworth's lines on revisiting the Wye were an important force in this change; I do not believe that the phrase "more sublime" appears in the poem by chance. "To this point was Wordsworth come . . . when he wrote 'Tintern Abbey,'" said Keats, "and it seems to me that his Genius is explorative of those dark Passages" (*Letters*, I, 281).

Despite Lessing's *Laokoön* of 1766, Bowles had assumed that a poem is like a painting. The scene in each is to be arranged by the same rules. Wordsworth, like Constable and Turner, is concerned with the value of landscape. Like them, he renders a scene more deeply human by removing the human figures from the foreground yet discovering, far more deeply interfused, the strengths of ordinary human life, with its silent suffering and its quiet joys—in Constable's vernacular, its wet planks. The unleashed, volcanic forces of the French Revolution as well as the unleashed forces of the Gothic villain, had found a worthy successor in the cottager whose emission of smoke was no more obtrusive than a hermit's. According to the Freudian economy advanced by Thomas Weiskel in *The Romantic Sublime*, not only Wordsworth but Burke as well was attempting to get something for nothing—a return without a

deposit—but few have gone emotionally bankrupt from Wordsworth's belief in the sublimity of humble human feeling.

## NOTES

1. One of Gilpin's most popular books was *Observations on the River Wye and Several Parts of South Wales* (1782). Gilpin appears in *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* (1940) only as a translator; *The New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* has caught up with interest in the picturesque for literary studies to the extent of listing the two chief secondary sources: William D. Templeman, *The Life and Work of William Gilpin* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1939); Carl Paul Barbier, *William Gilpin: His Drawings, Teachings, and Theory of the Picturesque* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963).
2. Of many careful studies in this area, the standard works are Samuel H. Monk, *The Sublime: A Study of Critical Theories in XVIII-Century England* (Modern Language Association, 1935; Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1960); Christopher Hussey, *The Picturesque: Studies in a Point of View* (London: Putnam, 1927); Walter John Hipple, Jr., *The Beautiful, The Sublime, & The Picturesque in Eighteenth-Century British Aesthetic Theory* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1957); Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring, *Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England: A Study Chiefly of the Influence of Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa on English Taste 1700-1800* (New York: Oxford, 1925; rpt. London, 1965); Edward Malins, *English Landscaping and Literature 1660-1840* (London: Oxford University Press, 1966); J. R. Watson, *Picturesque Landscape and English Romantic Poetry* (London: Hutchinson, 1970). For a deconstructionist Freudian view, discovering in attention to the sublime the rise of modern anxiety, see Thomas Weiskel, *The Romantic Sublime: Studies in the Structure and Psychology of Transcendence* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1976).
3. "Reflections on Tintern Abbey," *Wordsworth Circle*, 5 (1974), 6.
4. Hardy appropriately called the poem "Wye above Tintern"—Florence Emily Hardy, *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy* (London: Macmillan, 1928), p. 267. In *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge calls it, *inter alia*, "his lines 'on re-visiting the Wye'" (London, 1817, p. 83). Wordsworth's surviving early references to the poem are few; on 9 December 1803, he called it "the Wye"; on 6 March 1804, he called it "Tintern Abbey"—*The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Early Years 1787-1805*, ed. E. de Selincourt, rev. C. L. Shaver (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), pp. 425, 455.
5. Here Wordsworth exploits what he often defied, Pope's denunciation, "And ten low words oft creep in one dull line" (*An Essay on Criticism* II.147).

6. The interpenetrations of space and time in the poem have been much studied, perceptively but variously by Albert S. Gérard, "Dark Passages: Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*," *English Romantic Poetry: Ethos, Structure, and Symbol in Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968), pp. 89-117; Geoffrey H. Hartman, *Wordsworth's Poetry 1787-1814* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1964; rpt. 1971), pp. 26-30; Robert M. Maniquis, "Comparison, Intensity, and Time in 'Tintern Abbey,'" *Criticism*, 11 (1969), 358-382.
7. *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. W. J. B. Owen and J. W. Smyser, 3 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), II, 202.
8. *Examiner*, 17 August 1817, rpt. in *Leigh Hunt's Dramatic Criticism*, ed. L. H. and C. W. Houtchens (New York: Columbia University Press, 1949), pp. 146-152.
9. For some of the channels of Winckelmann's influence, see Bernard Herbert Stern, *The Rise of Romantic Hellenism in English Literature 1732-1786* (Menasha, Wisconsin: Banta, 1940), pp. 78-117.
10. *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. H. E. Rollins, 2 vols. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1958), I, 232.
11. *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. F. L. Jones, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), II, 80, 88-89, 112.
12. "Wordsworth and the Iron Time," in *Wordsworth: Centenary Studies . . .*, ed. G. T. Dunklin (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1951), pp. 131-152.
13. Watson, p. 196.
14. *Wordsworth and the Sublime* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1973), p. 8.
15. I am obliged to Professor Stephen Maxfield Parrish for pointing out that a copy of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1805, at Cornell University has no punctuation after "man"; the absence of a comma (or colon) draws "All thinking things, all objects of all thought" more forcefully within the mind of the perceiver, who, in assuming the existence of thought in other minds, assumes also (after Bishop Berkeley) the existence of an impelling unity to account for the similarity between mind and mind.
16. *Wordsworth as Critic* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969), pp. 203-210.
17. *The Sublime Pleasures of Tragedy: A Study of Critical Theory from Dennis to Keats* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1975), p. 97.