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THE UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

A STUDY OF THE PARALLELISM AND EVOLUTION IN THE IMAGERY OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

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PREFACE

The main purpose of this paper is to show how the imagery of Gerard Manley Hopkins' verse is drawn from the notes in his <u>Journal</u> and to study the evolution to the fixed and definite forms of his imagery. Although Hopkins was a discriminating writer, even in recording his first impressions in a notebook, he entered more raw material than he actually used in writing poems. A passion for detail and analysis which was to become a poetic characteristic can be observed in studying the images and comparisons. "Hopkins used his <u>Journal</u> to fix images in the first heat of delighted perception, and it is instructive to see how the sense-impressions incorporated in the poem had been casually garnered over a period of from fourteen to eighteen years."[1]

Most of the studies on Hopkins deal with a critical analysis and interpretation of his poetry or technique. It should be of interest to every enthusiast of Hopkins to trace the origin, method, and application of imagery which qualified his poetry with a depth, intensity, and richness in an unparalleled degree. In the artistry of Hopkins, poetic image evolved into more than a delightful sensory impression: it was an insight into the ultimate reality,

1. W. H. Gardner, <u>Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition</u>, p. 164.

seeing the image in things from God's side.[2]

The "Journal" and "Notes" from which this study is drawn are taken from The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins edited with notes and a preface by Humphrey House, published in full for the first time in 1937. Extracts had appeared previously in the Jesuit periodical Letters and Notices edited by Father MacLeod, in 1906 and 1907, and in Gerard Manley Hopkins by Father Lahey, in 1930. W. H. Gardner's edition of Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins is used throughout.

It remains to thank the authorities and friends, whose assistance and advice, generously given, were of incalculable value to the writer. I wish to thank the Reverend Burke O'Neill, S. J., and Mr. C. Carroll Hollis of the University of Detroit, Mr. John Pick of Marquette University, and Sister Catherine Racconigi, O. P.

2. W. H. Gardner, Gerard Manley Hopkins, p. 7.

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In modern times in the creation of literature, especially poetry, imagery has widened its scope and particularized its meaning. From ornament and mere decoration to the core and essence of a poem, imagery has had a varied history. The essential and yet inclusive definition of imagery may be termed "words or phrases which denote an object perceptible to the senses yet designating some other object of thought belonging to a different order or category of being."[1] The object or image becomes a medium for conveying to the mind some notion regarding that other object or thought. The image is momentarily substituted for that object in the act of perception. Imagery uses a known thing to aid our understanding in perceiving and penetrating the unknown. For it is not in the word or object itself that the imagery lies, but in the mind of the reader. "Imagery is part of the imaginative response for which the word is the symbol."[2]

Caroline Spurgeon uses the term image in a wide sense to cover every kind of simile including the

1. Stephen J. Brown, S. J., <u>The World of Imagery</u>, p. 1.
2. Philo Buck, <u>Literary Criticism</u>, p. 114.

compressed simile, the metaphor. The term is used not only to suggest the visual image, but also any and every imaginative picture drawn from the experience of the senses.[3] The picture may be suggested by a single word or it may be an extended symbol running throughout a number of stanzas or the entire poem. To draw the picture the poet may use a simple analogy from daily life, a delicate fancy from the imaginative world or the means of personification.

Force and originality of images classify and rank a poet. The vitality of a poet's image stirs us because it touches or awakens in us the dormant and lazy convictions of an understanding of life which we possess, but often which we do not use. Between imagery and the world of sense-perceived objects there is a harmony of variety, richness, and significance. "It is when the object and sensation . . . breed an image in which both their likenesses appear,"[4] that the impact of the perception equals an illumination, a bright burning depth of insight. The image is a description or an idea which

> illustrates, illuminates, and embellishes his (the poet's) thought: it transmits to us, through the emotions and associations it arouses, something of the depth and richness of the way the writer views, conceives

3. Caroline Spurgeon, Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us, p. 5.

4. C. Day Lewis, The Poetic Image, p. 23.

or has felt what he is expressing.[5]

The poetic ability to create this effect lies in the perception of the unity underlying and relating all phenomena. It is the poet's task perpetually to discover, to unify subjectively through his imaging, the new relationships within the pattern before him, and to rediscover and renovate the old. The real revelation of the writer's personality, temperament and quality of mind is to be found in his works--and in poetry, this is seen to a great extent in the images. The art of imagery is founded on the existence of analogies and correspondences between the various objects of nature, and between nature and human life--man's physical, emotional, moral, and intellectual nature. Its most characteristic and distinctive form is the using of material objects as images of immaterial, spiritual things. It is not the faithful copying of nature that creates imagery, but it consists in the ability of that copy to evoke certain impulses and emotions culminating in a complete experience.

5. Spurgeon, op. cit., p. 8.

CHAPTER II

INSCAPE AND INSTRESS

The importance of the poetic image to Gerard Manley Hopkins as a contributing factor to the essence of a poem cannot be overestimated. "Some matter and meaning is essential to it but only as an element necessary to support and employ the shape which is contemplated for its own sake." To see the value of imagery in the mind of Hopkins, it is necessary to understand his concept of scape, inscape, and instress.

To Bridges in 1879 Hopkins wrote:

> But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern or what I am in the habit of calling 'inscape' is what I above all aim at in poetry.[2]

What then, did Hopkins mean by 'inscape'? He saw inscape everywhere about him:

> Spanish chestnuts: their inscape here bold, jutty, somewhat oak-like, . . . the leaved peaks spotted so as to make crests of eyes.[3]

> . . . inscape in the spraying of trees, for the swelling buds carry them to

1. *The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, p. 249. (Hereafter this volume will be referred to as *Notes*.)

2. *Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges*, p. 65. (Hereafter this volume will be referred to as *Bridges*.)

3. *Notes*, p. 108.

> a pitch . . . there is a new world of inscape.[4]

> The bluebells in your hand baffle you with their inscape.[5]

By comparing and contrasting objects we readily and spontaneously discover their universal qualities. However, special concentration of our faculties are needed to apprehend the distinctive characteristics. With a piercing perception Hopkins made a practice of looking for these differentiating notes in order to gain an insight into their essence as individuals. These qualities which constitute the "intrinsic form or activating principle of an object, whether native . . . or intellectually super-imposed by artistic arrangement"[6] Hopkins termed inscape. In a creation it is the essential unifying form or design worked into the material by the artist to produce a new thing, distinctive and truly characteristic.

Often Hopkins uses inscape in the sense of the intrinsic beauty of a thing, the shining forth of its form.

> For the true experience of beauty arises only from penetrating, by the mediation of the outer form which is its sensible revelation, to the inner form, the inscape,

4. Notes, p. 141.

5. Ibid., p. 145. (The rest of quote is excellent in detail.)

6. Raymond V. Schoder, S. J., "An Interpretative Glossary of Difficult Words in the Poems," Immortal Diamond, p. 217.

> of the object and drinking in its radiant and abundant reality or truth.[7]

Beauty presupposes unity in the object, for it consists in the "relation between the parts to each other and of the parts to the whole."[8] Hopkins was careful to indicate that the exterior pattern and design of an object do not necessarily manifest an intrinsic principle of unity, beauty, but that the outward manifestation of the intrinsic principle of unity is beauty, inscape. And still in another manner, Hopkins uses the term to designate the sense impression or the sense image that an object makes upon the mind. It is the outer form of an object, and the word carries practically the same connotation as 'scape' which he uses to emphasize the mere external form.

Deploring the fact that critics of Hopkins have either neglected or avoided to define this term essential to the comprehension of Hopkins' poetry, W. Peters, S. J., attempts this comprehensive definition:

> . . . inscape is the unified complex of those sensible qualities of the object of perception that strike us as inseparably belonging to and most typical of it, so that through the knowledge of this unified complex of sense-data we may gain an in-sight

7. The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon, p. 135. (Hereafter this volume will be referred to as Dixon.)

8. Schoder, op. cit., p. 218.

into the individual essence of the object.[9]

Sometimes it happens that the imprinting of the sense image of a thing, its scape upon the mind, causes an onrush, or stress of feeling. The sensation of inscape is called stress or instress. This sudden release of intense emotion may be owing to some previous association, or it may be the result of the slow accumulation of strong feelings over a long period of time.[10] This act precedes the conception that the mind will form. So far as some object causes this stress of feeling, the object itself may be said to have 'instress'. Strictly speaking, it is the subject, the perceiving mind, which stresses and emphasizes, focuses, this feeling into it and knowledge and realization follow. By the instress of feeling knowledge is made our own.

Hopkins had a profound admiration and love of the inscapes of the world and he understood and enjoyed their beauty. And "it was his spiritual outlook on the world that made inscape so precious to Hopkins."[11] Each inscape was another 'word of God' for he saw the world as an utterance of God, a message, an expression, news of God.[12]

9. W. A. M. Peters, S. J., Gerard Manley Hopkins, p. 1.

10. Notes, p. 126.

11. Peters, op. cit., p. 6.

12. Unpublished Manuscript, quoted in John Pick, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Priest and Poet, p. 49.

> I do not think I have ever seen anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at; I know our Lord by it.[13]

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God.[14]

No wonder that Hopkins could write that all things are "charged with God and if we know how to touch them give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow, ring and tell of him."[15]

> Neither do I deny that God is so deeply present to everything . . . I mean/ a being so intimately present as God is to other things . . . that it would be impossible for him but for his infinity not to be identified with them, or, . . . impossible but for his infinity so to be present to them.[16]

Keen recognition of the presence of God in things directed Hopkins' loving admiration of the inscape about him.

The coinage of 'inscape' and 'instress' emphasizes Hopkins' concern with the 'self' of things. His intense awareness of what was individually distinctive in every object and a consciousness of the object's relative independence in being and activity are the dominating characteristics of Hopkins' concept. In this Hopkins differs from other poets. He contemplated objects separately with his attention concentrated more and more intensely on the

13. Notes, p. 133.
14. Poems, "God's Grandeur," p. 70, 1.
15. Notes, p. 342.
16. Ibid., p. 316.

individual and on the individual as 'charged with God';[17] and the search for the inscape of things "drove Hopkins instinctively to their impersonation, a personifying, of the irrational selves on the level of sensitive perception."[18] The distinction given by Peters is worthy of a lengthy quote:

> . . . the object appealed to the poet in virtue of its own emotional atmosphere. . . . The poet is passive, receptive; he has opened wide his heart the better to respond to this quasi-personal appeal of the object. . . . Approaching nature through the imagination they (other poets) interpret the emotions arising in themselves as due principally to any independent activity on the part of the object . . . in Hopkins there remains a clearly marked separation between the activity of the poet and the independent activity of the object; they do not become one in a poetic experience in which the subjective element and the objective have fused by the imagination. The emotional activity ascribed to an object by Hopkins is real to him and not fancied, as real as its inscape.[19]

This constant study of the selfhood of objects about him led Hopkins to a distinctive attitude of self. Influences of Scotus are readily traceable in his constant turning in upon himself and considering the essence of the individuating principle in himself. In his notes Hopkins says that he finds himself, his individuality,

17. Notes, p. 342.

18. Peters, op. cit., p. 8.

19. Ibid., p. 20.

self-being, with all experiences--pleasure, pain, guilt, sense of beauty--more important than any visual thing. In searching for the source of "this throng and stock of being," he fails. The notes continue:

> This is much more true when we consider the mind; when I consider my selfbeing, my consciousness and feeling of myself, that taste of myself, of I and me above and in all things, which is more distinctive than the smell of walnut-leaf or camphor, and is incommunicable by any means to another man. . . . Nothing else in nature comes near this unspeakable stress of pitch, distinctiveness, and selving, this selfbeing of my own. . . . searching nature I taste self but at one tankard, that of my own being.[20]

This is the reason for Hopkins' continual analysis of his complete being. His awareness of his bodily, sensitive nature accounts for the sensuous character of his poetry. He used all his senses in the perception of inscape. This intensity of living is even more true of his soul. He lived his sufferings as intensely as his joys. He was deeply conscious of sorrow and concerned with the reason for it. His was not a passive living:

> With witness I speak this. But where I say
> Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
> Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
> To dearest him that lives alas! away.
>
> I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
> Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
> Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed
> the curse.[21]

20. Notes, pp. 309-10.

21. Poems, "I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark," p. 109, 5-11.

He knew self alone as a 'sweating self',[22] 'heartburn',[23] and 'poor Jackself';[24] he knew self with God as 'immortal diamond'.[25]

Now the ideal of poetry must be to communicate the inscape to the reader. Hopkins aimed at an intellectual grasp of the internal harmony in things, the apprecia-tion of beauty derived from the vision of order. In all he was careful to insist that inscape should be intrinsi-cally suggestive not severely realistic. It is through inscape that the beauty and symmetry of the individual-ity of things is communicated. Hopkins observes in-scapes and re-creates them in an individual poetic pat-tern that suggest exactly the pattern of reality.

> Now this is the artist's most essential quality, masterly execution; it is . . . begetting one's thoughts on paper, on verse, on whatever the matter is; the life must be conveyed into the work and be displayed there, not suggested hav-ing been in the artist's mind.[26]

Hopkins desired that each poetic creation not merely suggest an individuality, but that it do so intensely,

22. Poems, "I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark," p. 110, 14.

23. Poems, loc. cit., p. 110, 9.

24. Ibid., "My Own Heart Let Me have More Pity On," p. 111, 9.

25. Ibid., "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection," p. 112, 24. (Hereafter referred to as "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire.")

26. Dixon, p. 133.

violently, dangerously--like the Windhover and Harry Ploughman. For he

> was intent on communicating the inscape, the felt pattern or design which was at the heart of a thing's reality for him, he desperately needed a way of speaking which would allow him to linger over, to stress for the listener, the quality of things.[27]

Joyce Kilmer says that Hopkins' poems are successions of lovely images, each a poem in itself.[28] The images are so many sparks flying radiantly from his own instress of inscape. Many of the images convey a compressed intensity of beauty, 'firedint' of his creative self. Each image in his poetry is a true representation. The image is not used to ornament his verse, but to Hopkins "imagery was inseparable from true poetic experience; the image was given with the emotion, and flushed by it; and thus an image is embodied in the poem as a living part."[29]

Hopkins was successful not merely in re-creating the inscapes of the object world, but he achieved the greater height of creative genius by instressing the vision of the movements and colors of the world of nature with a painter's passion to hold them unposed in action. Couplets are charged with concentrated expressions of beauty; an

27. Arthur Mizener, "Victorian Hopkins," Gerard Manley Hopkins, p. 106.

28. Joyce Kilmer, Circus and Other Essays, p. 182.

29. Peters, op. cit., p. 53.

"impassioned sensuous attraction of the world"[30] pulsed in every line. His was an extreme tension which produced a creative expression--"fine and explosive."[31] There was no rest for him until he had achieved the peak of perfection in conveying his inscapes which he had experienced to others at the price of sustained endeavor in which he reached a "sort of counterpoise--poised, but on the quiver; between immensities of height and depth."[32] He delighted in beauty as a means to God and gave to the image a supernatural interpretation.

> Be shelled, eyes, with double dark
> And find the uncreated light;
> . . . .
> O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
> That want the yield of plushy sward
> But you shall walk the golden street
> And you unhouse and house the Lord.[33]

An experience of beauty and of religion were one for Hopkins. He could "find an avenue for approaching the service, reverence, and praise of God by means of his appreciation and use of created beauties."[34] His sensuous apprehension of the world was greatly intensified:

> Suppose God showed us in a vision the whole world enclosed first in a drop of water,

30. John Pick, "Growth of a Poet," The Month, CLXXV (January - February, 1940), 39.

31. Hugh I'Anson, Poets and Pundits, p. 96.

32. Ibid., p. 98.

33. Poems, "The Habit of Perfection," p. 46, 9-10, 21-4.

34. Pick, op. cit., p. 45.

> allowing everything to be seen in its native colours; then the same in a drop of Christ's blood, by which everything whatever was turned to scarlet, keeping nevertheless mounted in the scarlet its own color.[35]

This apprehension gave a solid framework of ideas for all his images. And "imagery is mainly responsible for the magnificence of the verse--the huge imagination, the deep consciousness that inspired all his work."[36]

Hopkins instressed his inscapes and crystallized his verse by his keen apprehension of sensuous imagery. He was acutely and sharply "aware of textures, surfaces, colours, patterns of every kind,"[37] and of vitality in all things. His conception and expression of them were passionate. He was a 'melter and molder of images'[38] of astonishing originality. He brought all into a rare focus by his unique character, intelligence, sincerity, and technical skill. By an unusual awareness of the natural world, he scrupulously created an artistry of lovely images to produce a whole expression of thought in which all elements of beauty relatively correspond.

35. Unpublished Manuscript, quoted in John Pick, _Gerard Manley Hopkins, Priest and Poet_, pp. 44-5.

36. Sitwell, _op. cit._, p. 68.

37. Herbert Read, "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins," _English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century_, p. 369.

38. Kunitz, "Letters of Hopkins," _Wilson Bulletin_, IX (May, 1935), 491.

Hopkins says:

> Poetry is speech framed for contemplation of the mind by the way of hearing or speech framed to be heard for its own sake and interest even over and above its interest of meaning. . . . (Poetry is in fact speech only employed to carry the inscape of speech for the inscape's sake--and therefore the inscape must be dwelt on. . . .) Poetry must be uttered, be variously tried in the organs and imagery of breathing and speech, to be listened to and heard, until its intricate spreading patterns of response develop themselves and possess the reader.[39]

Hopkins' economy and choice of words force the reader to see the physical thing and to concentrate on its reality. The comparisons are of his own experiences, selected carefully, until gems such as these are crystallized: "grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies,"[40] starry skies on a winter night--"down in dim woods the diamond delves,"[41] and spring--"the blue is all in a rush with richness."[42] The figures and imagery are neither learned nor far-fetched. They are drawn from nature and from everyday life, or from suffering and destruction (anvils, blood, gashing, grinding, torturing, drowning).

39. Notes, pp. 249-50.

40. Poems, "The Starlight Night," p. 70, 5.

41. Poems, loc. cit., p. 70, 4.

42. Ibid., "Spring," p. 71, 7-8.

Hopkins' imagery, his symbolic language, is the force that generates the emotional and intellectual response through the instressing of inscape.

CHAPTER III

A COMPARISON OF THE IMAGES IN THE JOURNAL AND POETRY

Although the familiar work of earlier poets who were stirred by the same emotions offers imagery for a new poet, the most fruitful source is that of the poet's own experience. Hopkins' imagery contains many elements common to poets, but nevertheless, it is individual. Essentially this individuality consists in a scrupulous attempt to express his true poetic experience through the image which was given by the same emotion. It is a concentration of mind and passion for truth in imagery. The method which aided Hopkins in this chosen task was the habit of keeping notes on his observations. He was a discriminating writer without thought of readers and publishers. In the _Early Note-Books_, 1863-66, and _Journal_, 1868-75, Hopkins analyzes what he sees in clouds, sunsets, streams, trees, birds and flowers. He often rewrote his observations several times before entering them in the _Journal_. This method "fixed the image and made it immediately available to the right creative impulse."[1] Hopkins was so obsessed, sometimes possessed, by some of his images that he continually toyed with them until they evolved into a poem.

1. Gardner, _op. cit._, p. 166.

His keen observation of nature images glowed with new life and meaning through his imaginative interpretation. For this reason one must consider two types of comparisons. First, there is a similarity of expression in which Hopkins repeats words or phrases in his poems that he had used in his Journal. Then there is a similarity of the whole perfected image: the Journal supplying the raw material for the fine product of the poetry. This whole idea may be illustrated by the evolution expressed in the poem, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection." From this Jack, joke and poor potsherd in a flash and at a trumpet crash, man is all at once what Christ is--Immortal Diamond. In all deductions, however, comparisons are merely pointed out; proof that Hopkins' thought actually passed from one specific instance in the Journal to a specific image in his poetry is not the purpose of this paper. The following discussion shows how Hopkins' sense impressions in his notes were incorporated in his poetry.

Stars

From the Notes:

"Bright pieces of evening light," p. 154.

"Stars came out thick," p. 110.

". . . opposite bays of the sky," p. 125.

* *[2]

. . . this piece-bright paling (of stars).
"The Starlight Night," p. 70, 13.

The thick stars round him roll
Flashing like flecks of coal.
"The Blessed Virgin Compared to the Air We Breathe,"[3]
p. 102, 99-100.

Yet did the dark side of the bay . . .
Not vault them . . .
"The Wreck of the Deutschland,"[4]
p. 59, St. 12, 7-8.

These examples illustrate the repetition of words or phrases. "Bright pieces of evening light" becomes "this piece-bright paling" of stars. However, such similarities are too obvious for comment.

From the Notes:

"sky peaked with tiny flames . . . stars like tiny spoked wheels of fire . . . lantern of night pierced in eyelets," p. 32.

Stars twirling brilliantly, p. 110.

2. Quotations from the Notes are separated from those of the poetry by a line of asterisks.

3. Hereafter referred to as "The B. V. Compared to the Air."

4. Hereafter referred to as "The Wreck."

"The stars . . . seemed to press and stare and gather in like hurdles bright, the liberties of air," p. 53.

"stars like gold tufts," p. 32.

"skies were . . . clear and ashy and fresh with stars," p. 135.

"sky minted into golden sequins," p. 32.

* *

Look at the stars!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
"The Starlight Night," p. 70, 1-3.

Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt.
"The B. V. Compared to the Air,"
p. 102, 101.

How looks the night? There does not miss a star?
The million sorts of unaccounted motes
Now quicken, sheathed in the yellow galaxy.
There is no parting or bare interstice
Where the stint compass of a skylark's wings
Would not put out some tiny golden centre.
"How Looks the Night," p. 144.

"Tiny flames" and "spoked wheels of fire" fill the sky as "fire-folk sitting in the air!" The activity suggested by flame and spoked wheels creates inhabitants, fire-folk, in a fire-featuring heaven, living in "bright boroughs, circle-citadels." The impact of the instress is typical of Hopkins. It reveals his vision of movement and ability to recreate it for the reader. The "stars twirling brilliantly" is a gem in itself, but in the verse there is a greater vividness involving the whole sky heavy with stars flashing like flecks of coal, quartz-fret, or sparks of salt. The intensity concentrated into the picture of

a grimy vasty vault of a sky flashing like tiny diamonds and studded crystals evokes a response to Hopkins' poetic passion. Clear skies "ashy and fresh with stars" "like gold tufts" are ejected with life as Hopkins queries, "How looks the night?" Every star, "the million sorts of unaccounted" ones, animate that sky until the "golden sequins" achieve a rank in "the yellow galaxy." These stars live as flake-doves floating forth, diamonds in dim woods, quick-gold in cold grey lawns, wind-beat white-beam through the night, and airy abeles set on a flare in contrast to stars that seem to press and stare and gather in hurdles.[5] The "lovely-asunder starlight" is a rich condensation of a beautiful image, delightful to the intelligence and senses. Again, the stars that seem to press and stare and gather in hurdles spontaneously explode upon the mind in the poem beginning, "I am like a slip of comet." The central star shakes its cocooning mists, and so she comes to fields of light; millions of traveling rays pierce her. The sublimation of suggestion must be credited to the strength and integrity of the image.

5. Poems, "The Starlight Night," p. 70, 3, 5 ff.

Clouds

From the Notes:

"A simple behaviour of the cloudscape," p. 145.

"silky lingering clouds," p. 143.

"The clouds meal white," p. 144.

"Later/ moulding which brought rain," p. 143.

"the left cloud was . . . fleece parcelled in wavy locks flowing upwards," p. 150.

"clouds . . . in burly-shouldered ridges . . . of a sort of violet paleness," p. 143.

* *

. . . what lovely behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across
the skies?

"Hurrahing in Harvest," p. 74, 2-4.

. . . or clouds of violet glow'd
On pranked scale.

"A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 18, 108.

Cloudscapes must have had a particular appeal to Hopkins. His Journal records many detailed observations. The similarity employed in the terminology of the Journal and poems is greater than in any other instance. The "simple behaviour of the cloudscape" and the "silky lingering clouds" become the "lovely behaviour of silk-sack clouds;" "clouds meal white" and "later moulding" are "meal-drift moulded." However, such a simple transference is not all that is entailed in the poetry. The fusion of the sound of the words, their intelligibility, and their power on

the emótions primarily constitute the difference in the use of the image. Compare the note, "the cloud was fleece parcelled in wavy locks flowing upwards" with "has wilder, wilful-wavier meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?" The intensity found in the poetic image is typical; it vibrates with beauty and freshness.

From the Notes:

> "bright woolpacks that pelt before a gale," p. 140.
>
> "wooly coats of cloud . . . on the branches of the flying pieces it was the true exchange of crimson," p. 143.
>
> "the greatest stack of cloud . . . was shining white . . . like to ringlets of ram's fleece blowing," p. 150.
>
> "I saw the cloud reflected and the outlines . . . were distinct." p. 32.
>
> *
>
> And sheep-flock clouds like worlds of wool,
> For all they shine so, high in heaven,
> Shew brighter shaken in Penmaen Pool.
> "Penmaen Pool," p. 68, 18-20.

"Woolpacks, wooly coats, and ram's fleece" are the Journal metaphors for clouds. They "pelt before a gale" and are "on the branches of the flying pieces"--shining white. In verse it is "sheep-flock clouds like worlds of wool" "shine so, high in heaven" but "shew brighter shaken in Penmaen Pool."

From the Notes:

> "webs of rosy clouds and afterwards ranks of sharply edged crops or slices," p. 121.
>
> "clouds . . . in burly-shouldered ridges

swanny and lustrous," p. 143.

"dark clouds . . . make pitching over at the top the way they are going," p. 125.

"streamer clouds . . . moving along the horizon," p. 175.

"herds of towering pillow clouds, one great stack in particular over Pendle was knoppled all over in fine snowy tufts," p. 136.

"Two taper tufts of vapour or cloud," p. 191.

". . . off tufts of thin-textured . . . clouds," p. 159.

"tall tossed clouds," p. 181.

"slanted flashing travelers, all in flight, stepping one behind the other, their edges tossed with bright raveling," p. 144.

"clouds in march behind Pendle . . . marching across the sky in regular rank," p. 145.

"white-rose clouds . . . near sundown taking straight ranks and gilded by the light," p. 113.

* *

The clouds come like ill balanced crags,
Shouldering, Down valley smokes the gloom.
"Fragments of _Pilate_," p. 117, St. 7, 1-2.

My window shows the travelling clouds.
"The Alchemist in the City," p. 31, 1.

Cloud-puff ball, torn tufts, tossed pillows
flaunt forth, then chevy on an airbuilt
thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-
gangs they throng; they glitter in marches.
"Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," p. 111, 1-2.

The repetition of words throughout the illustration is significant for it shows how the sense impressions of the _Journal_ are incorporated in the poetry. The impassioned sensuous attraction of the clouds pulses in every line. Here, more than elsewhere, one acknowledges the growth

of the poetic image from the notes. The textures, surfaces, colors, patterns, and activities of the clouds are apprehended and expressed with an acute sharpness: cloud-puff ball, torn tufts, tossed pillows, flaunt forth, then chevy on an airbuilt thoroughfare; heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs, they throng, they glitter in marches. Gardner remarks that Hopkins was so possessed by his images of clouds

> that they fell out under the stress of poetic inspiration, in considerably better form and order than at their inception. How admirably does he combine the 'pillow clouds' of 1869 with the 'tossed clouds' of 1873 to form the gleefully boyish 'tossed pillows'.[6]

The Journal is packed with careful delineations of clouds which reveal the artist hand of Hopkins tracing color, shape, and activity. "Shires-long of pearled cloud with a grey stroke underneath marking each row"[7] and "a river of dull white cloud rolling down . . . in low or shallow waves"[8] depict Hopkins' studies of nature's art through a keen perception arising from a comparison of likenesses and differences. Descriptions alone are not recorded, but Hopkins notes all in motion, and that motion in itself and its relation to the whole view around him. Thus the unity in the dynamic world became his greatest inspiration. He describes clouds that were

6. Gardner, op. cit., p. 166.

7. Notes, p. 49.

8. Ibid., p. 213.

"a pied piece-sail-coloured upon the skyline far-off"[9] as if his own nerve ends were giving back his sensitivity to the effects of light. The entries show his preoccupation with images.

From the Notes:

> "scarves of cloud bellying upwards . . . in perspective downwards, and then . . . curds or globes and solid, geometrical solids," p. 147.
>
> "beautiful anvil clouds low on the earth-line in opposite quarters," p. 149.
>
> "fresh and mostly fine-baggy cobweb clouds sometimes overcasting the sky," p. 166.
>
> "clouds delicately crisped," p. 118.
>
> "fine shapeless skeins of fretted make, full of eyebrows or like linings of curled leaves which one finds in shelved corners of a wood," p. 107.

These are some of the images of the Journal which are arresting by their exceptional sensuousness.

9. Notes, p. 215.

Weather Elements

"All the world is full of inscape,"[10] and Hopkins also perceived its beauty in the sound and activity of the air. The great potentiality of the image through the novelty of diction evokes a joyous wonder.

From "The B. V. Compared to the Air"--

> Wild air, world-mothering air,
> Nestling me everywhere,
> That each eyelash or hair
> Girdles.
> p. 99, 1-4.
>
> This needful, never spent,
> And nursing element.
> p. 99, 9-10.
>
> . . . like air's fine flood
> The deathdance in his blood.
> p. 101, 51-2.
>
> . . . did air not make
> This bath of blue and slake
> His fire . . .
> p. 103, 94-6.
>
> World-mothering air, air wild,
> Wound with thee, in thee isled,
> Fold home, fast fold thy child.
> p. 103, 124-6.

Climaxing his praise of air, Hopkins says he is reminded "in many ways of her who not only gave God's infinity dwindled to infancy . . . but mothers each new grace"[11] for mankind. Neither the images nor their poetic emotions are

10. Notes, p. 173.

11. Poems, "The B. V. Compared to the Air," p. 101.

listed in the Journal.

Few are the Journal entries on the wind; the only comparable one in intensity is an innovation in imagery:

> "Very hot, the wind, . . . dappled very sweetly on one's face . . . seemed to put it on like a gown as a man puts on the shadow he walks into and hoods or hats himself with the shelter of a roof, a penthouse, or a copse of trees, . . . it rippled and fluttered like light linen one could feel the folds and braids of it--and indeed a floating flag is like wind visible and what weeds are in a current; it gives it thew and fires it and bloods it in," p. 178.

With such a keen apprehension of detail, form, and activity, Hopkins' creative ardor is singular in suggestion and implication. The wind that could dapple sweetly in one's face also made those once lovely lads "wet-fresh windfalls of war's storms."[12] The kindness of the wind sheltering and housing or rippling and fluttering could, "impenitent, beat, heave" against the strong mountain as a "mountain element."[13] Or, emphasizing the sound of the wind, Hopkins could write:

> Then pass'd the wind, and sobb'd
> with mountain-echo'd woe.
> "The Escorial," p. 17, St. 13, 9.

If one can claim any instance as an illustration of the evolution of Hopkins' imagery, the following comparison is suggested.

12. Poems, "To What Serves Mortal Beauty," p. 103, 5.

13. Ibid., "Fragments of Pilate," p. 118, St. 5, 1-4.

From the Notes:

> "Bright, with a high wind blowing the
> crests of the trees before the sun and
> fetching in the blaze and dousing it
> again . . . one light raft of beech
> which the wind footed and strained on,
> ruffling the leaves," p. 177.

* *

> Delightfully the bright wind boisterous
> ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare
> Of yestertempest's creases.
> "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire,"
> p. 111, 5-6.

Similarity in the illustration must be drawn from the impact of interpretation. The phrase "bright, with a high wind blowing the crests of the trees before the sun and fetching in the blaze and dousing it again" is succinctly condensed into "delightfully the bright wind footed and strained on" easily suggest that powerful and comprehensive idea of the wind which not only ropes and wrestles, but "beats earth bare of yestertempest's creases."

Throughout the Journal the only reference Hopkins makes to the sky as such is the "the day was bright; pied skies."[14] In his verse the image glows with the usual lustre:

> . . . the jay-blue heavens appearing
> Of pied and peeled May!
> "The Wreck," p. 64, St. 26, 3-4.

Most of the sky imagery from both sources involves a sunset or sunrise. However, other images of the sky are

14. Notes, p. 179.

found in the poems and the ecstasy of the impact awaits the reader's apprehension.

> Glory be to God . . .
> For skies of couple-colour as a brindle cow.
> "Pied Beauty," p. 74, 1-2.

> . . . the sky is two and two
> With white strokes and strains of the blue.
> "The Woodlark," p. 149, 16-20.

The beauty around Hopkins is intensified under the glow of the images:

> . . . this blue heaven
> . . . .
> Hued sunbeam will transmit
> Perfect, not alter it.
> "The B. V. Compared to the Air,"
> p. 102, 86-9.

The "bath of blue," the "sweet and scarless sky,"[15] and "the descending blue, that blue . . . all in a rush with richness"[16] --these are "all that glory in the heavens"[17] to which Hopkins pays tribute. In the Journal are several notes on the northern lights and the milky way. None of them can match the verse in vividness and implication.

> Blue-beating and hoary-glow height;
> or night, still higher,
> With belled fire and the moth-soft
> Milky Way.
> "The Wreck," p. 64, St. 26, 5-6.

15. Poems, "The B. V. Compared to the Air," p. 102-3, 95, 120.

16. Ibid., "Spring," p. 71, 7-8.

17. Ibid., "Hurrahing in Harvest," p. 74, 6.

The Sun

References to the sunrise in Hopkins' notes are detailed as carefully as other entries. Not merely is the sunrise itself considered, but its action on the sky and the earth.

From the Notes:

> ". . . beautiful vizor of white cloud over the sunrise, the highest bow, which overswept and outlined the whole, carried upon a grate of upward waving slips; the sun below in a golden mess," p. 182.
>
> "At sunrise . . . long skeins of meshy grey cloud a little ruddled underneath, not quite level but aslant, . . . down on the left . . . more solid balk or bolt than the rest with a high-blown crest of flix or fleece above it," p. 124.
>
> "Palms dotted with silver. The sun has just risen/ Flares his wet brilliance in the dintless heaven. His shaky eye . . .," p. 41.
>
> ". . . but a wedge of sunlight streamed down through a break in the clouds upon the valley," p. 203.

* *

> . . . such a sapphire-shot,
> Charged, steeped sky will not
> Stain light.
>
> "The B. V. Compared to the Air," p. 102, 77-81.

From the Notes:

> ". . . these leaves handful for handful, changed as I walked; the other was slays of shadow-spokes struck out from any knot, leaves or boughs where the sun was/ like timbers across the thick air," p. 186.

. . . wherever an elm arches,
Shivelights and shadow-tackle in long lashes
and lace, lance, and pair.
"That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," p. 111, 3-4.

The prosaical description in the _Journal_ of the streak of sunlight and of the sun on the leaves and its evolution to the beautiful line in the poem again illustrates Hopkins' method of crystallizing his first images.

Hopkins uses the common images, beacons of light and beams of light. In "The Wreck of the Deutschland" he employs them to describe the steadfastness and fear of the tall nun, but strongly modifies the image--"a blown beacon of light."[18]

> "The brow (of the cliff) was crowned with that burning _clear_ of silver light which surrounds the sun, then the sun itself leapt out with long bright spits of beams," _Notes_, p. 162.

> Bright sun lanced fire in the heavenly bay.
> "The Loss of the Eurydice," p. 77, 22.

The peculiar action of the sunlight passing through a cloud or leaves seems to have deeply impressed Hopkins:

> ". . . the sunlight falls on the wall of my room . . . fuming of the atmosphere marked like the shadow of smoke: I have seen it once with the light coming through leaves, same seen the other way as the watery riot one sees in the sun's disc when low," _Notes_, p. 161.

By far the greater number of sun images in the _Journal_ and poetry are of sunsets. In these the similarity is

18. _Poems_, "The Wreck," p. 65, St. 29, 8.

of word, phrase, and idea.

"Dim mountains down the valley red in
the sunset," Notes, p. 112.

. . . the crimson glare
Shower'd the cliffs and every fret and spire
With garnet wreaths and blooms of rosy-budded
fire.
"A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 19, 27-9.

From the Notes:

"Bright sunset: all the sky hung with tall
tossed clouds . . . westward lamping with
tipsy bufflight, the colour of yellow roses
. . . a pale goldish skein," p. 181.

". . . fine-spokes of dusty gold; long wing
of brownish cloud warping/ in the perspec-
tive," p. 179.

* *

And pierce the yellow waxen light.
"The Alchemist in the City," p. 43, 33.

A gold-water Pactolus frets
Its brindled wharves and yellow brim
The waxen colours weep and run.
. . . .
Into the flat blue mist the sun
Drops out and all our day is done.
"Winter With the Gulf Stream,"
p. 24, 28-30, 32-3.

From the Notes:

"Sunset . . . wine-coloured with pencil-
lines of purple," p. 123.

". . . the sun-down yellow, moist with light
but ending at the top in a foam of delicate
white pearling and spotted with big tufts
of cloud in colour russet between brown and
purple but edged with brassy light . . .
active in tossing out light," p. 129.

* *

But through black branches, rarely drest
In scarves of silky shot and shine.
"Winter With the Gulf Stream,"
p. 23, 20-5.

Plum-purple was the west; but spikes of light
Speared open lustrous gashes, crimson-white.
"A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 18, 7-8.

From the Notes:

". . . a lovely sunset of rosy juices and creams and combs . . . the rosy field of sundown turned gold and the slips and creamings in it stood out like brands, with jots of purple," p. 213.

". . . great bulks of brassy cloud hanging round, which changed their colour to bright reds over the sundown and to the fruittree-blossom colour opposite; a honey-brown edged," p. 110.

". . . the sky . . . a shelved rack of rice-white fine pelleted fretting. At sunset it gathered downwards and as the light then bathed it from below the fine ribbing . . . dripping with fiery bronze . . . changed to crimson and the whole now plotted with pale soaked blue rosetting seized some of it foreward in wisps or plucks of smooth beautiful carnation," p. 155.

* *

From "A Vision of the Mermaids"--

The zenith melted to a rose of air.
p. 19, 25.

Now all things rosy turn'd: the west had grown
To an orb'd rose, which by hot pantings blown
Apart, betwixt ten thousand petall'd lips
By interchange gasp'd splendour and eclipse.
p. 18, 20-4.

An intense line of throbbing bloodlight shook
A quivering pennon; then far too keen,
Ebb'd back beneath its snowy lids, unseen.
p. 18, 15-19.

From the Notes:

"Sunset . . . crisscross yellow flosses,
then a graceful level shell of streamers
spreading from the sundown," p. 166.

"In the sunset . . . a world of swollen
clouds holding the yellow-rose light,
while a few sad milky blue slips
passed," p. 136.

* *

. . . lily-yellow is the west.
"A Voice From the World," p. 123, 54.

Now her mallow-row is gone
In tufts of evening sky.
"Lines for a Picture of St. Dorothea,"
p. 48, 21-2.

Colour and shadow effects of sunset are continually recorded.

From the Notes:

"Blue shadows . . . sense of green in the
tufts and pashes of grass, with purple
shadow . . . on the dry black mould," p. 190.

"heights and groves . . . looked like dusty
velvet being all flushed into a piece by
a thick-hoary golden light," p. 124.

"Bright sunset: all the sky hung with tall
tossed clouds . . . westward lamping with
tipsy-bufflight, the colour of yellow
roses," p. 181.

Lightning

Another weather phenomenon in which Hopkins was interested was lightning. The best images in the poetry are not particularly unusual:

> . . . In joints of sparkling jags
> The lightning leaps.
> "Fragments of Pilate," p. 119, St. 7, 3-4.

> Not a dooms-day dazzle . . .
> . . . .
> A released shower, let flash to the shire,
> not a lightning of fire hard-hurled.
> "The Wreck," p. 66, St. 34, 6, 8.

The Journal entries are more detailed:

> ". . . lightning seemed to me white like a flash from a lookingglass . . . also rose-coloured and lilac . . . one a straight stroke, broad like a stroke with chalk and liquid . . . a bright confusion and then uttered by a tongue of brightness running from the ground to the cloud," p. 149.

> "lightning was very slender and nimble . . . flashes lacing two clouds . . . riddling liquid fire, inched and jagged as if it were shivering of a bright riband string which had once been kept bound round a blade and danced back into its pleatings," p. 178.

The Moon

The <u>Journal</u> and poems contain images of the moon. Similarity is hardly discernible.

From the <u>Notes</u>:

> "the moon just marked by a blue spot pushing its way through to darker cloud, underneath and on the skirts of the rock bold long flakes whitened and swaled like feathers," p. 158.

> "the moon outside was roughing the lake with silver and dinting and tooling it with sparkling holes," p. 114.

Here again are examples of the strong instress Hopkins often experienced. The roughness of the lake is silvered and dinted and tooled by the moon unto a sparkling beauty. In another entry in which Hopkins describes the action of the moon, he concludes,

> I . . . strongly feel in my fancy the odd instress of this, the moon leaning on her side, as if fallen back, in the cheerful light floor within the ring, after which magical rightness and success tracing round her the ring, the steady copy of her own outline.[19]

Another entry reads,

> "I saw the full moon of brassyish colour and beautifully dappled hanging a little above the clumps," p. 209.

In the poetry the images which closely resemble these

19. <u>Notes</u>, p. 156.

instances are:

> The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe
>   of a fingernail held to the candle,
> Or paring of paradisaical fruit, lovely in
>   waning but lustreless.
>
> "Moonrise," p. 148, 2-3.

> Frequenting there while moon shall wear and
>   wend.
>
> "The Sea and the Skylark," p. 72, 4.

> fond yellow hornlight . . .
> wild hollow hoarlight hung to the height.
>
> "Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves," p. 104, 3-4.

Rain

The next weather images are those portraying rain.

> "Drops of rain hanging on rails, etc., seen with only the lower rim lighted like nails (of fingers)," Notes, p. 53.
>
> The mist upon the leaves have strewed,
> And danced the balls of dew that stood
> In acres all above the wood.
> "The Nightingale," p. 42, 24-6.

"hail, long rows of soft grey cloud straining the whole heaven but spanning the skyline . . . long ribs of girders were as rollers/ across the wind," Notes, p. 140.

. . . heltering hail
May's beauty massacre and wisped wild clouds grow
Out on the giant air.
"Strike, Churl," p. 167, 1-3.

> "At night violent hailstorms . . . and a solar halo . . . water-runs were then mulled and less beautiful than usual," Notes, p. 136.
>
> Hailropes hustle and grind their
> Heavengravel?
> "The Loss of the Eurydice," p. 77, 27-8.

From the Notes:

> "Flashes (lightning) lacing two clouds above or the cloud and the earth . . . in live veins of rincing or riddling liquid fire, inched and jagged as if it were shivering of a bright riband string," p. 178.
>
> "clear afternoon with tender clouding after rain . . . crisp flat darkness of the woods against the sun and the smoky bloom," p. 121.

. . . water-cloud and ravelled
into strings of rain.
"A Voice from the World," p. 125, 55.

They watched the brush of the swift stringy drops
Help'd by the darkness of a block of copse
Close-rooted in the downward-hollowing fields.
"Fragments of Richard," p. 134, 39-41.

In each illustration above the crystallization of the original image as found in the Journal is one of power and beauty. The instress of the action of the rain, hail, clouds, and sky is the point which carries the impact of the images.

The mist and fog are noted in the Journal as,

"the blue mist breathing with wind
. . . tops of the trees hidden almost
or . . . grey, till sun threw a moist
red light through them," pp. 185-6.

One comparison, although not showing any definite suggestion of evolution, may be seen:

"the morning mist looks like water quite
still and clouded by milk or soda," p. 120.

There is a vapour stands in the wind;
It shapes itself in taper skeins;
. . . .
Save in the body of the rains.
"The Earth and Heaven," p. 147, 17-20.

The Frost

The only instance in the poetry in which Hopkins uses the image of frost is:

> Frost-furred our ivies are and rough
> With bills of rime and branches shew.
> "Winter With the Gulf Stream," p. 23, 3-4.

The *Journal* entries occur more frequently and are examples of Hopkins' sensuous perception of nature.

From the *Notes*:

> "sharp frosts, frosting on trees and cobwebs like fairyland," p. 186.

> "first frost all day . . . the air shining, but with vapour, the dead leaves frilled, the grass white with hoarfrost mixed with purple shadow," p. 121.

> "the trees being drenched with wet a sharp frost which followed in the night candied them with ice . . . cedar--every needle edged with a blade of ice made of fine horizontal bars or spars all pointing one way," p. 125.

> "hard frosts; wonderful downpour of leaf: . . . sun began to melt the frost they fell at one touch and . . . a whole tree lay masking and papering the ground at the foot. Then the tree seems to be looking down on its self as blue sky on snow . . . its losing, its doing," p. 186.

Snow and Ice

Many pages of Hopkins' Journal are devoted to images of snow and ice. When it is remembered that his notes were carefully rewritten before he made them permanent in the Journal, it is easy to discern how the first impressions are recast into images of pure gold in the poetry.

From the Notes:

> "The wind . . . driving little clouds of snow-dust which caught the sun as they rose . . . flying up the slopes they looked like breaks of sunlight," p. 129.

> "Snow lies in a field the damasking of white light and silvery shade may be watched . . . in the whitest of things the sense of white is lost . . . the snow is broken or raised into ridges," p. 171.

* *

Stigma, signal, cinquefoil token
For lettering of the lamb's fleece,
  ruddying of the rose-flake.
"The Wreck," p. 62, St. 22, 7-8.

. . . in thy sight
Storm flakes were scroll-leaved flowers,
  lily showers-sweet heaven was astrew in them.
"The Wreck," p. 62, St. 21, 8.

> "swells of ice rising through the snow-sheet and the snow itself tossing and fretting into the sides of the rock walls in spray-like points," Notes, p. 106.

Some ice that locks the glacier to the rocks,
And in a bason brings the blocks.
"Fragments of Pilate," p. 119, St. 7, 20-1.

From the Notes:

". . . winter, severe. Snow on the grass became a crust lifted on the heads the blades . . . the snow was channelled all in parallels by the sharp driving wind and upon the tufts of grass . . . it came to turret-like clusters or like broken shafts of basalt," p. 129.

"the snow . . . outlined with wavy edges, ridge below ridge . . . these the wind makes," p. 113.

* *

. . . in weariest winter hour
. . . .
Furred snows, charged tuft above tuft, tower
From darksome darksome Penmaen Pool.
"Penmaen Pool," p. 68, 29, 31-2.

There are many snow and ice images in the Journal which are not found in the poetry. The same is true of the images in the poetry.

From the Notes:

". . . heavy fall of snow. It tufted and told the firs . . . and went on to load them until they were taxed beyond their spring . . . crisped beautifully . . . Looking at the elms from underneath you saw every wave in every twig . . . and to the hangers and flying sprays it restored . . . the inscape they had lost. They were beautifully brought out against the sky . . . one side dead blue, the other washed with gold," p. 130.

"Looking down into the thick ice . . . I found the imprisoned air-bubbles nothing at random but starting from centres . . . each spur of it a curving string of beaded and diminishing bubbles," p. 137.

A few of the unusual snow images which Hopkins uses

in the poetry follow:

> Hailropes hustle and grind their
> Heavengravel? wolfsnow, worlds of it,
>   wind there?
>
> "The Loss of the Eurydice," p. 77, 27-8.

> Wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivelled
>   snow.
>
> "The Wreck," p. 59, St. 13, 7.

Flowers

Hopkins was always keenly aware of the distinctive details of nature and was exact in expressing the precise color, shape, and texture of the "inscape" in things. Flowers and plants attracted his attention as much as clouds and stars.

> ". . . banks are 'versed' with primroses, partly scattered, partly in plots and squats," Notes, p. 145.

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward.
"The Habit of Perfection," p. 46, 21-2.

* *

> (The lily) ". . . the chorla of colour and even the bidding of shape in the two heads struck me," Notes, p. 214.

The dapple-eared lily below thee.
"Duns Scotus' Oxford," p. 84, 3.

> ". . . daffodils wild but fading . . . squareness of the scaping . . . The bright yellow corolla is seeded with very fine spangles . . . which give it a glister and lie on a ribbing which makes it like cloth of gold," Notes, p. 145.

. . . March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!
"The Starlight Night," p. 71, 11.

> "Bluebells . . . all hanging their heads one way. I caught . . . the lovely . . . 'gracious' bidding one to another or all one way the level or stage or shire

of colour they make hanging in the air
a foot above the grass," Notes, p. 174.

. . . a juicy and jostling shocks
Of bluebells sheaved in May. No. 104, p. 152, 9-10.

". . . bluebells, they stood in blackish
spreads or shedding like the spots on a
snake . . . The heads . . . like grape-
colour. But they come . . . in falls of
sky-colour washing the brows and slacks
of the ground with vein-blue, thicken-
ing at the double, vertical themselves,"
Notes, p. 145.

A juice rides rich through bluebells, in vine
leaves,
And beauty's dearest veriest vein is tears.
"On the Portrait of Two Beautiful Young People,"
p. 169, 3-4.

"cherry blossom . . . hangs down in tufts
and tassels under the bough that bears
it," Notes, p. 174.

And thicket and thorp are merry
With silver-surfed cherry.
"The May Magnificat," p. 82, 37-8.

Grass and Weeds

Hopkins was particularly fond of the "sweet especial rural scenes"[20] and noted all their variegated and contrasting features. Numerous entries describing plant life are found in the Journal and reappear in the poems.

> ". . . a wilderness . . . overgrown with ivy, bramble, and some graceful herb with glossy lush green sprays, something like celery," Notes, p. 217.

> Earth . . . sweet landscape, with leaves throng
> And louched low grass.
> "Ribblesdale," p. 96, 1-2.

> "Plushy look and very rich warm green of mountain grass," Notes, p. 108.

> . . . newly drawn green litter
> Carries treats of sweet for bitter.
> "Lines for a Picture to St. Dorothea," p. 47, 5-6.

> "Hemp swaying in its sweet-smelling thickset beds . . . sprayed silvery weed something like tamarisk leaned over the road," Notes, p. 108.

> And down . . . the furrow dry
> Sunspurge and oxeye
> And lace-leaved lovely
> Foam-tuft fumitory.
> "The Woodlark," p. 150, 28-31.

Here the silver sprayed hemp along the roadside becomes "sunspurge and oxeye and lace-leaved lovely foam-tuft

20. Poems, "Binsey Populars," p. 83, 24.

fumitory" along the dry furrow. The poetic image is superior to that of the Journal in diction, artistry, and the emotional and intellectual impact.

> "The water-ivybush, that plucked and dapper cobweb of glassy grey down, swung slack and jaunty on the in-shore water, plainer where there was dark weed below and dimmer over bare rock," Notes, p. 180.

> The drenched hair of slobby weeds that swung Swimming.
> "A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 21, 115-6.

> . . . weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush.
> "Spring," p. 71, 2.

Here is another good place to notice the evolution of the image from the Journal to the poetry. The wordy image of "The water-ivybush that plucked and dapper cobweb of glassy grey down, swung slack and jaunty on the in-shore water" flows succinctly as "the drenched hair of slobby weeds that swung swimming" and "weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush."

Nothing was too insignificant to the mind of Hopkins. He recognizes the individuality of each object and its place in creation.

> "Chestnuts as bright as coals or spots of vermilion," Notes, p. 120.

> Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls.
> "Pied Beauty," p. 74, 3.

Many pages of the Journal are devoted to detailed descriptions of entire landscapes. Here it is apparent that Hopkins was developing his technique of studying all details in themselves and all in relation to the

others whereby the stress of their inscape comes as a revelation.

From the Notes:

> "Charming place . . . willows, lovely elms . . . Pool of inky black water with leaves in it. Vertical shortish grass . . . Primroses, large, inwet, cool, shady place . . . fields, yellow with cowslips and dandelion. Found purple orchis which opens flowers from the ground, then rises the stem pushing upward. Beautiful cloud effect. Wild apple (?) beautiful in blossom. Caddis flies on stones in clear stream, water-snails and leeches. Round-looking glossy black field mouse or water-rat in ditch. Cuckoo, Peewits wheeling and tumbling, just as they are said to do, as if with a broken wing," p. 10.

> "a sleeve of liquid barley field," p. 181.

> ". . . cornfields below us laid by the rain in curls like a lion's mane," p. 112.

> "On the barrow-hill were rich purple-red ploughfields: where the green tufts of the elm-heads stood up against them I could catch the lilac in red," p. 202.

> ". . . fields, deep green lighted underneath with white daises, yellower fresh green of leaves above which bathes the skirts of the elms, leaves were open and saw beautiful inscape, home-coiling wiry bushes of spray, touched with bud to point them," p. 190.

> ". . . a comb full of sleepy mealy haze," p. 207.

> ". . . high ridges of a field called folds and the hollow the drip," p. 123.

> ". . . hills 'fledged' with larches which hung in them shaft after shaft like green-feathered arrows," p. 112.

> ". . . a furze-grown and heathy hill . . . leaden sky, braided or roped with

> cloud, and the earth in dead colours, grave but distinct. The heights . . . hidden by the clouds . . . hills shewed a hard and beautifully detached and glimmering brim against the light," p. 210.

> ". . . from a hilltop I looked into a lovely comb that gave me the instress of Weeping Winifred . . . soft maroon or rosy cocoa-dust coloured handkerchief of ploughfields, sometimes delicately combed with rows of green, their hedges bending in flowing outlines and now misted a little by the beginning of twilight ran down crooked rows of rich tall elms, foreshortened by position, wound through it: some cornfields were still being carried," p. 200.

> "All the landscape had a beautiful liquid cast of blue. Many-coloured smokes in the valley, grey from the Denbigh lime-kiln, yellow and lurid from two kilns . . . blue from a bonfire," p. 213.

> ". . . a country of pale grey rocky hills of a strong and simple landscape covered with fields of wormy green vines," p. 114.

Not only did the single image concern Hopkins, but his keen sensual perception unified all the impressions into a masterful new whole:

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God
> It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
> It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
> Crushed.
> "God's Grandeur," p. 70, 1-4.

> Landscape plotted and pierced-fold, fallow and plough.
> "Pied Beauty," p. 74, 5.

> Summer ends now; now, barbarous in beauty,
> the stooks arise
> Around.
> . . . .
> I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
> Down all that glory in the heavens . . .
> . . . .
> And the azurous hills are his world-wielding shoulder
> Majestic--as a stallion-stalwart, very-violet-sweet!
> "Hurrahing in Harvest," p74, 1-2, 5-6, 9-10.

Entire scenes from Hopkins' walks into the country were also recorded in the Journal. The general view and the details are both noted. The greater emphasis is again on the movement before him.

From the Notes:

> "all the length of the valley the
> skyline of hills was flowingly
> written all along upon the sky.
> A blue bloom, a sort of meal, seemed
> to have spread upon the distant south,
> enclosed by a basin of hills . . . felt
> an instress and charm of Wales," p. 216.

> ". . . two fan-shaped slant tables of
> green flush with one another and
> laced over with a plant or root-work
> of zigzag brooks ravelled out and
> shining," p. 111.

* *

. . . whose velvet vales
Should have pealed with welcome.
"The Silver Jubilee," p. 70, 17-18.

Thy lovely dale down thus and thus bids reel
Thy river, and o'er gives all to rack or wrong.
"Ribblesdale," p. 96, 6-8

> "I marked the bole, the burling and
> roundness of the world. I sat down in
> the lap or fold of a steep slanting pas-
> ture-field the grass of which was so
> smooth and parched and light that it
> pained the eyes like a road between the
> two cheeks of this field the sea was
> caught in some such shape," Notes, p. 201.

. . . Ah, the heir
To his own selfbent so bound, so tied to his turn,

To thriftless reave both our rich round world bare
And none reck of world after, this bids wear
Earth brows of such care, care and dear concern.
"Ribblesdale," p. 96, 8-14.

This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.
"Lines for a Picture to St. Dorothea,"
p. 46, 11-12.

Seasons

Hopkins uses the imagery of the seasons, especially spring, in his poetry, but few notes are in the Journal. The best images are from the poems:

> Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
> Grass and greenworld all together;
> Star-eyed strawberry-breasted.
>
> . . . .
>
> All things rising, all things sizing
> Mary sees, sympathising
> With that world of good,
> Nature's motherhood.
>
> . . . .
>
> Spring's universal bliss
> Much, had much to say
> To offering Mary May.
>
> . . . .
>
> This ecstasy all through mothering earth
> Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth.
> "The May Magnificat," pp. 81-2,
> 17-18, 25-8, 34-6, 43-4.

> And May has come, hair-bound in flowers,
> With eyes that smile through the tears of
> the hours,
> With joy for today and hope for tomorrow
> And the promise of Summer within her breast.
> "Ad Mariam," p. 49, 12-15.

Of summer Hopkins writes:

> Plashes amidst the billowy appletrees
> His lusty hands in gusts of scented wind.
> Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind
> With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
> Of driving vermail-rain.
> "A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 21, 89-93.

For Hopkins this riotous display of nature was not only "beauty-in-the-ghost,"[21] but it was a deep recognition of its Creator "whose beauty is past change."[22]

21. Poems, "The Golden Echo," p. 96, 18.

22. Ibid., "Pied Beauty," p. 74, 10.

Trees

A great proportion of the imagery in the Journal is given to trees. To no other single subject has Hopkins devoted so many entries. The impact of his perception is an illumination, a burning depth of insight. The inscapes of the trees, considered by him in every possible aspect, arouse emotions and associations in a harmony of variety, richness, and significance.

From the Notes:

> ". . . the wrought-over boughs of the appletrees made an embroidery," p. 200.
>
> ". . . starrily tasselled with the blossom . . . soft and beautiful . . . lushness," p. 198.
>
> "The woods have the rich packed look," p. 153.
>
> ". . . fine and beautiful ashes and a wychelm with big glossy happy and shapely leaves," p. 165.

Fairyland; silk-beech, scrolled ash, packed
sycamore, wild wychelm, hornbeam fretty overstood
By.

"Epithalamion," p. 172, 24-5.

From the Notes:

> ". . . the poplar beautifully touched with leaf against the sky and below these a tree with a mesh of leaves leaning away . . . against the light. The sun just above, a shaking white fire or waterball . . . Blue sky round and below," p. 185.
>
> "When you climbed to the top of a tree and came out the sky looked as if you could touch it," p. 124.

. . . the hung-heavenward boughs.
"On the Portrait of Two Beautiful Young People,"
p. 170, 32.

. . . May
Mells blue and snow white through them and
fringe and fray
Of greenery.
"Ash-Boughs," p. 165, 9-10.

They touch heaven, tabour on it; how their talons
sweep
The smouldering enormous winter welkin . . ."
"Myself Unholy," p. 165, 7-8.

To the all-a-leaf of the treetop and after that
off the bough.
"The Woodlark," p. 150, 38.

"Beeches rich in leaf, rather brown in colour, one much spread. Tall larches on slope of a hill near the lake and mill, also a wychelm . . . beech . . . with ivory white bark pied with green moss. Beautiful glittering planes--leaves like privet . . . but stiffer, pricked at the end, sober green lined with grey, the sprays free and graceful: bark smooth and grey; habit of tree trim," Notes, pp. 204-5.

. . . a brush of trees
Rounded it, thinning skywards by degrees,
With parallel shafts,--as upward-parted ashes,--
Their highest sprays were drawn as fine lashes,
With centres duly touch'd and nestlike spots."
"Fragments of Richard," p. 134, St. IV, 3-7.

". . . cherry tree-every branch sleeved with white glossy blossom," Notes, p. 160.

The glossy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
To descending blue . . ."
"Spring," p. 71, 6-7.

From the Notes:

"The ashes begin to open their knots: they make strong yellow crowns against the slaty blue sky," p. 147.

> ". . . the buds break . . . push open into richly-branched tree-pieces coloured buff and brown, shaking out loads of pollen, and drawing the tuft as a whole into pealsed quains," p. 142.

And oaks,--but these were leaved in sharper knots.
Great butter-burr leaves floor'd the slope corpse ground
Beyond the river, all the meadow's round,
And each a dinted circle.
"Fragments of Richard," p. 134, St. IV, 8-11.

From the Notes:

> ". . . the poplar beautifully touched with leaf against the sky . . . the cedar laying level crow-feather strokes of boughs with fine wave and dedication in them, against the light. The sun just above, a shaking white fire . . . wychelm . . . its boughs coming and going towards one another in caressed curve and combing," p, 185.

> ". . . cage of boughs is bare and ragged but thick tufts at the top. The ashes thrive and the combs are not wiry and straight but rich and beautifully curled," p. 163.

. . . as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.
Say it is ash-boughs . . . and furled
Fast or they in clammyish lashtender combs creep
Apart wide and new-nestle at heaven most high.
"Myself Unholy," p. 164, 2-6.

> "Spanish chestnut and two elms in the grounds seem to fill the air up with an equable clear ochre," Notes, p. 120.

We are leafwhelmed somewhere with the hood
Of some branchy buncy bushybowered wood.
"Epithalamion," p. 171, 2-3.

> "fumitory and white bryony . . . the leaves warping and coiling strongly in water," Notes, p. 198.

The more monstrous hand gropes with clammy
  fingers there,
Tampering with those sweet bines, draws
  them out.
"St. Winefred's Well," p. 154, 20-1.

As it has been stated earlier in this work, Hopkins' Journal was not a note-book full of observations hurriedly jotted down, but the entries were carefully worked over. In the spring of 1871 he writes, ". . . time to study inscape in the spraying of trees, for the swelling buds carry them to a pitch which the eye could not else gather . . . in these sprays . . . there is a new world of inscape."[23] Hopkins found in his study of trees many "a new world of inscape":

". . . a tree rubbing and ruffling with the neck just above a fall," Notes, p. 111.

". . . the smell of the big cedar . . . I found the bark smelt in the sun and not in the shade," Notes, p. 198.

"The woods, thick and silvered by sunlight and shade . . . some delicate flying shafted ashes--there was one especially of single sonnet-like inscape," Notes, p. 211.

Destruction of any kind was a sorrow to Hopkins. Of a favorite ashtree which was cut down, he writes:

It was lopped first: I heard the sound and looking out and seeing it maimed there came at that moment a great pang and I wished to die not to see the inscape of the world destroyed anymore.[24]

23. Notes, pp. 142-3.

24. Ibid., p. 174.

In one of his favorite poems, Hopkins expresses similar experiences:

> My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,
> Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,
> All felled, felled, are all felled.
> . . . .
> O if we but knew what we do
> When we delve or hew--
> Hack and rack the growing green!
> . . . .
> After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.
> Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve
> Strokes of havoc unselve
> The sweet especial scene,
> Rural scene . . .
> "Binsey Poplars," p. 83, 1-3, 9-11, 19-23.

A few comparisons of the leaf image may be drawn:

> Leaves dimpled in the middle and beautifully wimpled at the edge, Notes, p. 125.

> . . . the wimpled-water-dimpled.
> "The Leaden Echo," p. 98, 10.

From the <u>Notes</u>:

> ". . . scaping of the leaves . . . they fall from the two sides of the branch or spray in two marked planes which meet at a right angle. This comes from an endeavor to catch the light on either side," p. 124.

> ". . . elmleaves very crisp and chalky and yellow, a scarlet brightness against the blue. Sparks of falling leaves streaming down and never stopping from far off," p. 186.

> Rafts and rafts of flake-leaves light, dealth so, painted on the air,
> Hang as still as hawks or hawkmoth, as the stars or as the angels there
> Like the thing never knew the earth . . .
> "Epithalamion," p. 172, 26-9.

Rocks, particularly mountains--the Matterhorn, the Breithorn, and the Snowdon--held a fascination for Hopkins. He describes one mountain "overlipped with heavy cowls of snow, the glossy reflections within the shadow."[25] Of the mountain images only two comparisons can be shown:

> ". . . the sight was the burly water-backs which heave after heave kept tumbling up from the broken foam and their plump heap turning open in ropes of velvet," Notes, p. 135.

> . . . a coffee, burly all of blocks
> Built of chancequarried, selfquained rocks
> And the water warbles over into, filleted with
> glassy quicksilvery shives and shoots
> And with heavenfallen freshness down from
> moorland still brims
> Dark or daylight . . .
> "Epithalamion," p. 172, 36-40.

From the Notes:

> "Snowdon . . . like a stack of rugged white flint . . . chiselled and channelled," p. 215.

> "Breithorn . . . like a broad piece of hacked or knocked flint-stone-flint of the half-chalky sort," p. 108.

> And find a flint, a fang of ice,
> Or fray a granite from the precipice.
> "Fragments of Pilate," p. 120, 35-6.

25. Notes, p. 110.

Animals and Birds

The animals mentioned in the Journal are kittens, lambs, deer, horses, and crocodiles.

> "They (lambs) toss and toss . . . as
> if the earth flung them," Notes, p. 143.

> . . . while the running pastoral bleats
> Of sheep . . .
> "Fragments of Richard," p. 135, St. IV, 23-4.

> . . . the racing lambs too have their fling.
> "Spring," p. 71, 8.

The other Journal entries are not found in the poetry.

Numerous bird images are used in the Journal and poems. In all seasons and in all their activities Hopkins studied the birds of his vicinity. The great ecstasy of Hopkins' windhover may first have been noted in the action of other birds. The transmutation is extremely successful.

From the Notes:

> "The swifts round and scurl under the clouds
> in the sky: light streamers were about. The
> swifts seemed rather to hang be at rest and
> to fling these away row by row behind them
> like spokes of a lightning wheel," p. 175.

> "a hawk, was hanging on the hover," p. 203.

* *

> . . . Falcon, in his riding
> Of the rolling level underneath him steady air,
> and striding
> High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimp-
> ling wing
> In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
> As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend:
> the hurl and gliding
> Rebuffed the big wind.
> "The Windhover," p. 73, 1-7.

Bird songs interested Hopkins. The evolution of the poetic image is apparent.

From the <u>Notes</u>:

> ". . . cuckoo with wonderful clear and plump and fluty notes: it is when the hollow of a rising ground conceives them and palms them up and throws them out, like blowing into a big humming ewer," p. 176.
>
> "Nightingale utter a few strains--strings of very liquid gurgles," p. 191.

* *

Through the echoing timber does so rinse and
    wring,
The ear, it strikes like lightning to hear him
    sing.
"Spring," p. 71, 4-5.

I thought the air must cut and strain
The windpipe when he sucked his breath
And when he turned it back again
The music must be death.
"The Nightingale," p. 42, 37-40.

And magic cuckoocall
Caps, clears, and clinches all--
"The May Magnificat," p. 82, 41-2.

So tiny a trickle of song-strain.
"The Woodlark," p. 149, 4.

Two more illustrations of possible image evolution follow:

> . . . the pins of the folded wings, quill pleated over quill, are like crisp and shapely cuttleshells, <u>Notes</u>, p. 175-6.

The swallow . . . .
Will on the moulding strike and cling,
Unvalve or shut his vaned tail
And sheathe at once his leger wing.
"The Earth and Heaven," p. 147, 9-12.

". . . bats flying at midday and circling
so near . . . see the ears and the claws
and the purplish web of the wings with
the ribs and veins through it," Notes, p. 160.

. . . the circling bird,
Or bat with tender and air-crisping wings
That shapes in half-light his departing rings.
"Let Me Be to Thee," p. 27, 11-13.

In the Journal Hopkins describes a pigeon's color, "its head a crush of satin green came and went, a wet or soft flaming of the light."[26]

Nothing in the Journal is comparable to the song of the skylark:

. . . I hear the lark ascend,
His rash-fresh re-winded new-skeined score
In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl, and pour
And pelt music, till none's to spill nor spend.
"The Sea and the Skylark," p. 72, 5-8.

The lovely images from the poems are concentrated expressions of beauty:

Thrush's eggs look little low heavens.
"Spring," p. 71, 3.

Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested
Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life with.
"The May Magnificat," p. 81, 19-22.

Gather the sooty plumage from
Death's wings.
"Why Should Their Foolish Bands," p. 128, 6.

. . . over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah!
bright wings.
"God's Grandeur," p. 70, 13-14.

26. Notes, p. 176.

Water, Sea, and Waves

The series of water and wave images given below afford a ready study in the parallelism existing between the Journal and poems. They manifest the usual characteristics of Hopkins' work: freshness, originality, and power.

> ". . . a mass of yellowish boiling foam which runs down . . . heaped up in globes and bosses and round masses . . . the bands strike them and the confusion of the already folded and doubled lines of foam is worse confounded," Notes, p. 7.

. . . spray--
Fallow, foam-fallow, hanks--fall'n off their ranks.
"The Furl of Fresh-leaved Dogrose," p. 152, 7-8.

> "Water rushing over a sunken stone and hollowing itself to rise again seems to be devoured by the wave," Notes, p. 49.

Like water soon to be sucked in
Will crisp itself or settle and spin
So she.
"Margaret Clitheroe," p. 160, 9-11.

> ". . . high at Hodder Roughs . . . where it lit from within looking like pale gold, . . . heavy locks . . . like shaggy rope ends . . . one huddling over another," Notes, p. 177.

Are sisterly sealed in wild waters;
To bathe in his fall-gold mercies.
"The Wreck," p. 63, St. 23, 7-8.

> ". . . below the rock the bubble-jestled skirt of foam jumping back against the fall . . . there spitting up in long

white ragged shots and bushes like a
mess of thongs or bramble . . . looping
water sprigs that lace and dance and
jockey in the air . . . at the sill of
fall a sour yellow light flushed underneath like smoke kindling all along
the rock, with a sullen noise . . . came
bumping to the top in troubled water,"
Notes, p. 177-8.

. . . but moist and musical
With the uproll and the down carol of day and
night delivering
Water, . . . (for not in rock written,
But in pale water, frail water, wild rash and
reeling water.
"St. Winefred's Well," p. 158, 89-92.

From the Notes:

"River, wild, very full, glassy brown
with mud, furrowed in permanent billows
through which from head to head the
water swung with a great down and up
again. These heads were scalped with
rags of jumping foam," p. 135.

". . . water romped and wandered and
a light crown of tufty scum standing
high on the surface kept slowly turning
round: chips of it blew off and gadded
about without weight in the air," p. 181.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,
It rounds and rounds
Despair to drowning.
"Inversmaid," p. 95, 5-8.

"The foam exploding and smouldering
under water makes a chrysoprase green,"
Notes, p. 181.

. . . the dusk depths of the ponderous sea
The miles profound of solid green.
"A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 22, 124-5.

"The sea was breaking on all the stack and striking out all the ledges and edges at each breaker like snow does a building. In the narrow channel between this outwork and the main stock . . . a lather of foam. The overflow of the last wave came in from either side tilting up . . . and met halfway . . . Wave . . . it would brim over on the sloping shelf below . . . and move smoothly steadily along it," Notes, p. 166-7.

The breakers rolled on her beam with ruinous shock.
"The Wreck," p. 60, St. 14, 6.

. . . dandled the to and fro
Through the cobbled foam-fleece, what could he do
With the burl of the fountains of air, buck and to flood of the wave?
"The Wreck," p. 60, St. 16, 6-8.

"In the narrow channel . . . a spongy and feather-light brown scud bred from the churning of the water roped and changed," Notes, p. 166.

. . . mined with motion, a drift,
And it crowds and it combs to the fall;
I steady as a water in a well . . . .
But roped with, always, all the way down from the tall
Fells or flands of the woel.
"The Wreck," p. 56, St. 4, 3-7.

". . . the upper sides of little grotted waves turned to the sky have soft pale-coloured cobwebs on them, the under sides green," Notes, p. 9.

. . . with a tide rolls reels
Of crumbling, fore-foundering, thundering all-surfy seas in;
Underneath, their glassy barrel, of a fairy green.
"What Being in Rank Old Nature," p. 151, 4-6.

Marking the spot, when they have gurgled o'er
With a thin floating veil of water hoar.
"A Vision of the Mermaids," p. 18, 3-4.

> ". . . the white comb on each side run along
> the wave gaining ground till the two meet
> at a pitch and crush and overlap each other,"
> Notes, p. 164.

And the inboard seas run swirling and howling.
"The Wreck," p. 61, St. 19, 3.

> ". . . breakers always parallel to the
> coast and shape themselves to it . . .
> are rolled out by the shallowing shore
> just as a piece of putty. The slant ruck
> or crease . . . shows the way of the wind,"
> Notes, p. 164.

Delightfully the bright wind boisterous, ropes,
wrestles, beats earth bare
Of yestertempest's creases.
"That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire," p. 111, 5-6.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION

To obtain an appreciative estimation of the relation between the Journal and the poetry in Hopkins' writing, one has only to reflect on the foregoing evidence. The Journal, in many instances, was his first means of expression. To Baille he wrote:

> I think I have told you that I have particular periods of admiration for particular things in nature; for a certain time I am astonished at the beauty of a tree shape, effect, etc., then when the passion, so to speak, has subsided, it is consigned to my treasury of explored beauty, and acknowledged with admiration and interest ever after, while something new takes its place in my enthusiasm.[1]

A definite insight into Hopkins' method of image transmutation can be ascertained from this passage as he relates that the beauty of the image has so astonished him that he consigns it to his "treasury of beauty" and it is "acknowledged with admiration and interest ever after." This method can be readily demonstrated in any of his poems. "Hurrahing in Harvest" is filled with original images of beauty which Hopkins first recorded in his notes.

1. G. M. Hopkins, Further Letters, p. 55.

Hurrahing in Harvest

Summer ends now; now, barbarous in beauty,
the stooks arise
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely
behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across skies?

I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
Down all that glory in the heavens to glean
our Saviour;
And, eyes, heart, what looks, what lips yet
gave you a
Rapturous love's greeting of realer, of rounder
replies?

And the azurous hung hills are his world-wielding
shoulder
Majestic--as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-
sweet!--
These things, these things were here and but
the beholder
Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for him
off under his feet.

In a letter of 1878 Hopkins wrote: "The Hurrahing sonnet was the outcome of half an hour of extreme enthusiasm as I walked home alone one day from fishing in the Elwy."[2] Hopkins was keenly alive to all the distinctive details of a particular landscape and alert to delicate variations in color and shape. His admiration included the entire autumn scene: the season, the fields, the atmosphere, the clouds and sun, and sky--in all Hopkins read a "broad careless inscape flowing throughout."[3] Whereas

2. Bridges, p. 56.

3. Notes, p. 158.

in the poem he writes:

> . . . the stooks arise Around

he had earlier written,

> A steep sloping field in which the sheaves were scattered . . . not made into stooks (which by the by the Devonshire people call shocks).[4]

He continues in the poem

> . . . up above, what wind-walks!

In his Journal he made such notations as:

> Before a N. E. wind great bars or rafters of cloud all the morning, and in a manner all day marching across the sky in regular rank and with equal space between.[5]
>
> In particular there was one light raft of beech which the wind rooted and strained on.[6]

Even a greater similarity can be seen in the passages on the clouds. From the notebooks:

> A simple behaviour of . . . silky lingering clouds . . . the clouds meal white . . . Later/ moulding, which brought rain.[7]

In the poem,

> . . . what lovely behaviour
> Of silk-sack clouds! has wilder, wilful-wavier
> Meal-drift moulded ever and melted across
> skies?

Hopkins had learned to see nature "charged with the

4. Notes, p. 200.
5. Ibid., p. 145.
6. Ibid., p. 147.
7. Ibid., p. 143 ff.

grandeur of God"[8] and tinged by the Incarnation of God:

> God's utterance of Himself in Himself is God the Word, outside Himself is this world. This world then is word, expression, news of God. Therefore its end, purpose . . . meaning is God, and its life or work to name and praise Him.[9]

In the poem the image is greatly instressed:

> I walk, I lift up, I lift up heart, eyes,
> Down all that glory in the heavens to
> glean our Saviour.

The general idea expressed in the notes and poem is similar: All nature is called on to praise God. The strength and beauty of Christ's character permeating the world of His creation are expressed in the next lines of the poem:

> And the azurous hung hills are his world-
> wielding shoulder
> Majestic--as a stallion stalwart, very-
> violet-sweet!

Of this immanence and transcendence of God, Hopkins records in the Notes:

> Neither do I deny that God is so deeply present to everything . . . that it would be impossible for him but for his infinity not to be identified with them, or, from the other side, impossible but for his infinity so to be present to them.[10]

Hopkins expresses his sorrow at man's inability to

8. Poems, "God's Grandeur," p. 70, 1.

9. Unpublished Manuscript, quoted in John Pick, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Priest and Poet, p. 49.

10. Notes, p. 316.

perceive this infinity and presence of God in nature. In the notes, "I thought how sadly beauty of inscape was unknown and buried away and how near at hand it is if they had eyes to see it."[11] What remains in life is the recognition of God's work by men. When they acknowledge this reality,

> their knowledge leaves their minds
> swinging; poised, but on the quiver,
> and this might be the ecstasy of in-
> terest, one would think.[12]

For "grace lifts the receiver from one cleave of being to another"[13] and "he (God) carries the creature to or towards the end of its being . . . salvation."[14] The virtue of humility is a prerequisite for a nearer approach to God, salvation, and Hopkins concludes the poem with strong emphasis:

> These things, these things were here and
>   but the beholder
> Wanting; which two when they once meet,
> The heart rears wings bold and bolder
> And hurls for him, O half hurls earth
>   for him off under his feet.

The Journal became Hopkins' "preliminary sketch pad, his field book, in which the rudimentary and embryonic images of his later poetry are to be found."[15]

11. Notes, p. 161.

12. Bridges, p. 187-8.

13. Notes, p. 377.

14. Ibid., p. 332.

15. John Pick, "Hopkins' Imagery: Relation Between the Journal and Poetry," Unpublished Manuscript.

Over a period of seven years, from 1868 to 1875, Hopkins constantly recorded his images systematically. In discussing this problem, John Pick concludes that although it appears that Hopkins used his Journal for the raw material of his images and that he so fixed these images in his mind that later his memory could call them up:

> the truth, however, seems to be that through the practice of keeping his Journal he developed certain ways of looking at things and certain ways of setting them down--that he developed a habitus and therefore one should not be surprised at the resemblance between the earlier Journal and the later poetry.[15]

Comparing the images in the Journal with those of the poetry, one not only discovers a parallelism but a transmutation and evolution in the work which challenges the ardent student of Hopkins to seek an understanding of his creative genius.

16. John Pick, "Hopkins' Imagery: Relation Between the Journal and Poetry," Unpublished Manuscript.

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