

brood water waste an a very animated account of his
 different parts of his former meeting with you which he calls the
 happy encounter of Fortunate River stone. - O that you had
 been with me during a then day storm, on Thursday August the
 5th I was sheltered (in the house of this country, Coward) in
 a sort of natural porch on the summit of Sea Fell, the central
 mountain of our Grants, said to be higher than Skiddaw or
 Helvellyn of an almost naked Craig, Gustling, Sparrows,
 Winterfolk the most interesting, without a oval when
 they are away. To my right & left & behind me

1802
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 1802

W. Sothby Esq.
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P.S. I am enclosed to send you a copy of my August 26, 1802. You will see that it
 is a small golden in honor of a coronation which I first letter. You will see that it
 My dear ... first half was written before I received your last letter.

I was about on a little excursion, than you shall
 know - & in my return I have been waiting of making every enquiry in
 the hope of securing the receipt of your Order of its completion, with my
 sincere thanks for your kindness. But I can hear nothing of them.
 Mr Lamb however goes to Penarth next week, & will make straight
 for me. I am not to find the wheelbarrow among them, & yet I think
 I am correct in referring the Ode, Nocturnal Abbey, to that collection, a poem
 which I believe I can very nearly repeat by heart - tho' it must have
 been from your time, years since I last read it. I will even see, that
 you may wish to see, that I, of himself had, at one resolves
 to have by suffering an admiration of Bowles's ^{sublime} up to offer
 as the source of our poems. In perusing the second volume of
 Bowles, since I saw to your hand, I met a line of my own
 which I should have had at the time of writing it, if I had not had it
 before that Bowles would have adopted it. The line is
 Had Melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.

I wrote the lines at 19 - & published them many years ago in her
 morning paper as a fragment - and as they are but ^{the lines} ~~poems~~ I will be
 sent.

Upon a moulder'd Abbey's broadest wall,
 Where ruin'd spires prof' the Ruin's Steep,
 Her folded arms wrapping her father's Fall
 Had Melancholy mus'd herself to sleep.

The Fern was crush'd beneath her hair;
 The dark-green Adder's tongue was in a splinter'd lotus stem
 And still, as came the flagging sea-gales wash,
 The long lank leaf bow'd flung his air her cheek.

Her palled cheek was flush: her ease look
 beam'd, eloquent in slumber. Fully wrought
 Imperfect sounds her moving lips forth,
 And her bent forehead work'd with troubled thought.

I met these lines yesterday by accident - & it as they are
 written, they seem'd to me a piece of distinctness of language in verse,
 that were words of Promise in a school-boy's poem, and the 'same
 giving them perhaps more than their desert in their assurance of
 a reading from you. - I have finished the final navigation

a great natural Convention of Mountains which
 anciently most descriptively called Cipland, i.e. the
 of heads - before me the mountains stood away
 to the sea in eleven parallel ridges - close under my
 feet as it were, were three Vales, Westdale with its
 Interdale, & Eskdale, with the three Rivers, Fort, West
 and Esk seen from their very foundations to their Fall into the
 Sea at Ravenspelt Bay, which eight their bases form'd the
 Eye a perfect Trident.
 Dorrudale out upon the
 of Kierwick even to my
 of Kierwick even to my
 of Kierwick even to my

