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A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

The H E R M I T.

A P O E M.

In T H R E E C A N T O S.

*Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aevo.*

VIRGIL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXVIII.

(Price Two Shillings.)



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions.

2. It is essential to ensure that all entries are supported by appropriate documentation.

3. The second part of the document outlines the procedures for handling discrepancies and errors.

4. It is important to identify the cause of any errors and take corrective action immediately.

5. The third part of the document provides a detailed description of the accounting system used.

6. This section includes a list of all accounts and a description of their respective functions.

7. It also includes a list of all transactions and a description of their respective amounts.

8. The fourth part of the document provides a summary of the results of the audit.

9. The findings of the audit are as follows:

10. The first finding is that the records are generally accurate and complete.

11. The second finding is that there are some minor errors in the records.

12. These errors have been identified and corrected.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S
PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

THE author of this poem had devoted it, in his own thoughts, an offering of esteem to your Lordship, several years before he was determined to make it public. And now, my Lord, if a private man may be pardoned for saying, what he feels the highest satisfaction in being able to say with truth, he takes this opportunity of owning, that no change in your Lordship's situation since has
A pro-

produced any alteration in his sentiments; or left a writer, who wishes only to do himself honor by the choice of his patron, at liberty to think of another.

Tho you gave leave for this address, after having perused part of the following sheets in manuscript, yet he dares not avail himself of that distinction, however agreeably flattering, to bespeak his reader's favour. He knows, my Lord, that the best Judges of writing sometimes grant to personal kindness, or the well-meaning vanity of poets, that indulgence which should be conferred on real merit alone. But, whatever may be the character, or the fate, of this performance, the writer's views are not confined to himself or it.

If we may judge, by daily and disagreeable proofs, it should seem that we are relapsing fast into barbarism, either from a failure, or a strange misapplication, of genius. The politer arts, my Lord, which you must love,
were

were it only out of gratitude, decline visibly thro all their branches : and must languish more and more without such encouragement as may adorn while it rewards them. In this crisis, the eyes of mankind are naturally turned upon *One*, who, by taste as well as reflection, feels and discerns their Utility.

Cardinal RICHELIEU, amidst the mighty schemes of ambition that employed his thoughts, amidst the domestic and foreign wars that perplexed his administration, yet found leisure to erect an academy for the *French* tongue; which still flourishes to the advantage of his country, as well as to the peculiar honor of his own name. A proposal, for an establishment of the like nature here, was agreed to by the late Treasurer OXFORD : and a certain annual sum, for the support of it, was certainly promised. How it happened that this promise was never carried into execution, it would be improper to enquire in this place. But may we not flatter our hopes that some such scheme, or one yet more extensively useful, will

take place, so as to be rendered effectual under your Lordship's influence? and that, ages hence, those who are best fitted by their talents, to instruct or entertain the public, will have cause to remember, with gratitude as well as reverence, the ministry of the *Earl* of CHESTERFIELD? I am, with the utmost respect,

My Lord,

April 24th,
1747.

Your Lordship's

most faithful

and most humble servant.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

*T*H E following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the Scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western Isles that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise, published near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to ST. KILDA. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary Island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the Inhabitants: a race of people, then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an an-
I tient

tient Historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours : Plus valuit apud Hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum praecepta.

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold ; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor ; for whose relief each family in the Island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those Islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms (for such he reckoned the larger Isles) by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock ; but insisted that in his native country of ST. KILDA, there were others still higher. However, the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake, occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears, upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling

ing to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw, then for the first time, (as in his own Island there grows not a shrub) equally surprized and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was, that AURELIUS sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of CHARLES the second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by king Charles himself, for military execution upon them with-

out

out process or conviction : and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given, by AURELIUS in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination ; when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee : and, in his humble but happy retirement, needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent Whole ; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions (which as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph, of poetry) for other imperfections that may be found in this performance, he dares rely on the candor of his more discerning readers.

A M Y N T O R

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

F A R in the watry waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast *Atlantic* rolls,
On from the piny shores of *Labrador*
To frozen *Thulè* east, her aery height
5 Aloft to heaven remotest *KILDA* lifts ;
Last of the sea-girt *Hebrides*, that guard,
In filial train, *Britania's* parent-coast.
Thrice happy land ! tho freezing on the verge
Of artic skies ; yet, blameless still of arts

B 2

That

4 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

10 That polish, to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple vertue blest.

Beyond *Ambition's* walk : where never *War*
Uprear'd his sanguine standard ; nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword.

15 Where *Luxury*, soft Syren, who around
To thousand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane that foothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm *Content*

That lives to Reason ; antient *Faith* that binds
20 The plain community of guileless hearts

In love and union ; *Innocence* of ill

Their guardian Genius : these, the Powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure

Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound

25 From passion's rage, the body from disease.

Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;

Firm in each sinew vigor's plyant spring,

By

By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
30 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling roar
Of oceans raging round. But last and best,
35 What *Avarice*, what *Ambition* shall not know,
True *Liberty* is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With *Independence* dwells; and *Peace* of mind,
In youth, in age, their fun, that never sets.

40 Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Auspicious *Muse*! O whether from the depth
Of evening-forest, brown with broadest shade;
Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,

6 A MYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

45 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Thro bowery groves, where *Inspiration* sits
And listens to thy lore, spontaneous come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
50 The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, thy lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best befits
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good AURELIUS—and a scene more wild
55 The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—AURELIUS here,
By fate unequal and the crime of War
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
60 Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought: and with the fudge,

And

And with the founding storm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
Recall'd the mournful past ; a faithful *wife*,
65 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend ;
With one fair *daughter*, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a *tyrant's* grasp ! his *foe* profess'd,
70 By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless ! Thus he liv'd :
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs ;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears
75 At midnight-hour : for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish, stretch'd along
The naked beach ; or shivering on the cliff,

8 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

80 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours ; till *Time*, the wretche's friend,
Life's great phyfician, fkill'd alone to clofe,
Where forrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
85 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each fullen fpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro every fever'd pulfe
With gentleft hand infus'd. A penfive calm
Arofe, but unaffur'd : as after winds
90 Of ruffling wing, the fea fubfiding flow
Still trembles from the ftorm. Now *Reason* firft,
Her throne refuming, bid *Devotion* raife
To heaven his eye ; and thro the turbid mifts,
Dark-interpos'd, of paffion and of fenfe,
95 Adoring own the fole unerring CAUSE,
All-righteous Judge, who bids what ftill is beft,

In cloud or sun-shine ; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaftens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
100 The rage of grief, the felness of revenge
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By vertue's hand ; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' ascending sun ; thro faith he lives
105 Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
Of sin and death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore ; and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
110 Where peace delights to dwell ; where one fair morn
Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh

10 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

Yet murmurs in his breast, 'tis for the pangs
115 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Yet suffering in his fate : 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may from heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid *Twins*,
120 O'er every fouthern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year ; and in each pleasing hue,
That greens the leaf or thro the blossom glows
With florid light, the meek-ey'd *May* array'd :
While zephire leads the silver-footed dews,
125 Her soft attendants, o'er the bloomy scene
To shed fresh spirit and perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's pale dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
130 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,

With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
 Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root
 Fragrance and health impregnate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
 135 Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
 The birds of passage transmigrating come ;
 At nature's summons their aëreal state
 Annual to found. And see ! from hill to hill,
 140 Whitening each funny cliff, or new-arriv'd
 In file continuous or in lessening wedge,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 Of various nations, in bold voyage steer'd,
 Safe thro' the furies of the trackless air,
 145 By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise

C 2

Their

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.

12 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

Their temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,

150 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
“ And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
AURELIUS, from the western bay, his eye
155 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole thro boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
160 LEVIATHAN, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.

Wak'd

Wak'd reverence lifts the HERMIT's thought: he owns
 The hand Almighty who its chanell'd bed.
 165 Immeasurable funk, and pour'd abroad,
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on,
 Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love.
 170 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the day
 175 With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair aëreal landfchape. Here, alone
 On earth's remotest verge, AURELIUS breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 180 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung

14 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.

When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,

Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along

From cliff to cavern : as the breath of winds,

185 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard

Thro wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep

Of sky-crown'd *Apennine*. The *Sea-Py* ceas'd

At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest

The *Fulmar* soar'd, and shot a westward flight

190 From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,

Invading night, and hung the troubled sky

With fearful blackness round ; when fierce upsprung,

Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,

The raging *South* ; and headlong o'er the sea

195 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.

Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff

Whence overheard the bending summit frowns

On

Line 189. See *Martin's voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 58.

On the rous'd flood, AURELIUS stood apall'd :
His ear affail'd with all the thundering main !
200 His eye with mountains surging to the stars !
Commotion infinite ! Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds :
Yet distant seen and dim ; till onward borne
205 Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken,
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That *Power* invokes, whose voice the wild winds hear,
210 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !
215 For death bestrides the billow, nor your own,

16 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
220 The stormy *Genius* of the deep forfakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion; pour its loudening blasts
225 In whirlwind forth, and from his lowest depth
Upturn the vext *Atlantic*. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
230 And each rent sail flies fluttering loose in air.
Now, fearful moment! in one ridgy swell
Half ocean heaves, and o'er the foundering hull
A billowy curve with horrid shade impends——

Ah! save them, heaven!—it bursts in deluge down
235 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulf'd,
Vessel and crew beneath its torrent-sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. AURELIUS wept :
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
240 He turn'd his step ; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the fight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in sighs : thy will be done,
Not mine, supreme DISPOSER ! as is meet ;
245 But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes : the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, and where the winding bay
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave ; as the gate,

D

Am-

Line 248. See *Martin's* voyage to *St. Kilda*, p. 20.

18 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA : or,*

250 Ample and broad and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As to this cavern'd path
255 AURELIUS turn'd, and, busy in his breast,
The past and present griev'd Reflection roll'd,
Struck with sad echoes, from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd thick and shrill, he rais'd his head :
And saw th' assembled Natives in a ring,
260 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth
He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vermilion hue extinguish'd from his cheek :
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
265 The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro hovering mists at eve,

Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave : and close within his grasp
270 Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand ;
Where bold proportion and where softening grace
275 Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

AURELIUS, from the breathless clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd : then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
280 He bid transport it speedy thro the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill :
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude ; its roof with reverend moss

285 Light-shaded o'er ; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic smells:
Then, drops of soveraign efficacy, drawn
290 From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes :
While life, to quivering motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse ; and gradual o'er his cheek
295 The rosy current wins its reflux way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Dissolv'd in tears around : then clos'd again,
300 As loathing light and life. His limbs convuls'd,
His bosom heav'd, as when the fabled Hag
Sits huge and horrid on the sleeper's limbs,

Thus

Thus from his lips in hurling accents wild
Distraction spoke : Down, down with every fail—
305 Mercy, sweet heaven---Ha ! now whole ocean sweeps
In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !
We will not part—Help ! help ! yon wave, behold !
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my fight.
O for a sun to light this black abyfs !
310 Gone---loft---for ever loft ! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell :
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
AURELIUS bid depart. A pause ensu'd,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the Stranger's face
315 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard :
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd ; now eager to begin
Consoling speech ; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme.

Then

320 Then thus at last. O from devouring seas
 By miracle escap'd ! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd can yet discern the *Hand*,
 All-wonderful, that thro yon raging sea,
 Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe ;
 325 That *Hand* divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas !
 Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph ; when human hope was fled,
 And human help in vain---th' almighty VOICE,
 330 Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the Deep
 Yield up its prey : that by his mercy sav'd,
 A monument of wonder and of love,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race
 May justify ; to all the sons of men,
 335 Thy brethren, ever gracious in their need.
 Such praise delights him most—

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
340 Thro the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream——

Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art !
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
My self most wretched and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
345 The wretched feel ; to soothe the sad of heart,
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent :
My pity is, my friendship shall be thine,
350 To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro reason's pathes, to happiness and heaven.

The HERMIT thus : and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the MAN unknown.

What

24 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd shore,
355 Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find, whose language wears
The garb of civil life! a friend, whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move—
360 Amazement all! My grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder!—But, thou good Unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
365 Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade.—O son of this wild world!
From social converse tho' for ever barr'd,
Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
370 Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,

By fairer fons attemper'd, courtly boast ;
O say, did ere thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from *Beauty* all-divine,
375 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
In pleasing tumult pour'd thro every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impresson ! Then, as passion grew,
Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
380 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid ?
Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
385 My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total ! how extreme ! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and bury'd there---O awful heaven !
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave

390 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can't tell what I have lost---O ill-starr'd *Maid!*
 O most undone *AMYNTOR!*—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, suppress'd his voice:
 The rest was agony and dumb despair.

395 Now, o'er their heads, damp night her stormy gloom
 Spred, ere the glimering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, *AURELIUS* deeply felt:
 400 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, ~~not~~ combat hopeless love.

AMYNTOR, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 405 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,

This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas ! how just ?
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When *Reason* and when *Fondness* o'er the tomb
410 Are fellow-mourners ? He, who can resign,
Has never lov'd : and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
415 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity ; whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifys the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
420 Our social sighs : and still, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, each fair-unfolding grace,
Each charm fresh-opening in her face and mind

28 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA : or,*

Shall be our darling theme. Then shalt thou hear
425 A tale of woes, in sad return from me,
So terrible---*AMYNTOR*, thy pain'd heart,
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with---But behold! the dark,
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
430 Here break we off: and thou, sad Mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep. Each gracious *Wing* from heaven
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm ;
435 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares :
And to us both be friendly as we need.

End of the FIRST CANTO.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O II

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A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O II.

NOW midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping *Isle*,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd ;
5 And, in mix'd horror, to AMYNTOR'S ear
Borne thro the gloom, his shrinking sense appall'd.
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale *Memory* labours in the storm :
Again from her is torn, whom more than life

His

10 His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower
 Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy Maid,
 Effusive stream'd ; till late, thro every power
 The soul subdu'd sunk sad to slow repose :
 And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
 15 Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
 Not long to last : for *Fancy*, oft awake
 While *Reason* sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 20 To mock with mimic shews. And lo! the deeps
 In aery tumult swell. Beneath a hill
 AMYNTOR heaves of overwhelming seas ;
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
 25 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
 Dumb silence broods. Thro heaths of dreary length,

Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
 With breathless toil ; hears torrent floods afar
 30 Roar thro the wild ; and, plung'd in central caves,
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night ;
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 That brighten'd with their glow the brown abyss,
 Rose THEODORA. Heavenly in her eye
 35 Sat, without cloud, the tender-smiling soul,
 That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
 A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
 Their walk embower'd ; while nightingales beneath
 Sung spoufals, as along th' enamel'd turf
 40 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The Fair encircled : thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
 O turn ! O stay thy flight !—so loud he cry'd,
 45 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.

34 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

He groan'd, he gaz'd around : his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd ;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear ;
50 Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
55 The vale, the shore with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound :
Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's voice,
60 Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven,
Restrains him ; but, as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Tho passing all belief, the frailer skiff,

To

To which himself had bore th' unhappy Fair,
65 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
He roll'd his ardent eye ; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold !

70 Tho now, wide-open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vast horizon on AMYNTOR's eye
75 Pours full her scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep,
Diffus'd immense in rowling prospect lay
The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of *Albion's* crown,
80 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air,

Shoot gradual from her bosom : and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills ;
 A thousand landscapes ! barren some and bare,
 85 Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
 Of horrid grandeur : some with sounding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine, high-plum'd ; and now beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
 90 That fair-arising o'er yon eastern cliff
 The various verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean while AURELIUS, wak'd from sweet repose
 That *Temperance* bids in timely dews descend
 On all who live to her, his mournful Guest
 95 Came forth to hail ; as hospitable rights
 And virtue's rule enjoin : but first to HIM,
 Spring of all charity, who gave the heart

With

With kindly sense to glow, his morning-vows,
Superior duty, thus the sage address.

100 Fountain of light ! from whom yon rising sun
First drew his splendor ; Source of life and love !
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring ; O First and Best !
Thy essence, tho from human sight and search,
105 Tho from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd ; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
The maker's hand, intelligence supreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works imprest,
110 In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
From age to age, thro every clime, reveal'd.
Hail universal Goodness ! in full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne

Thro

38 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

115 Thro earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first *Father*, ceaseless praise ascend !
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
120 Be duely heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore ; with free will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be blest.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
125 To days of future life ; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Thro this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me and thy peace to cheer.
130 All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
With-hold or grant : and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd : such health the frugal board,
135 The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can thro age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown ; nor heard approach his host,
140 Nor rais'd his drooping head. AURELIUS mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

145 O fight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear ! Whom yesterday beheld

40 A M Y N T O R *and* T H E O D O R A : *or,*

By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
That *Fancy*, trans'd in fairest vision, dreams;
150 Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth spread
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
155 The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame
Its amorous anguish——

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd

160 The frantic Mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang
From this fierce storm, these keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. I am weary of the sun.
165 To me the future flight of days and years

Is darkness, is despair---But who complains
Forgets that he can dy. One duty paid,
One tear of softness sprinkled on the grave,
My part in life is o'er. O fainted Maid !
170 For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet those names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
175 To light me where, in cave or creek are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs ; that I---O grief supreme !
O fate unequal ! was thy lover fav'd
For such a task ?---that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
180 Beneath the hallow'd vault ; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !

Such and so dire, reply'd the cordial *Friend*
 In pity's look and language, such, alas!
 185 Were late my thoughts. Whate'er of deep-felt woe
 Can anguish human thought, grief, rage, despair,
 Have all been mine, and with alternate war
 This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good Youth,
 My story mark, and from another's fate,
 190 Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 Sad as it seems, to ballance and to bear.

In me, a Man behold, whose morn serene,
 Whose noon of better life, with honor spent,
 In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 195 Drew fair distinction on my public name,
 From those among mankind, the nobler few,
 Whose praise is fame : but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,

In home-found peace and love, supremely blest!
200 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the same!
At last, AMYNTOR, in my failing age,
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
205 Robbers and outlaws, number'd---thought that still
Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with shame!
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage
Not justice; rais'd to injure not redress,
210 To rob not guard, to ruin not defend:
And all, O sovereign REASON! all deriv'd
From POWER that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that by HIMSELF observ'd,
215 The GOD prescribes, whose sanction KINGS pretend!

O CHARLES ! O monarch ! in long exile train'd,
 Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
 How hateful and how hard ; thy self reliev'd,
 Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
 220 Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
 Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
 As heaven has thine, to pity their distress !

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
 Be far th' unhallow'd license of abuse ;
 225 Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal,
 That hid behind the patriot's name prophan'd
 Masques hate and malice to the legal throne,
 In Justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 The prince to guard---but guard the people too ;
 230 From heaven their equal claim : chief, one prime good
 To guard inviolate ; that sum of blifs,

Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's *right divine*,
235 Which GOD, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

This to secure, to cherish and exalt,
By guardian-statutes, plans of generous care,
While Peace bears high her olive ; or when War
His righteous sword unsheathes, in lifted fields
240 Th' invaded rights of mankind to assert,
Thro danger and thro death--for this alone,
This great imperial charge, were KINGS ordain'd,
Scepter'd with power, with purple state emblaz'd,
And lawrel'd with renown ; while kneeling worlds
245 As sovereigns reverenc'd whom as fires they lov'd,
Patrons and friends of virtue and of man !

But

But if, disclaiming this his heaven---own'd right,
 This first best tenure by which monarchs claim ;
 If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
 250 The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
 To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
 Wide-wasting where he reigns---to such a prince,
 Allegiance kept were treason to mankind ;
 And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
 255 For say, *AMYNTOR*, does just heaven enjoyn
 That we should homage hell ? or bend the knee,
 In worship, to the pestilence or storm ?
 The earthquake or volcano when they rage,
 Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
 260 Engulph their thousands ? Yet, O grief to tell !
 Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
 Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
 Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep

Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
 265 Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
 Proclaim'd it loud to heaven : the arm of POWER
 Extended fatal but to crush the head
 It ought to screen ; or with a parent's love
 Reclaim from error, not with deadly hate,
 270 The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk :
 My self, as One contagious to his kind,
 Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
 Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
 275 To shameful death adjudg'd ; against my head
 The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
 Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
 And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
 Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
 280 Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,

Was

48 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

Was given in charge : a Foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal

For what---O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!

Left thy rous'd thunder burst---for what was deem'd

Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,

285 More deadly fell than hunger ever stung

To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,

The fons of havoc, miscreants with all guilt

Familiar, and in each dire art of death

Train'd ruthless up. As tygers on their prey,

290 On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts

Devouring fell : nor that sequester'd shade,

That sweet recess, where love and virtue long

In happy league had dwelt, which war it self

Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape,

295 Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames :

For flame and rapine their consuming march,

From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.

So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,

Embody

Embody'd locusts from the wing descend
300 On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year :
While, waste behind, Destruction on their track
And ghastly Famine wait. My wife and child
He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd---O heaven ! do I,
A man, survive to tell it ? at the hour
305 Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd unpitying from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn ; and still detains
310 Beneath his roof accurst. That best of wives !
EMILIA ! and our only pledge of love,
My blooming THEODORA !---Manhood there,
And nature bleed---Ah ! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast :
315 Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck ; once more to desperation sink

50 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad *Muse!*

Can all thy moving energy, of power

To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,

320 With words that weep, and strains that agonize;

Can all this mournful magic of thy voice

Tell what AMYNTOR feels? O heaven! art thou---

What have I heard?---AURELIUS! art thou He?---

Confusion! horror!---that most wrong'd of men!

325 And O most wretched too! alas, no more,

No more a father---on that fatal flood,

Thy THEODORA---At these words he fell:

A deadly cold ran freezing thro his veins;

And life was on the wing her loath'd abode

330 For ever to forsake. As on his way

The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,

Is fix'd at once immovable; his eye

With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs

In marbly rigor bound: so stood, so look'd

335 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
 Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
 No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,
 Thro all their powers suspended, and subdu'd
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space
 340 (Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks) on either side
 Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
 As from some vision that to frenzy fires
 The sleeper's brain, *AMYNTOR* waking wild,
 345 A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
 Let all thy wrongs be visited ; and thus
 My horrors end---then would have madly plung'd
 The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm,
 350 *AURELIUS*, tho with deep dismay and dread
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resum'g all himself,

52 A M Y N T O R *and* T H E O D O R A : *or,*

Seiz'd fudden : then perusing with strict eye,
And beating heart, A M Y N T O R ' s blooming form ;
355 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

 O dire attempt ! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
Thy hand self-violent ; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
360 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge !
Shall man first violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Resign'd, un murmuring, to await his hour
365 Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy fight,
Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ;
Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,

Rewarding

370 Rewarding or afflicting---But say on.

My foul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,

Recals thy words, recals their dire import :

They urge me on ; they bid me ask no more—

What would I ask ? My THEODORA'S fate,

375 Ah me ! is known too plain. Have I then fin'd,

Good heaven ! beyond all grace---But shall I blame

His rage of grief, and in my self admit

Its wild excess ? Heaven gave her to my wish ;

That gift Heaven has resum'd : righteous in both,

380 For both his providence be ever blest !

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,

AMYNTOR, slow-recovering into thought,

Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardor to his lips.

385 His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,

Thro swelling tears, what language cannot tell,

54 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

Now rose to meet, now shun'd the HERMIT's glance,
Shot awful at him; till, the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

390 What hast thou done? why fav'd a wretch unknown?

Whom knowing even thy goodness must abhor.

Mistaken man! the honor of thy name,

Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.

I am—AURELIUS, turn that look aside,

395 That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,

Abhorrent say, he is---Forgive me, heaven!

Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce

Whom nature bids me reverence---by her bond

ROLANDO's son: by your more sacred ties,

400 As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;

For crimes like his——

ROLANDO's son? Just heaven!

Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,

All-

All-terrible arising, shakes my frame
405 With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The *Father's* heart, tho seas are spread between,
Were great revenge!—Away : revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reason most condemns
410 In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
And his own ponyard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held. But as, the welcome blow,
With arms display'd, AMYNTOR seem'd to court;
That fight th' impending steel a moment stay'd.
415 A moment, wrath and mercy doubtful strove :
The next, reflection pity'd and forgave.
Now as, in act to speak, his head he rais'd,
Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
The *Natives* stood; whom kindness hither drew,
420 The *Man* unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as antient rites ordain,

56 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*
To succour and to serve. Before them came
MONTANO, venerable sage, whose head
425 The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
AURELIUS drew apart, and in his care
430 AMYNTOR plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one, with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

End of the SECOND CANTO.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T .

C A N T O I I I .

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O III.

WHERE *Kilda's* fouthern hills their fummit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted fun
Full, from the midmoft, shot in dazling shower
His rays direct. And now, in lowing train,
5 Were feen flow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot purfuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the fhore,

Around its rocks to graze : for, strange to tell !

- 10 The hour of ebb, tho ever varying found,
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times, by Heaven's own hand,
 To all it's creatures equal in its care,
- 15 Unerring mov'd. These Signs observ'd, that guide
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 (For art the subtle flight of time to mark,
 By founding bell, or shadow sliding round
 The figur'd plain, or silent-streaming sands,
- 20 Is here unknown) these native signs had warn'd
 To due repast at noon the temperate Isle :
 All but AURELIUS. He, by nature's call
 Solicited in vain, nor hour observ'd,

Unhappy

Line 9. The cows often feed on the *alga marina* : and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood ; tho, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

Unhappy man, nor due repast partook.

25 The CHILD no more ! the MOTHER'S fate untold !

Both in black prospect rising to his eye !

'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !

Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,

Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale

30 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid

That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm

Superior rising, in the might of HIM,

Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,

Omnipotent can draw ; again resign'd,

35 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,

Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast ;

The sigh soft memory prompts ; the tender tear,

That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,

With mournful magic tortures and delights,

40 Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,

And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As REASON thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And thro the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
 That strengthens while it clears ; behold from far
 45 AMYNTOR slow-approaching ! On his front,
 O'er each sunk feature frown had diffus'd
 Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
 Majestic in distress, AURELIUS mark'd ;
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 50 With social softness. Strait, before the door
 Of his moss-silver'd cell, they sat them down
 In counterview : and thus the YOUTH began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
 AMYNTOR's story : then, as Justice sees,
 55 On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
 Absolve him or condemn—But O, may I,
 A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,

Unblam'd pronounce ? that name to every son
By heaven made sacred ; and by nature's hand,
60 With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought. — These eyes, alas !
The curs'd effects of sanguinary *zeal*
Too near beheld : it's madness how extreme ;
65 How blind it's fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd !
Fell *cruelty* let loose in mercy's name.
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
70 Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to that Power
Appeal, whose law is meekness ; and for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho sincere,
 75 ROLANDO caught the spread infection, plung'd
 Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
 His course unjust to violence and rage.
 Unmanly rage ! when nor the charm divine
 Of BEAUTY, nor the MATRON's sacred age,
 80 Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
 Found reverence or distinction. Yet, sustain'd
 By conscious worth within, the matchless PAIR
 Their threatenng fate, imprisonment and scorn
 And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd
 85 To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
 With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
 Not built on pride, not courting vain applause ;
 But calmly constant, without effort great,
 What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

90 But how proceed, AURELIUS? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story cloathe? O could I steal
From harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air! or zephyre's vernal voice!
95 Or philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might AMYNTOR, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and secret thro his breast,
100 As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for *one*;
My sole offence—if love can then offend,
105 When virtue lights, and reverence guards its flame.

O THEODORA ! who thy world of charms,
 That soul of sweetness, that warm glow of youth,
 Soft in thy eye, and sunny on thy cheek,
 Unmov'd could see ? that dignity of ease,
 110 That grace of air, by happy nature thine !
 For all in thee was native ; from within
 Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 From its unfailing source ! and then too, seen
 In milder lights ; by sorrow's shading hand
 115 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
 Intender'd by distress, by tears adorn'd ;
 As seen thro' tempering dews the beams of morn !
 O sweetness without name ! when *Love* looks on
 With *Pity's* melting eye, that to the soul
 120 Endears, ennobles *Her*, whom fate afflicts,
 Or fortune leaves unhappy ! Passion then
 Refines to virtue : then a purer train

Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 By self-regard, or thought of due return,
 125 The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
 To emulate what reason best conceives
 Of love celestial ; whose prevenient aid
 Forbids approaching ill ; or gracious draws,
 When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
 130 From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe !

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 To pity mov'd, at length the gentle *Maid*
 My pleaded vows, with unreluctant ear,
 Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown
 135 With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
 To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour !
 O seen but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
 Its flattering brightness ! THEODORA'S form,

68 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

140 Event unfear'd ! had caught ROLANDO's eye :
 And love (if wild desire, of fancy born,
 By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 Profanes not) : love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 To transient goodness---But my thought shrinks back,
 145 Reluctant to proceed : and filial awe,
 With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 The veil of silence and oblivious night
 Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
 150 Dash'd with indignant scorn ; each harbour'd thought
 Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
 That bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
 And all the savage reassum'd his breast,
 155 'Tis just, he cry'd ; who thus invites disdain,
 Deserves repulse : he who, by slave-like arts,
 Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,

And,

And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.

When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,

160 Thine from difsembling, from base flattery mine,

Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn

Embitter'd, terrible alike to *both*,

To *one* prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,

The mortal worm that on EMILIA's frame

165 Unseen had prey'd, now deep thro all her powers

Its poyson spred, and kill'd their vital growth.

Sickening, she sunk beneath this added weight.

Of shame and horror.---Dare I yet proceed?

AURELIUS, O most injur'd of mankind!

170 Shall yet my tale accumulating give

To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair—

She is no more—

O providence severe!

AURELIUS smote his breast, and groaning cry'd:

175 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice

70 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

Of froward grief ; and to the *Will* supreme,

In justice awful, lowly bending his,

Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,

By all the war of nature tho' assail'd,

180 Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's grace

With life receiving happiness, our share

Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught

But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,

Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd

185 By Love's own hand for salutary ends.

But were they ills indeed ; can fond complaint

Arrest the wing of time? Can grief command

This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb

Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again

190 The hours of yesterday? or from the womb

Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse

To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!

Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,

Of human fondness fighting in the breast,
195 And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth,
And let me call thee Son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
200 To hearken and adore. The patient Man
Thus spoke: AMYNTOR thus his story clos'd.

As, dumb with anguish, round the bed of death
We kneeling wept, her closing eyes to mine
Feebly she rais'd ; then fixing, in cold gaze,
205 On THEODORA'S face---O save my child !
She said : and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded ; bid eternal peace
Her shade receive, and with the truest tears
210 Her dust bedew'd, that ever duty paid.

What

What then remain'd for honor or for love?
What, but to fly ROLANDO's fatal roof?
That scene of violence, with guilt profan'd,
And terrible with death. Late at the hour,
215 The dusk dead hour, when o'er this nether orb
Deep sleep and silence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere;
On that sad spot, within whose cavern'd womb
EMILIA sleeps, and by the turf that veils
220 Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there,
I found my THEODORA! Thrill'd with awe,
With holy horror shook, which both the place
And time infus'd resistless, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
225 Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!

By death's dark empire ! by the sheeted dust,
 That once was man, now mouldering here below !
 230 But chief by *her's*, at whose nocturnal grave,
 Reverent we kneel ! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows ! nor time, nor chance,
 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
 235 Shall e'er divide our loves.---I led her thence :
 But oh ! in evil hour, with heaven averse ;
 For sudden round in rolling fogs arose
 A deep-dy'd gloom, extinguishing the moon
 With broad eclipse ; while, glimmering on our left,
 340 Its streamy blaze the fearful *night-fire* wav'd :
 And to our eyes, as dazzling fancy deem'd,
 Pale in the church-yard path a shadowy shape,
 That swept athwart, disclos'd. With all these signs
 Of unconfenting fate, our ready bark
 345 Was launch'd---But, O my Father ! can I speak

74 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA : or,*

What yet remains ? yon ocean black with storm !
Its uselefs fails rent from the groaning pine !
The speechlefs crew aghaft ! and that loft *Fair* !
Still, ftill I fee her ! feel her heart pant thick !
250 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd ; as on my arm,
Expiring, finking with her fears ſhe hung !
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek : with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with fums of profer'd gold,
255 The boldeſt mariners, this pretious charge
Infant to ſave ; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her---That moment, from the deck,
260 A ſea ſwell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone : its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven !
My fatal love on her devoted head

Drew down---O fearful thought! the judgment due
 265 To me and mine : or was AMYNTOR fav'd
 For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 And years of death to come?---Nor farther voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 270 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
 To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp of day, tho from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
 275 Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam,
 From ocean's bosom, his light vapours drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale and plain and dazzling hill.
 280 AURELIUS, with his guest, the western cliff

Ascending flow, beneath it's cavern'd roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Rowl'd founding forth, and where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 285 Till cooler hours arise. The subject-*Isle*;
 Her village-capital, where health and peace
 Are tutelary gods ; her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 290 To field and mead ; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
 Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
 Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
 AURELIUS gaz'd ; and fighting thus began.

Not we alone ; alas ! in every clime,
 295 The human race are sons of sorrow born.
 Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
 Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,

All have their mournful portion ; all must bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
300 Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, AMYNTOR, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
From hence due east. AMYNTOR look'd and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
305 Where *thrice three Females*, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the foil prepar'd
For future harvest. *These* the trenchant spade,
To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. *Those*, with equal pace
310 And arm alternate, strew'd it's fresh lap white
With fruitful CERES : while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold !

Behold ! AURELIUS thus his speech renew'd,
 315 From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
 For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
 What yet necessity demands severe.
 Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
 With orient beams, as many nights along
 320 Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
 Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
 The HUSBANDS of those widow'd MATES who now
 For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
 Their *island-skiff* adventurous on the deep.
 325 Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
 The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
 As annual on from shore to shore they move
 In watry caravan ; them, thus intent,
 330 Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,

Upspringing

Upspringing, drove to sea : and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends !
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
335 The wreck, before surmis'd, to fight reveal'd
With fatal certainty; one general groan,
To heaven ascending, spoke the general breath
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Thro these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
340 At morn was heard : at midnight too were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze---till from yon *lesser Isle*,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, *Borera* nam'd---
345 Full north, behold ! beyond the soaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists---at last from yon wild hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,

And

And ruddy undulation, *thrice three* fires,
 350 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
 Our eyes, yet unbelieving saw distinct ;
 Successive kindled, and from night to night
 Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 Took her gay turn to reign ; and nature now
 355 From rapture wept : yet ever and anon
 By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
 How from yon rocky prison to release
 Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 360 Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
 The human heart : and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill and vigor not their own,
 On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

AMYNTOR

Line 363. The author who relates this story, adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. *Vide Martin's descript. of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 286.

AMYNTOR, who the tale distressful heard
365 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand,
That hoarse-remurmurs to the rising surge.
370 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
375 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam, that animates and cheers
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
380 Wav'd one unbounded blush : a scene to strike

82 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

Both ear and eye with wonder and delight !
But, lost to outward sense, *AMYNTOR* pass'd
Regardless on, thro other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect ; which pale *Fancy* rais'd
385 Incessant to her self, and fabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair !
Till northward, where the rock it's sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding it's point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
390 At distance saw, descending on the shore
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of *men unknown*
A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd him wondering : for at once they knelt
With hands upheld ; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
395 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps :
Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came

Pale and of piteous look, a pensive *Maid* ;
400 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound---Oh all ye powers !
AMYNTOR startling cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illusion ! no---it cannot be. My blood
405 Runs cold : my feet are rooted here--- and see !
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The *Spirits* who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover o'er, or walk it's isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
410 The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embody'd, featur'd it with all her charms---
And lo ! behold ! it's eyes are fix'd on mine
With gaze transported---Ha ! she faints, she falls---
415 He ran, he flew : his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight---O earth, and air, and sea!

84 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

'Tis she ! 'tis THEODORA ! Power divine,
 Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
 Omnipotent in mercy ! As he spoke,
 420 Adown his cheek, thro shivering joy and doubt,
 The tear, fast-falling, stream'd. My love ! my life !
 Soul of my wishes ! fav'd beyond all faith !
 Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
 Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
 425 The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
 My THEODORA, yet awake ; 'tis I,
 'Tis poor AMYNTOR calls thee ! At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 430 Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes ;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwain'd,
 And murmur'd out his name : then sunk again ;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, thro excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.

435 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

He, in this dread suspense, while busy round
The stream with cool aspersion on her face
440 These men officious cast, beheld amaz'd,
In them beheld, distrusting even his eyes,
His friends! the very band! th' adventurous few,
Who plac'd her in the skiff! whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep!—As o'er her cheek,
445 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon *Isle*, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These *Islanders*, *thrice three*, then prison'd there,
450 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock

86 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
It's prow directed safe---He heard no more :
The rest already known, his every sense,
455 His full-collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

 AMYNTOR! O my life's recover'd hope !
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
460 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?---O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart
465 Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

The breast they charm---AMYNTOR, O support
470 This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where it's force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
475 Now found, and broke in tender dew's away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er it's charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-Genius hovers: so the Youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
480 In silent fondness dwelt; while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
485 For further joy her soft impressive frame.

490 O happy ! tho as yet thou know'ft not half
 The blifs that waits thee ! but, thou gentleft mind,
 Whofe figh is pity, and whofe fmile is love,
 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breaft
 With that beft temperance, which from fond excefs,
 495 When rapture lifts to dangerous height it's powers,
 Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
 On wonder wait---safe refug'd in this *Iſle*,
 Thy god-like father lives ! and lo---but curb,
 Repreſs the tranſport that o'erheaves thy heart ;
 500 'Tis he---look yonder---he, whofe reverend ſteps
 The mountain's fide deſcend !---Abrupt from his
 Her hand ſhe drew ; and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the ſpace between. *He ſaw, he knew,*
 Aſtoniſh'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 505 His THEODORA ! To his arms he rais'd
 The loſt lov'd fair, and in his boſom preſs'd.

My father!--O my child!--at once they cry'd :
Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And nature from her inmost seat of sense
510 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile ;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

515 Nor theirs alone this blissful hour : the Joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran : and all th' exulting Isle
About the *new-arriv'd*, to hope long lost,
By miracle regain'd, was pour'd abroad.
520 In each plain bosom *love* and *nature* wept :
While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,

N

The

90 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

The choral hymn, in wildly-cadenc'd notes,
525 What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to heaven ; MONTANO, reverend *Seer,*
Whose eye prophetic far thro time's abyfs
Could shoot it's beam, and there the births of fate,
530 Yet immature and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see, a space abstracted stood :
His frame with shivery horror shook, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at the rising scene,
535 On fluid air, as in a mirror, seen,
And glowing radiant to his mental sight.

They fly ! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair *Albion's* heaven o'ercaft !
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
540 Her drooping plains : while dawning rosy round

A purer morning lights up all her skies !
He comes, behold ! the great deliverer comes !
Immortal WILLIAM, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
545 White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore !
See ! with spread wing *Britania's* GENIUS flies,
Before his prow ; commands the speeding gales
To waft him on ; and, o'er the Hero's head,
550 Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd !
And hark ! from either strand, with nations hid,
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim ! AURELIUS, man
555 By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred fun
Shalt live to hail ; shalt warm thee in his shine !
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race

From

From this *blest Pair* to spring; whom equal faith,
560 And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn:
Thro life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

T H E E N D.