

been written about Wordsworth equating him, and what he does in his descriptions, to the landscape painter, and the first 18 lines of "Tintern Abbey" do nothing to tear down this comparison. The hermit introduced in the end of the first stanza is not developed in the rest of the poem, but probably is there to acquaint the reader with the state of perception and experience Wordsworth is going to describe. Through the use of a segment of the population we have a firm image of, that is the solitary social cynic who has achieved unity with nature, whose spirit is bathed in nature's sublime tranquility, or more esoterically the symbol of "hidden knowledge" of the Tarot deck, he starts out on his development of this description of the powers of nature.

I'm not sure the hermit is all this important

The scene Wordsworth is now enthralled with as he views its actuality has been a constant part of his memory, and more than a remembered sequence of events, or past happenings, but a state of enlightened mind he calls up as a type of reassurance when mired in mundane affairs and their disquieting manifestations on his soul. The city, and modern life, deadens the senses for Wordsworth, and while this poem is not an attack is not a direct attack on these deadening effects of social life, we find direct attacks and negative descriptions of it in the Prelude, as well as negative views of political life. He is, of course, indirectly disparaging of the sphere of man as a social and political animal by the near monumental powers he ascribes to the curative powers of nature. This is laid out plainly in:

and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:-feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life.

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Nor are these recollections a small insignificant part of existence to him, but rather foundations of a good life. They go farther than mere