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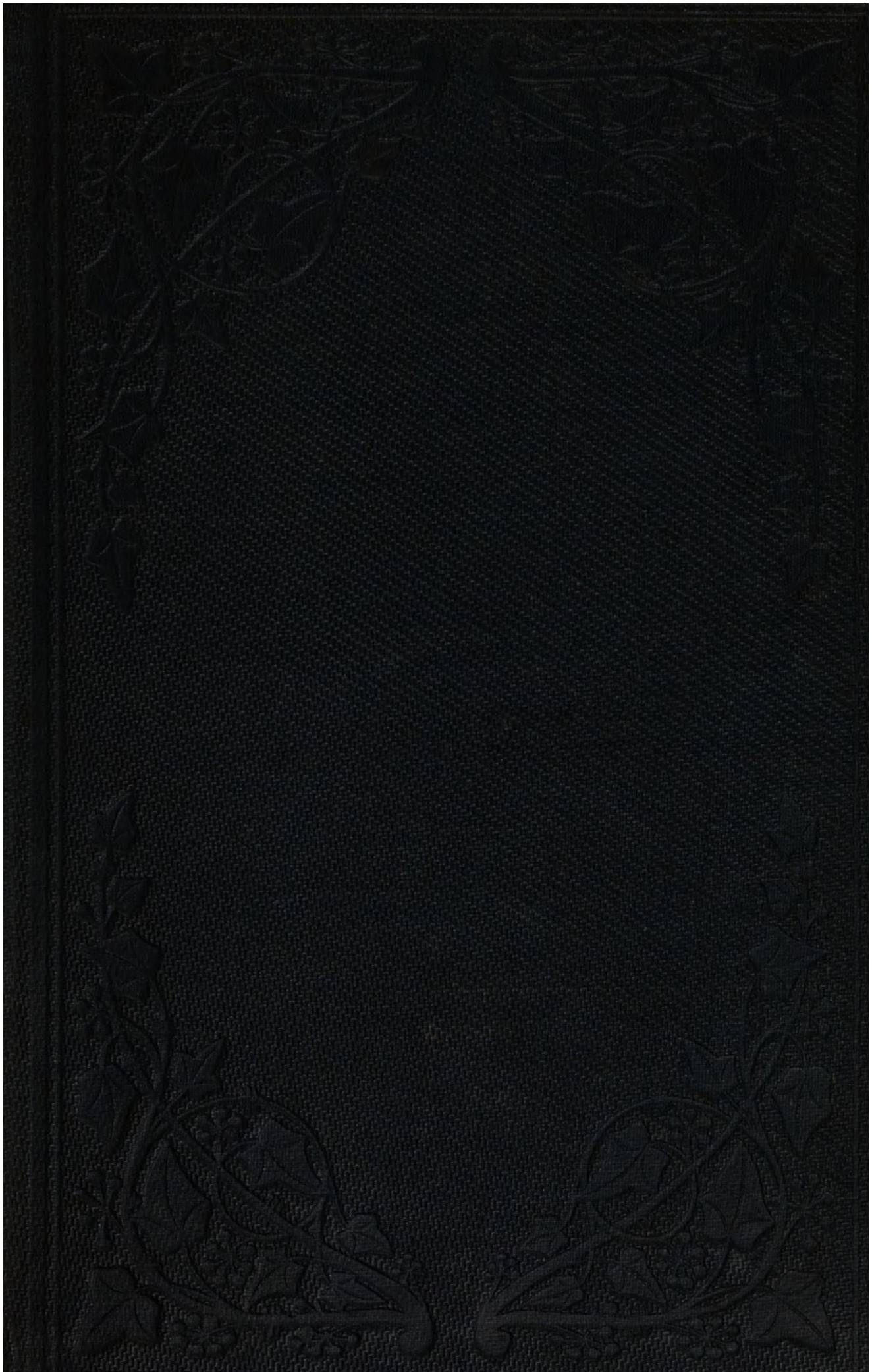
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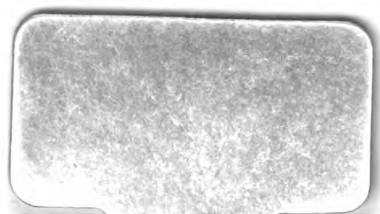


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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ARMSTRONG, DYER,

AND

GREEN.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ARMSTRONG, DYER,

AND
GREEN.

With Memoirs and Critical Dissertations,

BY THE
REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

EDINBURGH:
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THE
LIFE OF JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

THE eminent author of "The Art of Preserving Health" was born at Castleton, on the banks of the Liddel, in Roxburghshire, about the year 1709; a year remarkable, too, for the birth of Dr Johnson. The Liddel washes the romantic region of Liddesdale, described so graphically in "Guy Mannering," and forming a fit birthplace for a poet. One of the finest passages in Armstrong's poems is devoted to a panegyric on the Liddel:—

"Such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be bless'd
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!"

It has been quite a fashion with poets, such as Thomson in his "Seasons," and Coleridge in his lines to the river Otter, beginning,

"Dear native brook, wild streamlet of the west,"

to apostrophise their native rivers. Nor can we wonder at it, when we remember that a stream, whether winding through groves and fertile plains, or pouring its silver through dusky moorlands, or sounding on its way through deep overhanging forests, or coming forth from its mountain spring "like human

life from darkness," is perhaps the most poetical of all objects, and is most readily personified and imagined to be a living being, uttering a musical, though vague and tumult-like song, which a poet has thus finely interpreted in the "Song of the Moorland Stream :"—

"I was born far up in the moorland height,
Where the red deer makes his lair at night,
And the wild bird makes her lonely nest
Secure on the hill-top's heathery crest.
I started my race in the morning prime,
When the dew lay fresh on the fragrant thyme,
And I'm hasting along, light-hearted and free,
To meet my parent, the great old sea.

As I pass'd on my way the snug little farm,
My turbulence calm'd, and my heart grew warm,
And the trees hid my breast from the scorching beam,
And the osiers kiss'd my sparkling stream,
And I heard the children's voices at play,
And I loved the place, and I fain would stay ;
But a voice from afar seem'd to call to me,
'Go meet thy parent, the grand old sea !'

Armstrong left his beloved Liddel early, and there is no evidence that he ever saw its beautiful banks and "hospitable swains"—the Dandie Dinmonts of their day—again.

The poet's father and brother were both ministers of Castle-ton—the one probably the assistant and successor of the other—and are said to have been much respected for their piety and professional diligence. Of Armstrong's school-days we know nothing, except what he tells us himself in his poem, where, addressing the Liddel, he says:—

"Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved :
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey ; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms."

After going through the usual routine of school education, our

poet was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he pursued the study of languages, philosophy, and physic, with great assiduity and success, and on the 4th February 1732, took his degree of M.D. with éclat. The subject of his thesis was *De Tabæ Purulenta*. Soon after his graduation he went to London, and commenced the practice of physic. He did not, however, rapidly obtain eminence in his profession, and it soon became manifest that it was as an author, and not as a physician, that he was to shine. In 1735, he published an anonymous pamphlet, entitled, "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic: to which is added a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; and an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, Esq.," with a dedication "To the Anti-academic Philosophers, to the generous despisers of the Schools, to the deservedly celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians." This brochure was full of humour, and in his Dialogue, where he lashed the quacks of his day, is said to display much of the spirit and ingenuity of Lucian. Two years afterwards, he published a synopsis of the history and cure of the venereal disease. This was speedily followed by the "Economy of Love," his earliest poem; it is based on Ovid's "Art of Love," which it emulates in undue freedom of colouring, as well as in elegance of style and luxuriance of description. When, in 1768, many years afterwards, he republished it, "revised and corrected," much of its voluptuousness was expunged. Its publication is said to have obstructed his success as a physician. In 1744, he published his best poem, "The Art of Preserving Health," which was received with much applause, and has established his fame. Two years later he was appointed one of the physicians to the Hospital for Lame and Sick Soldiers, behind Buckingham House. A poem entitled "Benevolence" appeared from his pen in 1751, and was followed in 1753, by "Taste, an Epistle to a Young Critic." In the same year he received a tribute, in the shape of some glowingly encomiastic verses by Dr Theobald.

In 1758, he published "Sketches or Essays on various sub-

jects, by Lancelot Temple, Esq." He is supposed to have been assisted in this production by Wilkes, with whom he had formed an intimacy, based on their common vices, we fear, as well as on their kindred powers. It was fit that the author of the "Essay on Woman" should be the friend of the author of the "Economy of Love." A recent critic calls these essays "indifferent enough." As we think this verdict rather severe, and as the book is little known, we are tempted to copy out a few of its better passages, in which, if we mistake not, we find the same vigour of mind and variety of knowledge which are conspicuous in his poetry. Thus he describes language—"The best language is strong and expressive, without stiffness or exaggeration; short and concise, without being either obscure or ambiguous; and easy, flowing, and disengaged, without one undetermined or superfluous word." In the next page he has some remarks on genius, maintaining its close connexion with the moral nature—"A man of true genius must necessarily have as exquisite a feeling of moral beauties as of whatever is great or beautiful in the works of nature, or masterly in the arts which imitate nature—in poetry, painting, statuary, or music." This must have appeared somewhat paradoxical in the eighteenth century, an age conspicuous for the degradation of wit and the desecration of genius. Armstrong proceeds to prove his propositions by examples, citing Nero, who "would be nothing less than a poet, but his verses were villanously bad, and his taste in extravagance and luxury was glaring, extravagant, and unnatural to the last degree; while Caligula's taste was so outrageously wrong that he detested the works of the Mantuan poet more passionately than ever Mæcenæ admired them, and if Virgil had unfortunately lived in his time, he would probably have been tortured to death for no other crime than that he wrote naturally, and like an honest man." On the statement about the connexion betwixt morality and genius, we may have something to say ere we close. Meanwhile, let us hear his definition of genius—"True genius may be said to consist of a perfect polish of soul, which receives and reflects the images that fall upon it, without warping or

distortion." "The ornamental parts of a work cost the least trouble to a writer, who has any luxuriance of imagination; to support the plain parts with an easy dignity, so that they shall neither become flat on the one hand, nor disgustingly stiff on the other, is a much more difficult task; and yet, if you succeed never so well here, you will receive little thanks from the generality of readers, who will be apt to imagine they could easily perform the same kind of work themselves—till they come to try it." "An author [a prophetic hit, by the way, at some eminent writers since, such as Horsley, Landor, &c.] seems reduced to great extremities who flies to new spelling to distinguish himself." "The only good reason for altering a long established spelling is that the writing may come the nearer to the pronunciation." "It is the easiest thing in the world to coin new words. The most ignorant of the mobility do it every day, and are laughed at for it. Horace gave, it is said, but two, and Virgil one new word to the Latin tongue." Armstrong not only opposes the introduction of new words, but votes for the superannuation of many old. The following passage has considerable ingenuity and wit, and is worthy of his coadjutor Wilkes, who was undoubtedly the *smartest* man of his time:—"Were I an absolute prince, I should make it capital ever to say *encroach* or *encroachment*. I would commit *inculcate* for all its Latinity to the care of the pavours, and it should never appear above ground again. If you have the least sympathy with the human ear, never say *purport* while you breathe, nor *betwixt*, except you have first repeated *between* till we are quite tired of it. *Methinks* strongly resembles the broken language of a German, in his first attempts to speak English. *Methought* lies under the same objection, but it sounds better. It is full time that *froward* should be thrust out of all good company, especially as *perverse* is ready at hand to supply his place. *Vouchsafe* is a very civil gentleman, but as his courtesy is somewhat old-fashioned, we wish he would *deign*, or *condescend*, or *be pleased* to retire. From what rugged road, I wonder, did this *swerve* deviate into the English language? But this *subject-matter!* In the name of everything that is disgusting and detestable,

what is it? Is it one or two ugly words? What is the meaning of it? Confound me if I could ever guess! Yet one dares hardly peep into a preface for fear of being stared in the face by this nasty *subject-matter*." "*Withal*," he slyly adds, "is an old-fashioned, ill-sounding word, but as there is frequent occasion for it, and no other word so perfectly expresses its meaning, we cannot afford to part with it."

We wonder what the author of the above diatribe at new words would have said, had he lived at the present day, when so many innovations are daily and daringly made upon our Queen's English—whether he would have locked up "circumambulate;" puffed "fuliginous" up the chimney; sent "fatuous" and "fatuity" to an asylum for idiots; dragged "tenebrious" and "tenebrific," like Cacus, into daylight, and put them publicly to death; wrung the neck of "iridescent;" unsettled the equilibrium of "stand-point;" asked of a hundred "fountain-oceans, flame-pictures, star-galaxies, and bushy-whiskered, yet fire-radiant Tantalus-Ixions," if they were not compounds of "inspissated gloom," double-folded ugliness, and transcendent affectation; and, in fine, with wry faces and closed eyes, consented to swallow "subjective" and "objective." Still Armstrong was too intelligent a man not to have admitted, were he living now, that while of late much that is barbarous and chaotic has been violently carted into our tongue, much also that is strikingly expressive and philosophically accurate has been added; that many fine forgotten archaisms have been restored; and that now the British language, enriched by contributions from the French, the Italian, the German, the Scotch, and the Scandinavian, has become, more than at any former period, a thorough reflector of British thought, and a powerful and pliable instrument in the hand of British genius.

We might go on culling clever, witty, and penetrating remarks from almost every page of this volume, but must content ourselves with the few following:—"Superficial people are always the most ostentatious. I suppose you may remember that you used to be the fondest and most vain of the thing you were just beginning to learn." "Had Horace

wrote his Epistles or Satires in the same kind of numbers with Virgil's 'Æneid,' it would have been a monstrous impropriety, like hunting the fox or hare on a war-horse, with the equipage of a general at a review or on the day of battle." "Where faces resemble each other, you perceive a remarkable resemblance in the voice." "The best part of beauty is in spirit and expression." We give next two rather coarse but vigorous excerpts—"Some people wonder that stupidity and malice should meet. So far from being opposite qualities, they are for the most part husband and wife. And why should you attempt to separate whom the Devil has joined?" "*Died by the sting of a snail*, would sound oddly in the bills of mortality; yet I have known a woman of beauty, sense, and spirit in love with one of the most insipid fellows that ever glared weary stupidity from a large dead eye. Whence it appears that the infatuation of the Fairy Queen in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' extravagant as it seems, is not quite out of nature." Once more—"Virgil is like the sun, bright and cheerful, Lucan is a subterraneous vault on fire. There is such a gloomy solemnity in most of the writers of that age, that you would think the sun had always waded through a sky of blood in the days of those inhuman emperors." It is noticeable, and confirmatory of this, that Lucan was Foster's favourite poet among the ancients. He seemed attracted to him by a gloomy congeniality of genius. How remarkable, we must observe too, that it was through this sky of blood that the mild Morning Star of Christianity first dawned upon the nations!

Of Christianity, Armstrong's notions seem not to have been very decided. In these essays he does not often allude to theological subjects at all; and his allusions shew little acquaintance with them, and less reverence. He has, for instance, some very shallow and flippant remarks on the origin of evil, in which he plainly asserts that "what we call evil, as well as everything that is good, must certainly spring from the great Fountain of all existence," and "humbly conceives that there cannot be much pleasure in a state that is not, in one shape or other, obnoxious to pain; and that none but

the Almighty can enjoy an uninterrupted and immutable happiness!" This is, of course, to deny the Christian heaven. To intimate, besides, that God could not have so contrived man that he might have been susceptible of pleasure without the slightest admixture of pain, is not only to question the existence of angels and of an original state of innocence, but to rob the Being he calls "Almighty" of His attribute of omnipotence! Even God cannot, it is true, work contradictions—He cannot make two and two five—but the existence of happiness without pain is no contradiction; nay, it is in a partial degree a fact. There are, even in this world, hours and days of pure and perfect enjoyment, embittered by no sting, and followed by no reaction; and why should there not be elsewhere cycles, centuries, everlasting ages, of the same? To the fearful consequences of God's being the author of evil—the destruction of all confidence in Him, and hence of all hope from Him—the annihilation of His legal authority, as well as of His benevolent character—Armstrong is totally blind, as well as to the magnitude, the complication, the inveteracy, and the misery produced by "what we call evil," and the fierce antagonism in which it stands to good. A recent writer ("Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions") maintains that evil is a necessary element in the progress of humanity, and that, when that is perfected, we shall even be thankful to evil, not as good, but as the pioneer of good. But in asserting the necessity of this element, he begs the question; in saying that humanity is to be perfected, and evil to be extinguished, he begs it—at least on his own principles—again; and while showing the development of what he calls the "Divine idea" in the history of the universe, he omits to explain how the long prevalence of crime, the fact that the vast majority of the race in every age have been wicked and miserable, and *the sacrifice of innumerable past generations of wretched and sin-devoured men, to secure the civilisation and advance the morality of the present inhabitants of the globe*, are consistent with the Divine justice and the Divine love.

We return to recount the very few and far-scattered incidents which comprise the remaining part of the life of this poet.

His essays were well received by the public, and enjoyed a rapid sale, although the critics of the time attacked them, and with some justice, for their occasional affectation of smartness, and for the coarse and vulgar profanity of expression which disfigures a few of their pages. Such attacks Armstrong keenly resented, and, with other circumstances, they contributed to produce in him a permanent exasperation of mind. In 1760 he was appointed physician to the army in Germany, where the Seven Years' War was raging. Next year he wrote a poem called "A Day," addressed to Wilkes, and which that gentleman published, with a preface, where he expresses a regret that such a fine production should appear before the public in a fragmentary state. In this poem he hits at Churchill in the following lines:—

"What news to-day?—I ask you not what rogue,
 What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
 What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,
 By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
 With what new cheat the gaping town was smit;
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;
 What stuff for winter the two Booths have mix'd;
 What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next."

Churchill was not the man to sit silent under such an attack, and ere proceeding on his last "Journey," he, in the poem of that name, thus satirised his assailant:—

"Let them, with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
 Read musty lectures on benevolence,
 Or con the pages of his gaping * Day,
 Where all his former fame was thrown away;
 Where all but barren labour was forgot,
 And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot.
 Let them, with Armstrong, pass the term of light,
 But not one hour of darkness, when the night
 Suspends this mortal coil; when memory wakes;
 When, for our past misdoings, conscience takes
 A deep revenge; when, by reflection led,
 She draws the curtains, and looks comfort dead.
 Let every Muse be gone; in vain he turns,
 And tries to pray for sleep; an Etna burns—

* "Gaping:" referring to the fragmentary form of "A Day," with its yawning chasms of asterisks.

A more than Etna, in his coward breast,
 And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
 Though soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
 His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
 No good man can deserve, no brave man bear."

In the word "ingratitude," Churchill is supposed to refer to certain pecuniary obligations under which Armstrong lay to Wilkes, and which he never discharged.

It did not require Churchill's interference to produce a quarrel between Armstrong and Wilkes. Except on one subject, they could hardly be called congenial spirits. Wilkes was a wit, and nothing more; Armstrong a poet. Wilkes was at this time of his life a flaming patriot; Armstrong, while practising physic in the army, might almost be considered a government official. Wilkes was a bitter enemy of the Scotch; Armstrong an enthusiastic lover of his country. Hence there arose, first of all, a coolness; then followed an estrangement; and in 1773 there took place an angry interview, the particulars of which were afterwards recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1792.

When the Peace of Paris, in 1763, was proclaimed, Armstrong returned on half-pay to London, and resumed his practice. His indolence however, shyness, and literary celebrity united in keeping him down as a physician. Seldom—though sometimes, as in the case of the late amiable Delta—has a man been equally successful as a littérateur and as a votary of Hygeia. More frequently those who have worshipped Apollo alike as the god of poetry and of physic have shared the fate of Benjamin Bolus—have rhymed themselves into contempt, and been rejected in both their aspirations. The man whom Thomson has thus described in the "Castle of Indolence," could never have risen in the medical profession:—

"With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk.
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
 To groves of pine and broad o'ershading oak:
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,

And on himself his pensive fury wroke.
Ne ever utter'd word, save, when first shone
The glittering star of eve, 'Thank Heaven! the day is done.'

In 1770 he published a collection of "Miscellanies," in two volumes, including all his former productions except "The Economy of Love" and "A Day," and with some additional pieces, such as the "Imitations of Spenser and Shakespeare," "The Universal Almanack," and "The Forced Marriage," a tragedy, which had been rejected by Garrick. The next year he printed "A Short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy, by Lancelot Temple, Esq.," a book reminding us of "Smollett's Travels," in its embittered and bilious tone. In this journey he was accompanied by the celebrated painter Henry Fuseli, whose acquaintance he had made some years before, and whom, in one of his essays on "The Influence of Climate on Genius," he had thus panegyriced: "As to history (historical painting) itself, besides some promising specimens of it at home, perhaps even this barren age has produced a genius, not indeed of British growth, unpatronised, and at present almost unknown, who may live to astonish, to terrify, and to delight all Europe."

How or when Fuseli and Armstrong became first known to each other we cannot tell. They might have met in Germany, where Fuseli was for some years ere he came to England. His first visit to London was in 1762, in which year Armstrong was on the Continent. Or their acquaintance may have begun in England after the poet's return. At all events they became intimate, and seem to have been welded together by community of temper as well as of genius. Both were soured almost to savageness, and subject, besides, to sudden ebullitions of passion. Both were warm-hearted, and thoroughly honest men. Both conceived they had been injured by the world, and both entertained a lofty opinion of their own and of each other's powers. Hence, although Fuseli was thirty years younger than Armstrong, they paired admirably together; and in the poet's company the painter produced and sent home to England two very characteristic works—his "Death of Cardinal Beaufort," and a scene from Macbeth. In power,

Fuseli was decidedly superior to Armstrong, who, with a fine fancy and true poetic feeling, had no pretensions to the imaginative grasp, the originality, or the superb scholarship of the Swiss. He was the greatest genius probably that the mountains of Switzerland ever produced; and, although fantastic in many of his conceptions, he reached at times a grandeur and a force almost worthy of Michael Angelo; and in knowledge of the springs of the terrible—those hot, Hecla-like fountains of fear and trembling which communicate with hell—he stands almost alone. How magnificent, for example, his idea of representing the armed head which Macbeth sees rising from the abyss as a colossal likeness of the tyrant himself, and how striking the illustration he gives of the principle of this daring conception, when he says, “What more terrific than for a man returning to his chamber, and finding himself sitting in his chair!” And who can read some of his lectures on the Fine Arts, and especially his word-picture of the Samsons of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Caravaggio, without being convinced that the writer possessed a kindred spirit and family likeness to those great pictorial masters?

Fuseli is said to have discerned, under Armstrong's rough exterior, genuine benevolence of disposition. Of this, however, there was little display in the poet's next and last work, a quarto volume of Medical Essays, in which, besides quarrelling with all previous medical authorities, he complains in coarse and bitter terms of the neglect he had met with as a physician, and of the severe criticisms to which his works had been subjected. Such complaints, even when just, are always imprudent; they often do not even answer the poor purpose of relieving injured self-esteem; and are far more likely to produce disgust or contempt than sympathy or condolence. Armstrong forgot that he had commenced his poetical career by a direct insult to the taste and morality of the country; and that, though he had thus virtually proscribed himself, the public had accorded him generous laurels for his “Art of Preserving Health.” Beattie accuses him of having formed, in his old age, a “rooted aversion to the whole human race”—a kind of emasculated misanthropy as displeasing to conceive of

to experience. The period of his discontents, however, was fast coming to a close. While getting into a carriage, which brought him to town from a visit to Lincolnshire, he sustained a contusion of the thigh, of which he fevered, and died on the 7th of September 1779. He expired in his house in Russell Street, Covent Garden; and his friends, who thought that one so miserable must be poor, found to their surprise that he had saved, from his half-pay and very moderate income, more than £3000.

Armstrong, notwithstanding his infirmities of temper, had not a few friends. Foremost amongst them was James Thomson, the poet, whose nature was far more genial, and temperament more happy, but who resembled Armstrong in indolence, and in his blended love of literature and luxury. Dr Theobald, Grainger (author of the "Sugar-Cane," and of the beautiful ode to "Solitude," so much admired by Dr Johnson), Sir John Pringle, and other eminent men of the day, admired and loved him. His great defect, as Thomson says in a letter, was "spleen," but it was a spleen of a "humane and gentle" kind, like that of Jacques in the forest of Arden. This spleen was nourished by his habitual shyness, and in his later days, long after Thomson's death, seems to have darkened in its hue, and become a "sweltered venom," instead of a humorous melancholy.

We promised a few words on the question started in one of Armstrong's essays about the supposed necessary connexion between morality and genius or genuine taste. Now we think both facts and principles bear us out in asserting that there is no necessary connexion between the two, and that they have been often severed. The beauties of Art and the beauties of Holiness are different things. The perception of intellectual loveliness, and that of spiritual excellence, is performed by different faculties. There is no reason, indeed, why both these faculties should not be found operating harmoniously in the same mind, as we find in the case of Milton and many others. But nothing is more common than to see, on the one hand, a man of lofty genius, with a fine taste, and with little perception of moral beauty; and, on the other hand,

a man of high genius and spirituality of mind, greatly deficient in what is called taste. Take Goethe as an illustration of the first, and take Burke as a specimen of the second. Goethe, the *roué*, has a more exquisite artistic instinct and fewer faults of taste than Burke, the regular domestic man, the pattern of every private virtue. No one will name Wordsworth with Shelley, as moral characters, and yet Shelley's superior culture renders his better and later writings more perfect in style, and more classical in costume and spirit, than almost anything in Wordsworth. What Latin author more faultless than Horace? yet his life was that of an agreeable voluptuary. And among the Greeks, we find a running stream of separation between morality and taste, and a combination in many of their authors, which we may well call monstrous, of the lowest vices and the loftiest imaginative and artistic powers. On the other hand, many of the best of our Christian writers and men, such as Donne, Herbert, Thomas Burnet, Jeremy Taylor, Quarles, Warburton, Johnson, Chalmers, Irving, have all abounded more or less in *splendida vitia*, and cannot be considered as classical models. As to the cases produced by Armstrong of Nero's and Caligula's bad poetry, this seems to have been the result of their mental weakness, rather than of depraved taste; unable to reach the good, they were driven by necessity to the extravagant. Napoleon Bonaparte, as heartless a tyrant at bottom as either Nero or Caligula, being a man of much greater powers, became one of the best speakers, and writers too, in the world. We cannot, in short, see how a sense of artistic propriety, of order and moderation, which is taste, or a burning feeling of beauty and sublimity, along with a power of reproducing these elements in other forms, which is genius, is necessarily or naturally connected with the perception of the "Ought," of the laws of duty, of the being and authority of God, or of that disinterested benevolence and self-sacrificing humility which are the essence of Christianity. That under a better era, taste, genius, and the religious feeling shall be thoroughly reconciled, we doubt not, but hitherto their complete conjunction has been a rare, an exceptional, and almost an accidental event.

We come now to a short estimate of Armstrong's poetry. His imitations of Shakespeare are juvenile productions. The largest of them, a "Winter Piece," is said to have been written to beguile his solitude, while passing a winter in a wild romantic district of the country, and to have been finished about the same time with Thomson's celebrated poem on the same subject. The good-natured bard, having somehow heard of Armstrong's production, procured a reading of it through a mutual acquaintance, and shewed it to his friends Mallet, Hill, and Dr Young. The first of these admired it so much as to send a message to Edinburgh, where Armstrong then resided, requesting his leave to publish it. This request the author eagerly complied with, but Mallet, with his usual levity and faithlessness, changed his mind, and the piece did not see the light till the publication in 1795 of Anderson's Poets.

It is certainly, as the production of a boy, full of promise, and shews a very premature command of words and images. It may be called a complete collection of all Shakespeare's faults of style, and forms a pendant to the once famous "Beauties of Shakespeare," of which Sheridan remarked, "This is all very well, but where, pray, are the other seven volumes?" Here and there you find touches of poetry, as in the opening lines:—

"Now Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the livelong day;
While Winter, rising pale from northern seas,
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unsinew'd bend."

But what miserable stuff follows:—

"The floating wilderness [the ocean],
That scorns our miles, and calls geography
A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror,
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks"!

This is Armstrong's ocean; listen to his picture of the winds, and exclaim—

"Ye critics say,
How poor to this was Shakespeare's style:"

It is the following:—

“All the rash young bullies of the air
Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,
Whipping the frost-burnt villagers to the bones”!

In his fragment entitled “The Storm,” he waxes still more outrageous:—

“The sun went down in wrath,
The skies foam’d brass (!!) and soon the unchained winds,
Burst from the howling dungeon of the North,
And raised such high delirium,” &c.

“The ships that lay,
Scorning the blast, within the marble arms
Of the sea-child Portumnus, danced like corks
Upon th’ enraged deep, kicking each other”!

These fragments of Armstrong’s fail, we think, not so much for want of power, as of proper plan. They are neither altogether plagiarisms, nor altogether imitations, nor altogether parodies, but awkward medleys of the whole three. Here and there he borrows Shakespeare’s expressions, tearing them from the context, and turning them from sense into nonsense. In another place, as we have hinted, he imitates his faults, and seems to cry with Pope,

“See,
All that disgrace my betters met in me.”

And in a third, he tries to caricature his original, but shrinks back in timidity, or weakness, and makes himself, instead of Shakespeare, ridiculous.

Inferior even to these juvenilities are his verses entitled “Benevolence,” “A Day,” &c., which scarcely deserve criticism. His “Forced Marriage” is commendable for the clearness of its diction, and has unquestionably the effect of keeping up the interest; but its incidents are improbable, its characters insipid, the closing mad-scene, notwithstanding striking touches, is overdone; and, contrary to poetical justice, the villain of the piece escapes almost scot-free, while the hero and heroine miserably perish. The advertisement to this unsuccessful play is worthy of preservation, as a specimen of its author’s temper:—“The following play might have appeared upon the stage many years ago, if the author

could have dangled after managers, or have used the access he had been offered to the prostituted patronage of two or three great men, to whose taste he did not choose to appeal; or, after all, if any but the two female characters could have been properly represented at the time when the piece was finished."

"The Art of Preserving Health" is the great solid pillar on which our poet's reputation must rest. It stands high among didactic poems; and, more than many writers of such productions, Armstrong seems to have understood their true differential quality. The object of a didactic poet should not be to exhaust his subject, not to go into its minutiae, not to lecture on it, or, properly speaking, to teach it at all; but to shew the poetry that is in it, and to surround its edges with a circle of beauty.* Who now reads any of our celebrated poems of this class for the sake of being instructed? Who reads Lucretius on account of his Atheistic philosophy, and not for his broad and glowing pictures of nature? Who (save Triptolemus Yellowley!) has ever taken the Georgics as a text-book for modern husbandry? Who now cares for Akenside as a philosopher, however much he may admire him as a poet? Who does not positively despise the morality and religion, while admitting the brilliance, of the "Essay on Man"? And who, as we notice in another part of this volume, reads the "Fleece" for its wool-combing details, instead of its many poetic beauties? And so, still more, it is with Armstrong's poem; who knows, too, that this is to be the case with his readers, and, therefore, hurries over in general the technicalities of his theme, and diversifies it by numerous and eloquent digressions. His book is no "Buchan's Domestic Medicine" done into blank verse. His medical precepts, indeed, seem in the main just; but it is not these that rivet your attention: it is his address to the dear stream of his boyhood—it is the description of the sleeper lulled to repose,

"Beyond the luxury of vulgar sleep,"

* Since this notice of Armstrong was in type, De Quincey's new volume, "Leaders of Literature," has appeared; where, under the article "Pope," our readers will find a singular coincidence with, and expansion of, the above views of didactic poetry.

by the midnight blasts—it is his powerful picture of “The Nightmare,” in the third book—it is his graphic and awful photograph of “The Sweating Sickness,” a passage which ranks with the descriptions of “The Plague” in Thucydides, Boccacio, and Defoe—and above all, it is the noble close of Book II., beginning with—

“What does not fade? The tower that long had stood:”

it is these that make “The Art of Preserving Health” immortal. We well remember to have heard Thomas Campbell reading this last passage in the Common Hall of Glasgow College with great enthusiasm, as he proposed it to the students as the subject of a prize translation into Latin verse. Scarcely inferior is the “Address to the Sun,” in the end of Book I., closing with the magnificently strong and simple lines:—

“We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God.”

This poem, like every other, has its faults—being here a little pedantic, and there verging on, although not over, the brink of the luscious. Still, taking it as a whole, it is, next to “The Seasons” and “The Pleasures of Hope,” the finest didactic poem that has issued from the Scottish genius.

Note.—Since writing the first part of this memoir, we have met with an intelligent gentleman, originally from Liddesdale, who gave us a few little particulars, which we may now add. Castleton is the old name of the district of Liddesdale, as well as of a parish. Armstrong’s brother, who, as we surmised, had succeeded his father as parish clergyman, was a flaming Anti-Jacobite; so much so, that, when in 1745 Lord Perth was in the neighbourhood with his rebels, he sent a party to arrest him: he fled to Northumberland. On the Sabbath after the battle of Culloden, when the news reached Armstrong, who had returned to his parish, he gave out as his morning psalm the first verses of the seventy-ninth psalm, including the lines:—

“Their blood about Jerusalem
Like water they have shed;
And there was none to bury them
When they were slain and dead.”

This might almost have been interpreted into sympathy with the victims of Cumberland; but it is the constant tradition of the parish, that he thus communicated to his hearers the intelligence he had first received.

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ARMSTRONG'S POETICAL WORKS.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following pieces has at last taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inspection; a task that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have submitted himself at last, but for the sake of preventing their being, some time hereafter, exposed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had: while it might be impossible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the most contemptible nonsense.

Along with such pieces as he had formerly offered to the public, he takes this opportunity of presenting it with several others; some of which had lain by him many years. What he has lost, and especially what he has destroyed, would, probably enough, have been better received by the great majority of readers, than anything he has published.

But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amusement; and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes passing an idle hour. He has always most heartily despised the opinion of the Mob, from the lowest to the highest: and if it is true, what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with theirs; when by Heaven's grace he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises to receive any disgust from them.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.XLIV.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
 HYGEIA;¹ whose indulgent smile sustains
 The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
 And on the immortal essences bestows
 Immortal youth; auspicious, oh descend!
 Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
 Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
 Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10
 When through the blue serenity of heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
 Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm through the shuddering air: whatever plagues
 Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid watery element, 20
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
 Whatever ill's th' extremes or sudden change

¹ 'Hygeia:' the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce; 26
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee
 Nature would sicken, Nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no Poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay! 40
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
 'How best the fickle fabric to support
 Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 A healthful mind the longest to maintain.'
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50
 Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Through paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
 O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,

Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers, 58
 Indulge, O MEAD!¹ a well-design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sickening, and the living world
 Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome 70
 With dim mortality. It is not air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of Nature; when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements:
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more 80
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immured in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,

¹ 'Mead:' Richard—born in Stepney, 1673—companion in youth of Boerhaave, author of books on poisons and pestilential contagions, connected with the introduction of inoculation, physician to George II;—died in 1754.

Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame 88
 The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or, by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbibed, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky; 100
 A kindly sky! whose fostering power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat!
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where, enthroned in adamantine state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
 There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay). Oh! from the summer's rage,
 Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; 120
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds

Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd. 122
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens. 130
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickening land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burdened brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away; 140
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devoured, in sallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
 Resigns them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
 Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow: 150
 Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil and watery reign
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air

For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight 155
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows 160
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes the attenuated lymph
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170
Their flexible vibrations; or inflamed,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.

But as the power of choosing is denied 187
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmosphere: though custom moulds
 To every clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breathed
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But if the raw and oozy heaven offend:
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
 Of watery exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog; 200
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray the unwilling lake into the stream;
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
 Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.
 Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air: and let your table smoke
 With solid roast or baked; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase. 210
 Generous your wine, the boast of ripening years;
 But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
 But neither these nor all Apollo's arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
 The fattening clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live. 220

Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year 221
 In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood,
 Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied 230
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That through the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve. 240
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 The embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades

Had left the dungeon of eternal night, 255
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk 260
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements,
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fixed in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent Nature! oh dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial West 270
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the cynorhodon¹ with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the winter morn arise,
 The summer evening blushing in the west;
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blustering north,

¹ Cynorhodon: 'the wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

And bleak affliction of the peevish east. 287
 Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 The ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310
 Involve my hill! And whereso'er you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Washed by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd,
 Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body through with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your voice,
 Or moist gravedo load your aching brows.

These to defy, and all the fates that dwell 320
 In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south, commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The fostering sun: whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whose generous heat 340
 Glows through the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
 Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows
 To bind the Muse's brow; not even a proud

Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath, 5
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
 Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
 Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
 Of life; the table and the homely gods 10
 Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
 The generous stream that waters every part,
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
 To every particle that moves or lives;
 This vital fluid, through unnumbered tubes
 Poured by the heart, and to the heart again
 Refunded; scourged for ever round and round;
 Enraged with heat and toil, at last forgets
 Its balmy nature; virulent and thin 20
 It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy
 The parts it cherished and repaired before.
 Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
 Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide
 That ripening Nature rolls; as in the stream
 Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
 That very force, those plastic particles
 Rebuild: so mutable the state of man. 30
 For this the watchful appetite was given,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expense of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide

To liquors, which through finer arteries 38
 To different parts their winding course pursue;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
 By violent powers too easily subdued,
 Too soon expelled. His daily labour thaws,
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria¹ sends, tenacious paste 50
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
 Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtilised to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys the assimilating powers;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread 60
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
 Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs,

¹ Cestria: Cheshire.

Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed; 69
 A race of purer blood, with exercise
 Refined and scanty fare: for, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,
 To wholesome food, the abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses even the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
 The woo'd embrace. The irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
 Choose sober meals; and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on the enfeebling down, 90
 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his habit if he can; for each
 Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands,
 Or that complexion; what the various powers
 Of various foods: but fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange, 100
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin displayed,

Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen; 102
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supplied with slaughter, and the vernal powers
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore. 110
 Some even the generous nutriment detest
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign:
 The balmy quintessence of every flower,
 And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The fostering dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife 120
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boiled and baked, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
 Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long; 130
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the roughening
 tongue;
 Or much diminish or too much increase
 The expense, which Nature's wise economy,

Without or waste or avarice, maintains. 135
 Such cates abjured, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king 140
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The tiger, formed alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, the inhabitant of every clime,
 With all the commoners of Nature feeds. 150
 Directed, bounded, by this power within,
 Their cravings are well-aimed: voluptuous man
 Is by superior faculties misled;
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
 Sated with Nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortured from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
 Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
 And know that temperance is true luxury. 160
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim.
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
 yours,
 The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,

Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home. 167
 Is there no virgin, graced with every charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow;
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade;
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills the ambiguous feast pursue, 180
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
 Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
 Each other violate; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 The unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year, 190
 Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inured.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before.
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has formed us to the general taste 200
 Of all its gifts; so custom has improved
 This bent of nature, that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety; till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on, the expansive soul
 Oppressed, and smothered the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urged beyond its active tone, 210
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
 The softest food: unfinished and depraved,
 The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
 Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
 So to be cleared, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
 The unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues: but more immedicable ills 220
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 Even how to ripen the half laboured blood:
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collapsed and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
 Or the tall ash, long ravished from the soil,
 Through withered veins imbibe the vernal dew. 230
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:

For the keen appetite will feast beyond 233
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily the exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to the extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne; 240
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds;
 Long tossed and famished on the wintry main;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attained, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
 Nor crown with festive rites the auspicious day:
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
 But prudently foment the wandering spark
 With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch: 250
 Be frugal even of that: a little give
 At first; that kindled, add a little more;
 Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Revived, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that: so nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues 260
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,

Were it your natal or your nuptial day. 266
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which, rooted once,
 Might cost you labour. But the day returned
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
 Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
 The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
 Will save your head from harm, though round the world
 The dreaded Causos¹ roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare; 280
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claimed,
 Influenced by both; a middle regimen
 Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, Nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when the invigorated year
 Emerges; when Favonius flushed with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends 290
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to the indulgent sky:
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation; yields what once sufficed
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;

¹ 'Causos:' the burning fever.

Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seized 299
 The human breast.—Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
 Th' established ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole:
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untamed, intractable, no harvests wave:
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world 310
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 Is earned with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 These, and their willing slave, the deer that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
 Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind, maintains:
 Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins 320
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
 The affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
 Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;
 Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape: 330
 Here, finished by invigorating suns,

Through the green shade the golden orange glows: 332
 Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
 A generous pulp: the cocoa swells on high
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail
 The crisp anana wraps its poignant sweets;
 Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
 Or hardly raised by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile 340
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
 Here buxom Ceres reigns: the autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The fountain, edged with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in else intolerable air:
 While the cool palm, the plaintain, and the grove 350
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
 I burn to view the enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep 360
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the East;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,

The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 365
 What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 And more gigantic still the impending trees 370
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world?
 A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids!
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health 380
 Command) to praise your crystal element:
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew; 390
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Bless'd with divine immunity from ails,

Long centuries they lived; their only fate 398
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!
 Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage¹
 Opined, and thus the learn'd of every school.
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch 410
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
 The most insipid; the most void of smell.
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
 Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
 And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
 Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
 O'er the chafed pebbles hurled, yields wholesome, pure
 And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
 And half the mountains melt into the tide. 420
 Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
 The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
 Squalid with generation, and the birth
 Of little monsters) till the power of fire
 Has from profane embraces disengaged
 The violated lymph. The virgin stream
 In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

¹ 'Coan sage:' Hippocrates.

Nothing like simple element dilutes 430
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
 But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine
 The insipid stream: though golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmixed, and all
 The gluey floods that from the vexed abyss
 Of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire,
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthawed 440
 The embodied mass. You see what countless years,
 Embalmed in fiery quintessence of wine,
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,
 The tender rudiments of life, the slim
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,
 Maintain their texture, and unchanged remain.

We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
 More fruitful than the accumulated board
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide; 450
 And with more active poison, than the floods
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
 The far remote meanders of our frame.
 Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
 Yet still believed! exulting o'er the wreck
 Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian Maids
 Another time ¹ perhaps shall sing the joys,
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl, 460
 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,

¹ See Book iv.

Roused by the rare debauch, subdues, expels 462
 The loitering crudities that burden life;
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
 The obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's power
 To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
 Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages; 470
 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inured?
 Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
 By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
 In cups by well-informed experience found
 The least your bane: and only with your friends.
 There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen 480
 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
 Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
 Except when life declines, even sober cups.
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
 With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
 The sapless habit daily to bedew,
 And give the hesitating wheels of life
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows, 490
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain!

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!

Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days, 494
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace!
 And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
 Except kind Nature by some hasty blow 500
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tired life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
 The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their elemental veins,¹
 Condensed to solid chords) a firmer tone, 510
 Sustain, and just sustain, the impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery; and in solid health
 The man confirmed long triumphs o'er disease.

¹ 'Elemental veins:' in the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must, of course, grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point, 520
 By nature fixed, whence life must downward tend.
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbs of the ill-supported heart.
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
 Through tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
 It loiters still: and now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain; the death 530
 Of nature; thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
 Destroys itself; and could these laws have changed,
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk; 540
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
 The sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night
 Again involve the desolate abyss:
 Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws. 550
 For through the regions of unbounded space,
 Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,

BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still 553
 Between creation and abhorred decay:
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils the adventurous Muse has pass'd;
 But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
 Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
 Plain, and of little ornament; and I
 But little practised in the Aonian arts.
 Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
 To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules
 A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
 Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestowed
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies; 20
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly

When rabid Sirius fires the autumnal noon. 26
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life;
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia nursed of old her hardy sons;
 And Rome's unconquered legions urged their way,
 Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone; 40
 The greener juices are by toil subdued,
 Mellowed, and subtilised; the vapid old
 Expelled, and all the rancour of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of Nature and the year; come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
 And shed a charming langour o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost 50
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
 Indnlge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
 This way and that convolve the labouring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
 Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade.
 Go, climb the mountain; from the ethereal source

Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn 53
 Beams o'er the hills; go, mount the exulting steed.
 Already, see, the deep-mouthed beagles catch
 The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
 And through its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er 70
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
 Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
 Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
 Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves, 80
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
 May still thy hospitable swains be bless'd
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I laved:
 Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90

With the well-imitated fly to hook 91
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian¹ school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100
 But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, a humane delight.
 To raise the insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attained, and equal to his moderate mind;
 His life approved by all the wise and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120
 Absolved, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites

¹ 'Samian:' Pythagorean.

A chosen few, companions of his youth, 123
 Once fellow rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans the enchanted garden, who directs
 The vista best, and best conducts the stream; 130
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who
 shows
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
 Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame, 140
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
 Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engaged, and all that strikes humanity:
 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
 And, through the maze of conversation, trace 150
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
 Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman

Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl; 156
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed¹ of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind 170
The most accomplished its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employed,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves 180
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise

¹ 'Meed:' this word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *reward* or *prize*.

Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185
 First from the goal the managed coursers play
 On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tired and cracked, before their unctuous coats,
 Compressed, can pour the lubricating balm.
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood, 200
 Asthma and feller peripneumony,¹
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

The athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity,
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Pursued prolixly, even the gentlest toil 210
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
 Is earned; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profused, too much the roscid balm.
 But when the hard varieties of life

¹ 'Peripneumony:' the inflammation of the lungs.

You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase, 217
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wished repose; nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. Oh! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er the irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
 Through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
 Of science; and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
 What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
 Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
 For polished luxury and useful arts;
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 The athletic youth relaxed their weary limbs.
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful powers
 Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
 The cherished nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.

'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;

'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
 Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.
 For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

While this eternal, this most copious, waste 260
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,

Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
 With ease and pleasure move: but this restrained
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel
 The functions labour: from this fatal source
 What woes descend is never to be sung.

To take their numbers were to count the sands
 That ride in whirlwind the parched Libyan air;
 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore. 271

Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
 This grand expense, on which your fates depend,
 To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart
 The genius of your clime: for from the blood
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
 Which breathe through straiter and more callous
 pores.

The tempered Scythian hence, half-naked treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues the inclement heaven;
 And hence our painted ancestors defied 281

The East: nor cursed, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures 283
 Th' equator heats or hyperborean frost :
 Except by habits foreign to its turn,
 Unwise you counteract its forming power.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance : study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heaven
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart : a frame so steeled
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
 That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism ;
 The nerves so tempered never quit their tone,
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
 But all things have their bounds : and he who makes
 By daily use the kindest regimen 300
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual things.
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosperous days of health
 Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power, 310
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parched Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave

Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free 316
 The evaporation through the softened skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;
 With this external virtue age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms 330
 Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
 So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame 340
 'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasured oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth

Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress. 349
 But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
 A work of time: and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharged with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands: the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood and binds the
 veins,
 No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape 360
 The slow diseases of the torpid year;
 Endless to name; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure: oh! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel!
 But from the burning Lion when the Sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the
 blood
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids through the skin
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade 370 .
 Reclined, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
 No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft evening saddens into night: 380

Though the sweet poet¹ of the vernal groves 381
 Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
 Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffused
 A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
 Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: on him the balmy dews 390
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn,
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
 But be the first concoction half-matured
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy demons hurl; or in the main
 O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain, 409
 Stung by the Furies, works with poisoned thought:
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself

¹ 'Sweet poet:' the Nightingale.

For ever torn; and chaos floating round. 413
 What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, though prudent seers
 Revealed of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of the ever-varying circle of the day;
 Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, the effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impaired, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and through the sickening functions
 steal.

As, when the chilling east invades the spring,
 The delicate narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440
 To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind 445
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence with long repose, 450
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and lingeringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys),
 On the hard mattress or elastic couch
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:
 Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supplied
 Who rises, cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceived
 Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tamed into a ruder Spring;
 The ripened Spring a milder Summer glows;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;

And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm. 477
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of the important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advised who taught our wiser sires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touched the tender blade;
 And late resign them, though the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South
 Prepares, and what the demon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not
 you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500
 And taught already how to each extreme
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
 Soon as a not displeasing horror glides
 Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;

Be Celsus¹ call'd: the Fates come rushing on; 509
 The rapid Fates admit of no delay,
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
 The hardest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
 We die; of want, of superfluity: 520
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
 Is big with death. And, though the putrid South
 Be shut; though no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
 The imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530
 Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;²
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
 Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,
 And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:

¹ 'Celsus;' the physician.—² This is a description of the sweating sickness.

Another plague of more gigantic arm 539
 Arose; a monster never known before,
 Reared from Cocytus its portentous head.
 This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
 Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
 Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
 And strewed with sudden carcases the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
 Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. 550
 Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood
 Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
 The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
 They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burned and thirsted still.
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetched, and with huge lab'rings
 heaved. 560

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,
 A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
 Harrassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
 Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked

The sweats o'erflowed; but in a clammy tide: 570
 Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mixed the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
 As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
 Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the Fates
 Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.
 For who survived the sun's diurnal race 580
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed:
 Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scaped;
 Of those infected fewer 'scaped alive;
 Of those who lived some felt a second blow;
 And whom the second spared a third destroyed.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:
 Roused by the flames that fired her seats around, 590
 The infected country rushed into the town.
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
 Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind;
 In vain: where'er they fled, the Fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the main,
 To seek protection in far distant skies;
 But none they found. It seemed the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood,
 For, but the race of England, all were safe 600
 In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contained.

Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
 Involved them still; and every breeze was bane. 604
 Where find relief? The salutary art
 Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
 Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived;
 Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued 610
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear,
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend 620
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires
 That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye powers
 That o'er the encircling elements preside!
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
 Has Albion bled. Here a distempered heaven
 Has thinned her cities; from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
 While in the West, beyond the Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died 630
 The death of cowards and of common men:
 Sunk void of wounds, and fallen without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
 The use of toil and all external things,
 Already sung; it now remains to trace
 What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:
 And how the subtle principle within
 Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
 The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
 Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
 Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
 Engaged, I wander through mysterious ways. 10

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
 A spark within us of the immortal fire,
 That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
 And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
 Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
 Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
 The mortal elements; in every nerve
 It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
 And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20
 Wields at its will the dull material world,
 And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
 Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
 The solid fabric: for by subtle parts
 And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
 By subtle fluids poured through subtle tubes

The natural, vital, functions are performed. 30
 By these the stubborn aliments are tamed;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought, (for still the soul's employed)
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue
 Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
 Just so the mind, with various thought amused, 40
 Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
 But anxious study, discontent, and care,
 Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
 And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life,
 And spoil the labouring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears;
 The lover's paleness; and the sallow hue
 Of envy, jealousy; the meagre stare
 Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence 50
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's¹ stall;
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
 Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
 With useful studies you, and arts that please
 Employ your mind, amuse, but not fatigue.
 Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!

¹ 'Burman:' name of a family of learned authors in Holland—seven in number—Francis, Peter, Nicolaus, Laurentius, &c., &c.

And ever may all heavy systems rest! 60
 Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
 Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
 And gives to relish what their generous taste
 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
 With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
 Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
 Of humour seize you, from philosophy
 To fable shift; from serious Antonine¹ 70
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
 And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
 The chest so exercised improves its strength;
 And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
 The restless blood, which in unactive days
 Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits; to stand and sit by turns, 80
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
 Quite unemployed, against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows imbitter life.
 Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care, 90

¹ 'Antonine:' Marcus Antoninus.

To sickly musing gives the pensive mind, 91
 There madness enters; and the dim-eyed fiend,
 Sour melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
 The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
 Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems 100
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves;
 And all the horrors that the murderer feels
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
 Or fear, on delicate self-love creates.
 From other cares absolved, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore, 110
 Timorous self-love, with sickening fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
 For grim religion some, and some for pride,
 Have lost their reason: some for fear of want
 Want all their lives; and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
 Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
 Those fatal guests: and first the demon fear, 120
 That trembles at impossible events,
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.

Is there an evil worse than fear itself? 124
 And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
 Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,
 Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb, 130
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistuned,
 These evils sprung, the most important health,
 That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind
 They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic passions, while from real woes
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault 140
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
 Vain are the consolations of the wise;
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tamed
 To soft distress, or friends untimely fallen!
 Court not the luxury of tender thought;
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves, 150
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes

New to your eyes, and shifting every hour, 157
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
 Or more adventurous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot; and, raging through the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul:
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most, too passive when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
 Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.
 Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air; Elysium opens round, 170
 A pleasing frenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
 Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook; 180
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For prodigal of life in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes; your cares return
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endured; so may the throbbing head:
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,

Involves you; such a dastardly despair 190
 Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus¹ felt,
 When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
 You curse the sluggish port; you curse the wretch,
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first
 Who dared to violate the virgin wine.
 Or on the fugitive champaign you pour
 A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift, 200
 The gay, serene, good-natured Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
 And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour
 Escaped. For one irrevocable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
 Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave. 210
 Add that your means, your health, your parts
 decay;
 Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
 They hardly know you; or if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
 Despised, unwept you fall; who might have left
 A sacred, cherished, sadly-pleasing name;
 A name still to be uttered with a sigh.
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effaced
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

¹ 'Pentheus:' king of Thebes, who, opposing the worship of Bacchus, was torn to pieces by the Bacchantes, including his own mother and sisters.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains, 220
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Though old, he still retained
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
 He still remembered that he once was young;
 His easy presence checked no decent joy,
 Him even the dissolute admired; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleased put on, 230
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in the original perused mankind.

Versed in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man: and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely smiling fate has cursed with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 'Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,'
 He said, ' 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd, 240
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy
 Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds,
 Should ever roam: and were the fates more
 kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale,
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick, 250
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain

That all is vanity, and life a dream. 252
 Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend; be busy even in vain
 Rather than tease her sated appetites.
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
 Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest. 260
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
 And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
 Virtue and sense are one: and, trust me, still
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
 Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just. 270
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
 dare;
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth;
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
 The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes 280
 The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attained
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

'Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul, 284
 Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferred.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned;
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave, 290
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied.)
 This noble end is, to produce the soul;
 To show the virtues in their fairest light;
 To make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous providence; and teach the breast
 That generous luxury the gods enjoy.'

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage 300
 Sometimes declaimed. Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
 Skilled in the passions, how to check their sway
 He knew, as far as reason can control
 The lawless powers. But other cares are mine:
 Formed in the school of Pæon, I relate
 What passions hurt the body, what improve:
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene 310
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.
 Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
 Is hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven
 Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths

Of rugged life to lead us patient on, 316
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
 Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
 And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
 Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;
 Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
 The ill-tamed ruffian, and pale usurer,
 (If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
 May safely mellow into love; and grow
 Refined, humane, and generous, if they can.
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault
 Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
 Formed to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill 330
 With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
 That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
 Nor court too much the queen of charming cares,
 For, while the cherished poison in your breast
 Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
 The wholesome appetites and powers of life
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes
 The genial board: your cheerful days are gone; 340
 The generous bloom that flushed your cheeks is fled.
 To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves.

Through all the heights of fondness and romance: 349
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away; the infected mind,
 Dissolved in female tenderness, forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet heaven, from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shunned.
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to health; o'er every virtue sheds 350
 A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, racked
 With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for love; and some run mad;
 And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
 A mad devotion to one dangerous fair, 370
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
 The event is doubtful: for there are who find
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
 The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
 The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
 And what was love before is madness now. 380
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,

Be temperate still: when Nature bids, obey; 382
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
 But when the prurient habit of delight,
 Or loose imagination, spurs you on
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.
 Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue, 390
 A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How changed you rise! the ghost of what you was!
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoiled of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues, 400
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
 Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
 Diseases haunt you; and untimely age
 Creeps on; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious epicure! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames 410
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
 He chooses to be wretched, to be mad;
 And warned, proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway

Tears up each virtue planted in the breast, 415
 And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
 For pale and trembling anger rushes in,
 With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
 Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and armed with more than human strength.
 How soon the calm, humane, and polished man 421
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
 Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
 Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.
 But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
 For, as the body through unnumbered strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the soul; 430
 As is the passion, such is still the pain
 The body feels: or chronic, or acute.
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
 The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
 And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boisterous fit
 Is health, and only fills the sails of life.
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold, 440
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
 A generous sally spurns the incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
 Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the bowl.

For one rash moment sends you to the shades, 448
 Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, armed with thunder, fire, and every plague,
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be
 wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die,
 But calm advice against a raging fit 460
 Avails too little; and it braves the power
 Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
 To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
 And wakes a lion. Unprovoked and calm,
 You reason well; see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind:
 Seized with the common rage, you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours.
 Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow: 470
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate:
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of
 wiles
 To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid:
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear, or generous pity, vanquish rage,
 And love with pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;
 Bids every passion revel or be still; 480
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
 Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.
 That power is music: far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt:
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
 Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest
 peals, 490
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
 And, with insipid show of rapture, die
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touched with Heaven's own fire,
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad; 501
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul.
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tamed the savage nations with his song;¹
 And such the Thracian,² whose melodious lyre,
 Tuned to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
 Soothed even the inexorable powers of hell, 510

¹ Amphion.—² 'Thracian': Orpheus.

And half redeemed his lost Eurydice. 511
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
 And hence the wise of ancient days adored
 One power of physic, melody, and song.

OF BENEVOLENCE:

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO IN THE YEAR MDCCLL.

* * This little piece was addressed to a worthy gentleman,¹ as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the author a great piece of service.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes, hear;
 Once more I try the patience of your ear.
 Not oft I sing: the happier for the town,
 So stunned already they're quite stupid grown
 With monthly, daily—charming things, I own.
 Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine;
 Another art, a serious art is mine.
 Of nauseous verses offered once a week,
 You cannot say I did it, if you're sick.
 'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits 10
 Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
 Content if some few friends indulge my name,
 So slightly am I stung with love of fame,
 I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—
 Not for the praise of all the magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;
 And, if our sire Apollo pleases, write.
 You smile; but all the train the Muse that follow,
 Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.

¹ 'A worthy gentleman:' John Wilkes, we believe.

Unhappy still our poets will rehearse 20
 To Goths, that stare astonished at their verse;
 To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays:
 So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,
 And write to those who most my subject feel.
 Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust
 With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
 With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,
 What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monsters of the human kind, 30
 What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.
 You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
 The steady miser can his years employ;
 Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
 Despised and hated, how he bears to live.
 With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
 Of pity that such wretched things should be,
 You scorn the sordid knave—He grins at you,
 And deems himself the wiser of the two.—
 'Tis all but taste, howe'er we sift the case; 40
 He has his joy, as every creature has.
 'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
 Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
 Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
 Maker omnipotent! and thou the owl.
 Heaven form'd him too, and doubtless for some use;
 But Crane Court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
 Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
 Better be born with taste to little rent, 50
 Than the dull monarch of a continent.

Without this bounty which the gods bestow, 52
 Can Fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
 As well might Fortune in her frolic vein,
 Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
 Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warmed,
 An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charmed,
 In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
 Blank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room;
 Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain; 60
 Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.
 The beauteous forms of nature are effaced;
 Tempe's soft charms, the raging watery waste,
 Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene,
 Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
 To soothe the toils of life's embarrassed way.
 These the fine frame with charming horrors
 chill,

And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
 But of all taste the noblest and the best, 70
 The first enjoyment of the generous breast,
 Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
 Scenes of content and happy turns of fate.
 Fair views of nature, shining works of art,
 Amuse the fancy: but those touch the heart.
 Chiefly for this proud epic song delights,
 For this some riot on the Arabian Nights.
 Each case is ours: and for the human mind
 'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
 Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste 80
 Elysium? or be solitarily blest?
 Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,
 All that or sense or fancy could bestow,

You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
And pant to see one cheerful face again. 84

But if life's better prospects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleasing view!
This is a joy possessed by few indeed! 90
Dame Fortune has so many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
To yield her smiles where Nature smiled before.
To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to surprize a friend;
To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state;
Or snatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, possessed with virtue's noblest fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim, 100
Secure an amiable, a solid fame:
These are such joys as Heaven's first favourites seize;
These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, the occasion must conspire.
Yet few there are so impotent and low,
But can some small good offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the general sum:
And him who gives the little in his power, 110
The world acquits; and heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;

Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art, 116
 Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
 And with a distant lover's silent pain
 Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
 But men sagacious to explore mankind
 Trace even the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
 In good and bad, distress demands it still.
 This with the generous lays distinction low,
 Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
 Not that resentment never ought to rise;
 For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:
 And there are villanies no bench can awe,
 That sport without the limits of the law.
 No laws the ungenerous crime would reprehend 130
 Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
 In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
 The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
 Where laws are duped, 'tis nor unjust nor mean
 To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
 An open candid foe I could not hate,
 Nor even insult the base in humbled state;
 But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
 'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays, 140
 Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
 No matter: could I please the polished few
 Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
 The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
 Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
 Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
 There's yet a better than a poet's name.

'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said 148
 That I with you the paths of honour tread,
 Than that amongst the proud poetic train
 No modern boasted a more classic vein;
 Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
 Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.

 TASTE.

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLIII.

Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet?—Malim, mehercule,
 solus insanire, quam sobrius aut plebis aut patrum delirationibus ignaviter
 assentari.—*Autor anonym. Fragm.*

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
 Thence round the Temple, t' utmost Grosvenor-street:
 Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn;
 Miss not, be sure, my Lords and Gentlemen;
 You'll hardly raise, as I with Petty¹ guess,
 Above twelve thousand men of taste; unless
 In desperate times a connoisseur may pass.

'A connoisseur! What's that?' 'Tis hard to say:
 But you must oft amidst the fair and gay
 Have seen a would-be rake, a fluttering fool, 10
 Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
 Alas, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
 Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
 You'd split to hear the insipid coxcomb cry
 'Ah charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!'—
 'Die and be d—n'd,' says one; 'but let me tell ye
 I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye.'

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:
 At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat;

¹ 'Petty:' Sir William Petty, author of the 'Political Arithmetic.'

The Bedford school at three-pence is not dear, sir; 20
 At White's—the stars instruct you for a tester.
 But he, whom Nature never meant to share
 One spark of taste, will never catch it there:—
 Nor nowhere else; how'er the booby beau
 Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good native taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
 Be it in music, painting, or in song.
 But this, as well as other faculties,
 Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
 I know, my dear; 'tis needless to deny 't, 30
 You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
 But seven years hence, your relish more matured,
 What now delights will hardly be endured.
 The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms,
 Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
 But he, enfranchised from his tutor's care,
 Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;
 Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
 Brown¹ of Squab-hall of merry memory;
 Will die a Goth: and nod at Woden's feast,² 40
 The eternal winter long, on Gregory's breast.²

Long may he swill, this patriarch of the dull,
 The drowsy mum—But touch not Maro's skull!
 His holy barbarous dotage sought to doom,
 Good Heaven! the immortal classics to the tomb!—
 Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise

¹ 'Brown:' Tom, the famous satirist and lampooner.—² 'Woden's feast:' alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.—³ 'Gregory's breast:' Pope Gregory VI. distinguished by the name of St Gregory; whose pious zeal, in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies. 47
 Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown
 You aim; each country's classics, and your own.
 But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime,
 And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.
 The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,
 Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.

Those sovereign masters of the Muse's skill
 Are the true patterns of good writing still.
 Their ore was rich and seven times purged of lead;
 Their art seemed nature, 'twas so finely hid.
 Though born with all the powers of writing well,
 What pains it cost they did not blush to tell.
 Their ease (my lords!) ne'er lounged for want of fire, 60
 Nor did their rage through affectation tire.
 Free from all tawdry and imposing glare
 They trusted to their native grace of air.
 Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize,
 Or sly coy beauties steal it by degrees;
 The more you view them, still the more they please.

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit
 Who worm their sense out but ne'er taste their spirit.
 Witness each pedant under Bentley bred;
 Each commentator that e'er commented. 70
 (You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,
 With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round.)
 Witness—but, sir, I hold a cautious pen,
 Lest I should wrong some 'honourable men.'
 They grow enthusiasts too—'Tis true! 'tis pity!
 But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
 Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad,
 Ashley¹ once turned a solid barber's head:

¹ 'Ashley:' Lord Shaftesbury, author of 'the Characteristics.'

Hear all that's said or printed if you can, 79
Ashley has turned more solid heads than one.

Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.
'Right!' Yes, a thousand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Despise them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a desperate part.
Why should you teaze one for what secret cause
One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel, sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour
To teach a sot of taste he knows no flavour. 90
To disunite I neither wish nor hope
A stubborn blockhead from his favourite fop.
Yes—fop I say, were Maro's self before 'em:
For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme
Dubbed by the musked and greasy mob sublime.
For spleen's dear sake, hear how a coxcomb prates
As clamorous o'er his joys as fifty cats;
'Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, and oaks,'—and all the rest: 100
'I've heard'—Bless these long ears!—'Heav'ns, what
a strain!
Good God! What thunders burst in this Campaign!
Hark, Waller warbles! Ah! how sweetly killing!
Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
Rowe breathes all Shakespeare here!—That ode of
Prior
Is Spencer quite! egad his very fire!—
As like'—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the rose,
Or as to claret flat Minorca's dose;

As like as (if I am not grossly wrong) 109
Earl Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer sung.

Read boldly, and unprejudiced peruse
Each favourite modern, even each ancient muse.
With all the comic salt and tragic rage
The great stupendous genius of our stage,
Boast of our island, pride of human-kind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to every gossip known:
Yet Milton's pedantries not shock the town.
Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high;
For some outlive good parts, some misapply. 120
Each elegant Spectator you admire;
But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?
Masques for the court, and oft a clumsy jest,
Disgraced the muse that wrought the Alchemist.¹
'But to the ancients.'—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which lasts in prose or song,
Two thousand years, deserves to last so long.
For not to mention some eternal blades
Known only now in the academic shades, 130
(Those sacred groves where raptured spirits stray,
And in word-hunting waste the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,
Do read Messala's praises² if you can.
Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart
While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears;
But not a word of some hexameters.

¹ 'The Alchemist:' Ben Jonson.—² 'Messala's praises:' a poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

' You grow so squeamish and so devilish dry, 139
 You 'll call Lucretius vapid next.' Not I.
 Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
 But if he lags his subject is to blame.
 Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
 Yet still he marches with true Roman pride:
 Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
 He streams athwart the philosophic night.
 Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
 He dared to tell us Homer sometimes nods;
 And but for such a critic's hardy skill
 Homer might slumber unsuspected still. 150

Tasteless, implicit, indolent and tame,
 At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame.
 Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why nor how,
 Some authors flourish for a year or two:
 For many some, more wondrous still to tell;
 Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.
 Of solid merit others pine unknown;
 At first, though Carlos¹ swimmingly went down,
 Poor Belvidera failed to melt the town.
 Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay 160
 'Till Somers' hand produced him to the day.
 But, thanks to heaven and Addison's good grace,
 Now every fop is charmed with Chevy Chase.

Specious and sage, the sovereign of the flock
 Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock
 Reluctant hurled, the tame implicit train
 Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the main.

¹ 'Carlos:' Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause; while his Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, his Venice Preserved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

As blindly we our solemn leaders follow, 168
And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

Pray, on the first throng'd evening of a play
That wears the facies hippocratica,¹
Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation;
Have you not seen the angel of salvation
Appear sublime; with wise and solemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?—
The rabble knows not where our dramas shine;
But where the cane goes pat—'By G— that 's fine!'

Judge for yourself ; nor wait with timid phlegm
'Till some illustrious pedant hum or hem.
The lords who starved old Ben were learn'dly fond 180
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.
Their sons, whose ears bold Milton could not seize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and snuff and sneeze,
And swear, and seem as tickled as you please.
Their spawn, the pride of this sublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.
Though lived he now he might appeal with scorn
To lords, knights, squires and doctors, yet unborn ;
Or justly mad, to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choicest children of his brain. 190
Judge for yourself ; and as you find, report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds ! shall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whose brain is fanciless, whose blood is white,
A mumbling ape of taste, prescribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cause
Than that he boasts per ann. ten thousand clear,

¹ 'Facies hippocratica : ' the appearance of the face in the last stage of a consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

Yelps in the House, or barely sits a peer? 198
 For shame! for shame! the liberal British soul
 To stoop to any stale dictator's rule.

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
 But right or wrong, with friends, with foes 'twill out.
 Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
 Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,
 Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune,
 And passions drily copied from Le Brun.¹
 For I would rather never judge, than wrong
 That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
 But in the name of goodness, must I be
 The dupe of charms I never yet could see? 210
 And then to flatter where there's no reward—
 Better be any patron-hunting bard,
 Who half our lords with filthy praise besmears,
 And sing an anthem to all ministers:
 Taste the Attic salt in every peer's poor rebus,
 And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.

Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,
 We dare not show the little taste we have.
 With us you'll see even vanity control
 The most refined sensations of the soul. 220

¹ 'Le Brun:' first painter to Lewis XIV., who, to speak in fashionable French English, called himself Lewis the Great. Our sovereign lords the passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c., were graciously pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits: which he was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples, who, with sly scratches, defaced the most masterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these achievements he died in his bed! A catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.

Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakespeare's we defy: 221
 'Lard, Madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry!—
 For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?—
 I vow—well, this is innocent enough.'
 At Athens long ago, the ladies—(married)
 Dreamt not they misbehaved though they miscarried,
 When a wild poet with licentious rage
 Turned fifty furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so easy moved,
 Heavens! how the Grecian ladies must have loved! 230
 For all the fine sensations still have dwelt,
 Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
 Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels
 Stands fixed on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
 The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell,
 Are likely truest where the fine prevail:
 Who doubts that Horace must have catered well?
 Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess
 What books you doat on from your favourite mess.
 Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er 240
 The frothy pertness strikes of weak small beer.
 Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce
 Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass.
 Who riots on Scotch collops scorns not any
 Insipid, fulsome, trashy miscellany;
 And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up,
 Will for a classic consecrate each bishop.¹

But I am sick of pen and ink; and you
 Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

¹ See Felton's Classics.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND SPENCER.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER.

The following imitation of Shakespeare was one of our author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He showed it to his poetical friends, Mr Mallet, Mr Aaron Hill, and Dr Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it; and the first-mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the author's leave to publish it; a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted. But Mr Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other imitations of Shakespeare happen to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tereus and Philomela; attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements. However, they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.—*Original Edition.*

IMITATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Now Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.
While Winter rising pale from northern seas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unsinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.

Now blows the surly north, and chills throughout
The stiffening regions; while, by stronger charms 10
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brewed,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all bestilled and wedged betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the withered reeds: and the rash flood
That from the mountains held its headstrong course,

Buried in livid sheets of vaulting ice, 16
 Seen through the shameful breaches, idly creeps
 To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.
 What wonder? when the floating wilderness
 That scorns our miles, and calls geography
 A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror
 The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks;
 When this still-raving deep lies mute and dead,
 Nor heaves its swelling bosom to the winds.
 The surges, baited by the fierce north-east,
 Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads
 To roar and rush together,
 Even in the foam of all their madness struck
 To monumental ice, stand all astride
 The rocks they washed so late. Such execution, 30
 So stern, so sudden, wrought the grizzly aspect
 Of terrible Medusa, ere young Perseus
 With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,
 And laid her serpents rowling on the dust;
 When wandering through the woods she frown'd to
 stone
 Their savage tenants: just as the foaming lion
 Sprung furious on his prey, her speedier power
 Outrun his haste; no time to languish in,
 But fixed in that fierce attitude he stands
 Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argosies 40
 Lie wedged 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridged
 abysm
 Has changed our ships to horses; the swift bark
 Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
 That now from isle to isle maintain the trade;
 And where the surface-haunting dolphin led
 Her sportive young, is now an area fit
 For the wild school-boy's pastime.

Meantime the evening skies, crusted with ice, 48
 Shifting from red to black their weighty skirts,
 Hang mournful o'er the hills; and stealing night
 Rides the weak puffing winds, that seem to spit
 Their foam sparse through the welkin, which is nothing
 If not beheld. Anon the burdened heaven
 Shakes from its ample sieve the boulded snow;
 That fluttering down besprinkles the sad trees
 In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
 To monstrous altitude, and chokes to the lips
 The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
 As to the centre, Nature's vasty breaches;
 While all the pride of men and mortal things 60
 Lies whelmed in heaven's white ruins.—

The shivering clown digs his obstructed way
 Through the snow-barricadoed cottage door;
 And muffled in his home-spun plaid encounters
 With livid cheeks and rheum-distilling nose
 The morning's sharp and scourging breath; to count
 His starving flock whose number's all too short
 To make the goodly sum of yester-night:
 Part deep ingurgitated, part yet struggling
 With their last pantings melt themselves a grave 70
 In Winter's bosom; which yields not to the touch
 Of the pale languid cresset of this world,
 That now with lean and churlish husbandry
 Yields heartlessly the remnants of his prime;
 And like most spendthrifts starves his latter days
 For former rankness. He with bleary eye
 Blazons his own disgrace; the harness'd waste
 Rebellious to his blunt defeated shafts;
 And idly strikes the chalky mountains' tops
 That rise to kiss the welkin's ruddy lips; 80

Where all the rash young bullies of the air 81
 Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,
 Whipping the frost-burnt villagers to the bones;
 And growing with their motion mad and furious,
 'Till, swollen to tempests, they out-rage the thunder;
 Winnow the chaffy snow, and mock the skies
 Even with their own artillery retorted;
 Tear up and throw the accumulated hills
 Into the valleys. And as rude hurricanes,
 Discharged from the wind-swollen cheeks of heaven,
 Buoy up the swelling skirts of Araby's 91
 Inhospitable wilds,
 And roll the dusty desert through the skies,
 Choking the liberal air, and smothering
 Whole caravans at once; such havoc spreads
 This war of heaven and earth, such sudden ruin
 Visits their houseless citizens, that shrink
 In the false shelter of the hills together,
 And hear the tempest howling o'er their heads
 That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
 Those few that trooped not with the chiming tribe 101
 Of amorous Summer, quit their ruffian element;
 And with domestic tameness hop and flutter
 Within the roofs of persecuting man,
 (Grown hospitable by like sense of sufferance;)
 Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day discharged,
 From kiln or barn repairing, shut the door
 On surly Winter; crowd the clean-swept hearth
 And cheerful shining fire; and doff the time,
 The whilst the maids their twirling spindles ply, 110
 With musty legends and ear-pathing tales;
 Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
 Of air-built castles, feats of madcap knights,
 And every hollow fiction of romance.

And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk 115
 Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance;
 That set them all agape, rouse up their hair,
 And make the idiot drops start from their eyes;
 Of churchyards belching flames at dead of night,
 Of walking statues, ghosts unaffable, 120
 Haunting the dark waste tower or airless dungeon;
 Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
 Drinking the summer's moonlight from the flowers;
 And all the toys that phantasy pranks up
 T' amuse her fools withal.—Thus they lash on
 The snail-paced hyperborean nights, till heaven
 Hangs with a juster poise: when the murk clouds
 Rolled up in heavy wreaths low-bellying, seem
 To kiss the ground, and all the waste of snow
 Looks blue beneath 'em; till plump'd with bloating
 dropsy, 130
 Beyond the bounds and stretch of continence,
 They burst at once; down pours the hoarded
 rain,
 Washing the slippery winter from the hills,
 And floating all the valleys. The fading scene
 Melts like a lost enchantment or vain phantasm
 That can no more abuse. Nature resumes
 Her old substantial shape; while from the waste
 Of undistinguishing calamity,
 Forests, and by their sides wide-skirted plains,
 Houses and trees arise; and waters flow, 140
 That from their dark confinements bursting, spurn
 Their brittle chains; huge sheets of loosened ice
 Float on their bosoms to the deep, and jar
 And clatter as they pass; the o'erjutting banks,
 As long unpractised to so steep a view,
 Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

Now every petty brook that crawled along, 147
 Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
 Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge Danube,
 While melting mountains rush into its tide,
 Rolls with such headstrong and unreined course,
 As it would choke the Euxine's gulphy maw,
 Bursting his crystal cerements. The breathing time
 Of peace expired that hushed the deafening scenes
 Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War
 Rebels, and Nature stands at odds again :
 When the roused Furies of the fighting winds
 Torment the main ; that swells its angry sides,
 And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws ;
 While through the savage dungeon of the night 160
 The horrid thunder growls. The ambitious waves
 Assault the skies, and from the bursting clouds
 Drink the glib lightening ; as if the seas
 Would quench the ever-burning fires of heaven.
 Straight from their slippery pomp they madly plunge
 And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they
 That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep
 Guide a frail vessel ! Better ice-bound still,
 Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd
 To the rough fortune of the froward time ; 170
 When Navigation all a-tiptoe stands
 On such unsteady footing. Now they mount
 On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl
 Against the stars ; whence (dreadful eminence !)
 They see with swimming eyes (enough to hurry round
 In endless vertigo the dizzy brain)
 A gulph that swallows vision, with wide mouth
 Steep-yawning to receive them ; down they duck
 To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
 The adamantine gates of vaulted hell : 180

Thence toss'd to light again; till borne adrift 181
 Against some icy mountain's bulging sides
 They reel, and are no more.—Nor less by land
 Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
 Howl thro' the wide unhospitable glens;
 That rock the stable-planted towers, and shake
 The hoary monuments of ancient time
 Down to their flinty bases; that engage
 As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
 And brush the high heavens with their woody heads;
 Making the stout oaks bow.—But I forget 191
 That sprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel:
 Cease we these notes too tragic for the time,
 Nor jar against great Nature's symphony;
 When even the blustrous elements grow tuneful,
 Or listen to the concert. Hark! how loud
 The cuckoo wakes the solitary wood!
 Soft sigh the winds as o'er the greens they stray,
 And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S¹ DREAM.

DARKLY EXPRESSIVE OF SOME PAST EVENTS THAT WERE SOON TO BE
REVEALED TO HER.

. . . . Last night I dreamt,
 Whate'er it may forebode it moves me strangely,
 That I was rapt into the raving deep;
 An old and reverend sire conducted me:
 He plunged into the bosom of the main,
 And bade me not to fear, but follow him.
 I followed; with impetuous speed we dived,
 And heard the dashing thunder o'er our heads.

¹ 'Progne:' daughter of Pandion, and wife of Tereus—turned into a swallow, to save her from the wrath of her cruel and unfaithful husband. See Grecian Mythology, which, however, in some versions of the story, makes Progne the nightingale, and Philomela the swallow.

Many a slippery fathom down we sunk, 9
 Beneath all plummet's sound, and reached the bottom.
 When there, I asked my venerable guide
 If he could tell me where my sister was;
 He told me that she lay not far from thence
 Within the bosom of a flinty rock,
 Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
 Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's sight;
 And said he could conduct me to the place.
 I begged he would. Through dreadful ways we past,
 'Twixt rocks that frightfully lowered on either side,
 Whence here and there the branching coral sprung; 20
 O'er dead men's bones we walked, o'er heaps of gold
 and gems,
 Into a hideous kind of wilderness,
 Where stood a stern and prison-looking rock,
 Daubed with a mossy verdure all around,
 The mockery of paint. As we drew near
 Out sprung a hydra from a den below,
 A speckled fury; fearfully it hissed,
 And rolled its sea-green eyes so angrily
 As it would kill with looking. My old guide
 Against its sharp head hurled a rugged stone— 30
 The curling monster raised a brazen shriek,
 Wallowed and died in fitful agonies.
 We gained the cave. Through woven adamant
 I looked, and saw my sister all alone.
 Employed she seemed in writing something sad,
 So sad she looked: her cheek was wondrous wan,
 Her mournful locks like weary sedges hung.
 I called—she, turning, started when she saw me,
 And threw her head aside as if ashamed;
 She wept, but would not speak—I called again; 40
 Still she was mute.—Then madly I address'd,

With all the lion-sinews of despair,
 To break the flinty ribs that held me out;
 And with the struggling waked.

42

A STORM.

RAISED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE LATE RETURN OF A MESSENGER.

. . . . The sun went down in wrath;
 The skies foamed brass, and soon the unchained winds
 Burst from the howling dungeon of the north:
 And raised such high delirium on the main,
 Such angry clamour; while such boiling waves
 Flashed on the peevish eye of moody night,
 It looked as if the seas would scald the heavens.
 Still louder chid the winds, the enchafed surge
 Still answered louder; and when the sickly morn
 Peeped ruefully through the blotted thick-browed east
 To view the ruinous havoc of the dark, 11
 The stately towers of Athens seemed to stand
 On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ships that lay
 Scorning the blast within the marble arms
 Of the sea-chid Portumnus,¹ danced like corks
 Upon the enraged deep, kicking each other;
 And some were dashed to fragments in this fray
 Against the harbour's rocky chest. The sea
 So roared, so madly raged, so proudly swelled,
 As it would thunder full into the streets, 20
 And steep the tall Cecropian battlements
 In foaming brine. The airy citadel,
 Perched like an eagle on a high-browed rock,
 Shook the salt water from its stubborn sides
 With eager quaking; the Cyclades appeared
 Like ducking cormorants—Such a mutiny

¹ 'Portumnus:' god of harbours—the same with the Palæmon of the Greeks.

Out-clamoured all tradition, and gained belief 27
 To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
 Seven days it stormed, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

WRITTEN AT MR THOMSON'S DESIRE, TO BE INSERTED INTO THE CASTLE OF
 INDOLENCE.

- 1 FULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
 And made of passive wights an easy prey.
 Here Lethargy with deadly sleep opprest,
 Stretched on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
 Heaving his sides; and snored night and day.
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway:
 He led I ween the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

- 2 Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsie;
 Unwieldy man, with belly monstrous round
 For ever fed with watery supply;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And here a moping mystery did sit,
 Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
 She called herself the Hypochondriac Fit,
 And frantic seemed to some, to others seemed a wit.

- 3 A lady was she whimsical and proud,
 Yet oft through fear her pride would crouchen
 low.
 She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood
 All the diseases that the spitals know,
 And sought all physic that the shops bestow;
 And still new leeches and new drugs would try.

'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
 For sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry,
 Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all she knew
 not why.

4 Fast by her side a listless virgin pined,
 With aching head and squeamish heart-burnings:
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,
 But loved in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings;
 And here the Gout, half tiger, half a snake,
 Raged with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings:
 These and a thousand furies more did shake
 Those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.

A DAY:

AN EPISTLE TO JOHN WILKES, OF AYLESBURY, ESQ.

ESCAPED from London, now four moons and more,
 I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's wasted shore,
 Where clothed with wood a hundred hills ascend,
 Where Nature many a paradise has planned:

A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
 Late smiled with culture, and luxuriant charms;
 But now the hostile scythe has bared her soil,
 And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.

' What news to-day?—I ask you not what rogue,
 What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue; 10
 What forward blundering fool was last prefer'd.
 By mere pretence distinguished from the herd;
 With what new cheat the gaping town was smit;
 What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;

What stuff for winter the two Booths have mix'd; 15
 What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next.
 Wave all such news: I've seen too much, my friend,
 To stare at any wonders of that kind.

News, none have I: you know I never had;
 I never long'd the day's dull lie to spread; 20
 I left to gossips that sweet luxury,
 More in the secrets of the great than I;
 To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train,
 That swallow all, and bring up all again:
 Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
 You found it soon at length in the gazette.

Now for the weather—This is England still,
 For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
 Even now the ponderous rain perpetual falls,
 Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals. 30
 This soaking deluge all unstrings my frame,
 Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame—
 'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame.
 The parching east wind still pursues me too—
 Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?
 By Heaven, it slays Japan, perhaps Peru!
 It blasts all Earth with its envenomed breath,
 That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death.
 'Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest,
 And with a livid smile sowed all around the rest. 40

Heaven guard my friend from every plague that
 flies;
 Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures rise.
 But oft diseases from slow causes creep,
 And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

*	*	*	*	*	*	45
*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	

Meantime excuse me that I slily snatch
The only theme in which I shine your match. 50

You study early: some indulge at night,
Their prudish Muse steals in by candle-light;
Shy as the Athenian bard, she shuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May.
But happier you who court the early Sun,
For morning visits no debauch draw on,
Nor so the spirits, health, or sight impair,
As those that pass in the raw midnight air.

The task of breakfast o'er; that peevish,
pale,
That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal; 60
Rush out, before these fools rush in to worry ye,
Whose business is to be idle in a hurry,
Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.
These flies all fairly flung, whene'er the house,
Your country's business, or your friend's, allows,
Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverse
This method, leave behind both prose and verse; 70
With the gray dawn the hills and forest roam,
And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural sound improves the breeze,
The railing stream, the busy rooks, and murmur of
the bees.

You'll hardly choose these cheerful jaunts alone—
 Except when some deep scheme is carrying on. 76
 With you at Chelsea oft may I behold
 The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold,
 With you I'd walk to * * * *
 To rich, insipid Hackney, if you will:
 With you no matter where; while we're together,
 I scorn no spot on earth, and curse no weather.

When dinner comes, amid the various feast,
 That crowns your genial board, where every guest,
 Or grave, or gay, is happy and at home,
 And none e'er sighed for the mind's elbow-room;
 I warn you still to make your chief repast
 On one plain dish, and trifle with the rest.
 * * * * *
 * * * * * 90

Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it,
 Ox-cheek, or mawkish cod, be sure you have it.
 For still the constitution, even the case,
 Directs the stomach; this informs the taste;
 And what the taste in her capricious fits
 Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
 The peevish stomach or disdains to toil,
 Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
 This instinct of the taste so seldom errs,
 That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers, 100
 Or plums of bad repute, you'll likely find
 'Twas for you separated what Nature joined,
 The spicy kernel here, and there the rind.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray!
 The only creatures we that miss their way!

'To err is human,' man's prerogative, 108
 Who's too much sense by Nature's laws to live:
 Wiser than Nature, he must thwart her plan,
 And ever will be spoiling, where he can.
 'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
 Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame
 Niagara's steep abyss to crawl down stairs,¹
 Or dress in roses the dire Cordelliers:²
 But what he can he does: well can he trim
 A charming spot into a childish whim;
 Can every generous gift of Nature spoil,
 And rates their merits by his cost and toil.
 Whate'er the land, whate'er the seas produce, 120
 Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
 He pampers, or to fulsome fat, or drains,
 Refines and bleaches, till no taste remains.
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 Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,
 But plagues and death to those of finer clay.

No corner else, 'tis not to be denied,
 Of all our isle so rankly is supplied
 With gross productions, and adulterate fare, 130
 As our renowned abode, whose name I spare.
 They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
 Would loathe to touch them; e'en their boasted ox
 Sometimes is gluttoned so with unctuous spoil,
 That what seems beef is rather rape-seed oil.
 D'ye know what brawn is?—O the unhappy beast!
 He stands eternal, and is doomed to feast
 Till—but the nauseous process I forbear—

¹ Vide Chatsworth, 1753.—² 'Cordelleirs:' Les Cordellieras des Andes are a chain of hills which run through South America.

Only, beware of brawn—be sure, beware! 139
 Yet brawn has taste—it has; their veal has none,
 Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone;
 Just Heaven one day may send them hail for
 wheat,
 Who spoil all veal because it should be white.
 'Tis hard to say of what compounded paste
 Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taste,
 Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour,
 Shell'd and refined till it has taste no more;
 But if the lump be white, and white enough,
 No matter how insipid, dry or tough.
 In salt itself the sapid savour fails, 150
 Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:
 While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard swallow,
 'Tis void of zest indeed—but still 'tis yellow.
 Parsnip or parsley-root, the rogues will soon
 Scrape for horse-radish, and 'twill pass unknown,
 For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all,
 As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with caution the cook's reign invade,
 Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade,

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A cook of genius, bid him roast a hare,
 By all that's hot and horrible would swear,
 Parch native dryness! zounds, that's not the thing—
 But stew him, and he might half dine a king.
 His generous broth I should almost prefer
 To turtle soup, though turtle travels far. 170

You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine 171
 On roasted rabbit; or fat turkey and chine;
 Or fulsome haslet; or most drily cram
 My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham:
 But let me ne'er of mutton-saddle eat,
 That solid phantom, that most specious cheat;
 Yet loin is passable, he was no fool
 Who said the half is better than the whole:

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But I have cooked and carved enough and more;
 We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
 I would all claret, even champaign forbear;
 Give me fresh water—bless me with small-beer.
 But still, whate'er you drink, with cautious lip
 Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip; 190
 For often, O defend all honest throats!
 The reeling wasp on the drench'd borage floats.
 I've known a dame, sage else as a divine,
 For brandy whip off ipecacuan wine;
 And I'm as sure amid your careless glee,
 You'll swallow port one time for cote-rotie.
 But you aware of that Lethean flood,
 Will scarce repeat the dose—forbid you should!
 'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright,
 'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight: 200
 And if 'tis true what some wise preacher says,
 That we our generous ancestors disgrace,
 The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,

Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes; 204
 And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
 'Twill cause a sea of claret and champaign
 Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain.
 The mud-fed carp refines amid the springs,
 And time and burgundy might do great things:
 But health and pleasure we for trade despise, 210
 For Portugal's grudged gold our genius dies.
 O hapless race! O land to be bewailed!
 With murders, treasons, horrid deaths appalled;
 Where dark-red skies with livid thunders frown,
 While Earth convulsive shakes her cities down;
 Where Hell in Heaven's name holds her impious court,
 And the grape bleeds out that black poison, port;
 Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse,
 Brewed and rebrewed, a double, treble curse.

Tossed in the crowd of various rules, I find 220
 Still some material business left behind:

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The fig, the gooseberry, beyond all grapes,
 Mellow to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
 But pleasures of this kind are best enjoyed,
 Beneath the tree, or by the fountain side,
 Ere the quick soul and dewy bloom exhale,
 And vainly melt into the thankless gale.

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Who from the full meal yield to natural rest,
 A short repose; 'tis strange how soon you'll find

A second morn rise cheerful on your mind: 237
 Besides, it softly, kindly, soothes away
 The saddest hour to some that damps the day.
 But if you're coy to sleep, before you spread
 Some easy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
 At once: even these may hasten your repose,
 Now rapid verse, now halting nearer prose;
 There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd
 choose,
 As men of taste hate sameness in the Muse:
 Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late,
 And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.
 By Heaven, not . . . with all his genial wit,
 Should ever tempt me after twelve to sit—
 You laugh—at noon you say: I mean at night. 250

I long to read your name once more again,
 But while at Cassel, all such longing's vain.
 Yet Cassel else no sad retreat I find,
 While good and amiable Gayot¹ is my friend,
 Generous and plain, the friend of human-kind;
 Who scorns the little-minded's partial view;
 One you would love, one that would relish you.
 With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
 And find his presence cordial more than wine.
 There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I 260
 Touch glasses oft to one whose company
 Would—but what's this?—Farewell—within two
 hours
 We march for Hoxter—ever, ever yours.

¹ 'Gayot:' Mons. de Gayot, fils, conseiller d'état, et intendant de l'armée Française en Allemagne.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DYER.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER, the author of "The Fleece," as *he* would probably have wished himself, *par excellence*, styled—the author of "Grongar-hill," as his readers would more cheerfully hail him—is one of the few British poets who have arisen in the principality of Wales, rich as that country is in scenery—which may be called the *materiel* of poets, and as it was of old, in mountain bards, ranging in their minstrelsies from

"High born Iloel's harp to soft Llewellyn's lay."

He was born in the year 1700, in Caermarthenshire, and was the son of Robert Dyer of Aberglasney, a solicitor of great reputation. John was educated at Westminster school, under Dr Freind, and was then brought home to follow his father's profession. We can easily understand from the imaginative temperament of Dyer how law should prove distasteful to him. He had not that highest form of the ideal faculty, possessed by such men as Cicero and Burke, through which they were able to transfigure the dry and dead bones of politics, finance, and legal technicalities into living and glorious shapes—to find poetry in stones, and beauty in everything. Dyer's endowment was not of such a catholic and magical kind. Shrinking from his law studies with an unconquerable aversion, he turned to the more congenial field of the fine arts. When his father died, and he was left to the freedom of his will, he determined to become a painter—at heart he had been always a poet. He removed to London, and studied under Richardson, then residing in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and

possessing a high reputation as an artist, although his paintings are long since forgotten, and his fame now rests entirely on his writings, which are still quoted as authorities on art. After studying some time under Richardson, Dyer betook himself to South Wales, and led there the life of an itinerant painter. This, we doubt not, he found a delightful, although a precarious mode of life, leading him, as it did, through all the varieties of beautiful scenery with which that country abounds, introducing him to human life in its numerous diversities, and giving him leisure, as well as ministering inspiration, for the occasional practice of his favourite art—poetry. A more interesting or romantic figure cannot be conceived than that of one who is at once a painter and a poet, passing through a beautiful country, equally ready to use his pencil or his pen, and to spread abroad either his photographic page or his glowing canvas. And where the enthusiasm, as in Dyer's case, is fresh and young, what a delightful occupation that of a landscape-painter is. Nature is his beloved, and wherever her face shines, his heart is glad. He follows her into her most retired nooks and corners. He sees her in all her phases and forms. He looks at her, not with a cold and careless, nor yet with a wide and vague, but with a minute and watchful eye. He is deep, not only in her general aspects, but in her secret cipher, and acquainted with her most retired and evanescent glories. Singular aspects of the sky and of the earth, tints in flowers, motions of shadows and of sunbeams, effects of morning or of evening air upon landscapes, the evanishing splendours into which light kindles up the sides of mountains and the tops of trees, passing looks of loveliness or frowns of skiey terror shed down by wandering clouds upon river or lake or meadow, such appearances, lost upon the eyes of others, are seen, admired, and recorded by the painter. He is a friendly spy upon nature, go where she will, and do what she please. A graceful alias of the poet, a genuine and bending worshipper of the forms by which the great Artist has redeemed His creation from chaos, and of the colours by which He has enchanted it into heaven; the painter himself, too, becomes one of the finest objects in the land-

scapes of earth, as seen sitting motionless under the rainbow, or dumb, as the pencil of the lightning is dashing its fiery lines upon the black scroll of the thunder-cloud, or leaning over the old ruined bridge, and perchance, in his reverie, dropping his pencil into the bubbling stream, or seated, like Gainsborough, from morning to night upon the rustic stile, or copying with severe sympathy from the cataract, with a rain of bright berries and green leaves descending on him from the rowan tree behind, or more ambitiously "knitting" the mountain to the sky on a crag above the eagle's eyrie.

Thus sat the young Dyer on many a mountain in Wales, on Cader-Ydris, on Plinlimmon, and on the mighty Snowdon itself. But there was one lower hill that seemed dearer to him far, and which has now become the principal foundation of his fame. This was Grongar-hill, in the southern part of the principality. Whether this hill ever employed Dyer's pencil we know not, but from it he has extracted some exquisite poetry. His Grongar-hill was published originally as an "Irregular Ode," in what is called "a miscellany volume of poems," collected and published by poor Savage in 1726. It appeared first in a very imperfect shape, and began with the following verse:—

"Fancy, nymph that loves to lie
On the lonely eminence,
Darting notice through the eye,
Forming thought and feasting sense;
Thou that must lend imagination wings,
And stamp distinction on all worldly things
Come, and with thy various hues;
Paint and adorn thy sister muse."

He improved it much in subsequent editions.

Some time after, but at what date is uncertain, Dyer, to perfect himself in the pictorial art, repaired to Rome. Byron has apostrophised the Eternal City in the well-known lines—

"O Rome, my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee."

This is an exclamation still more suitable to the votaries of painting than of poetry. Rome is their country, the city of their soul, the mother of their otherwise orphaned heart.

Many men of high genius have never been in Rome, but it is remarkable that almost all great painters in modern times, and the majority of great British poets, such as Milton, Addison, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, the Brownings, and we believe also Tennyson, have seen Rome, and have profited by the contemplation of its stupendous ruins, its eloquent decay, its death-like silence, and the gigantic memories which walk for ever on tiptoe, like trembling ghosts, through its desolate streets. To the poet, however, a visit to Rome is less essential than to the painter. This is proved by a fact to which we may again advert, that the best description of the Coliseum, in all poetry, was written by a gentleman who had never been in Rome. But no painter can take a high place who has not learned to dip his pencil in the golden light which hovers over the Capitol, tinges the waves of the Tiber, gilds the dusky tomes in the library of the Vatican, and darts its shafts of glory through the thick umbrage and ragged rents of the baths of Caracalla. The art-enriched atmosphere of Rome forms a Pactolus, in which every aspirant must bathe ere he can be able to cry, "I also am a painter." The poet finds there principally memories, but the painter finds both memories and models; and, while his taste receives a culture which no other place in the world can bestow, an enthusiasm for art is enkindled within him, which time may modify and tame, but can never quench. How contemptible everything in art that is mean, meretricious, merely calculated for present effect, must seem beside those solemn and serene creations of the pencil and the chisel, on which hundreds of years have set their seal; and how petty ambition must expire in the shadow of His genius whose fierce hammer hewed out the Moses amidst a storm of stone spray, whose pencil garnished the dread heaven of the roof of the Sistine Chapel, and who hung the dome of St Peter's in the blue of an Italian sky, to be a joy, a beauty, and a terror while that sky continues to bend over the ruins of Rome!

To Rome then went our poet to study art, and to gather materials for a new and more elaborate effort of his genius.

No particulars of his life there have been recorded. Like other painters, he doubtless mused amidst the empty streets of what Coleridge used to call the "silent city," climbed the seven hills, took drawings of the principal ruins, and gazed, perhaps, through hopeless yet happy tears at the inimitable masterpieces of its art. Here, too, he is believed to have laid the plan of his poem, the "Ruins of Rome." He returned to England in 1740, and shortly after finished and gave it to the world.

Various causes at this time combined to induce Dyer to quit the profession of a painter, and to devote himself to the Church. He had not risen to great eminence in his art. Judging of his painting by his poetry, we should say that it must have been more sketchy than minutely accurate, and distinguished rather by splendour of design than by finish of execution. His constitution, too, had suffered. A lengthy residence in Rome had taught him habits of solitary and serious reflection; and, perhaps, the sight of a city wholly given to idolatry had confirmed and deepened his zeal for the Protestant faith. At all events, he took orders, and in a letter to William Duncombe, dated 24th November 1756, he thus himself describes the slow steps of his preferment:—"Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke) has been favourable to me. This living (Coningsby, Lincolnshire) is £120 per annum—the other, called Kirkby, is £110; but my preferment came in this course:—Calthorp, in Leicestershire (£80 a-year), was given me by one Mr Harper in 1741: that I quitted in 1751 for a small living of £75, called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by Lord Chancellor through Mr Wray's (Daniel Wray, Esq., one of the depute-tellers of the Exchequer, a friend to virtue and the Muses) interest. Sir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of Lord Chancellor, without my solicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearness to me, though I think myself a loser by the exchange, through the expenses of the seal, dispensations, journeys, &c., and the charge of an old house, half of which I am going to pull down."

So soon as he was settled in Calthorp, Dyer married. His

wife's name was Ensor. In the same letter just quoted he goes on to say, "My wife's name was Ensor, whose grandmother was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of everybody's Shakspeare. (Dyer does not say whether it was Gilbert, Richard, or Edmund Shakspeare from whom his wife was sprung, and we cannot supply the omission). We have four children living—three are girls—the youngest, a boy, six years of age. I had some brothers—have but one left; he is a clergyman, lives at Marybone, and has such a family of children as puts me in mind of a noted statue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling or climbing ten or a dozen little boys and girls." One delights to fancy all these little rogues surrounding their "Uncle John, the poet," when he came to town on a visit—now pinning him to the chair with their interfolded arms—now leaping over him as he lay on the sofa—and now dancing around him in their uncontrollable glee. It may be laid down as an axiom that all true poets love little children, and are loved by them in return.

Quietly settled in the country, married, happily we presume, to a lady with the blood of Shakspeare in her veins, possessed of a competence, if not of a fortune, and with a fine family around him, Dyer seems to have been far happier in middle life than in his earlier days. His charges were not onerous, and he had plenty of leisure to devote to his favourite studies, especially to poetry. He commenced the "Fleece," in which he meant to condense all his learning, knowledge, and fancy, and to make it the *magnum opus* of his mind. In this work he was, to a certain degree, assisted by Akenside, and he thus acknowledges the obligation in a letter, dated 1757, and addressed to Mr Duncombe: "Your humble servant is become a deaf, and dumb, and languid creature, who, however, in this poor change of constitution being a little recompensed with the critics' phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings, and corrections, and some helps from his kind friend, Dr Akenside, to give a sort of finishing to the 'Fleece,' which is just sent up to Mr Dodsley; but as people are so taken up with politics, and have so little inclination to

read anything but satire, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publishing it." His foreboding was fulfilled, but not for the reason he himself assigns. The "Fleece" was judged unfortunate in the selection of subject, and in execution, heavy and prolix. A wag once conversing about it to Dodsley, who was, in somewhat exaggerated terms, expressing a hope of its success, inquired the author's age. When told he was somewhat advanced in life, he replied, "He will be buried in woollen."* Akenside, on the other hand, declared "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's "Fleece," for if that were ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence.

The "Fleece" appeared in 1757; and on the 24th July in the next year its author died. He was fifty-eight years of age, and seems, by his own statement, to have become prematurely infirm. He is represented as a man of excellent private character, and of sweet and gentle dispositions. He was beloved by, and he loved, a man who had latterly few friends, Richard Savage, and exchanged with him complimentary poems. He was the friend of Aaron Hill, of Hughes, of Akenside, and of various other contemporary authors. John Scott of Anwell left behind him an essay on Grongar-hill, and another on the Ruins of Rome, which were published among his "Critical Essays," by Hoole, in 1785.

So much for the somewhat scanty details supplied us of Dyer's life. We come now to the consideration of his poetry. Gray, in one of his letters, places Dyer at the head of the poets of that day; and even Johnson, whose prejudices, not only against him and his writings, but against all descriptive poetry and poets, was strong, nevertheless allows him the possession of genius. And Wordsworth, in lines we shall quote when we come to speak of "The Fleece," pays a generous and glowing tribute to Dyer's powers. "Grongar-

* Of this witticism Christopher North says, "It is the most wretched of the wretched. The little meaning it had at the time having been somehow or other, we believe, dependent on the repeal of a tax affecting grave-clothes."

hill" belongs to a class of poems whose merit is in the inverse ratio of their size, and which, by a few masterly strokes, and a light, easy measure, gain immortality, as it were, for half-price. Another peculiarity of this poem, and of the class to which it belongs, is, that it intermixes moral reflection with the description of natural objects, and not merely mingles them, but does it with such grace and skill, that they blend as well as meet. To this order belong Denham's "Cooper's-hill;" Milton's "L'Allegro and Penseroso;" Burns' "Lines on scaring some Water-fowl at Loch Turit;" Shelley's "Lines written among the Euganean Hills;" Wordsworth's "Eclipse," and a hundred more, which will occur to the memory of the poetical reader. In these the description, however exquisite, is always subordinate to the sentiment; the moral element shines out of and through the physical; and instead of the scene overpowering the imagination, the imagination leads the scene captive at its pleasure. Thus, in Shelley's words, how completely does he subject the splendid landscape seen from the Euganean summit to his own permanent mood of misery. It is but a beautiful isle in the ocean of his boundless, bottomless woe:—

"Ay, many *flowering islets lie*
In the waters of wide agony.
 To such an one this morn was led
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.
 Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pæan
 With which the legion'd rocks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic:
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar,
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky;
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starr'd with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods," &c.

In Burns' "Loch Turit," the clang of the retreating water-fowl is just the echo of the voice of the poet's independent and

indignant spirit. Here is Burns describing his own experience:—

“On the lofty ether borne,
Man, with all his powers, you scorn,
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs,
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.”

And in several passages of “Grongar-hill,” you see the disappointed, yet loving and hoping spirit of the itinerant painter, particularly in the well-known lines,—

“See on the mountain’s northern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
A step, methinks, might cross the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future’s face,
Eyed through hope’s delusive glass.
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present’s still a cloudy day.”

From these lines Campbell has unquestionably derived the much admired paragraph which opens “The Pleasures of Hope,” although some will say that his fine genius has acted to Dyer’s thoughts, as they both represent distance doing to the landscape, by adding to them ethereal hues and an ideal charm. Christopher North maintains—we think unjustly—of Dyer’s verses, that while the images are natural and impressive, the expression is poor, and that the “contrast between the present and the future” is feebly and obscurely set forth. To us, on the contrary, the lines seem all simple, vigorous, comprehensive; and the last of them, especially, clings to our mind with a strange tenacity, and we repeat it ten times oftener than any of the sounding verses of Campbell—

“The present’s still a cloudy day.”

Campbell burnishes the gold; but the gold is originally Dyer's. Campbell is sweet; Dyer is strong. Campbell does little more than dilute the fine essential drop of poetry contained in Dyer's six lines.

We give one other passage from "Grongar-hill," as nearly perfect in its own light-glancing, true-hitting mode of description:—

"Old castles on the cliff arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence, ascending fires.
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads;
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
And glitters on the broken rocks."

The "Ruins of Rome" was a daring theme, a theme that has, since Dyer's day, tasked, now in prose and now in verse, the very highest genius, such as that of De Stael and of Byron; and to say that our poet has not failed, is to ascribe to him a triumph. The following is not easily surpassed:—

"Fallen, fallen! a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns: behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fallen! obscured in dust
Even yet majestic. The solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air,
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference,
Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifled moles,
Fanes rolled on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs."

Still, there is nothing in the "Ruins of Rome," nor yet in "Corinne" or "Childe Harold," to be compared to a description—to which we already alluded—of the Coliseum from the pen of our gifted friend, the author of the "Roman." Let us quote a part of it:—

"When the clouds
Dress'd every myrtle of the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark

With thoughts of ages, like some mighty captive
 Upon his deathbed in a Christian land ;
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 And on his lips strange gods."

Verily, if Yendys has not visited the Coliseum, its Simulacrum seems to have visited him.

Dyer was not capable of the deep analogies and powerful contrasts contained in the above picture, yet how sublime and terrible the huddle of ruin in the line just quoted,—

"Fanes rolled on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs."

This is enough of itself to prove him a man of genuine imagination. It brings Rome before us as a vast Palimpsest of desolation—one handwriting of death running into and blotting out another; and the most opposite faiths and forms of government inextricably confused in their common dust.

Of the "Fleece," the most contradictory opinions have been expressed. Dr Johnson heaps on it the weight of his colossal contempt, while Christopher North praises it highly; and Wordsworth thus apostrophises its author:—

"Bard of the FLEECE, whose skilful genius made
 That work a living landscape fair and bright ;
 Nor hallowed less with musical delight,
 Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed :
 Those southern tracts of sunshine, 'deep embayed,
 With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled.'
 Though hasty fame hath many a chaplet culled
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced ;
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
 Long as the shepherd's bleating flocks shall stray
 O'er naked Snowdon's wide ærial waste,
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar-hill."

Who shall decide when such doctors disagree? Let us, without dogmatically seeking to settle the question, approximate to its solution by marking the different points of view from which the different critics are surveying the poem. Johnson had no love for scenery, and the poetry which he relished was

of an artificial and conventional kind. He could not see how poetry could be extracted from a "Fleece," although he recognised it as derived by Pope from a "Lock." He might have remembered what a part is played, even in the Bible, by Gideon's "Fleece," now dewless while all around is sparkling, and now spangled with innumerable tiny stars, while all around is dark and dry. He speaks, too, "of the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture," and asserts that the "wool-comber and the poet are discordant natures." Wordsworth, on the other hand, was a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, and to connect them with moral feelings and with the history and destiny of man was his, as well as Dyer's mission. He had set himself, too, to sublimate the low, and to idealise the homely. Having written verses on a duffle cloak, a village drum, and an aged garden spade, we need not wonder that he admired Dyer's attempt to shed imaginative interest on "thready shuttles," "boiling vats," "saffron woofs," or those

"Numerous needles glittering bright,"

which

"Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs."

Professor Wilson, holding opinions similar to those of Wordsworth, and thoroughly despising conventional rules, is led to speak in his own impetuous fashion:—"As to the miserable stuff about the meanness naturally adhering to trade and manufacture, &c., it would be shameful even to seek to refute it. A powerful and original genius has done that by blows on an anvil heard far up Parnassus: ay, Ebenezer Elliott has illuminated the town of Sheffield with a light that will outlive the blazing of all her forges."

After all, however, the best parts in the "Fleece" are not those on the looms and the vats. To make them ideal the poet is obliged to introduce so many cross-lights, of remote allusion and fanciful analogy, that you are rather blinded than charmed. The descriptions of mountain scenery, the pictures of sheep-shearing feasts and other incidents of pastoral life, and the accounts interspersed of voyages, and of

the scenery of foreign lands; these are the parts which float the "Fleece," if you can speak of it as afloat at all. There is a sluggishness in the general motion of the verse which has injured the popularity of the poem. Milton's blank verse is sometimes heavy, but whenever he gets great, his lines become wheels instinct with spirit, and they bicker and burn, to gain the expected goal. Thomson, too, in his higher moods, shakes off his habitual sleepiness, and you have the race of an elephant, if not the swiftness of an antelope. But Dyer, even when bright, is always slow, and, in this point, too, resembles Wordsworth, whose "Excursion" often glows, but never rushes, like a chariot wheel. On the whole, to recur to the figure of Gideon's Fleece, Dyer's poem is by turns very dry and very dewy; now very dark, and anon sparkling with genuine poetry.

As to the meanness and irreverence connected with trade and manufactures, we are inclined to side neither fully with Johnson nor with Christopher North. We believe that ere any object can become fit for the purposes of poetry, it must be idealised; but we believe also, that some objects, both natural and artificial, require a greater expenditure of imagination than others, ere they become poetical. A smith's shop is perhaps not itself very poetical, but how easily it is made so, when genius takes it in hand, and places it, as Schiller delights to do, in the centre or on the edge of a dark pine wood; or shews its sullen fire burning from afar through a black evening sky, or likens it and its swarthy tenants to Vulcan and his mates moiling amidst the eternal furnaces of Etna. A steam-engine turning a small mill, or clanking in a little vessel up and down an inland river, is not very sublime; but how different when imagination sees a similar machine, on a larger scale, connected with a mighty Leviathan walking the Atlantic during the day like a god; and at night, when the storm has risen, wrestling like a demon of kindred power and terror, with the angry billows. A shuttle and loom are very prosaic, till fancy bears a simple tune in the endless motions of the one, and in the warp and woof of the web, finds an analogy of the mingled yarn of human life. But,

on the other hand, there are some mechanical objects which it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to invest with imaginative interest. Who can extract poetry, however easy it may be to extract philosophy, from that chaos of whizzing facts, the wheels of a cotton mill. Boiling vats can hardly yield much of the Hippocrene of imagination. A needle in the hand of a beautiful or beloved female may become the magnetic needle to a poetic mind; and Cowper's lines to Mary Unwin—

“Thy needles, once a shining store,
Now rust, disused, and shine no more,
My Mary”—

have drawn many tears; but what pathos or poetry in the numerous needles in a public work, weaving the “warm hose for tender limbs!” A Fleece itself shining amidst the hills, or newly washed in the summer's pool, readily attracts the fancy; but not so “fleecy hosiery,” and, on him who holds that it does, let there light the fate of Goldsmith's garreteering bard—

“A nightcap decked his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night, a *stocking* all the day!”

We suspect that the sound of the wires at his stocking-loom did not seem to poor Kirke White a very musical or poetic sound, and that he preferred the murmur of the Trent, and the sound of the wind breathing through the evening brakes of Clifton Grove.

On the whole, we think “the Fleece” rather an unfortunate subject for a poem, although the fact that Dyer has made so much of it, and won praise from even fastidious critics, is no slight evidence that he possessed a strong and vivid genius.

DYER'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE FLEECE:

A POEM. IN FOUR BOOKS.

' Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina.'—*Columella*.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep: for fine-woolled sheep: for long-woolled sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, and their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tugging time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,

The wide felicities of labour learn: 9
 So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
 From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
 In empty foam retire. But chiefly thou,
 The people's Shepherd,¹ eminently placed
 Over the numerous swains of every vale,
 With well-permitted power and watchful eye,
 On each gay field to shed beneficence,
 Celestial office! thou protect the song.

On spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
 With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
 Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze, 20
 The fairest flocks rejoice: they, nor of halt,
 Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
 Evils deformed and foul: nor with hoarse cough
 Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe:
 But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
 The close woven carpet graze; where nature blends
 Flowerets and herbage of minutest size,
 Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
 Are health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint, 30
 Or shells diluvian mingled; and the turf,
 That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
 Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
 Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
 Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
 And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
 And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such are the downs of Banstead, edged with woods,
 And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
 Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land: 40
 Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step

¹ 'Shepherd:' the king, namely.

Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff, 42
 Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
 And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,¹
 Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
 Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
 Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
 Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,
 Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
 And ruddy tilth, which spiry Ross beholds, 50
 From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
 And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft;²
 And such Harleian Eyewood's³ swelling turf,
 Waved as the billows of a rolling sea:
 And Shobden,⁴ for its lofty terrace famed,
 Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
 And girt with all Siluria,⁵ sees around
 Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
 Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
 Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves 60
 Pomaceous,⁶ mingled with the curling growth
 Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
 More airy wild than vines along the sides
 Of treacherous Falernum;⁷ or that hill
 Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
 And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
 Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
 Combs through the spiky steel in lengthened flakes;
 Rich saponaceous⁸ loam, that slowly drinks 70

¹ 'Normanton:' a seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.—² 'Croft:' a seat of Sir Archer Croft.—³ 'Eyewood:' of the Earl of Oxford.—⁴ 'Shobden:' of Lord Bateman.—⁵ 'Siluria:' the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz., Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, etc.—⁶ 'Pomaceous:' fruit-bearing.—⁷ 'Treacherous Falernum:' because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now a high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.—⁸ 'Saponaceous:' soapy.

The black'ning shower, and fattens with the draught,
 Or marl with clay deep-mixed, be then thy choice, 72
 Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
 Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
 Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
 To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
 Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
 In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
 May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears; 80
 All seek for help, all press for social aid.
 Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
 In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
 For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
 They rise benumbed, and vainly shift the couch;
 Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.
 Hence tender in his care, the shepherd swain
 Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
 At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
 To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank 90
 Sow frequent sand, with lime and dark manure;
 Which to the liquid element will yield
 A porous way, a passage to the foe.
 Plough not such pastures: deep in spongy grass
 The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
 And soundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter: such as decks
 The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
 By the blue steeps of distant Malvern¹ walled,
 Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade, 100
 Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
 Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
 Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,

¹ 'Malvern:' a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss 104
 Dimetians,¹ who along their mossy dales
 Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour ;
 While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
 And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
 Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
 Their dust saline upon the deepening grass: 110
 And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delved
 The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
 To intercept the small meandering rills
 Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that sour
 The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
 And harbour villain crows, he rare allowed:
 Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
 And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
 The little smiling cottage warm embowered ;
 The little smiling cottage, where at eve 120
 He meets his rosy children at the door,
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
 With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
 To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
 Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,
 Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.²
 In vain the silken fleece on windy brows,
 And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills
 Is sought, though soft Iberia² spreads her lap 130
 Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
 Biscayan or Segovian. Bothnic realms,³
 And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
 Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embowered,
 In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun

¹ 'Dimetia:' Caermarthenshire in South Wales.—² 'Iberia:' Spain.—
³ 'Bothnic realms:' Sweden and Finland, from Gulph of Bothnia.

Lybia's hot plains: what taste have they for groves
 Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more 137
 Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
 Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves.
 Even Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
 That richly decorates her loom, acquires
 Basely from Albion, by the ensnaring bribe,
 The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
 For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
 Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
 Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
 In deep November (loathed by trifling Gaul,
 Effeminate,) are gifts the Pleiads shed,
 Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls, 150
 Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.

Hail noble Albion! where no golden mines,
 No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
 The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
 Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
 White-wingèd snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
 Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
 Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons
 With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
 For deeds of excellence and high renown. 160
 Thus formed, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills,¹
 Blakes,

Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See! the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
 After the nurture of the fallen shower,
 How beautiful! How blue the ethereal vault,
 How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
 Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,

¹ 'Churchills:' Marlborough.

So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep, 168
 Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
 What other paradise adorn but thine,
 Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
 Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
 Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
 And ports magnific add, and stately ships
 Innumeros. But whither strays my Muse?
 Pleased, like a traveller upon the strand
 Arrived of bright Augusta:¹ wild he roves
 From deck to deck, through groves immense of masts;
 'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
 Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
 In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix 181
 His raptured mind, or scan in ordered course
 Each object singly; with discoveries new
 His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds, if your labours hope success,
 Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
 To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
 And clime, even every tree and herd, receives
 Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
 The Great Invisible, and each to all, 190
 Through earth, and seas, and air, harmonious suits.
 Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks,²
 Snowdon and blue Plynlymmon,³ and the wide
 Aerial sides of Cader-ydris huge;
 These are bestowed on goat-horned sheep, of fleece
 Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouse
 Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,

¹ 'Augusta:' London.—² 'Darwent's naked peaks:' the peaks of Derbyshire.—³ 'Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-ydris:' high hills in North Wales.

O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scattered meal. 199
 But hills of milder air, that gently rise
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
 Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
 Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
 Of Symmonds, honoured through the sandy soil
 Of elmy Ross,¹ or Devon's myrtle vales,
 That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea;
 Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs
 Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
 Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenced 210
 With horns Ammonian,² circulating twice
 Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
 That grace the columns of the Ionic dome.

Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
 Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields,³
 Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
 Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;
 That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
 Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain:
 The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact describes
 One level line along his spacious back; 221
 Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretched head,
 Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
 And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induced,
 Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
 That copies nature; who, in every change,
 In each variety, with wisdom works,
 And powers diversified of air and soil,

¹ 'Ross:' a town in Herefordshire.—² 'Ammonian:' Jupiter Ammon was represented with ram's horns.—³ 'Tripontian fields:' the country between Rugby in Warwickshire, and Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's¹ rocks, 230
 Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' watered loam,
 And dry Cyrene's² sand, in climes alike,
 With different stores supply the marts of trade.
 Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
 Small are the Russian herds, and hard their fleece:
 Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
 From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
 And summers bathed in dew: on Syrian sheep
 The costly burden only loads their tails:
 No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe 240
 Adorn; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,
 Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
 The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
 Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone.
 Shrubs aromatic, caffee wild, or thea,
 Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
 Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
 Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
 In temperate air, in the delicious downs
 Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams. 250
 Of grasses are unnumbered kinds, and all
 (Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
 Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
 Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,
 And swell too hastily the tender plains:
 Then snatch away thy sheep; beware the rot;
 And with deterrent bay-salt rub their mouths;
 Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
 In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;
 Or to the marish guide their easy steps, 260
 If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.

¹ 'Sabæa:' Arabia.—² 'Cyrene:' a ruined Grecian city in the north of Africa.

Sagacious care foreacts: when strong disease 262
 Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
 Hard is the strife of art: the coughing pest
 From their green pastures sweeps whole flocks away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
 Though late, discern; when, on the lifted lid,
 Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
 The swelling liver then her putrid store
 Begins to drink: even yet thy skill exert, 270
 Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
 Again deterrent salt apply, or shed
 The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
 Of gouty ails, by shepherds termed the halt:
 Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
 Detain: and pour into their cloven feet
 Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
 Dry alum, verdegrise, or vitriol keen.
 But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears, 280
 'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
 And salt again: the utility of salt
 Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
 Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

The infectious scab, arising from extremes
 Of want or surfeit, is by water cured
 Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
 Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renowned
 By virtuous Berkeley,¹ whose benevolence
 Explored its powers, and easy medicine thence 290
 Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
 Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,
 Driven oft from nature's path by artful man,

¹ 'Berkeley:' Bishop, whose treatise on tar water is well known.

Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand, 295
 Whom sacred instinct would securely lead.
 But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates
 Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
 From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
 Noting the fickle seasons of the sky. 300
 Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek
 Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
 By their all-perfect Master inly taught,
 They best their food and physic can discern;
 For He, Supreme Existence, ever near,
 Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
 With what a regular consent they crop,
 At every fourth collection to the mouth,
 Unsavoury crow-flower; whether to awake
 Languor of appetite with lively change, 310
 Or timely to repel approaching ill,
 Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
 And with her salutary rules entrusts,
 Benevolent Mackenzie,¹ say the cause.
 This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;
 Each strong affection of the unconscious brute,
 Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
 Is wisely given; harmonious they perform
 The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man)
 And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine. 320
 See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
 And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
 The sheers true-pointed, nor the officious dog,
 Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return:
 So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal

¹ 'Benevolent Mackenzie:' Dr Mackenzie, of Worcester, afterwards of Drumsugh, near Edinburgh; we believe the same with Joshua Mackenzie, father of the 'Man of Feeling.'

Aside into the furrows or the shades, 326
 Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
 Or hillock, rub their sores and loosened wool.
 But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
 Banish before the autumnal months: even age
 Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
 And through thy field let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial love,
 Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
 Even sheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
 With jealous eye surveys the spacious field;
 All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
 Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
 And fury irresistible, they dash
 Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale resounds; 340
 The flock amazed stands safe afar; and oft
 Each to the other's might a victim falls:
 As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
 Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
 The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.

Wise custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
 Or ere they've pass'd the twelfth of orient morn,
 Castrates the lambkins: necessary rite,
 Ere they be numbered of the peaceful herd.
 But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand hath grieved,
 In those rough months, that lift the turning year: 351
 Not tedious in the office; to thy aid
 Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
 And leads them skipping to the flowers of May;
 May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
 Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
 Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry;
 Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
 Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners crowd:

Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn 360
 Lies on the reeking pasture; wait till all
 The crystal dews, impearled upon the grass,
 Are touched by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
 With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teasing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
 With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
 Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
 Thus the Brigantes;¹ 'tis not idle pains:
 Nor is that skill despised, which trims their tails,
 Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool. 370
 Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
 Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
 Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,
 The vacant hours require: and ever learn
 Quick ether's motions: oft the scene is turned;
 Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
 Hail, rain, or radiance; these the moon will tell,
 Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe:
 When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch, 380
 And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
 Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
 Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
 Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels
 Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
 Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
 On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
 Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
 A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
 Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns 390
 The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
 Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm:

¹ 'Brigantes:' the inhabitants of Yorkshire.

There let them sojourn, 'til gay Procne¹ skims 393
 The thickening verdure, and the rising flowers.
 And while departing Autumn all embrowns
 The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
 Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
 Accustomed to the barriers of the rick,
 Or some warm umbrage; lest, in erring fright,
 When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run 400
 Dispersed to ditches, where the swelling drift
 Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
 Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
 In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste;
 And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
 Drooping, even at the twelfth cold dreary day,
 With still continued feeble pulse of life;
 The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnawed.
 Ah gentle shepherd! thine the lot to tend,
 Of all, that feel distress, the most assailed, 410
 Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
 But spread around thy tenderest diligence
 In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
 Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
 Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
 O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
 The innum'rous ills, that rush around his life!
 Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
 Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain; 420
 Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake;
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
 Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
 Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields

¹ 'Procne, or Progne:' the swallow.

Pay not their promised food; and oft the dam 426
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
 Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
 Alights, and hops in many turns around,
 And tires her also turning: to her aid
 Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
 Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
 Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable habits learn in sport:
 Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
 Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers:
 Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills:
 Various as ether is the pastoral care: 440
 Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
 The whole long lesson gradual is attained,
 By precept after precept, oft received
 With deep attention: such as Nuceus¹ sings
 To the full vale near Soare's² enamoured brook,
 While all is silence: sweet Hincklean swain!
 Whom rude obscurity severely clasps:
 The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
 With purple violets and primrose flowers,
 Well-pleased thy faithful lessons to repay. 450

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
 Spread sores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
 The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
 Press to the tortured skin, and flesh, and bone;
 In littleness and number dreadful foes.
 Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
 Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;

¹ 'Nuceus:' Mr Joseph Nutt, an apothecary at Hinckley.—² 'Soare:' a river in Leicestershire.

And all excess, even of salubrious food, 458
 As sure destroys as famine or the wolf.
 Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
 Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
 Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
 Lo! in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
 Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
 Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
 The hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
 That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
 And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
 A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours, 470
 That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
 Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
 Of fetid oil inflamed, sea-monster's spume,
 Of fir-wood glaring in the weeping vault,
 Twice three slow gloomy months, with various ills
 Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
 His lank and scanty herds around him press,
 As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
 The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
 Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains, 480
 Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
 Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
 Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
 They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
 Only, at morning hour, to interpose
 Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
 The watery juices of the bossy root
 Absorbing: or from noxious air to screen
 Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
 Of furze or copsewood, in the lofty field, 490
 Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.

Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed, 492
 Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
 Silk'ning their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
 Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
 Of savage tears the air, where careless night
 In balmy sleep lies lulled, and only wakes
 To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
 Wild terror strides: there stubborn rocks are rent;
 There mountains sink; there yawning caverns
 flame; 500

And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
 Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
 And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
 In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
 'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

See the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
 In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
 And spread their plains with desolation wide:
 Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming, smile
 Among embracing woods; and waft on high 510
 The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
 Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
 In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.

Nor ye by need are urged, as Attic swains,
 And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep;
 Expensive toil; howe'er expedient found
 In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
 They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
 But those expensive toils are now no more;
 Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds: 520
 Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
 Soothe the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
 The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
 Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale

Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds 525
Her venerable ruins to the dust.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all, 530
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs; goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the Patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.

There, at the public hour of sultry noon, 540
They share the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength
removed,

And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. 550

Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my
Muse;

Swift turns the year; and our unnumbered flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves

Of high Brigantium,¹ where, by ruddy flames, 557
 Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
 The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
 Flattening the steel: from their rough hands receive
 The sharpened instrument, that from the flock
 Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
 Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
 To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
 Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
 Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
 And plunge them one by one into the flood:
 Plunged in the flood, not long the struggler sinks, 570
 With his white flakes, that glisten through the tide;
 The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
 Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
 His lifted head above the limpid stream,
 While the full clammy fleece the other laves
 Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
 And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
 Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.
 Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
 Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin: 580
 Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
 Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
 To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
 The downy vesture from their tender sides.
 Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
 And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
 But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
 Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;

¹ 'Caves of Brigantium:' the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the shepherds' shears and all edge-tools are made.

And careful house them, if the lowering clouds 589
 Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom
 Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls loud,
 And breaks the crystal urns of heaven: adown
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps
 Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
 And sudden overwhelm their vanished fields;
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
 Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
 And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
 Down with the rapid torrent to the deep. 600

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
 Rural festivities are often heard:
 Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
 And lusty merriment: while on the grass
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
 We think the golden age again returned,
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
 To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
 Of the ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound. 610

While the old apart, upon a bank reclined,
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixed
 With every murmur of the sliding wave,
 And every warble of the feathered choir;
 Music of paradise! which still is heard,
 When the heart listens; still the views appear
 Of the first happy garden, when content
 To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
 Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
 Then idly for the lost delight repine: 620
 As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
 Skim o'er the billows of the foaming flood,

Fancy they see the lessening shores retire, 623
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin!¹ Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain, 630
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.

'This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
Their polished pillars, as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,
Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night.'

'Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,' 640
Colin replied, 'and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

'May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white
lambs,
Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
Skip on the green, and race in little troops; 650
May that great lamp, which sinks behind the
hill,

And streams around variety of lights,
Recall them erring: this is Damon's wish.

¹ 'Wreakin': a high hill in Shropshire.

'Huge Breaden's¹ stony summit once I climbed 654
 After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
 What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!
 Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent
 floods;

And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
 The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
 Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns, 660
 Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
 Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
 Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
 Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
 Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
 Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
 And piping, careless, silly shepherds we;
 We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
 Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.'

'Dream not, howe'er, our occupation mean,' 670
 Damon replied, 'while the Supreme accounts
 Well of the faithful shepherd, ranked alike
 With king and priest: they also shepherds are:
 For so the All-seeing styles them, to remind
 Elated man, forgetful of his charge.

'But haste, begin the rites: see! purple Eve
 Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains
 Hither assemble. Pleased with honours due,
 Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
 Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear, 680
 Skims e'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds:
 Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
 Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
 Among her sisters she reclines; the loved
 Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,

¹ 'Breaden:' a high hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc¹ swift of foot; 686
 And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs
 In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll,
 Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeanning herds,
 Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous leaf.'

He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
 Thither assembled, thither every swain;
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
 Mixed with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
 From Wreakin's brow, to rocky Dolvoryn,²
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled 700
 The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
 With envious hate enraged. The jolly cheer,
 Spread on a mossy bank, untouched abides,
 Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
 Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
 Dispersed in copious measure; early fruits,
 And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
 Steeped grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
 Soft tempered, in full merriment they quaff,
 And cast about their gibes; and some apace 710
 Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
 Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
 And winding valleys, with the various notes
 Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
 Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
 Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls

¹ 'Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc:' rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynymmon.—² 'Dolvoryn:' a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
 And trading bark with low contracted sail,
 Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
 To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

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BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common fields: inconveniencies of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures improvable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: the revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaise, the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dyeing of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England: necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now of the severed lock begin the song,
 With various numbers, through the simple theme
 To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
 This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
 Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
 The lark-winged muse, above the grassy vale,
 And hills, and woods, shall, singing, soar aloft;
 And he, whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,
 Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,
 Royston, approve, and patronise the strain. 10
 Through all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
 To lordly man such ample tribute pay.

For him their udders yield nectareous streams; 13
 For him the downy vestures they resign;
 For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
 Glory in wants which doom to pain and death
 His blameless fellow creatures. Let disease,
 Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,
 Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond: 20
 And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
 Even to the reptile every cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like Brahma's healthy sons on Indus' bank,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of nature; your mild hands
 Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
 Come, gentle swains, the bright unsullied locks 30
 Collect; alternate songs shall soothe your cares,
 And warbling music break from every spray.
 Be faithful, and the genuine locks alone
 Wrap round, nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold;
 Stain not your stores with base desire to add
 Fallacious weight; nor yet, to mimic those,
 Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,¹
 Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
 Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
 Lest busy ether through the open wool 40
 Debilitating pass, and every film
 Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
 Guard too from moisture and the fretting moth
 Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade concealed,
 Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.

¹ 'Urchinfield:' the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

But in loose locks of fells she most delights, 46
 And feeble fleeces of distempered sheep,
 Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
 Allured; as the swift eagle to the fields
 Of slaughtering war or carnage: such apart
 Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors
 Selected such, for hospitable beds
 To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,
 From battle or the chase of wolves returned.

When many-coloured evening sinks behind
 The purple woods and hills, and opposite
 Rises, full-orbed, the silver harvest-moon,
 To light the unwearied farmer, late afield
 His scattered sheaves collecting; then expect
 The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds, 60
 Norwich, or Froome: they traverse every plain,
 And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes:
 Reject them not; and let the season's price
 Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain
 Through dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
 That silently adown the cerule stream
 Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
 To copsy villages on either side,
 And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,
 The grateful burden to receive, awaits, 70
 Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same fleece diversity of wool
 Grows intermingled, and excites the care
 Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.
 But in this subtle science none exceed
 The industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
 Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes
 With boundless hospitality receive
 Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye

May view the maimed, the blind, the lame, employed,
And unrejected age; even childhood there 81

Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks; another shines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking unuseful in the steely comb: 90

For this long spongy wool no more increase
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn stops: and what though
Spring

Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
The texture? yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advised to shield his flocks
From Winter's deadening frosts and whelming snows:
Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy, 100
And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of clothed Apulian,¹ by soft warmth improved:
Or let them inward heat and vigour find,
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-field: enclose, enclose, ye swains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch, 110

¹ 'Of clothed Apulian:' the shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock, 111
 To mark your property? The mark dilates,
 Enters the flake depreciated, defiled,
 Unfit for beauteous tint: besides, in fields
 Promiscuous held, all culture languishes;
 The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
 Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
 And barren furrows: none the rising grove
 There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
 To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire; 120
 And, in the distant village, every hearth
 Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
 Of injured herds and flocks, or what the plough
 Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
 Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
 Increasing beggary and Nature's frowns.
 Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
 Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
 From intermingling flocks he steals; or when,
 With loosened tether of his horse or cow, 130
 The milky stalk of the tall green-eared corn,
 The year's slow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
 Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.
 There are, who over-rate our spongy stores,
 Who deem that Nature grants no clime but ours,
 To spread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
 And feed the silky fleece; that card, nor comb,
 The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
 To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
 Unless a thread from Britain swell the heap: 140
 Illusion all; though of our sun and air
 Not trivial is the virtue; nor their fruit,
 Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem:
 The grain of brightest tincture none so well

Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins¹ must to this 145
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

And though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase.
Therefore from herbage of old-pastured plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears: not even the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-sullied fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

Yet much may be performed to check the force
Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees 160
Warm sheltered, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labour and art will every aim achieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level,² erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honoured patriot name, 170
Russel, arose, who drained the rushy fen,
Confined the waves, bid groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus,³ silver-winding streams:
Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove.

¹ 'Gobelins:' Flemings.—² 'Bedford Level:' in Cambridgeshire.—³ 'Camus:' the Cam.

But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs, 177
 Immeasurable tract. The traveller
 Slow tries his mazy step on the yielding tuft,
 Shuddering with fear: even such perfidious wilds,
 By labour won, have yielded to the comb
 The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
 And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
 Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
 Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
 Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
 The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flowers
 And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
 Admiring to behold their furrows wave
 With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil, 190
 With patient art, effect? There was a time,
 When other regions were the swains' delight,
 And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
 Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
 But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear,
 Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
 The plains of Sarum opened to the hand
 Of patient culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
 High Cotswold showed her summits. Urchinfield,
 And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's
 brake, 200
 Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives;
 And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
 O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.
 In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
 In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
 Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renowned,
 And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
 Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides:
 Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they tinged

The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth; 210
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improved the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The famed Thessalian ram enriched her plains.

This rising Greece with indignation viewed,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceived
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks, 220
Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He roused the brave to redemand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard!
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules; and many a chief renown'd.

On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits; 230
And soon, the laurel cord and the huge stone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoored the bark;
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashioned for the proud attempt;
And in the extended keel a lofty mast
Up-raised, and sails full-swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects; now first, now they learned
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had marked the sphere celestial. Wide abroad 240
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos and Icos rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves

Her azure head above the level brine, 244
 Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:
 While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
 Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
 Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
 Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
 But with too eager haste: in the white foam 250
 His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
 The chase detains; he springs upon the shore,
 And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
 Renews his stroke. Between the threatening towers
 Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
 Of Hero's and Leander's ardent love
 Fatal: then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
 That like a glassy lake expands, with hills;
 Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
 And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare, 260
 Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
 Threaten approach; but they, unterrified,
 Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
 Cleave their bold passage: nathless by the crags
 And torrents sorely shattered: as the strong
 Eagle or vulture, in the entangling net
 Involved, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
 Thus, through the wide waves, their slow way they force
 To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
 Pass many perils, and to fame by such 270
 Experience rise. Refreshed, again they speed
 From cape to cape, and view unnumbered streams,
 Haags, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
 Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
 To the broad deep their tributary waves;
 Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
 Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand

Jason advanced: the deep capacious bay, 278
 The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
 Wondering he viewed, and stately palace-domes,
 Pavilions proud of luxury: around,
 In every glittering hall, within, without,
 O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
 Nothing appeared but luxury, and crowds
 Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
 Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
 Of shepherds, proud Æetes, by the name
 Sometimes of king distinguished, 'gan to slight
 The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
 Even Hydrus ceased to watch; Medea's songs 290
 Of joy and rosy youth and beauty's charms,
 With magic sweetness lulled his cares asleep,
 Till the bold heroes grasped the golden fleece.
 Nimbly they winged the bark, surrounded soon
 By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
 O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
 With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
 And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
 With loud acclaim received them. Every vale,
 And every hillock, touched the tuneful stops 300
 Of pipes unnumbered, for the ram regained.

Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
 Along the withering dales and pastures mourned;
 The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant
 shunned

His desert borders; each ingenious art,
 Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retired,
 And left to want and servitude their seats;
 Vile successors! and gloomy ignorance
 Following, like dreary night, whose sable hand
 Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day. 310

Sithence, the fleeces of Arcadian plains, 311
 And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem ;
 And those in Grecian colonies dispersed,
 Caria, and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
 And famed Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
 Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
 Through solitary valleys seeks the sea.
 Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
 High-crowned, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft,
 Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
 Those too of Bætica's delicious fields, 321
 With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,
 What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
 Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unrolled
 The finest webs? where scarce a talent weighed
 A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
 To late-improved Brittania gave renown.
 Lo! the revolving course of mighty Time,
 Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
 Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale. 330
 Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
 The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
 The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
 Slow trailed triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
 And Tarentine, in warmest littered cotes,
 Or sunny meadows, clothed with costly care?
 All in the solitude of ruin lost,
 War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's dust.
 Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
 In gloomy desolation, till appeared 340
 Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
 Who from the melancholy waste emerged:
 In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she laved,
 And rose another Venus: each soft joy,

Each aid of life, her busy wit restored; 345
 Science revived, with all the lovely arts,
 And all the graces. Restituted trade
 To every virtue lent his helping stores,
 And cheered the vales around; again the pipe,
 And bleating flocks, awaked the cheerful lawn. 350

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
 Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Casimere
 Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
 Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
 Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region termed
 The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
 Of Lahor, by that arbour stretched immense,
 Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
 Of India's worshipped prince, whose lust is law:
 Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame 360
 Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
 Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
 Led to their distant climes adventurous trade.

Add too the silky wool of Lybian lands,
 Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
 Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
 While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
 Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chased
 The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears 371
 Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
 Thine, Vaga, favoured stream; from sheep minute
 On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
 Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
 On Vecta's¹ isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
 With all its thunders: or Salopian stores,

¹ 'Vecta:' Isle of Wight.

Those which are gathered in the fields of Clun: 378
 High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
 Is oft remembered, though the greedy plough
 Preys on its carpet: he,¹ whose rustic Muse
 O'er heath and craggy holt her wing displayed,
 And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shrines,
 Has favoured Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
 Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
 Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
 Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
 Peculiar, envy of the neighbouring realms?
 But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
 While even the tillage of our cultured plains, 390
 With bossy turnip, and luxuriant cole,
 Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed?
 Ingenious trade, to clothe the naked world,
 Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
 From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
 Collects sagacious: in Eubœa's isle
 A wondrous rock² is found, of which are woven
 Vests incombustible: Batavia, flax;
 Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
 Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills, 400
 Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;
 And every sultry clime the snowy down
 Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
 To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
 With glossy hair of Thibet's shagged goat
 Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
 And airy float behind: the beaver's flix
 Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
 When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.
 Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores, 410

¹ Drayton.—² 'A wondrous rock:' the Asbestos.

For numerous uses known: none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure; 412
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they
bear,
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use. 420

Even in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canses',¹ echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep² 430
Of fertile Arica,³ like camels formed,
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Lab'ring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Rataean,⁴ mimic flower
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright 440

¹ 'Apacheria and Canses:' provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.—² These sheep are called Guanapos.—³ 'Arica:' a province in Peru.—⁴ 'Rataean fleeces:' the fleeces of Leicestershire.

Of that material in Prætorium¹ woven, 441
 Or in Norvicum,² cheats the curious eye.

If any wool peculiar to our isle
 Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
 The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
 Hither be turned the public's wakeful eye,
 This golden fleece to guard with strictest watch
 From the dark hand of pilfering avarice,
 Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour
 When Nature wide around him lies supine 450
 And silent, in the tangles soft involved
 Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
 While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
 Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
 And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
 To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
 Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
 To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
 Or where the Lune³ or Coker⁴ wind their streams,
 Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields, 461
 Far from infectious luxury arise.
 O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
 With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
 And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent
 On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs!
 Then would the sister realms amid their seas,
 Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
 By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
 And bless remotest climes — To this loved end 470
 Awake, Benevolence; to this loved end,
 Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.

¹ 'Prætorium:' Coventry.—² 'Norvicum:' Norwich.—³ 'Lune:' a river in Cumberland.—⁴ 'Coker:' a river in Lancashire.

Far, far away, whose passions would immure, 473
 In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
 (Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
 Who claim all Nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
 All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
 The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
 And in the sepulchre of self entomb
 Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use. 480
 Know, for superior ends the Almighty Power
 (The Power, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
 Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
 And forms us manifold; allots to each
 His fair peculiar; wisdom, wit, and strength;
 Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
 To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
 And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
 With man united, is a nation strong;
 Builds towery cities, satiates every want, 490
 And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
 The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
 For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis time to pray that men regard
 Their occupations with an honest heart,
 And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
 To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
 But wax, and each material; pleased to find
 Whate'er may soothe distress, and raise the fallen
 In life's rough race: oh be it as my wish! 500
 'Tis mine to teach the inactive hand to reap
 Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffused.

For this I wake the weary hours of rest;
 With this desire the merchant I attend;
 By this impelled the shepherd's hut I seek,
 And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear

Attentive, pleased with pure simplicity, 507
 And rules divulged beneficent to sheep:
 Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
 To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's¹ stream,
 Cold Hudson's cloudy straits, warm Afric's cape,
 Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
 And China's long canals; those noble works,
 Those high effects of civilising trade,
 Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
 Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
 Thus also mindful, thus devising good,
 At vacant seasons, oft: when evening mild
 Purples the valleys, and the shepherd counts
 His flock, returning to the quiet fold, 520
 With dumb complacence: for religion, this,
 To give our every comfort to distress,
 And follow virtue with an humble mind;
 This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
 The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
 And slumbers, broken oft: till, filled at length
 With inspiration, after various thought,
 And trials manifold, his well-known voice
 Gathered the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
 With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb, 530
 Showed how the fleece might stretch to greater length,
 And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;
 Matrons and maids with songs relieved their toils;
 And every loom received the softer yarn.
 What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bless,
 Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
 Opening its wealth? What nation did not seek,
 Of thy new-modell'd wool the curious webs?
 Hence the glad cities of the loom his name

¹ 'Volga:' Wolga.

Honour with yearly festals: through their streets 540
 The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
 Denoting labour's happy progress, moves,
 Procession slow and solemn: first the rout;
 Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
 Each after each, according to his rank,
 His sway, and office in the commonweal;
 And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
 Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
 Of every clime are piled; and with free hand,
 Unsparing, each his appetite regales. 550
 Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless ease
 Unrelished. Various mirth and song resound;
 And oft they interpose improving talk,
 Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
 Sparks, from experience that sometimes rise;
 Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
 Rouses to labour, man to labour born.

Then the sleek brightening lock, from hand to hand,
 Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
 That in the comb admires its growing length; 560
 This, blanched, emerges from the oily wave;
 And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not, in flowery vales,
 Only to tend the flock and shear soft wool:
 Gums must be stored of Guinea's arid coast;
 Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts;
 Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
 The fleece prepared, which oil-imbibing earth
 Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
 Intenerate. With curious eye observe, 570
 In what variety the tribe of salts,
 Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
 Produce, abstersive or restringent; how

Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fused 574
 In fluid spirit'ous, the scarlet dye;
 And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or changed,
 By mediums colourless: why is the fume
 Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
 Pernicious else: why no materials yield
 Singly their colours, those except that shine 580
 With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
 And why, though Nature's face is clothed in green,
 No green is found to beautify the fleece,
 But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects, while causes lie concealed,
 Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
 Oft with equivalent discovery pays
 Its wandering efforts: thus the German sage,
 Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
 Seeking the secret source of gold, received 590
 Of altered cochineal the crimson store.
 Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought
 Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
 And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
 Of Hercules acquired), when o'er the mouth
 Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
 The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
 The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
 Which lured the eye, adorning many a nymph,
 And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre. 600

Our valleys yield not, or but sparing yield,
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
 Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
 By which our naked ancestors obscured
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,

And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale, 608
 Which trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone;
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
 Gives cheerful cordials to the afflicted heart;
 Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
 Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
 And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
 Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
 His presence, power, and goodness, unconfined,
 'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
 His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
 Or hold her busy people in contempt,
 Let none presume. The dignity, and grace, 620
 And weal of human life, their fountains owe
 To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
 Or real exigencies; passions swift
 Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
 The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
 O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
 Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
 Humiliating the mind enlarged; for they
 The clearest sense of Deity receive
 Who view the widest prospect of his works, 630
 Ranging the globe with trade through various climes:
 Who see the signatures of boundless love,
 Nor less the judgment of Almighty Power,
 That warns the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
 From human justice: who astonished view
 Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
 The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
 Or Tyre's abandoned summit, crowned of old
 With stately towers; whose merchants, from their
 isles,
 And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts; 640

Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought 641
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
 Where rich Damascus piled his fleeces white,
 Prepared, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flowering shuttle. While the admiring world
 Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
 Sowed imperceptible his poisonous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more, 650
 Not even the ruins of her pomp, remain;
 Not even the dust they sank in; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurled
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient site; a monument to those,
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of labour. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dyeing of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. County workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts in England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seat of our manufactures: other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile

to the Red Sea; and of France attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse; resume the pipe
 Of Hermes, long disused, though sweet the tone,
 And to the songs of Nature's choristers
 Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
 Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
 However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
 To the purged ear is discord. Yet too oft
 Has false dissembling vice to amorous airs
 The reed applied, and heedless youth allured:
 Too oft, with bolder sound, inflamed the rage 10
 Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
 Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
 When plains and sheepfolds were the Muse's haunts.
 So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
 And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
 Approve, O Heathcote, whose benevolence
 Visits our valleys; where the pasture spreads,
 And where the bramble: and would justly act
 True charity, by teaching idle want
 And vice the inclination to do good, 20
 Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
 Through grateful toil. Even Nature lives by toil:
 Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
 All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
 But death and ruin: man is born to care;
 Fashioned, improved by labour. This of old,
 Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
 Which doomed the rich and needy, every rank,
 To mutual occupation; and oft called
 Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
 Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility 31

Through all conditions; hence the joys of health; 32
 Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
 Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
 Delectable. What simple Nature yields
 (And Nature does her part) are only rude
 Materials, cumpers on the thorny ground;
 'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the
 fleece,

(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
 Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue, 40
 A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
 Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
 A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
 The scattered mists reveal the dusky hills;
 Gray dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
 And paints the glittering rocks and purple woods,
 And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
 Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
 Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
 Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whitened floor. 50

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids
 Receive the soft material: with light step
 Whether ye turn-around the spacious wheel,
 Or, patient sitting, that revolve which forms
 A narrower circle. On the brittle work
 Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
 To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread:
 Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

A different spinning every different web
 Asks from your glowing fingers: some require 60
 The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
 The last for softness, to delight the touch
 Of chamber delicacy: scarce the cirque
 Need turn-around, or twine the lengthening flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer 65
 Wheels double-spoled, which yield to either hand
 A several line: and many yet adhere
 To the ancient distaff, at the bosom fixed,
 Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
 At home or in the sheepfold, or the mart, 70
 Alike the work proceeds. This method still
 Norvicum favours, and the Icenian towns:¹
 It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
 This was of old, in no inglorious days,
 The mode of spinning, when the Egyptian prince
 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
 Too beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
 That on experience works from hour to hour, 80
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine² formed,
 Which, on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
 Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
 That copiously supplies the greedy loom.
 Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows;
 The more is wrought, the more is still required:
 Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
 Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
 Ample employment. In the strife of trade, 90
 These curious instruments of speed obtain
 Various advantage, and the diligent
 Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
 Which ever-gliding feed the flowery lawn.
 Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,
 In every province, to the house of toil

* ¹ The Icenii were the inhabitants of Suffolk.—² 'Spiral engine:' Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

Compel the vagrant, and each implement 97
 Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
 Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
 Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise,
 Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs,
 The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
 While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
 And the amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
 Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warmed
 By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The amorous youth with various hopes inflamed,
 Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
 With beating breast: high-honoured he beholds
 Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom: 110
 From some thick wood the carpenter selects
 A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
 Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
 The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
 The smith, with iron screws, and plated hoops,
 Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
 That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
 And graver's knife the hollow shuttle add.
 Various professions in the work unite;
 For each on each depends. Thus he acquires 120
 The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
 Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
 Frequent observed, of high antiquity
 No doubtful mark: the adventurous voyager,
 Tossed over ocean to remotest shores,
 Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
 Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrowing field,
 The wheel-moved waggon, and the discipline
 Of strong-yoked steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care 130

To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp 131
 Along the garden-walk, or highway side,
 Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
 And sits before the work: from hand to hand
 The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
 Which open to the woof, and shut, altern;
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,
 Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach, 140
 Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
 Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace
 Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
 He chooses some companion to his toil.
 From side to side, with amicable aim,
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt, 150
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
 Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
 Those delicate, to whose fair-coloured threads
 Hang figured weights, whose various numbers guide
 The artist's hand: he, unseen flowers, and trees,
 And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
 Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
 Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
 Modern invention: modern is the want. 160

Next, from the slackened beam the woof unrolled,
 Near some clear sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
 Is by the noisy fulling-mill received;
 Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels

And hammers, rising and descending, learn 165
To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steeped and often raised,
Fast dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strained
strength,

Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung 170

On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.

The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods 180
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

The ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for the unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.

In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steeped, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mixed, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad, 190
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bowers of Stow
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;

These shall the prince with purple robes adorn; 198
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
 Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good, which bears unchanged
 Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
 And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
 In opening well the fibres of the woof
 For the reception of the beauteous dye, 210
 And wedging every grain in every pore,
 Firm as the diamond in gold enchased.

But what the powers which lock them in the web;
 Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
 Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
 Or all combined, it well befits to know.
 Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
 And who inquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
 In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
 Yet yield not, Britons; grasp in every art 220
 The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
 On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's strand,
 The haughty Turk despise their proffered bales.

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
 The welcome traders gathering every web,
 Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
 Successful oft their industry, when cease
 The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
 Their motion stopp'd by wild intemperance,
 Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout, 230
 To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life

Turns their rude steps; while misery, among 232
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be raised
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent, 240
For sustenance unearned; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppressed,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compelled
To happiness: the long-wished daylight dawns,
When charitable rigour shall detain
Your step-bruised feet. Even now the sons of trade,
Where'er the cultivated hamlets smile, 251
Erect the mansion:¹ here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel;
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepared;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

Behold, in Calder's² vale, where wide around
Unnumbered villas creep the shrubby hills, 260
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,

¹ 'Erect the mansion:' this alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.—² 'Calder:' a river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps 263
 Up-raised, from room to room we slowly walk,
 And view with wonder and with silent joy
 The sprightly scene, where many a busy hand,
 Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion
 quick,
 And ever-murmuring sound, the unwonted sense
 Wrap in surprise. To see them all employed,
 All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight, 270
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
 Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
 Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
 From day to day intent, in their full minds
 Evil no place can find. With equal scale
 Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
 These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
 Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
 Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
 And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp, 280
 Excite their diligence. The younger hands
 Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
 On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
 Warble together, as a choir of larks:
 Such joy arises in the mind employed.
 Another scene displays the more robust,
 Rasping or grinding rough Brazilian woods,
 And what Campeachy's disputable shore
 Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
 And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes 290
 Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
 A circular machine,¹ of new design,

¹ 'Circular machine:' a most curious machine, invented by Mr Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread 293
 Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
 A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
 To every member of the harmonious frame
 Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
 O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
 Is smoothly lapped around those cylinders,
 Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque 300
 Of upright spindles which, with rapid whirl,
 Spin out in long extent an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
 Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
 Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
 To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
 Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
 And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear,
 Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
 The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy; 310
 And trade and business guide the living scene,
 Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
 Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
 On the long tinkling train of slow-paced steeds.
 As when a sunny day invites abroad
 The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
 In bands unnumbered, eager for their work;
 O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
 With warm affection to each other's aid;
 Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed. 320
 Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
 The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:
 The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;
 The neat-dressed housewives, for the festal board
 Crowned with full baskets, in the field-way paths
 Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat

The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise, 327
 And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
 Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
 Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
 New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
 First viewed her growing turrets. So appear
 The increasing walls of busy Manchester,
 Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
 Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs, 340
 For every realm, the careful factors meet,
 Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
 Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
 Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
 Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
 The speedy compact; and, well-pleased, transfer,
 With mutual benefit, superior wealth
 To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
 From labour and endurance: deep the oak 350
 Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
 That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
 Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
 Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
 And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
 Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
 With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
 The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
 And tedious process of its painful works,
 The lusty sicken, and the feeble die. 360

But cheerful are the labours of the loom, 361
 By health and ease accompanied: they bring
 Superior treasures speedier to the State,
 Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
 (Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,
 Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
 Behold arising, in their fattening flocks,
 A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
 Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
 Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care 370
 Nurses the silkworm; or of India's sons,
 Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
 Nor do their toils and products furnish more
 Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
 To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
 Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
 The unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
 Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges and of Ind,
 Ye feebly delicate, life little needs 380
 Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
 To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.
 Can ye defend your country from the storm
 Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure
 In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
 Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
 Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
 Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
 Can ye lead out to distant colonies,
 The o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd 390
 Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
 And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
 New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
 The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds

To which their hardy labours well prepare 395
 The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
 Ye sons of Albion, with unyielding heart,
 Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
 Mix with the melody of every vale;
 The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envied gift 400
 Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon received
 From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
 They from Phenice, who obtained the dole
 From old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
 The golden-footed sciences their path
 Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy;
 And, followed close by ignorance and pride,
 Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day arose
 When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
 Drove from the fertile valleys of the Scheld. 410
 With speedy wing and scatter'd course, they fled,
 Like a community of bees, disturbed
 By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
 While good Eliza to the fugitives
 Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
 To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
 With annual gratitude enriched her meads.
 Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
 Crossed the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
 And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks 420
 Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
 Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare
 And fertile Waveney pitched; and made their seats
 Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's¹ towers:
 Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
 Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose

¹ 'Colcestria:' Colchester; those that follow are the old Latin names for districts, towns, and rivers in England.

Antona's chalky plains, and stretched their tents 427
 Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
 Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
 Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
 With cheer revived; and in Sabrina's flood,
 And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanched:
 Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
 Nor those by Vaga's stream, from ruins raised
 Of ancient Ariconium: nor less pleased
 With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
 Of Cambria, deep embayed, Dimetian land,
 By green hills fenced, by ocean's murmur lulled;
 Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
 The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors 440
 Were fugitives from superstition's rage,
 And erst from Devon thither brought the loom;
 Where ivied walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
 Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
 Lancastria's arms, embossed in mouldering stone.
 Thus then, on Albion's coast, the exiled band,
 From rich Menapian towns and the green banks
 Of Scheld alighted; and, alighting, sang
 Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
 Their habitations, when the hand of pride, 450
 Restraint, or southern luxury, disturbs
 Their industry, and urges them to vales
 Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
 Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
 Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
 Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
 We were their shepherds only; from which state
 With friendly arm they raised us: nathless some
 Among our old and stubborn swains misdeemed,
 And envied who enriched them; envied those, 460

Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns 461
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms,
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms 470
Spread ever open to receive their flight?

A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of truth endured)
Corrected, dignified; creating good
Wherever they inhabit: witness, all ye realms
Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:
The important truth is stamped on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives the impression, every airy woof,

Cheyney, and baize, and serge, and alepine, 480
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crystalline metal, blown or fused,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece: now taught to link
With flax or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:

Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-shading trail of Agra's¹ nymphs; 490
Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

¹ There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton, which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

They too the many-coloured arras taught 493
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
 Of sportive fancy: such as oft appear
 In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
 Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
 Or that, o'ershadowed erst by Woodstock's bower,
 Now graced by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
 Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye 500
 With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenberg
 exults,
 Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
 And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
 Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
 And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
 Crowding beneath his shield: there, Ramillies'
 Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
 Of Arleux burst, and the adamantine gates 510
 Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
 A shade obscures the rest—Ah, then what power
 Invidious from the lifted sickle snatched
 The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
 The fair delusion, that our passions rise
 In the beholding and the glories share
 Of visionary battle. This bright art
 Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
 While she assayed with rage of holy war
 To desolate their fields: but old their skill: 520
 Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renowned;
 Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excelled,
 And elder Sidon, in the historic web.
 Far-distant Thibet in her gloomy woods
 Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,

And glutinous materials: the Chinese 526
 Their procelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
 Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
 And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
 A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
 Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
 There will be traffic's seat; there will she build
 Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains,
 With hospitality inflame your breast,
 And emulation: the whole world receive,
 And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
 Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
 Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
 The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed, 540

Active and enterprising, or to teach
 The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
 Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
 Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
 Why to the narrow circle of our coast
 Should we submit our limits, while each wind
 Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
 Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
 Upon the foodful brine, her envied power;
 And, half her people floating on the wave, 550
 Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
 Thus only may Britannia be enlarged.—
 But whither, by the visions of the theme
 Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
 The raptured Muse, forgetful of her task?

No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
 When it beholds the labours of the loom;
 How widely round the globe they are dispersed,
 From little tenements by wood or croft,

Through many a slender path, how sedulous, 560
 As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
 To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
 Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
 Through every navigable wave, the sea
 That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and
 Tees,
 Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandising Hull,
 And Swale, and Aire whose crystal waves reflect
 The various colours of the tintured web;
 Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
 Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick 570
 Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
 Of cautious eld, meandering to the deep;
 Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring
 wave
 Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
 The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
 Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
 And Usk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
 On her deep waters paints the impending scene,
 Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain snows.
 The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe, 580
 Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,
 Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
 Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
 They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
 In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
 Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
 And spreads the swelling sheet. For nowhere far
 From some transparent river's naval course
 Arise and fall our various hills and vales,
 Nowhere far distant from the masted wharf. 590
 We need not vex the strong laborious hand

With toil enormous, as the Egyptian king, 592
 Who joined the sable waters of the Nile,
 From Memphis' towers to the Erythræan gulf:
 Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
 Whose will imperious forced an hundred streams,
 Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
 To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
 That some unprofitable skiff might float
 Across irriguous dales, and hollowed rocks. 600

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
 And through the centre of the isle conduct
 To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
 By plains alone parted, woo to join
 Majestic Thamisis. With their silver urns
 The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
 Await upon the dewy lawn, to speed
 And celebrate the union: and the light
 Wood-nymphs; and those who o'er the grots preside,
 Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires, 610
 In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
 Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
 Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's hopes;
 And all the genii of commercial toil:
 These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
 And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
 And glossy web, to every port around
 May lightly glide along. Even now behold,
 Adown a thousand floods, the burdened barks,
 With white sails glistening, through the gloomy woods
 Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze 621
 Of stately Thamisis, ever chequered o'er
 With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
 And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
 By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls

To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade, 625
 Amid a thousand golden spires enthroned,
 Gives audience to the world: the strand around
 Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
 What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
 Lo, from the simple fleece, how much proceeds.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of the Turkey trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Africa. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern part of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan, precarious through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Cormandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific Ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stored,
 Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
 A floating forest: every sail, unfurled,
 Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
 Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
 Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
 Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers:
 While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
 Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
 To streak with various paths the hoary deep. 10

Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought, 11
 Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
 The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
 Which copious gives return: while some explore
 Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
 The bold creation of that Kaisar's power,
 Illustrious Peter! whose magnific toils
 Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
 To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
 And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn. 20
 Soon sinks away the green and level beach
 Of Rumney marish, and Rye's silent port,
 By angry Neptune closed, and Vecta's isle,
 Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
 An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
 Devonian's hills retire, and Edgecombe mount,
 Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
 Yet steady o'er the waves they steer: and now
 The fluctuating world of waters wide
 In boundless magnitude around them swells; 30
 O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
 Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
 Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
 But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
 Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
 Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
 Uninterrupted clear circumference;
 Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
 Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot appears.
 Again, and oft, the adventurous sails disperse;
 These to Iberia; others to the coast 40
 Of Lusitania, the ancient Tharsis deemed
 Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
 Of Norwich pleased, or those of Manchester;
 Light airy clothing for their vacant swains.

And visionary monks. We in return 45
 Receive Cantabrian steel and fleeces soft,
 Segovian or Castilian, far renowned;
 And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
 Spur of activity, to good or ill
 Powerful incentive; or Hesperian fruits, 50
 Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
 The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
 Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
 The gates of Hercules,¹ find many seas
 And bays unnumbered opening to their keels:
 But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
 And rapine turned, or dreary tracts become
 Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
 Fallen, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
 Resign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood, 60
 Whose pompous moles o'erlooked the subject deep,
 Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
 While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill:
 Such are the effects, when virtue slacks her hand;
 Wild nature back returns: along these shores
 Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,
 Collecting slender stores, the sun-dried grape,
 Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
 Of luxury. Even Egypt's fertile strand,
 Bereft of human discipline, has lost 70
 Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
 Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
 And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
 Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
 Unhonoured droops. Of all the numerous marts,
 That in those glittering seas with splendour rose,
 Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,

¹ 'Gates of Hercules:' the Straits of Gibraltar.

Remains in prosperous state; and Tripolis, 78
 And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

To these resort the delegates of trade,
 Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
 And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
 Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
 Their stores, once highly prized, no longer now
 Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
 Smooth-woven of other than Britannia's fleece,
 On the thronged strand alluring; the great skill
 Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
 That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
 Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within, 90
 Impairs our ancient mart: it is the bribe;
 'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade
 That impious poison: it is he who gains
 The sacred seat of parliament by means
 That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
 By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
 Of riot, worse than that which ruined Rome.
 This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
 And all the brotherhood of life bewail.

Meantime (while those, who dare be just, oppose 100
 The various powers of many-headed Vice,)
 Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
 O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
 Note what is found of use: the flix of goat,
 Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
 Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
 Unnumbered arts await them: trifles oft,
 By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
 Nor what the peasant, nor some lucid wave,
 Pactolus, Simois, or Meander slow, 110
 Renowned in story, with his plough upturns,

Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase, 112
 Statue and bust, of old magnificence
 Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
 Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
 Of patriot sages, Walsinghams, and Yorkes,
 And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
 But mimic art and nature are impaired—
 Impaired they seem—or in a varied dress
 Delude our eyes; the world in change delights: 120
 Change then your searches, with the varied modes
 And wants of realms. Sabeian frankincense
 Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
 Now in the idol fane: Panchaia views
 Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
 Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
 Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
 Varies her garb, and treads her darkened streets
 With gloomy cowl, majestic no more.
 See the dark spirit of tyrannic power. 130
 The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
 To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
 And the Mœotis, now is barred with chains,
 And forts of hostile battlement: in aught
 That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
 Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
 Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.
 Another path to Scythia's wide domains
 Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
 Receives her sails, and leads them to the port 140
 Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
 Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossack there,
 The Calmuc, and Mongolian, round the bales
 In crowds resort, and their warmed limbs enfold,
 Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,

Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
 Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage 147
 O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
 Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams;
 And borderers of the Caspian, who renew
 That ancient path to India's climes, which filled
 With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renowned
 Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
 To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
 To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
 Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
 And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
 From Ezion-geber, passed the Arabian gulf.

But later times, more fortunate, have found, 160
 O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,
 Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
 Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
 And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
 On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
 But not of modern, by the virtue led
 Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
 Is now of commerce made the scene immense,
 Which daring ships frequent, associated,
 Like doves, or swallows, in the ethereal flood, 170
 Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some, with more open course, to Indus steer;
 Some coast from port to port, with various men
 And manners conversant; of the angry surge,
 That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
 Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
 Porpoise, or grampus, or the ravenous shark,
 That chase their keels; or threatening rock o'erhead
 Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,

Reckless, they furl their sails, and bartering take 180
 Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
 Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
 And high Bojador; Zara too displays
 Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave in-isles
 An oosy coast, and pestilential ill
 Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
 Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry strand, the drapery light
 Of Manchester or Norwich is bestowed 190
 For clear transparent gums and ductile wax
 And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
 Along this barbarous coast, in telling wounds
 The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
 Slaves by their tribes condemned, exchanging death
 For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
 These till our fertile colonies, which yield
 The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
 And various new productions, that invite
 Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs. 200

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
 In this adventurous traffic are involved,
 With just humanity of heart pursue
 The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
 Their sable chieftains may in future times
 Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
 On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
 And avarice. There are ill to come of crimes.

Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
 Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides 210
 Of unknown hills, where fiery-wingèd winds,
 And sandy deserts roused by sudden storms,
 All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand

Valleys and pleasant plains, and many a tract 214
 Deemed uninhabitable erst, are found
 Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
 In shade of verdant groves and mountains tall,
 Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
 And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
 Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread, 220
 Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
 Send long meanders: whate'er lies beyond,
 Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
 With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
 Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
 Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots,
 Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
 Their aged parents: what barbarity
 And brutal ignorance, where social trade
 Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails, 230
 From these inhospitable gloomy shores
 Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
 Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
 Of prosperous voyage, steer: rejoice to view,
 What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
 Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
 And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
 Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
 There the capacious vase from crystal springs
 Replenish, and convenient store provide, 240
 Like ants, intelligent of future need.
 See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
 That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
 A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
 Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whose hills
 Even yet some portion of its ancient wealth
 Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand

Of its clear streams, though unregarded now: 248
 Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
 The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopped
 By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
 While every zephyr sleeps; then the shrouds drop:
 The downy feather on the cordage hung,
 Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
 Fused in the fire; or like the marble floor
 Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
 In old or later time, its marble floor
 Did ever temple boast as this, which here
 Spreads its bright level many a league around?
 At solemn distances its pillars rise, 260
 Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambique's palmy steeps,
 And lofty Madagascar's palmy shores,
 Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
 And glossy shells in elegance of form,
 For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloane's, are found.
 Such calm oft checks their course, 'till this bright scene
 Is brushed away before the rising breeze,
 That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
 The sail full-swellling to Socotra's isle,
 For aloes famed; or to the wealthy marts 270
 Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
 With caravans and tawny merchants thronged,
 From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
 And filled with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
 Spread naked round; so great the power of trade!
 Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
 Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
 And Bombay's wealthy isle and harbour famed,
 Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
 But what avails, or many ports or few? 280
 Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair

Starts up; while fell Revenge and Famine leads 282
 To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
 Which clanks along the valleys: oft in vain
 The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
 Associated by trade, he decked and clothed;
 In vain, whom rage or famine has devoured,
 He seeks; and with increased affection thinks
 On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
 Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use, 290
 Pungent saltpetre, woods of purple grain,
 And many-coloured saps from leaf or flower,
 And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
 And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
 Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixed
 In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
 Or softer silk's material: though its aid
 To vulgar eyes appear not; let none deem
 The fleece in any traffic unconcerned;
 By every traffic aided; while each work 300
 Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
 And every loom employs each hand of art.
 Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
 Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
 Helps not with harmony to turn around,
 Though all, unconscious of the union, act.
 Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
 Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
 The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
 To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles; 310
 Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
 Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
 And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
 Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk
 Clustering innumerable; these behind

His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views 316
 Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcanoes rise
 Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
 Darted in air aloft; around whose feet
 Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
 In various prospect; Ceylon also deemed
 The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
 On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
 Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
 Of Cormandel, where traffic grieves to see
 Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
 Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
 'Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
 Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
 Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:' 330
 But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
 Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,
 Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
 And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
 Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
 And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
 The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
 And see the country's products, in exchange,
 Before them heaped; cotton's transparent webs,
 Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs, 340
 Alum, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
 And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
 Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
 The kingdoms round our draperies are dispersed,
 O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
 And Casimere, and Atoc, on the stream
 Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
 And late-discovered Thibet, where the fleece,
 By art peculiar is compressed and wrought

To threadless drapery, which in conic forms 350
Of various hues their gaudy roofs adorns.

The keels, which voyage through Molucca's straits,
Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,
From Java and Sumatra breathed, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confined;
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours. 360

Near those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers of porcelain,
And pillared pagods shine; rejoiced they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor. 370

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham in brass or steel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells raised,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds and bends the stubborn mast:
These for the artists of the fleece procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavoured tea and glossy painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance used, delectable and good. 380
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renowned and ancient land, secure

In constant peace and commerce; tilled to the height
 Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars, 385
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill
 And rock and shady dale; even on the waves
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
 Rise floating villages; no wonder, when,
 In every province, firm and level roads, 390
 And long canals, and navigable streams,
 Ever with ease conduct the works of toil
 To sure and speedy markets, through the length
 Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
 To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
 Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
 Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
 And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
 Thither by Russic caravans are brought,
 Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and wild,
 Journey immense! which to the attentive ear 401
 The Muse in faithful notes shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, erewhile
 The watery seat of desolation wide,
 Issue these treading caravans, and urge,
 Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road;
 By compass steering oft, from week to week,
 From month to month; whole seasons view their toils.
 Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
 Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone, 410
 Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
 In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left unnumbered tracts they view
 White with continual frost; and on the right
 The Caspian lake, and ever-flowery realms,
 Though now abhorred, behind them turn, the haunt
 Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide

Are destined to the sword; and on each hand 418
 Roads hung with carcasses, or under foot
 Thick strown; while, in their rough bewildered vales,
 The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
 And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
 Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
 The generous horse conveys the sons of trade;
 And ever and anon the docile dog;
 And now the light rein-deer with rapid pace
 Skims over icy lakes; now slow they climb
 Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend 430
 To hollow valleys, till the eye beholds
 The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
 Shine like the rising moon through watery mists:
 Tobol, the abode of those unfortunate
 Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
 Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
 Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
 On the dark level of adversity
 Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
 And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
 Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks 440
 Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
 And virtue, from adversity and want:
 Be witness, Carthage, witness, ancient Tyre,
 And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress.
 This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
 The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
 The flexile willow; that the mattock drives:
 All are employed; and by their works acquire
 Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
 Pleased and refreshed, proceeds the caravan 450
 Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,

And yellow tillages in opening woods : 452
 Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless road
 They force, with rough entangling thorns perplexed ;
 Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispersed,
 Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
 Tenfold augmented ; miserable tribe,
 Void of commercial comforts : who, nor corn,
 Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
 Know to procure ; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
 Nor social aid : beneath their thorny bed 461
 The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
 Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
 And pass by spacious lakes begirt with rocks,
 And azure mountains ; and the heights admire
 Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags
 Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
 Pour mighty rivers down, the impetuous streams
 Of Oby, Irtis, and Jenisca swift,
 Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave 470
 Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes passed,
 A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds
 Aloft they view what seems a chain of cliffs,
 Nature's proud work ; that matchless work of art,
 The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power
 In earliest times erected. Warlike troops
 Frequent are seen in haughty march along
 Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
 Of many a potent empire ; towers and ports, 480
 Three times a thousand, lift their brows
 At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round,
 Cities, and plains, and kingdoms overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
 Of its deep vaulted gates, whose opening folds

Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires, 486
 The destined mart, where joyous they arrive.

Thus are the textures of the fleece conveyed
 To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
 Of the flat floor of stedfast earth; for so
 Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
 Informed the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse,
 A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
 Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
 From high Parnassus, the unwearied toils
 Of industry and valour, in that world
 Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage, o'er the Atlantic brine,
 By active Raleigh made, and great the joy, 500
 When he discerned above the foamy surge
 A rising coast, for future colonies,

Opening her bays and figuring her capes,
 Even from the northern tropic to the pole.
 No land gives more employment to the loom,
 Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
 With more variety of wealth rewards
 The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
 Of lawless rule the freeborn spirit flies;
 Thither affliction, thither poverty, 510

And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
 Which Britain makes the asylum of mankind.

But joy superior far his bosom warms,
 Who views those shores in every culture dressed;
 With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
 On hill and valley; and his countrymen
 Formed into various states, powerful and rich,
 In regions far remote: who from our looms
 Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes

Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land, 520
 In amity conjoined, of civil life
 The comforts taught, and various new desires,
 Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
 And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
 Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
 The silkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
 Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
 Nor slight the green savannahs, and the plains
 Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
 Of mulberries, and in whose watered fields 530
 Up springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
 Where are the happy regions, which afford
 More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
 Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough
 Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
 Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
 And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
 The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts
 The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
 And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth 540
 For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
 The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
 Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
 Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
 Who for your crimes have fled your native land;
 And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain
 Seek easy habitations, void of care:
 The sons of nature, with astonishment
 And detestation, mark your evil deeds:
 And view, no longer awed, your nerveless arms, 550
 Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,¹

¹ 'Accadie, or Acadia:' for their sad story see Longfellow's 'Evangeline.'

And Massachuset, happy in those arts, 553
 That join the politics of trade and war,
 Bearing the palm in either; they appear
 Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
 Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
 Hang their white fish amid the parching winds:
 The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
 Their limbs benumbed enfold with cheerly warmth,
 And frieze of Cambria, worn by those who seek, 561
 Through gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
 The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
 While winter's frosty rigour checks approach,
 Even in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
 (If ye, the travelled sons of commerce, know)
 Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
 Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
 While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
 By the same zone encircled, long enjoy 570
 Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
 The plains and hillocks blush with clustering vines.
 Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
 Of mighty labour drain their gusty lakes,
 Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
 The opening valleys, and the yellowing plains?
 Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
 Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
 And through the great Pacific every joy
 Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles 580
 Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
 Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
 Peculiar sciences, and other forms
 Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
 For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
 By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond

Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed, 587
 Bahama and the Caribbee, may be found
 Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
 The standard of Britannia shall arise.
 Proud Buenos Ayres, low-couched Paraguay,
 And rough Corrientes, mark with hostile eye
 The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
 The dreary naked Patagonian land,
 Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
 No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
 Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
 Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
 Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
 Perils and conflicts inexpressible 600
 Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
 Endured, when o'er the various globe he chased
 His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests roused
 Huge Ocean, and involved him: all around
 Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
 Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
 Descending to the channels of the deep,
 He viewed the uncovered bottom of the abyss;
 And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
 Tossed of the sky-mixed surges. Oft the burst 610
 Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas
 Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts;
 While flames, thick-flashing, in the gloom revealed
 Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sights of death.
 Yet on he fared, with fortitude his cheer,
 Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
 Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
 Above all height, by opening clouds revealed,
 Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
 Wreck-threatening Staten-land's o'erhanging shore, 620

Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild 621
 Posture of falling; as when Pelion, reared
 On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
 Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
 Precipitate on earth were doomed to fall.

At length, through every tempest, as some branch,
 Which from a poplar falls into a loud
 Impetuous cataract, though deep immersed,
 Yet reascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
 Smooth through the valleys: so his way he won 630
 To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
 And reared his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involved,
 His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
 To show humanity and continence,
 To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
 No corner of the globe secure to pride
 And violence: although the far-stretched coast
 Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
 Armed in their evil cause; though fell disease, 640
 Un'bating labour, tedious time, conspired,
 And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
 Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
 world,

Denied all hospitable land or port;
 Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
 To moor, no bottom in the abyss, whereon
 To drop the fastening anchor; though his brave
 Companions ceased, subdued by toil extreme;
 Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
 Where never was before the dreaded sound 650
 Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
 Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
 So fare it ever with our country's foes.

Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the sway 654
 Ordained for common happiness. Wide o'er
 The globe terraqueous let Britannia pour
 The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
 What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
 By ocean's briny waves are circumscribed,
 The armed host, and murdering sword of war, 660
 And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
 Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule:
 Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
 The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
 To fold the world with harmony, and spread
 Among the habitations of mankind
 The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
 To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
 Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
 Increasing commerce shall reward your cares. 670
 A day will come, if not too deep we drink
 The cup which luxury on careless wealth,
 Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
 When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
 The Californian coast, and all the realms
 That stretch from Anian's straits to proud Japan;
 And the green isles, which on the left arise
 Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
 Not yet are figured on the sailor's chart:
 Then every variation shall be told 680
 Of the magnetic steel; and currents marked,
 Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.
 That portion too of land, a tract immense,
 Beneath the Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
 And new plantations on its coast arise.
 Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
 The only naked animal; but man

With the soft fleece shall everywhere be clothed. 688
 The exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,
 Her flight renew. Meanwhile, with weary wing,
 O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
 Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
 The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
 Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
 Wide as the Atlantic and Pacific seas,
 Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

 GRONGAR HILL.¹

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse; 10
 Now while Phœbus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the even still,
 At the fountain of a rill, 20

¹ 'Grongar hill:' in South Wales.

Sate upon a flowery bed, 21
 With my hand beneath my head;
 And strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 'Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottos where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day: 30
 Wider and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill. 40

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of Nature show,
 In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, 50
 Proudly towering in the skies!
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks: 55
 And glitters on the broken rocks!
 Below me trees unnumbered rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew, 60
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye!
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood, 70
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds, 80
 Concealed in ruins, moss and weeds,
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state;
 But transient is the smile of fate!

A little rule, a little sway, 89
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads; in shade and
 sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life to endless sleep!
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought; 100
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view!
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky!
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower; 110
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide;
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step methinks may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem; 120
 So we mistake the future's face,

Eyed through hope's deluding glass; 122
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see: 130
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul:
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings; 140
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill:
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain you search, she is not there; 150
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side:

And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

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THE RUINS OF ROME,

A POEM.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :
Hæc sunt *Roma*. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?

—*Janus Vitalis.*

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages famed,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills, 10
To Latium's wide champagne, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome!

Fallen, fallen, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fallen; obscured in dust;
Even yet majestic: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun 20
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;

Rent palaces, crushed columns, rifted moles, 24
 Fanés rolled on fanés, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk,
 Immense along the waste; minuter art,
 Glyconian¹ forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
 O'erwhelming; as the immense Leviathan
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore 30
 Out-stretched, unwieldy, his island length appears,
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
 Grey-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'er cast
 The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
 And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
 The pendant goats unveil, regardless they
 Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, 'mid his orison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers, 40
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dashed,
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon:
 While murmurs soothe each awful interval
 Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile,
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
 And palmy Euphrates;² they with dropping locks,
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here adventurous in the sacred search
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind, 50
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
 Grateful society! with these I raise,
 The toilsome step up the proud Palatine,
 Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,

¹ Glycon, Phidias, Grecian sculptors.—² Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

On numerous arches reared; and frequent stopped, 56
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
 Of aisles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
 Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,
 Extend the caverned sewers, massy, firm,
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
 Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
 Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
 Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
 And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
 Though now incessant time has rolled around
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world, 70
 And yet a thousand since, the indignant floods
 Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
 In vain; conveyed to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence, over airy plains, by crystal founts,
 That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,
 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
 Cerulian ophite, and the flowery vein
 Of orient jasper, pleased I move along,
 And vases bossed and huge inscriptive stones,
 And intermingling vines; and figured nymphs, 80
 Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
 Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
 And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
 Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers;
 A solemn wilderness! With error sweet,
 I wind the lingering step, where'er the path
 Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
 O'er sculptures maimed has made; Anubis, Sphinx,

Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan, 90
 Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous gods,
 Of Fear and Ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
 Hewn into form, and worshipped; as even now
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths¹
 In varied appellations: men to these
 (From depth to depth in darkening error fallen)
 At length ascribed the inapplicable name.

How doth it please and fill the memory
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise, 100
 And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
 Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
 Of Cæsar raptured with the charm of rule
 And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
 Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
 Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
 In evil days, of faith, of public weal
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
 Be Tully's graceful attitude; upraised, 110
 His out-streched arm he waves, in act to speak
 Before the silent masters of the world,
 And Eloquence arrays him. There behold
 Prepared for combat in the front of war
 The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
 In fearful expectation of the strife,
 And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
 Howe'er, they soon unsheathed the flashing sword,
 Their country calls to arms; now all in vain 121

¹ Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

The mother clasps the knee, and even the fair 122
 Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, roused;
 Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspired
 The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
 And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust 130
 Of these fallen piles with shew of sad decay
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
 The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
 We gain enraptured; beauteously distinct ¹
 The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
 With obelisks and columns interposed,
 And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er the Egyptian plain: 140
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
 Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
 The enormous amphitheatre behold,
 Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
 While from the central floor the seats ascend 150
 Round above round, slow-widening to the verge,
 A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
 Imperial Rome and her attendant realms,
 When, drunk with rule, she willed the fierce delight,

¹ From the Palatine hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

And oped the gloomy caverns, whence out-rushed 155
 Before the innumerable shouting crowd
 The fiery, maddened, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
 By frequent converse with familiar death, 160
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
 To lock the breast, and steel the obdurate heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
 Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that, revered ¹
 In ancient days, the page alone declares,
 Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
 The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof
 O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide 170
 Appeared, as when above the morning hills
 Half the round sun ascends; and towered aloft,
 Sustained by columns huge, innumerable
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
 Darkening their idols, when Astarte lured
 Too prosperous Israel from his living strength.
 And next regard yon venerable dome,
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim
 Raised to her various deities, and named
 Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world 180
 Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace,
 Before its ample orb, projected stands
 The many-pillared portal; noblest work
 Of human skill: here, curious architect,
 If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,

¹ The Capitol.

And turn the instructive compass: careful mark 188
 How far in hidden art the noble plain
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
 Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
 How range the taper columns, and what weight
 Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
 Boasted their order which Callimachus
 (Reclining studious on Æsopus' banks
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
 Haply composed; the urn with foliage curled
 Thinly concealed, the chapter informed.

See the tall obelisks, from Memphis old,
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes conveyed; 200
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
 And there the temple, where the summoned state¹
 In deep of night convened: even yet methinks
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea
 That tosses up her mire! Ever disguised,
 Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
 The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abashed,
 Self-betrayed Catiline! O liberty, 210
 Parent of happiness, celestial born;
 When the first man became a living soul,
 His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
 With her secure, prolong thy loved retreat;
 Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
 Even yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosom kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
 May others more delight in tuneful airs;
 In masque and dance excel; to sculptured stone 220

¹ The temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

Give with superior skill the living look ; 221
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board :
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway ;
 To quell the proud ; to spread the joys of peace
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.
 Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,
 Inestimable good ; who giv'st us Truth, 230
 Arrayed in every charm : whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of Property : O nobly hailed of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all enchanting Greece,
 Whose numerous towns and isles and peopled seas,
 Rejoiced around her lyre ; the heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught, 240
 And planned imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
 Reared up her towery battlements in strength ;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
 Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes
 Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer ;
 And thine those piles undecked, capacious, vast,¹
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispensed her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically-falling founts
 To slake the clammy lip ; adown they fall, 250
 Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er

¹ The public granaries.

The spacious desert, brightening in the sun, 254
 Proud and more proud, in their august approach:
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
 Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figured rocks, in murmuring falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works: 260
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit: more late the rest;
 At various times their turrets chanced to rise,
 When impious tyranny vouchsafed to smile.
 Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome¹
 Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
 With arms and trophies gleamed the field of Mars:
 There to their daily sports the noble youth
 Rushed emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
 To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel 270
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
 Strong grappling arms, closed heads, and distant feet;
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they formed
 Their ardent virtues: lo the bossy piles,
 The proud triumphal arches: all their wars,
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
 And see from every gate those ancient roads,
 With tombs high-verged, the solemn paths of Fame:
 Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
 Such crowds have rolled, so many storms of war! 281
 Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings!
 So many pomps! so many wondering realms!
 Yet still through mountains pierced, o'er valleys raised,
 In even state, to distant seas around,
 They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,

¹ Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

Built by that prince, who to the trust of power ¹ 287
 Was honest, the delight of human kind.
 Three nodding aisles remain; the rest an heap
 Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs, 290
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
 And golden trumpets, now concealed, entombed
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
 The Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crowned
 Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires, 300
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides ²
 The mouldering wall, behold yon fabric huge,
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
 Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
 Rejoiced, and the green medals frequent found
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls, ³ 310
 Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumbered, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scattered round,
 After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,

¹ Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.—² The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls, near which lie Keats and Shelley.
³ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin, in which Shelley wrote his 'Prometheus unbound.'

Naumachias,¹ Forums: Trajan's column tall, 318
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
 And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
 Its hero to the skies: and his dark tower²
 Whose execrable hand the city fired,
 And while the dreadful conflagration blazed,
 Played to the flames; and Phœbus' lettered dome;³
 And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
 Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
 There piped the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
 When the humble roof Anchises' son explored
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king, 330
 Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
 So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
 Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
 And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie, 340
 Blended in dust together; where the slave
 Rests from his labours; where the insulting proud
 Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
 When tribulation clothes the child of man,

¹ 'Naumachias:' large erections for representing naval engagements. One built by Augustus was capable of containing fifty ships.—² Nero's.—³ The Palatine library.

When age descends with sorrow to the grave, 349
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
 A gently wakening call to health and ease.
 How musical! when all-devouring Time,
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
 Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
 His visible great round between yon towers,
 As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
 In vast variety, and yet delight 360
 The many-figured sculptures of the path
 Half beauteous, half effaced; the traveller
 Such antique marbles to his native land
 Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
 Yet miss we not the innumerable thefts,
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
 Suffice it now the Esquilian mount to reach
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests 370
 Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
 Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
 Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
 Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
 Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
 Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
 Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
 Here flowed his fountain; here his laurels grew;
 Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
 Framed the celestial song, or social walked 380
 With Horace and the ruler of the world:
 Happy Augustus! who, so well inspired,

Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside, 383
 Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
 Auspicious to the Muses! Then revered,
 Then hallowed was the fount, or secret shade,
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene
 The poet chose to tune the ennobling rhyme
 Melodious; even the rugged sons of war, 390
 Even the rude hinds revered the Poet's name:
 But now—another age, alas! is ours—
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
 Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
 And each aggrieves his brother: since in vain
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
 The o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—
 See'st thou yon fane? even now incessant time¹
 Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust; 400
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
 The astonished swains with reverend awe beheld
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp,
 Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
 Turned her stretched neck and formed your tender
 limbs:
 So taught of Jove, even the fell savage fed
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils, 410
 The conquests, glories, of the Ausonian state,
 Wrapp'd in their sacred seeds. Each kindred soul,
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,

¹ The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatine.

Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls, 415
 Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.

Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds, 420
 And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarmed the states around
 Jealous; yet soon by wondrous virtue won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, returned,
 Yes, to the plough returned, and hailed their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swelled the generous breast.

Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung? 430
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?

How Manlius saved the capitol? the choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplored, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagined—Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks

Along the flowery valleys? They, content,
 Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,

Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought 440
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.

They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dared in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle rolled,

The thunder of the battle they returned 449
 Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleamed
 With precious spoils: alas prosperity!
 Ah baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
 Roused them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half raised her rusty shield; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
 Nor yet the car of that famed British chief, 460
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
 Of victory dreadful rolled its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumphed, till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now, the world unrivalled they enjoyed
 In proud security: the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corslet hung unbraced;
 Nor clanked their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
 But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Dissolved in ease and soft delights they lie, 470
 'Till every sun annoys, and every wind
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm and summer beam,
 Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
 To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
 (As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)
 Or cool Nymphean grotts, or tepid baths 480
 (Taught by the soft Ionians); they, along
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,

Pile in the roseate air with fond expense: 483
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring; while luxury
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.
 Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumbered wants,
 Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud 490
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
 The citron board, the bowl embossed with gems,
 And tender foliage wildly wreathed around
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
 Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
 Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
 And flavoured Chian wines with incense fumed
 To slake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale; 500
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
 Stretched to the yoke? they come, the market throngs.
 But who has most by fraud or force amassed?
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
 Didius, vile usurer, through the crowd he mounts,¹
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth. 510
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
 Deigned to walk forth awhile in pageant state
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,

¹ Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound 516
 Of fifes and drums they danced, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a god, a god,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enraged pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants: a god, a god!
 The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names!
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
 Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles, 530
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
 And ease and luxury! O luxury,
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great! 540
 Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
 The unfathomable gulf where Asshur lies
 O'erwhelmed, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;
 And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
 And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty Sun
 With ruddy cheek begins to run;
 And early birds, that wing the skies,
 Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolved, this charming day,
 In the open field to stray;
 And have no roof above my head,
 But that whereon the gods do tread.
 Before the yellow barn I see

A beautiful variety 10
 Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
 And flirting empty chaff about,
 Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
 And turkeys gobbling for their food;
 While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
 And tempt them all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show!
 Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow;
 A landscape wide salutes my sight,
 Of shady vales, and mountains bright; 20
 And azure heavens I behold,
 And clouds of silver and of gold.

And now into the fields I go,
 Where thousand flaming flowers glow;
 And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
 With honeysuckles smelling sweet.

Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
 And meet with, as I pace my way,
 Sweetly shining on the eye,

A rivulet, gliding smoothly by; 30
 Which shows with what an easy tide
 The moments of the happy glide.

Here, finding pleasure after pain, 33
 Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
 While his full scrip lies open by,
 That does his healthy food supply.

Happy swain, sure happier far
 Than lofty kings and princes are!
 Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the
 crown,

With all its easy beds of down. 40

The Sun now shows his noontide blaze,
 And sheds around me burning rays.

A little onward, and I go
 Into the shade that groves bestow;
 And on green moss I lay me down
 That o'er the root of oak has grown;
 Where all is silent, but some flood
 That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
 But birds that warble in the sprays,
 And charm e'en silence with their lays. 50

O powerful silence, how you reign
 In the poet's busy brain!
 His numerous thoughts obey the calls
 Of the tuneful waterfalls,
 Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
 They rise before thee without fear,
 And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
 And view the fair Castalian spring;
 Where they behold a lonely well, 60
 Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
 But now and then a slavish hind
 Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
 Others the blissful scene destroy;

In thorny tracks of sorrow stray, 66
 And pine for Clio far away.
 But stay—methinks her lays I hear,
 So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
 No, 'tis not her voice, I find,
 'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate ambition's brow,
 And the black gulf that gapes below:
 Some peep in courts, and there they see
 The sneaking tribe of Flattery.
 But, striking to the ear and eye,
 A nimble deer comes bounding by;
 When rushing from yon rustling spray,
 It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove, 80
 'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
 The Sun declines, the evening breeze
 Begins to whisper through the trees:
 And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
 As to the glare of day I come,
 An old man's smoky nest I see,
 Leaning on an aged tree:
 Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
 A little garden sway below.
 Through spreading beds of blooming green, 90
 Matted with herbage sweet and clean,
 A vein of water limps along,
 And makes them ever green and young.
 Here he puffs upon his spade,
 And digs up cabbage in the shade:
 His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
 His beard and hair are hoary grown:
 The dying sap descends apace,
 And leaves a withered hand and face.

Up Grongar hill I labour now, 100
 And reach at last his bushy brow.
 Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
 Let me breathe a little here;
 Where am I, Nature? I descry
 Thy magazine before me lie!
 Temples! — and towns! — and towers! — and
 woods!

And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
 Crowding before me, edged around
 With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome, 110
 The poet's pride, the poet's home,
 Which the sunbeams shine upon,
 To the even, from the dawn.
 See her woods, where Echo talks,
 Her gardens trim, her terrace walks,
 Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
 Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes,
 Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
 For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep, 120
 Above the river slow and deep:
 It looks from hence a pyramid,
 Beneath a verdant forest hid;
 On whose high top there rises great,
 The mighty remnant of a seat,
 An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
 Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
 How the sheep surround their swain,
 How they crowd to hear his strain! 130
 All careless with his legs across,
 Leaning on a bank of moss,

He spends his empty hours at play, 133
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending Sun 140
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.

The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind ;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below ;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home ;
And now begin to light their fires, 150
Which send up smoke in curling spires :
While with light heart all homeward tend,
To Abergasney¹ I descend.

But, oh! how bless'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray!

THE INQUIRY.

YE poor little sheep, ah! well may ye stray,
While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, no—Ye are stray'd, and half dead ;
Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

¹ 'Abergasney:' the name of a seat belonging to the author's brother.

Oh, Sun, did you see her?—ah! surely you did: 7
 'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is she hid?
 Ye tall whistling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
 And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
 Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake?
 Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?

Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous East,
 And the North, and the South, and the wearisome
 West,

Pray tell where she hides her—you surely do know—
 And let not her lover pine after her so.

Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
 Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
 Like an eagle look down, with my wings wide display'd,

And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade: 20
 I'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
 I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
 Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
 And made myself quiet, and happy again.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

[Those lines in this poem marked with inverted commas are taken out of
 the poem called Gideon.]

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
 When Gideon was your lofty song!
 Where did the heavenly spirit bear you,
 When your fair soul reflected strong
 Gideon's actions, as they shined
 Bright in the chambers of your mind!
 Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
 Or gathered bays beside Euphrates' stream,

Or lonely sung with Jordan's water-falls, 9
 While heavenly Gideon was your sacred theme?
 Or have you many ages given
 To close retirement and to books!
 And held a long discourse with Heaven,
 And noticed Nature in her various looks!
 Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
 Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye,
 Like a pleased traveller that lingers sweet
 On some fair and lofty plain
 Where the sun does brightly shine,
 And glorious prospects all around him lie. 20
 On Gideon's pages beautifully shine,
 Surprising pictures rising to my sight,
 With all the life of colours and of line,
 And all the force of rounding shade and light,
 And all the grace of something more divine!
 High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
 I see a youth divinely fair,
 'Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
 His smiling eye sheds sweetness mixed with awe,
 His right hand, with a milk-white wand, some figure
 seems to draw! 30
 A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
 And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-colour'd
 hair!'

Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
 The waking world all fair before him lies;
 'Slow from the plain the melting dews,
 To kiss the sunbeams, climbing, rise,' &c.
 Methinks the grove of Baal I see,
 In terraced stages mount up high,
 And wave its sable beauties in the sky.
 'From stage to stage, broad steps of half-hid stone,

With curling moss and blady grass o'ergrown, 41
Lead awful——

Down in a dungeon deep,
Where through thick walls, oblique the broken light
From narrow loopholes quivers to the sight,
With swift and furious stride,
Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
The fretful prince, in dumb and sullen pride,
Revolves escape——'

Here in red colours glowing bold 50
A warlike figure strikes my eye!
The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold
Confounded so, they lose the power to fly;
'Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
His right hand grasps his planted spear,' &c.
Alas! my Muse, through much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd few there were, 60
While every word's a beauty in his song!

TO MR SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleased to be found intrinsically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
Because the body wants a glittering dress.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinsel which the grave despise.

Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they
gaze, 9

The coxcomb's ne'er discovered in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy see,
So virtues are concealed by poverty.

Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldst thou
shine?

Thy verse how sweet! thy fancy how divine!
Critics and bards would, by their worth, be awed,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou hast nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind; 20
And if, though few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But, since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure 'tis the greatest fault to be severe.

A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injured cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause,
Who, with felt pleasure, see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize! 30
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more, the more depress'd.

Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quickening judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire!
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.¹

- 1 HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

- 2 No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented?—why every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 Till hence rigid Virtue alarms me.

- 3 Till Outrage arises, or Misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred Religion or Liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed and the danger.

- 4 Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

- 5 Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to Heaven.

¹ Among the poems of Mr Savage, there is one to Mr Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.



THE
LIFE OF MATTHEW GREEN.

OF this author exceedingly little is known; and the "Spleen" must remain, on the whole, the biography as well as the monument of its writer. He was born in London, in 1696, but who, or what his parents were, we are left to conjecture. He was nephew to a Mr Tanner, clerk of Fishmonger's Hall. His family were Dissenters, after the Quaker fashion, it is presumed, and are said to have been in respectable circumstances, and to have enjoyed a good repute in their denomination. His education seems to have been rather imperfect, although he knew a little Latin, and his works discover considerable reading. Of his situation in life, we know only that he had a post in the Custom-House, and discharged his duties there with the utmost assiduity. He died in 1737, aged forty-one, at lodgings in Nag's-head Court, Grace-Church Street. He appears to have had no domestic relations. In private life he was distinguished by probity, by sweetness of temper, and urbanity of manners; although subject at times to depression of spirits, and qualified thus from personal experience to write a poem on the "Spleen." His conversation abounded in witty strokes, but was always good-natured in its tone. He seems to have had few literary associates. Indeed we hear of none except Glover, the author of "Leonidas," to whom he bequeathed his MSS. Bred a Quaker, he is said to have become disgusted with the strictness and formality of a sect which had not then gained such golden opinions from the public as it has since, and was not so fully identified as now with the philanthropic movements of society, and which many besides Green, regarded, however unjustly, in the language of Cobbett, which in their coarse pith are so characteristic of him, as a set of "unbaptized buttonless rogues!"

In illustration of Green's aversion to his early associates, it is related that one Sylvanus Bevan, a Quaker and an acquaintance of the Poet, was mentioning in Buttons' Coffee-house, that while he was bathing in the river, a waterman hailed him with the usual terms applied by the common people to the sect, "A Quaker, Quaker, quirl," and was expressing his wonder how his profession could be known without his clothes. Green slyly remarked, that the waterman might discover him by his swimming against the stream. One or two other specimens of his humour are given. For instance, when a reform took place in the Custom-house, a few pence paid weekly for providing the cats with milk, were ordered to be withheld. Green wrote a petition in the name of the cats against the new regulation, which excited a laugh, and it was not adopted. His conversation drew forth a curious compliment from one of the Commissioners of the Custom-house—a singularly obtuse man—who said he did not know how it was, but Green always expressed himself differently from other people!

During his life-time he published nothing, although he printed and gave, in 1732, away a few copies of the "Grotto,"* which was afterwards published in "Dodsley's Collection." He wrote the "Spleen" at intervals and piecemeal, and might not have taken the trouble to complete it, but for the influence of Glover, who praised the poem, pressed him to proceed with it, and at last, in 1737, a few months after its author's death, gave it to the world. It was afterwards reprinted along with the "Grotto," in "Dodsley's Collection;" and in 1790, it, along with the "Seeker," the "Lines on Barclay's Apology for the Quakers," and two or three smaller pieces, was admitted into the edition of the "English Poets," published that year. When Glover died in 1785, he had in his possession a number of Green's productions—including some dramatic pieces—but, so far as we have been able to ascertain, they have never been published. Perhaps it is as well for the Poet's fame that they have been allowed to slumber on in MS.

* Queen Caroline had dug a grotto, and a number of the poets or poetasters of the day, including Stephen Duck, wrote verses on the subject.

In Boswell's "Johnson," we find a record of the following conversation:—"I related a dispute between Goldsmith and Mr Robert Dodsley, one day when they and I were dining at Tom Davies' in 1762. Goldsmith asserted that there was no poetry produced in this age. Dodsley appealed to his own collection, and maintained that though you could not find a palace like Dryden's 'Ode on St Cecilia's Day,' you had villages composed of very pretty houses, and he mentioned particularly the 'Spleen.' Johnson—I think Dodsley gave up the question. He and Goldsmith said the same thing—only he said it in a softer manner than Goldsmith did; for he acknowledged that there was no poetry—nothing that towered above the common mark. You may find wit and humour in verse, and yet no poetry. 'Hudibras,' has a profusion of these—yet it is not to be reckoned a poem. The 'Spleen' in 'Dodsley's Collection,' on which he chiefly rested, is not poetry."

Of course this dictum of the illustrious sage must be swallowed *cum grano salis*; especially as we find from what immediately follows, that his idea of the nature of poetry was extremely vague, nay, entirely negative. Boswell in continuation, inquires, "Does not Gray's poetry, Sir, tower above the common mark?" Johnson—"Yes, Sir, but we must attend to the difference between men in general, who cannot do if they would, and what every man may do if he would. Sixteen-string Jack* towered above the common mark." Boswell—"Then, Sir, what is poetry?" Johnson—"Why, Sir, it is much easier to say what it is *not*. We all KNOW what light is, but it is not easy to TELL what it is."

Not to speak of the unworthy and contemptible sneer at Gray, we are sorry to find Johnson guilty of such transparent sophistry. Light acts upon the senses naturally, necessarily, irresistibly, and, unless in the case of diseased organs, on all alike. Poetry is a subtle, spiritual essence, to be discerned only by a subtle, spiritual faculty. All men do not know what poetry is, since, probably, the majority of readers are deceived by its mere semblance, and prefer tinsel and trash to

* "Sixteen-string Jack," a noted highwayman, who, amidst other fopperies, wore on the knees of his breeches, a bunch of sixteen strings.

the divinest strains of genius. Nor is it so difficult after all to tell what poetry is. It may not, perhaps, be susceptible of rigid definition; but it can be, and has been, described with great approximate accuracy, and the various descriptions given of it, taken together, catch almost every one of its angles, and reflect almost every ray of its glory. One critic, or rather poet—it is Ebenezer Elliot—calls it “impassioned truth.” With another it is the act of mental “creation,” and the poet is a maker, as, indeed, the word *ποιητης* implies. With a third, it is the perception of the ideal through the actual, producing in the recipient a wild yet musical cry, like that with which of old the ghost-seer recognised an apparition, or the prophet was aware of the presence of a supernatural messenger. With another it is “the highest eloquence of fancy and feeling,” or, more fully, “that uneasy, exquisite sense of beauty or power that cannot be contained within itself, but strives to link itself to some other object of kindred beauty or grandeur—to enshrine itself in the highest forms of fancy, and to relieve the aching sense of pleasure or pain by endeavouring to express it in the boldest manner, and by the most striking examples of the same quality in other instances.” Such descriptions of poetry—and we could easily have added others—point to all its essential elements, and remind us instantly of the quality which, whether in verse or in prose, in painting or in music, in art or in nature, was felt by us to be poetical, and which created that enthusiastic joy—that sense of mental liberation—that forgetfulness of self—and that perception of something at once natural and new which true poetry always awakens in prepared spirits, and which feelings are almost identical with the emotion with which we welcome a noble prospect from a mountain-summit, or see as at present, Donati’s Comet, with its blood-red eye, and the burning, boundless eye-lash of its tail, stretching away into immensity. It is thus quite possible to “tell” what poetry is, but this, of course, does not settle the question whether the “Spleen” be a poem. We incline to think that if it be not, as a whole, a *poem*, it sparkles, at least, with some genuine *poetry*. Think, for example, of such expressions as these:—

“News, the manna of a day;”

or—

“When I lean, politicians mark,
Grazing on ether in the park ;”

or—

“In deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;”

or—

“I in no soul consumption wait
Whole years in levees of the great ;
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile ;”

or the lines Johnson himself used to admire—

“Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.”

Or let our readers take his account of Glover, and answer our question, if, whatever they may think of its truth, it does not transcend rhetoric, and approach poetry :—

“Inspired with sacred art,
He sings and rules the varied heart :
If Jove’s fierce anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse ;
If he describes love turn’d to rage,
The Furies riot in his page ;
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring, draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage.”

We are far from wishing to exalt Green to the topmost summits of Parnassus, but surely the critic who praised Blackmore, and Pitt, and “Rag Smith” might have spared a word and a smile for the many poetical and brilliant thoughts to be found in the “Spleen.” Green’s chief power, however, lay not in imagination, nor perhaps even in art, so much as in keen, strong sense, which he has the power, too, of shaping into the most condensed couplets and sharp-edged lines. In corroboration of this, we remember that nearly a third of his short poem is floating through literature in such oft-quoted lines as—

“Fling but a stone the giant dies.”

“Buoyant on bladders fill’d with hope.”

“Shun petty larceny in wit.”

“Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half-sense,
That stimulates their impotence.”

“Such a face—

Love’s mercy-seat, and throne of grace.”

“The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to Church and State
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan.”

“Zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.”

“Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,”

and hundreds besides, equally pointed and significant.

Pope, when he read the “Spleen,” said “there was a great deal of originality in it.” There are, here and there, indeed, traces of resemblance to “Hudibras” and to “Alma,” but on the whole, Green has a brain, an eye, and a tongue of his own—a brain piercing if not profound—an eye clear if not comprehensive—and an utterance terse and vigorous, if not grand and lyrical. Perhaps his piece entitled “The Grotto” has more of the purely poetical in it than any of the rest. In his verses on Barclay’s “Apology for the Quakers,” he discovers the sceptical and uncertain state of his religious views. He says to that fine, bold follower of George Fox—

“Well-natured, happy shade ! forgive ;
Like you I think but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world’s contempt,
That from dependence life exempt.
Not such my lot—not Fortune’s brat ;
I live by pulling off the hat.”

And then comes the admirable and most poetical couplet—

“*Eloquent Want*, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way.”

Altogether Green’s little productions give us the impression that he was a man worthy of greater fame than he has acquired, and of a better age than that in which he was destined to live, and early to die. He had very strong powers of thought and observation, much misdirected honesty of aim, lively wit, and a vein of fancy which implied a very considerable portion of poetical genius.

GREEN'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend ;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense ;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do what I sing so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
Nor to a narrow path confined,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

10

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stolen: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within ;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon¹ sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.

20

¹ Gildon's Art of Poetry.

Then where? from whom? what can I steal, 21
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won:¹
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects: of theft beware; 30
 From More² so lashed, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen;
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
 Nor mend the alarum watch, your pulse.
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease; 40
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
 With frightful figures spread life's scene,
 And threatening prospects urged my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs;
 Reason, some quiet to restore,
 Showed part was substance, shadow more;

¹ A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
 HOWARD'S *British Princes*.

—² James More Smith, Esq. See *Dunciad*, B. ii. l. 50, and the notes, where
 the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
 In life's rough tide I sunk not down, 50
 But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,
 Buoyant on bladders filled with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
 To mend viscosity of blood.
 Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
 Of easy access to the poor;
 Thy help love's confessors implore,
 And doctors secretly adore;
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
 Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot, 60
 And by swift current throws off clean
 Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
 Nor keep myself a cup too low,
 And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
 Thirsty of spirits which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
 But after no field honours itch,
 Achieved by leaping hedge and ditch. 70
 While Spleen lies soft relaxed in bed,
 Or o'er coal fire inclines the head,
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
 And jovial cry awake the Morn.
 These see her from the dusky plight,
 Smeared by the embraces of the Night,
 With rosal wash redeem her face,
 And prove herself of Titan's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,

Shed light and fragrance as she flies. 80
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the hark-away,
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.
 Then, as St George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierced, trod down, and dying view;
 While all their spirits are on wing,
 And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling green; 90
 Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
 And kitten, if the humour hit,
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
 At some partic'lars let us laugh.
 Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half sense,
 That stimulates their impotence; 100
 Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes.
 Poor authors worshipping a calf,
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
 A strict dissenter saying grace,
 A lecturer preaching for a place,
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest,
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased, 110
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,

Great Æsculapius on his stage, 112
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
 A jointured widow's ritual state,
 Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
 New almanacs composed by seers,
 Experiments on felons' ears,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
 The superb muscle of the eye, 120
 A coquette's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military show,
 Are sovereign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my evening with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights. 130

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To others' grief attention raise:
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe;
 There gaily comic scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to her aid,
 When moral scenes just actions join,
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine. 140

Music has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.

When art does sound's high power advance, 143
 To music's pipe the passions dance;
 Motions unwill'd its powers have shown,
 Tarantulated by a tune.
 Many have held the soul to be
 Nearly allied to harmony.
 Her have I known indulging grief,
 And shunning company's relief, 150
 Unveil her face, and looking round,
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
 The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
 Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
 In such dull weather, so unfit
 To enterprise a work of wit,
 When clouds one yard of azure sky, 160
 That's fit for simile, deny,
 I dress my face with studious looks,
 And shorten tedious hours with books.
 But if dull fogs invade the head,
 That memory minds not what is read,
 I sit in window dry as ark,
 And on the drowning world remark:
 Or to some coffee-house I stray
 For news, the manna of a day,
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather, 170
 That politics go by the weather:
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards, but for small sums;
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh;

Or drink a joco-serious cup 176
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heaven to be serene;
 Pain, hell; and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit;
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins:
 Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely laced,
 And beauty borrowing Spanish red, 190
 And loving pair with separate bed,
 And jewels pawned for loss of game,
 And then redeemed by loss of fame;
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church)
 Perceived in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will. and Mary on the coin:
 And thus in modish manner we,
 In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form, 200
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line,
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your thron'd altars with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
 You excommunicate the Spleen,

Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring 208
You form with sound, when pleased to
sing;

Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-aièred soul, inclined to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?

Love on his throne of glory seems 220
Encompass'd with satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptured fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.

Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguished glow,
And, charmed by witchery of eyes, 230
Blood long congealèd liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are adored while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debased,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize missed, I'm quite undone;

And han't, by venturing on a wife, 240
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart;
Of every folly-fostering bed
By quickening heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoiled,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul, 250
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquettes, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife 260
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And housewife arts adorned the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown;
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew, 270
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.

Wise men did not, to be thought gay, 272
 Then compliment their power away :
 But lest, by frail desires misled,
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,
 Of ignorance raised the safe high wall ;
 We sink ha-has, that show them all.
 Thus we at once solicit sense,
 And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untired, consider, friend, 280
 What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,
 The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licensed breaking of the peace,
 To which vacation is disease ;
 A gipsy diction scarce known well
 By the magi, who law-fortunes tell,
 I shun ; nor let it breed within 290
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
 Where its twelve verdurers every day
 Are changing still the public way :
 Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur ;
 And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet, 300
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.

No compter-writs me agitate; 302
 Who moralising pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly through the grate
 Her panegyric to repeat.
 This view, profusely when inclined, 310
 Enters a caveat in the mind:
 Experience joined with common sense,
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I turn away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free 320
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
 Small beer the deadliest heresy;
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive
 From the most noted whore alive;
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,
 Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
 And in whose gay red-lettered face 330
 We read good living more than grace:
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,

Who for the spirit hug the Spleen, 334
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien;
 Who their ill-tasted home-brewed prayer
 To the State's mellow forms prefer;
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steeped in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested grace 340
 Expose in show-glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke
 Either to honour band and cloak,¹
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.²

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
 At folks, because they are in place;
 Nor, hired to praise with stallion pen,
 Serve the ear-lechery of men;
 But to avoid religious jars
 The laws are my expositors, 350
 Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to Church and State.
 I go, pursuant to my plan,
 To Mecca with the caravan;
 And think it right in common sense
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
 To mend the world's a vast design:
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
 To pull to them the ship afloat, 360
 While to defeat their laboured end,
 At once both wind and stream contend:
 Success herein is seldom seen,
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

¹ 'Band and cloak:' badge of Puritan.—² Leaves of oak:' of Cavalier—
 from Royal Oak.

Happy the man, who, innocent, 365
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed, 370
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war, 380
Which every Christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers ;
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease 390
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrained! nefandous thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,

Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains, 397
 And Learning largesses bestows,
 And keeps uncensured open house.
 We to the nation's public mart
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
 And philosophic goods this way,
 Like water carriage, cheap convey.
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,
 Inquisitors with flaming swords
 From lay-approach with zeal defend,
 Lest their own paradise should end.
 The press from her fecundous womb
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
 Her offspring, skilled in logic war, 410
 Truth's banner waved in open air;
 The monster Superstition fled,
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
 And lawless power, the long-kept field,
 By reason quelled, was forced to yield.
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
 To chain, is treason against sense;
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
 None silence, who design no wrongs;
 For those who use the gag's restraint, 420
 First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
 And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
 Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
 And bite not at projector's bait.
 Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
 Their painted vessel runs aground;

Or in deep seas it oversets 430
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,¹
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper sealed
By fraud and usury, to be healed.

I in no soul-consumption wait 440
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill 450
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

¹ The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

When I lean politicians mark 458
 Grazing on ether in the Park ;
 Whoe'er on wing with open throats
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
 Just in the manner swallows use,
 Catching their airy food of news ;
 Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
 Or see some poet pensive sit,
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for wit :
 Who, though short-winded, still will aim
 To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat, 470
 Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
 I bless my stars, I never knew
 Whimsies which, close pursued, undo,
 And have from old experience been
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.
 These subjects of Apollo's state,
 Who from false fire derive their fate,
 With airy purchases undone
 Of lands, which none lend money on,
 Born dull, had followed thriving ways, 480
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
 Their fancies first delirious grew,
 And scenes ideal took for true.
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;
 The fabled gods the poets sing,
 A season of perpetual spring,
 Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
 Affording sweets and similes,
 Gay dreams inspired in myrtle bowers, 490
 And wreaths of undecaying flowers,

Apollo's harp with airs divine, 492
 The sacred music of the Nine,
 Views of the temple raised to Fame,
 And for a vacant niche proud aim,
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
 What Fancy's sketching power can do.
 They will attempt the mountain steep,
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
 The Muses revelations shew, 500
 That find men cracked, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
 Avoid, elaborate waste of time,
 Nor are content to be undone,
 To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
 Afford the most uncertain gain;
 And lotteries never tempt the wise
 With blanks so many to a prize.
 I only transient visits pay, 510
 Meeting the Muses in my way,
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
 Nor skilled to call them by their names.
 Nor can their passports in these days,
 Your profit warrant, or your praise.
 On poems by their dictates writ,
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
 And mere upholsterers in a trice
 On gems and painting set a price.
 These tailoring artists for our lays 520
 Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait
 stays
 Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
 Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends, 524
 Can serve the plagiary's ends,
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
 Thus some, devoid of art and skill
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow, 530
 By genius doomed to stay below,
 For their own digging shew the town
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,
 An artist's judgment to refine,
 On fame precipitately fixed,
 The ore with baser metals mixed
 Melt down, impatient of delay,
 And call the vicious mass a play.
 All these engage to serve their ends, 540
 A band select of trusty friends,
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Psapho¹ taught his birds to sing;
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit:
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 A judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures merciful and mild 550
 Have from mere pity saved the child;
 In bulrush ark the bantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drowned,

¹ Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this invention: he took young birds and taught them to sing, 'Psapho is a great god.' When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

They have preserved by kind support, 554
And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth¹ that you can name,
Who needs no leading strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate, 560
I heard Melpomene debate,
'This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspired by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turned to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law 570
By ruffian power expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Arise, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distilled from pity flow.'

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend

Me never did ambition seize, 580
Strange fever most inflamed by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,

¹ Mr Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Boadicea*, *Medea*, &c.

This par'dise tree, so fair and high, 584
 I view with no aspiring eye:
 Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
 Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
 But fits of Spleen, called *growing wise*.
 Greatness in glittering forms displayed 590
 Affects weak eyes much used to shade,
 And by its falsely envied scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
 We should be pleased that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle-sized, can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A watery sunshine in the face,
 And pleasures fled to, to redress 600
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchymy of mind 610
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;
 Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,

Without an opiate they repose ; 617
 And covered by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly :
 Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares ;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
 The blithesome goddess soothes my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made, 630
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;
 A chief, of temper formed to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece ;
 With understandings of a size 640
 To think their master very wise.
 May heaven (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cupboard, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land :
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;

Behind, a green like velvet neat, 650
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
 Where odorous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
 Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
 With opening views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds, 660
 Like amphitheatre surrounds:
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid:
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech 670
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind:
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measured motions frisk about,
 'Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep, 680
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,

And silver streams through meadows stray, 684
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus sheltered, free from care and
 strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life;
 See faction, safe in low degree, 690
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy;
 Debarred the pleasure to impart
 By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
 Who wealth, hard earned by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look unglom'd by guile, 700
 And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in Fortune's power,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage, 710
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow, 716
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

The enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
 Have never yet my reason foiled.
 His springy soul dilates like air,
 When free from weight of ambient care,
 And, hushed in meditation deep,
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
 Proves a Columbus of her own,
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
 And through the wilds of endless space,
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,
 Chases light forms and shadowy things
 And, in the vague excursion caught, 730
 Brings home some rare exotic thought.
 The melancholy man such dreams,
 As brightest evidence, esteems;
 Fain would he see some distant scene
 Suggested by his restless Spleen,
 And Fancy's telescope applies
 With tintured glass to cheat his eyes.
 Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
 I close examine by the light;
 For who, though bribed by gain to lie, 740
 Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
 And execute plain common sense
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
 And club its ills with those of fate,
 I many a notion take to task,
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask.

Thus scruple, spasm of the mind, 748
 Is cured, and certainty I find;
 Since optic reason shews me plain,
 I dreaded spectres of the brain;
 And legendary fears are gone,
 Though in tenacious childhood sown.
 Thus in opinions I commence
 Freeholder in the proper sense,
 And neither suit nor service do,
 Nor homage to pretenders show,
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll
 Lords of the manor of the soul;
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare, 760
 To nonsense throned in whiskered hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
 O Entium Ens! divinely great!—
 Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
 Unfeathered arrows far to throw;
 Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way.
 With tender eyes, and colours faint, 770
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.
 Who, features veiled by light, can hit?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit?
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
 Who soon lays by the unequal theme,
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
 On quicksands swallowing shipwrecked thought;
 But, conscious of his distance, gives 780

Mute praise, and humble negatives. 781
 In one, no object of our sight,
 Immutable, and infinite,
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
 Calm and resigned, I fix my trust;
 To him my past and present state
 I owe, and must my future fate.
 A stranger into life I'm come,
 Dying may be our going home,
 Transported here by angry Fate, 790
 The convicts of a prior state.
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
 On matters I can never know;
 Through life's foul way, like vagrant,
 pass'd,
 He'll grant a settlement at last;
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doomed to dance the eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come, 800
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of power bereave
 An endless series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign the acquittance for the wrong.
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create, 810
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail 814
 On even keel with gentle gale;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights;
 Experience holds the cautious glass, 820
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid:
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way.
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepared to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl 830
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may heaven propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalmed, nor over-blown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

 AN EPIGRAM

ON THE REVEREND MR LAURENCE ECHARD'S, AND
 BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me
 Political anatomy,
 A case of skeletons well done,
 And malefactors every one.
 His sharp and strong incision pen
 Historically cuts up men,

And does with lucid skill impart
 Their inward ails of head and heart.
 Laurence proceeds another way,
 And well-dressed figures doth display:
 His characters are all in flesh,
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
 And from his sweetening art derive
 A better scent than when alive.
 He wax-work made to please the sons,
 Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.

7

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

- 1 I LATELY saw, what now I sing,
 Fair Lucia's hand displayed;
 This finger graced a diamond ring,
 On that a sparrow played.
- 2 The feathered play-thing she caressed,
 She stroked its head and wings;
 And while it nestled on her breast,
 She lisped the dearest things.
- 3 With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set
 He loosened from the rest,
 And swallowed down to grind his meat,
 The easier to digest.
- 4 She seized his bill with wild affright,
 Her diamond to descry:
 'Twas gone! she sickened at the sight,
 Moaning her bird would die.

- 5 The tongue-tied knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.
- 6 The doctor used his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,
The apothecary played his part,
And engineered behind.
- 7 When physic ceased to spend its store,
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.
- 8 His eyes dispelled their sickly dews,
He pecked behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.
- 9 Meanwhile within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When avarice ended the contest,
And triumphed over love.
- 10 Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.
- 11 Drive avarice from your breasts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be seen.

12 It made a virgin put on guile,
 Truth's image break her word,
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
 A Venus kill her bird.

THE SEEKER.

- 1 WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went
 out.
 Then on me, in divinity bachelor, tried
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
 And urging their various opinions, intended
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.
- 2 Said a lech'rous old friar skulking near Lincoln's-
 Inn,
 (Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to
 sin;
 Who, spider-like, seizes weak Protestant flies,
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
 'Ah! pity your soul, for without our church pale,
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
 The Bible you boast, is a wild revelation:
 Hear a church that can't err if you hope for
 salvation.'
- 3 Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
 Lies forward exposed in shop-window of face,
 'Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves
 saints,
 Being Christ's little flock everywhere spoke against.'

- 4 Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
'If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver :
That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.*'
- 5 Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
(Who while he talked gravely would hold forth his
hand,)
'Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all dis-
agree ;
Then pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers' by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.'

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE
QUAKERS.

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is revealed ;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In these is shown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign :
To scripture-plainness dress is brought,
And speech, apparel to the thought.
They hiss from instinct at red coats,
And war, whose work is cutting throats,

Forbid, and press the law of love : 15
 Breathing the spirit of the dove.
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,
 As manufactured by the priest ;
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
 For stuff, which never mends the way ; 20
 And tithes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
 And frank the gospel for our use.
 They sable standing armies break ;
 But the militia useful make :
 Since all unhired may preach and pray,
 Taught by these rules as well as they ;
 Rules, which, when truths themselves
 reveal,
 Bid us to follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,
 Such is its bustle and its noise ; 30
 Reason the proclamation reads,
 But not one riot passion heeds.
 Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
 Which here below our homage share :
 They, if one votary they find
 To mistress more divine inclined,
 In truth's pursuit to cause delay
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O Heaven, in some retreat,
 There let the serious death-watch beat, 40
 There let me self in silence shun,
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
 When fast the senses' doors are shut ;

For so divine and pure a guest 45
The emptiest rooms are furnished best.

O Contemplation! air serene,
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found!

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
Impulses rustle through the mind;
Here shines that light with glowing face,
The fuse divine that kindles grace;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
'Till darkness be by dying past,
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguished by superior light. 60

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
Breed stormy passions, which confined,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
And raise despair my lamp can last,
Placed where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence, big empty sound,
Like showers that rush upon the ground,
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along and muddy flows. 70
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,

And nervates¹ so the good design, 75
That King Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natured, happy shade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That, from dependence life exempt; 80
And constitution framed so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compelled by station every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's busy scenes immers'd
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way, 90
While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
Draws near, and stares me in the face.
Consider well your state, she cries,
Like others kneel, that you may rise;
Hold doctrines, by no scruples vexed,
To which preferment is annexed,
Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place. 100
Cracked is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use.
They who have lands and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe Scripture how they please.

¹ 'Nervates : ' strengthens.

The honoured prophet, that of old 107
 Used Heaven's high counsels to unfold,
 Did, more than courier angels, greet
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

THE GROTTO.¹

WRITTEN UNDER THE NAME OF PETER DRAKE, A
 FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
 The Grotto makes them all with egg:
 Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
 I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIEU awhile, forsaken flood,
 To ramble in the Delian wood,
 And pray the god my well-meant song
 May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace
 Your flowery banks, if you have seen
 The much sung Grotto of the queen.
 Contemplative, forget awhile
 Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile, 10
 And Wolsey's pride² (his greatest guilt)
 And what great William since has built;
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
 (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)³

¹ 'The Grotto:' a building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.—² Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and improved by King William III.—³ Queen Anne, consort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

From Sion-House,¹ whose proud survey 15
 Brow-beats your flood, look 'cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of Surrey side.

 Though yet no palace grace the shore,
 To lodge that pair you should adore; 20
 Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice;
 Behold a Grot, in Delphic grove,
 The Graces' and the Muses' love.
 (O, might our Laureate study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year!)
 A temple from vain glories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,
 Whose sides such licensed idols crown
 As superstition would pull down; 30
 The only pilgrimage I know,
 That men of sense would choose to go:
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
 While all the Virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou, the god with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars raised to men below; 40
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

¹ Sion-House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd 47
 To praise whatever Boyle¹ shall build ;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame.
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,²
 For virtue as for learning known ;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light :
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds disposed to musing teach :
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise ; 60
 Or maladies, begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;
 From maggot-youth through change of state
 They feel like us the turns of Fate ;
 Some, born to creep, have lived to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;
 And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they died been forced to creep.
 They politics like ours profess,
 The greater prey upon the less : 70
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;
 Some toil incessant on the wing ;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store ;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 'Till death, and then are never miss'd.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,

¹ Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture.—² The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Are sick and well, have war and peace, 78
 And, broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face;
 Or Pomp, mixed state of pride and care;
 Court kindness, Falsehood's polished ware;
 Scandal disguised in Friendship's veil,
 That tells, unasked, the injurious tale;
 Or art politic, which allows
 The Jesuit-remedy for vows;
 Or priest perfuming crowned head,
 'Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead; 90
 Or tawdry critic, who perceives
 No grace, which plain proportion gives,
 And more than lineaments divine
 Admires the gilding of the shrine;
 Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
 In thickest fog the clearest seen;
 Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
 That fools believe and knaves apply;
 Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
 And happy only in a crowd; 100
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
 Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia, when I touch this string,
 To thee my Muse directs her wing.
 Unspotted fair, with downcast look
 Mind not so much the murmuring brook;
 Nor fixed in thought, with footsteps slow
 Through cypress alleys cherish woe:
 I see the soul in pensive fit,

And moping like sick linnet sit, 110
 With dewy eye and moulting wing,
 Unperched, averse to fly or sing;
 I see the favourite curls begin
 (Disused to toilet discipline,
 To quit their post, lose their smart air,
 And grow again like common hair;
 And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
 Raise a red circle round the eye;
 And by this bur about the moon,
 Conjecture more ill weather soon. 120
 Love not so much the doleful knell,
 And news the boding night-birds tell;
 Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;
 And hens portentous when they crow;
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
 In taper find no winding sheet;
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee;
 Or when the coruscation gleams,
 Find out not first the bloody streams; 130
 Nor in impress'd remembrance keep
 Grim tapestry figures wrought in sleep;
 Nor rise to see in antique hall
 The moonlight monsters on the wall,
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass
 Trailing their sables o'er the grass.
 Let vice and guilt act how they please
 In souls, their conquered provinces;
 By Heaven's just charter it appears,
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears. 140
 Shall then armed fancies fiercely dress'd
 Live at discretion in your breast?
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,

As notions, meteors of the brain; 144
 And sights performed, illusive scene!
 By magic lantern of the spleen.
 Come here, from baleful cares released,
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
 Where decent mirth and wisdom joined
 In stewardship, regale the mind. 150
 Call back the Cupids to your eyes;
 I see the godlings with surprise,
 Not knowing home in such a plight,
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
 Conveyed in Venus' flying car,
 I go compelled by feathered steeds,
 That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
 These holy wars shall ever stain; 160
 As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
 Falsehood with them shall disagree:
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,
 Who worship only what they dread:
 Nor bigots who but one way see
 Through blinkers of authority;
 Nor they who its four saints defame
 By making virtue but a name;
 Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail!) 170
 Artists who richly chase their thought,
 Gaudy without, but hollow wrought,
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
 To bear the proof and standard touch;
 Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark

With necklace bells in treble bark ; 176
 Nor Cynics growl and fiercely paw,
 The mastiffs of the moral law.
 Come, Nymph, with rural honours dress'd,
 Virtue's exterior form confess'd,
 With charms untarnished, innocence
 Display, and Eden shall commence :
 When thus you come in sober fit,
 And wisdom is preferred to wit ;
 And looks diviner graces tell,
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;
 And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
 With bolder eye we look upon ;
 Learning shall with obsequious mien
 Tell all the wonders she has seen ; 190
 Reason her logic armour quit,
 And proof to mild persuasion fit ;
 Religion with free thought dispense,
 And cease crusading against sense ;
 Philosophy and she embrace,
 And their first league again take
 place ;
 And morals pure, in duty bound,
 Nymph-like the sisters' chief surround :
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell
 "The turf to your light pressure swell, 200
 And knowing beauty by her shoe,
 Well air its carpet from the dew.
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck :
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
 And plays with curls, instead of leaves :
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
 And during their vacation sing ;

And flowers lean forward from their seats 209
 To traffic in exchange of sweets ;
 And angels bearing wreaths descend,
 Preferred as vergers to attend
 This fane, whose deity entreats
 The fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our lettered strife,
 And guard us through polemic life ;
 From poison vehicled in praise,
 For satire's shots but slightly graze ;
 We claim your zeal, and find within,
 Philosophy and you are kin. 220

What Virtue is we judge by you ;
 For actions right are beauteous too ;
 By tracing the sole female mind,
 We best what is true Nature find :
 Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
 How steams create tempestuous air,
 'Till gushing tears and hasty rain
 Make heaven and you serene again :
 Our travels through the starry skies
 Were first suggested by your eyes ; 230
 We by the interposing fan,
 Learn how eclipses first began ;
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
 Describes how blazing comets roam ;
 The glowing colours of the cheek
 Their origin from Phœbus speak ;
 Our watch how Luna strays above
 Feels like the care of jealous love ;
 And all things we in science know
 From your known love for riddles flow. 240

Father! forgive, thus far I stray, 241
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundress well
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis joined,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree, 250
Greatness delighted to undress;
Science a sceptred hand caress;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wise men canonize.

THE END OF GREEN'S POETICAL WORKS.





