

“Move away the pall
From the tired spirit.”

And then he tells us what some of those shapes of beauty are,—

“Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills,
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.”

Keats, the apprentice of a London surgeon, was an overtoiled young man in delicate health, cooped up by his employment the whole week round for years together ; and in this characteristic passage,—puerile enough, it must be confessed, and yet poetical too,—we have the genuine expression of the true city calenture under which he languished. But perhaps nowhere in the compass of English poetry is there a more truthful exhibition of the affection than in Wordsworth's picture of the hapless town girl, poor Susan. She is in the heart of the city, a thoughtless straggler along the busy streets, when a sudden burst of song from an encaged thrush hung against the wall touches the deeply-seated feeling, and transports her far and away into the quiet country, where her days of innocence had been spent.

“What ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.
Green pastures she views in the midst of the vale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.”