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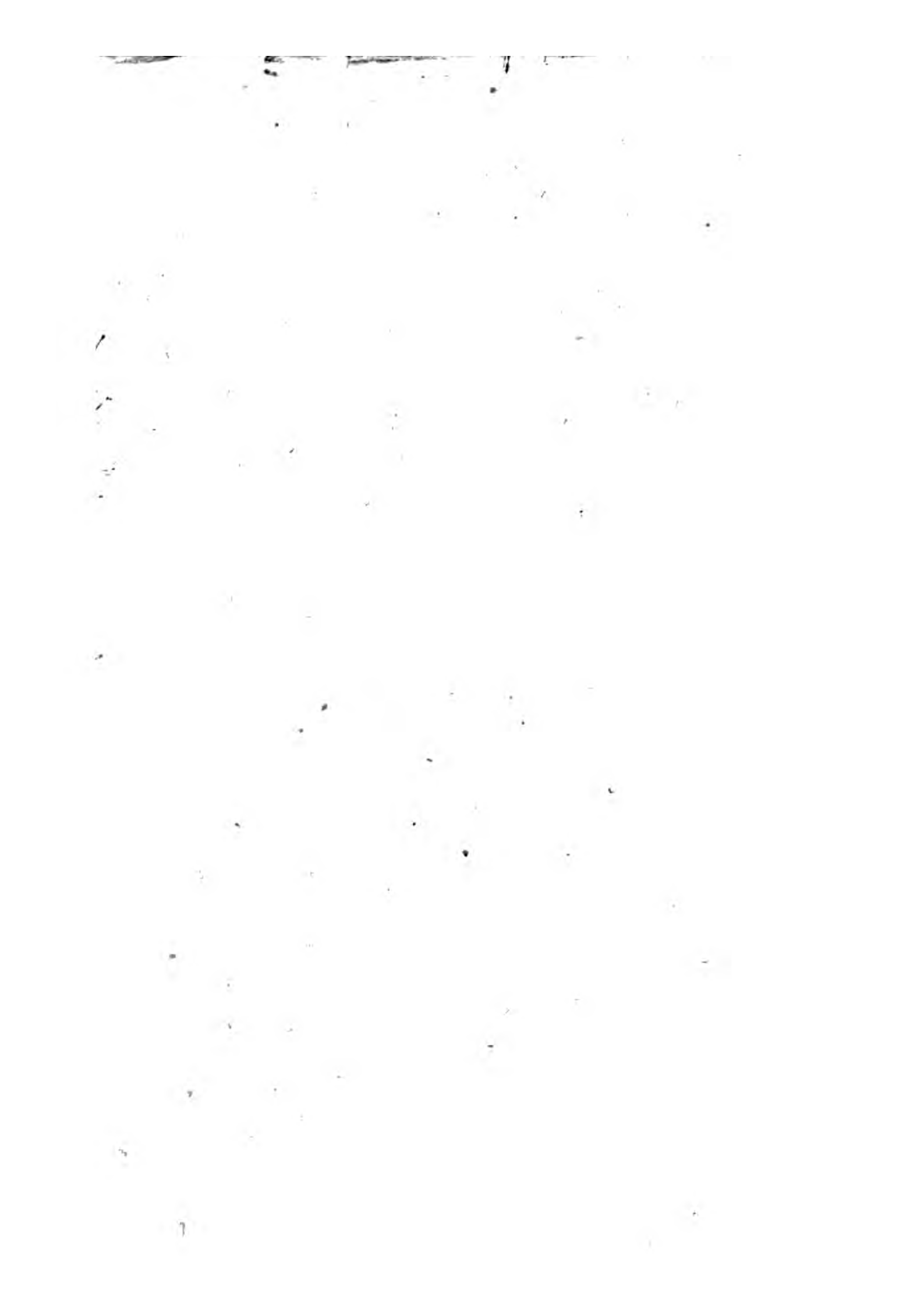
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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

By JAMES BEATTIE, A. M.

A NEW EDITION, Corrected.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-Street.

MDCCLXVI.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
J A M E S
EARL OF ERROLL,
LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF SCOTLAND;
THE FOLLOWING POEMS,
IN TESTIMONY
OF THE UTMOST ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,
ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED,
BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBLIGED
MOST OBEDIENT
AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT
J. BEATTIE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

A Considerable part of the following Collection, together with several Poems not inserted in this Edition, was published some years ago in a small Volume. The *Judgment of Paris*, and the *Verses occasioned by the report of a Monument*, &c. appeared in separate pamphlets in the beginning of the year 1765. The *Elegy* (page 84), the *Epistle to Mr. Blacklock*, and the *battle of the pygmies and cranes*, were never before printed.

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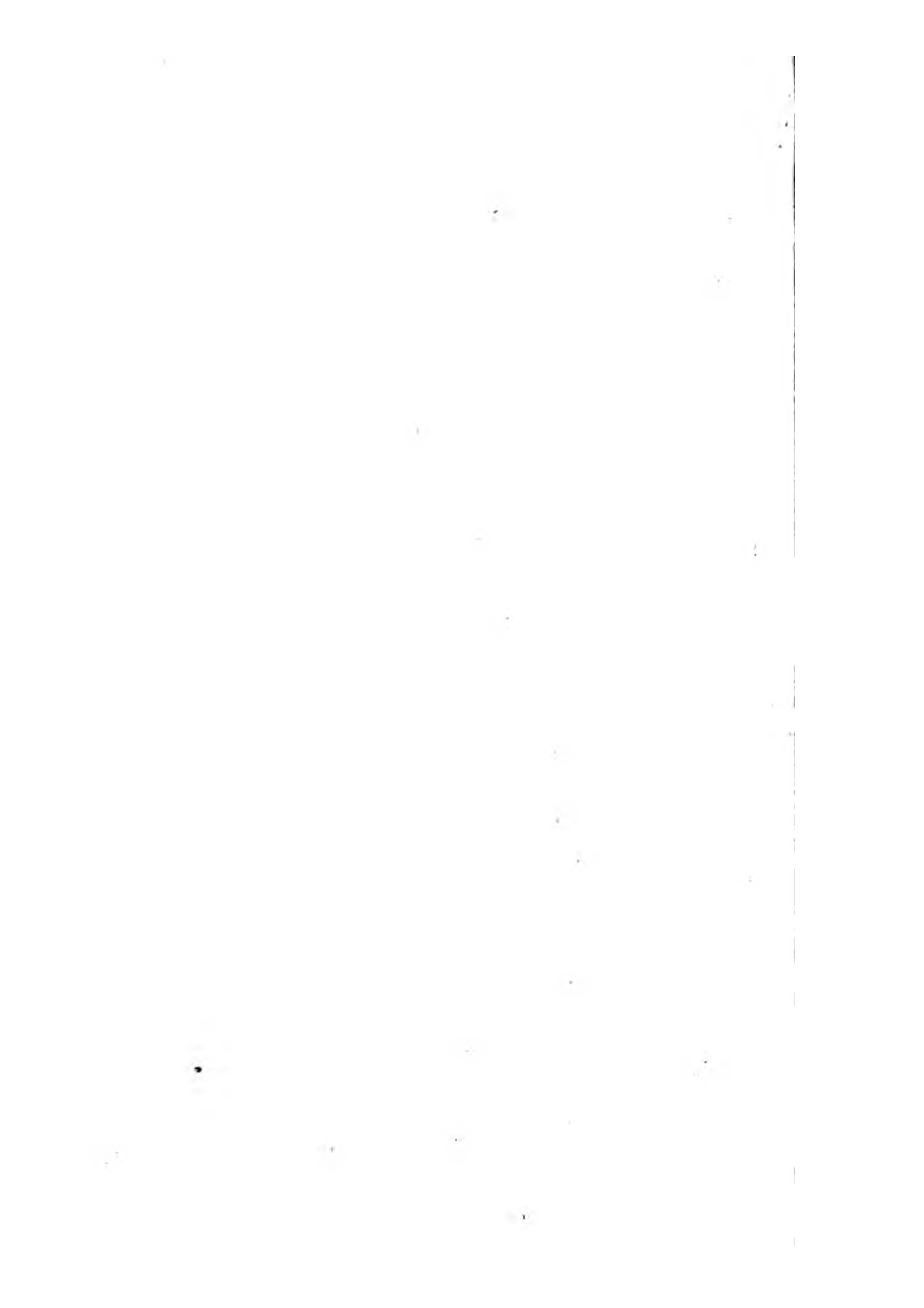


JUDGMENT of PARIS.

A P O E M.

ΑΜΑΧΟΝ ΔΕ ΚΡΥΨΑΙ ΤΟ ΣΥΓΓΕΝΕΣ ΗΘΟΣ.

PINDAR. Olymp. 13.



T H E
J U D G M E N T of P A R I S.

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
A scene for love and solitude design'd,
Where flowery woodbines wild by Nature wove
Form'd the lone bower, the Royal Swain reclin'd,

All up the craggy cliffs, that tower'd to heaven,
Green wav'd the murmuring pines on every side ;
Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
A dale slop'd gradual to the valley wide.

B

Echoed

Echoed the vale with many a chearful note ;
 The lowing of the herds resounding long,
 The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
 And social clamours of the festive throng.

For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
 Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
 The sun with ruddier verdure deckt the plain ;
 And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.

And many a band of ardent Youths were seen ;
 Some into rapture fir'd by Glory's charms,
 Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green,
 Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leisure gay,
 The darkening Forest's lonely gloom explore,
 Or by Scamander's flowery margin stray,
 Or the blue Hellespont's resounding shore.

But chief the eye to Ilion's glories turn'd,
 That gleam'd along th' extended champaign far,
 And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorn'd,
 Where Peace fate smiling at the frowns of War.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime,
 In pride luxurious blaz'd th' imperial dome ;
 Tower'd mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime ;
 And dread memorials mark'd the hero's tomb.

Who from the black and bloody cavern led
 The savage stern, and sooth'd his boisterous breast ;
 Who spoke, and Science rear'd her radiant head,
 And brighten'd o'er the long-benighted waste ;

Or, greatly daring in his Country's cause,
 Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan design'd,
 Whence Power stood trembling at the voice of Laws,
 Whence soar'd on Freedom's wing th' ethereal mind.

But not the pomp that Royalty displays,
 Not all th' imperial pride of lofty Troy,
 Nor Virtue's triumph of immortal praise
 Could rouse the languor of the lingering Boy.

Abandon'd all to soft Enone's charms,
 He to oblivion doom'd the listless day ;
 Inglorious lull'd in Love's dissolving arms,
 While flutes lascivious breath'd th' enfeebling lay.

To trim the ringlets of his scented hair ;
 To aim, insidious, Love's bewitching glance ;
 Or cull fresh garlands for the gaudy Fair,
 Or wanton loose in the voluptuous dance ;

These were his arts ; these won Enone's love,
 Nor fought his fetter'd soul a nobler aim.
 Ah why should Beauty's smile those arts approve,
 Which taint with infamy the Lover's flame !

Now

Now laid at large beside a murmuring spring,
 Melting he listen'd to the vernal song,
 And Echo listening wav'd her airy wing,
 While the deep winding dales the lays prolong.

When slowly floating down the azure skies
 A crimson cloud flash'd on his startled sight;
 Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumber'd dyes
 Lanch'd the long billowy trails of flickering light.

That instant, hush'd was all the vocal grove,
 Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
 And strains aerial, warbling far above,
 Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near and more near the swimming radiance roll'd;
 Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
 Sublime the groves of Ida blaze with gold,
 And all the heaven resounds with louder lyres.

The trumpet breathed a note ; and all in air
 The glories vanish'd from the dazzled eye ;
 And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
 Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they mov'd ;
 O'erarching high the clustering roses hung,
 And gales from heaven on balmy pinion rov'd,
 And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The FIRST with slow and stately step drew near,
 Fixt was her lofty eye, erect her mien ;
 Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
 She look'd and mov'd a Goddess and a Queen.

Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
 Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm ;
 And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd,
 Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.

Milder

Milder the NEXT came on with artless grace,
 And on a javelin's quivering length reclin'd;
 T' exalt her mien she bade no splendor blaze,
 Nor pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.

Serene though awful on her brow the light
 Of heavenly wisdom shone; nor rov'd her eyes,
 Save to the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
 Or the blue concave of th' involving skies.

Keen were her eyes to search the inmost soul;
 Yet virtue triumph'd in their beams benign,
 And impious Pride oft felt their dread controul,
 When in fierce lightning flash'd the wrath divine*.

With awe and wonder gaz'd th' adoring Swain;
 His kindling cheek great Virtue's power confess'd;
 But soon 'twas o'er, for Virtue prompts in vain,
 When Pleasure's influence numbs the nerveless breast.

* This is agreeable to the theology of Homer, who often represents Pallas as the executioner of divine vengeance.

And now advanc'd the QUEEN OF MELTING JOY,

Smiling supreme in unresisted charms.

Ah then, what transports fir'd the trembling Boy!

How throb'd his sickning frame with fierce alarms!

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,

And languish with unutterable love.

Heaven's warm bloom glows along each bright'ning limb,

Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, blushing as abash'd, she half withdrew;

One hand a bough of flowering myrtle wav'd,

One graceful spread, where, scarce conceal'd from view,

Soft through the parting robe her bosom heav'd.

“ Offspring of Jove supreme! belov'd of Heav'n!

“ Attend.” Thus spoke THE EMPRESS OF THE SKIES.

“ For know, to thee, high-fated Prince, 'tis given

“ Through the bright realms of fame sublime to rise,

“ Beyond

- “ Beyond man’s boldest hope ; if nor the wiles
 “ Of Pallas triumph o’er th’ ennobling thought ;
 “ Nor Pleasure lure with artificial smiles
 “ To quaff the poison of her luscious draught,

 “ When Juno’s charms the prize of beauty claim,
 “ Shall ought on earth, shall ought in heaven contend ?
 “ Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame,
 “ Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend ?

 “ Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
 “ Where echo sleeps mid cavern’d vales profound,
 “ The pride of Troy, Dominion’s darling child,
 “ Pines while the slow hour stalks its fullen round.

 “ Hear Thou, of Heav’n unconscious ! From the blaze
 “ Of glory, stream’d from Jove’s eternal throne,
 “ Thy soul, O Mortal, caught th’ inspiring rays
 “ That to a God exalt earth’s raptur’d son.

 “ Hence

“ Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion born,
“ That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul ;
“ The hero’s eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
“ Blasts the proud menace, and defies controul.

“ But, unimprov’d, Heav’n’s noblest boons are vain.
“ No fun with plenty crowns th’ uncultur’d vale ;
“ Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
“ Death rides the billows of the western gale.

“ Deep in yon mountain’s womb, where the dark cave
“ Howls to the torrent’s everlasting roar,
“ Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave ?
“ Or flames with steady ray th’ imperial ore ?

“ Toil deck’d with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
“ And wakes yon grove-embosom’d lawns to joy,
“ And rends the rough ore from the mountain’s side,
“ Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.

“ Fly

“ Fly these soft scenes. Even now, with playful art,
“ Love wreathes thy flowery ways with fatal snare.
“ And nurse th’ ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
“ That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

“ Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
“ Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assign’d,
“ From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
“ That quench Heav’n’s beam, and freeze the cheerless
“ mind.

“ Vain, then, th’ enlivening sound of Fame’s alarms,
“ For Hope’s exulting impulse prompts no more ;
“ Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure’s arms,
“ The throb of transport is for ever o’er.

“ Oh who shall then to Fancy’s darkening eyes
“ Recal th’ Elysian dreams of joy and light ?
“ Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
“ Snatch’d instantaneous down the gulph of night.
“ Thou,

“ Thou, who securely lull'd in youth's warm ray
“ Mark'st not the desolations wrought by Time,
“ Be rous'd, or perish. Ardent for its prey
“ Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.

“ And, midst the horrors shrin'd of midnight storm,
“ The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
“ Black with intolerable frowns her form,
“ Beckoning th' embattled whirlwinds into war.

“ Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempest
 whelms ;
“ Yet Glory braves unmov'd th' impetuous sweep.
“ Fly then, ere, hurl'd from life's delightful realms,
“ Thou sink t' Oblivion's dark and boundless deep.

“ Fly then, where Glory points the path sublime.
“ See her crown dazzling with eternal light !
“ 'Tis Juno prompts thy daring steps to climb,
“ And girds thy bounding heart with matchless might.
“ Warm

- “ Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
 “ Burst the soft chain that curbs th’ aspiring mind ;
 “ And fly, where Victory, born on wings of fire,
 “ Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.
- “ Ascend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
 “ Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high,
 “ Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
 “ And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.
- “ Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field
 “ I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide ;
 “ Fate scatters lightning from thy meteor-shield,
 “ And Ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.
- “ Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
 “ On prostrate Pride, and Grandeur’s spoils o’er-
 “ thrown,
 “ While all amaz’d even heroes shrink afar,
 “ And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.
- “ When

“ When glory crowns thy godlike toils, and all
“ The triumph’s lengthening pomp exalts thy soul,
“ When lowly at thy feet the mighty fall,
“ And tyrants tremble at thy stern controul ;

“ When conquering millions hail thy sovereign might,
“ And tribes unknown dread acclamation join ;
“ How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight !
“ For all the ecstasies of Heav’n are thine :

“ For thine the joys, that fear no length of days,
“ Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound.
“ Fame’s trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
“ Not bursting worlds her clarion’s blast confound.”

The Goddesses ceas’d, not dubious of the prize :
Elate she mark’d his wild and rolling eye,
Mark’d his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffus’d with crimson die.

But

But PALLAS now drew near. Sublime, serene

In conscious dignity, she view'd the Swain ;

Then, love and pity softening all her mien,

Thus breathed with accent mild the solemn strain.

“ Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,

“ The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous blind,

“ And snatch from Reason's ken th' auspicious ray

“ Truth darts from Heaven to guide th' exploring mind.

“ But Wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,

“ When Heaven's pure emanation beams confess'd ;

“ Rage, ecstasy, alike disclaim her power,

“ She wooes each gentler impulse of the breast.

“ Sincere th' unalter'd bliss her charms impart,

“ Sedate th' enlivening ardors they inspire ;

“ She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,

“ She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

“ Unwise,

“ Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,

“ All to the storm th’ unfetter’d fail devolve ;

“ Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,

“ Born headlong on by passion’s keen resolve.

“ While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,

“ Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,

“ Yet yet a moment check thy prone career,

“ And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy foul.

“ Explore thy heart, that rous’d by glory’s name

“ Pants all enraptur’d with the mighty charm——

“ And, does Ambition quench each milder flame ?

“ And is it conquest that alone can warm ?

“ T’ indulge fell Rapine’s desolating lust,

“ To drench the balmy lawn in steaming gore,

“ To spurn the hero’s cold and silent dust——

“ Are these thy joys ? nor throbs thy heart for more ?

“ Pleas’d

“ Pleas’d canst thou listen to the patriot’s groan,

“ And the wild wail of innocence forlorn ?

“ And hear th’ abandon’d maid’s last frantic moan,

“ Her love for ever from her bosom torn ?

“ Nor wilt thou shrink, when Virtue’s fainting breath

“ Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head ?

“ Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,

“ To glare distraction on thy midnight bed ?

“ Was it for this, though born to regal power,

“ Kind Heav’n to thee did nobler gifts consign,

“ Bade Fancy’s influence gild thy natal hour,

“ And bade Philanthropy’s applause be thine ?

“ Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,

“ And theirs the pride of pomp, and praise suborn’d,

“ Whose eye ne’er lighten’d at the smile of Joy,

“ Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne’er adorn’d ;

C

“ Whose

“ Whose soul, each finer sense instinctive quell’d,
“ The lyre’s mellifluous ravishment defies ;
“ Nor marks where Beauty roves the flowery field,
“ On Grandeur’s pinion sweeps th’ unbounded skies :

“ Hail to sweet Fancy’s unexpressive charm !
“ Hail to the pure delights of social love !
“ Hail, pleasures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
“ Nor rack th’ exulting frame, but gently move !

“ But Fancy sooths no more, if stern Remorse
“ With iron grasp the tortur’d bosom wring.
“ Ah then, even Fancy speeds the venom’s course,
“ Even Fancy points with rage the maddening sting.

“ Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
“ And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of hell ;
“ The beam of Beauty blasts ; dark heavens impend
“ Tottering ; and Music thrills with startling yell.

“ What

“ What then avails, that with exhaustless store
 “ Obsequious Luxury loads thy glittering shrine ;
 “ What then avails, that prostrate slaves adore,
 “ And Fame proclaims thee matchless and divine ?

“ What, tho’ bland flattery all her arts apply ?——
 “ Will these avail to calm th’ infuriate brain ?
 “ Or will the roaring surge, when heav’d on high,
 “ Headlong hang, hush’d to hear the piping swain ?

“ In health how fair, how ghastly in decay
 “ Man’s lofty form ! how heavenly fair the mind
 “ Sublimed by virtue’s sweet enlivening sway !
 “ But ah ! to guilt’s outrageous rule resign’d,

“ How hideous and forlorn ! when ruthless care
 “ With cankering tooth corrodes the seeds of life,
 “ And deaf with passion’s storms when pines despair,
 “ And howling furies rouse th’ eternal strife.

- “ O, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
 “ Pledges of Heav’n! be taught by wisdom’s lore ;
 “ With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
 “ And life’s wild ways with cautious fear explore.
- “ Straight be thy course ; nor tempt the maze that leads
 “ Where fell Remorse his shapeless strength conceals.
 “ And oft Ambition’s dizzy cliff he treads,
 “ And slumbers oft in Pleasure’s flow’ry vales.
- “ Nor linger unresolv’d ; Heav’n prompts the choice ;
 “ Save when presumption shuts the ear of Pride :
 “ With grateful awe attend to Nature’s voice,
 “ The voice of Nature Heav’n ordain’d thy guide.
- “ Warn’d by her voice, the arduous path pursue,
 “ That leads to Virtue’s fane a hardy band.
 “ What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
 “ Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land ?
 “ What,

“ What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way ?

“ Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine,

“ And pure aerial gales of gladness play,

“ Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

“ Go, Prince, be virtuous, and be blest. The throne

“ Rears not its state to swell the couch of lust ;

“ Nor dignify Corruption’s daring son,

“ T’ o’erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust :

“ But yield an ampler scene to Bounty’s eye,

“ An ampler range to Mercy’s ear expand ;

“ And, midst admiring nations, set on high

“ Virtue’s fair model framed by Wisdom’s hand.

“ Go then ; the moan of woe demands thine aid ;

“ Pride’s licens’d outrage claims thy slumbering ire ;

“ Pale Genius roams the bleak neglected shade,

“ And battenng Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

“ Even Nature pines by vilest chains oppress’d ;

“ Th’ astonish’d kingdoms crouch to Fashion’s nod.

“ O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast,

“ Truth, Freedom, Love, O where is your abode ?

“ O yet once more shall Peace from Heaven return,

“ And young Simplicity with mortals dwell !

“ Nor Innocence th’ august pavilion scorn,

“ Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell !

“ Wilt thou, my Prince, the beauteous train implore

“ Midst earth’s forsaken scenes once more to bide ?

“ Then shall the Shepherd sing in every bower,

“ And Love with garlands wreath the domes of Pride.

“ The bright tear starting in th’ impassion’d eyes

“ Of silent Gratitude ; the smiling gaze

“ Of Gratulation, faltering while he tries

“ With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise ;

“ Th’

“ Th’ ethereal glow that stimulates thy frame,
 “ When all th’ according powers harmonious move,
 “ And wake to energy each social aim,
 “ Attuned spontaneous to the will of Jove ;

“ Be these, O Man, the triumphs of thy soul ;
 “ And all the Conqueror’s dazzling glories flight,
 “ That, meteor-like, o’er trembling nations roll,
 “ To sink at once in deep and dreadful night.

“ Like thine, yon orb’s stupendous glories burn
 “ With genial beam ; nor, at th’ approach of even,
 “ In shades of horror leave the world to mourn,
 “ But gild with lingering light th’ empurpled Heaven.”

Thus while SHE spoke, her eye sedately meek

Look’d the pure fervor of maternal love.

No rival zeal intemperate flush’d her cheek. —

Can Beauty’s boast the soul of Wisdom move ?

Worth's noble pride, can Envy's leer appal,
 Or staring Folly's vain applauses soothe ?
 Can jealous fear Truth's dauntless heart enthrall ?
 Suspicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the SHEPHERD rais'd his pensive head :
 Yet unresolv'd and fearful roved his eyes
 Scar'd at the glances of the AWFUL MAID ;
 For young unpractis'd Guilt distrusts the guise

Of shameless arrogance. His wav'ring breast,
 Though warm'd by Wisdom, own'd no constant fire ;
 While lawless Fancy roam'd afar, unblest
 Save in th' oblivious lap of soft desire.

When thus the QUEEN of soul-dissolving smiles.

“ Let gentler fates my darling Prince attend.
 “ Joyless and cruel are the warrior's spoils,
 “ Dreary the path stern Virtue's fons ascend.

“ Of

“ Of human joy full short is the career,
“ And the dread verge still gains upon your fight ;
“ While idly gazing, far beyond your sphere,
“ Ye scan the dream of unapproach'd delight :

“ Till every sprightly hour, and blooming scene,
“ Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
“ And clouds of tempest mount the blue serene,
“ And storm and ruin close the troublous day.

“ Thou still exult to hail the present joy,
“ Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil ;
“ No froward vain desire thy blifs annoy,
“ No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.

“ Ah ! why should man pursue the charms of Fame,
“ For ever luring, yet for ever coy ?
“ Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
“ That melts elusive from the wondering boy !

“ What

- “ What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
“ If hung loose-tottering o'er th' unfathom'd tomb ?
- “ What though her mighty clarion rear'd sublime
“ Display th' imperial wreath, and glittering plume ?
- “ Can glittering plume, or can th' imperial wreath
“ Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave ?
- “ What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
“ T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave ?
- “ That night draws on ; nor will the vacant hour
“ Of expectation linger as it flies ;
- “ Nor fate one moment unenjoy'd restore :
“ Each moment's flight how precious to the wife !
- “ O shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
“ That haunt with zealous turbulence the great.
- “ There coward Office boasts th' unpunish'd wrong,
“ And sneaks secure in insolence of state :

- “ O'er fancy'd injury Suspicion pines,
“ And in grim silence gnaws the festering wound ;
“ Deceit the rage-embitter'd smile refines,
“ And Censure spreads the viperous hiss around.
- “ Hope not, fond Prince, tho' wisdom guard thy throne,
“ Tho' truth and bounty prompt each generous aim,
“ Tho' thine the palm of peace, the Victor's crown,
“ The Muse's rapture, and the Patriot's flame ;
- “ Hope not, tho' all that captivates the wise,
“ All that endears the good exalt thy praise ;
“ Hope not to taste repose ; for Envy's eyes
“ At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.
- “ Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
“ Can ought of virtue truth or beauty charm ?
“ Can soft compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
“ Repentance melt, or gratitude disarm ?
- “ Ah

“ Ah no. Where Winter Scythia’s waste enchains,
 “ And monstrous shapes roar to the ruthless storm,
 “ Not Phœbus’ smile can cheer the dreadful plains,
 “ Or foil accurs’d with balmy life inform.

“ Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
 “ When mourns Benevolence his baffled scheme ;
 “ When Insult mocks the clemency of Pow’r,
 “ And loud Dissention’s livid firebrands gleam ;

“ When squint-ey’d Slander plies th’ unhallow’d tongue,
 “ From poison’d maw when Treason weaves his line,
 “ And muse apostate (infamy to song !)
 “ Grovels, low-muttering, at Sediton’s shrine.

“ Let not my Prince forego the peaceful shade,
 “ The whispering grove, the fountain and the plain.
 “ Power, with th’ oppressive weight of pomp array’d,
 “ Pants for simplicity and ease in vain.

“ The

“ The yell of frantic Mirth may stun his ear,
“ But frantic Mirth soon leaves the heart forlorn ;
“ And PLEASURE flies that high tempestuous sphere,
“ Far different scenes her lucid paths adorn.

“ She loves to wander on th’ untrodden lawn,
“ Or the green bosom of reclining hill,
“ Sooth’d by the careless warbler of the dawn,
“ Or the lone plaint of ever murmuring rill.

“ Or from the mountain-glade’s aerial brow,
“ While to her song a thousand echos call,
“ Marks the wild woodland wave remote below,
“ Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

“ Her influence oft the festive hamlet proves,
“ Where the high carol cheers th’ exulting ring ;
“ And oft she roams the maze of wildering groves,
“ Listening th’ unnumber’d melodies of Spring.

“ Or

- “ Or to the long and lonely shore retires ;
 “ What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
 “ Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
 “ Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.
- “ Then, to the balmy bower of rapture born,
 “ While strings self-warbling breathe elysian rest,
 “ Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
 “ Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.
- “ The frolic moments, purple-pinion'd, dance
 “ Around, and scatter roses as they play ;
 “ And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
 “ Where, with her lov'd compeers, she deigns to stray ;
- “ Mild Solitude, in veil of ruffet die,
 “ Her sylvan spear with mofs-grown ivy bound ;
 “ And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
 “ And zoneless robe that trails along the ground ;
 “ But

“ But chiefly Love——O thou, whose gentle mind
 “ Each soft indulgence nature fram’d to share,
 “ Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resign’d,
 “ O haste to Pleasure’s bower, for Love is there.

“ Love, the desire of Gods! the feast of Heaven!
 “ Yet to Earth’s favour’d offspring not denied!
 “ Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
 “ Enslave to Fame, or sacrifice to Pride.

“ Nor I from Virtue’s call decoy thine ear;
 “ Friendly to Pleasure are her sacred laws.
 “ Let Temperance’ smile the cup of gladness cheer,
 “ That cup is death, if he withhold applause.

“ Far from thy haunt be Envy’s baneful sway,
 “ And Hate, that works the harass’d soul to form.
 “ But woo Content to breathe her soothing lay,
 “ And charm from Fancy’s view each angry form.

“ No

“ No savage joy th’ harmonious hours profane !

“ Whom Love refines can barbarous tumult please ?

“ Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan reign ?

“ Shall Leisure wanton in the spoils of Peace ?

“ Free let the feathery race indulge the song,

“ Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love ;

“ Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,

“ And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

“ To joy in Nature’s universal smile,

“ Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere ;

“ But why should Virtue doom thy years to toil ?

“ Ah, why should Virtue’s law be deem’d severe ?

“ What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays ?

“ What, Sympathy, thy still returning pang ?

“ And why his generous arm should Justice raise,

“ To dare the vengeance of a tyrant’s phang ?

“ From

“ From thankless spite no bounty can secure;
 “ Or froward wish of discontent fulfil,
 “ That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
 “ But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

“ To check th’ impetuous all-involving tide
 “ Of human woes, how impotent thy strife !
 “ High o’er thy mounds devouring furies ride,
 “ Nor reck thy baffled toils, or lavish’d life.

“ The bower of bliss, the smile of love be thine,
 “ Unlabour’d ease, and leisure’s careless dream.
 “ Such be their joys, who bend at VENUS’ shrine,
 “ And own her charms beyond compare supreme.”

Warm’d as She spoke, all panting with delight,
 Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom;
 And Cupids flutter’d round in circlets bright,
 And Flora pour’d from all her stores perfume.

D

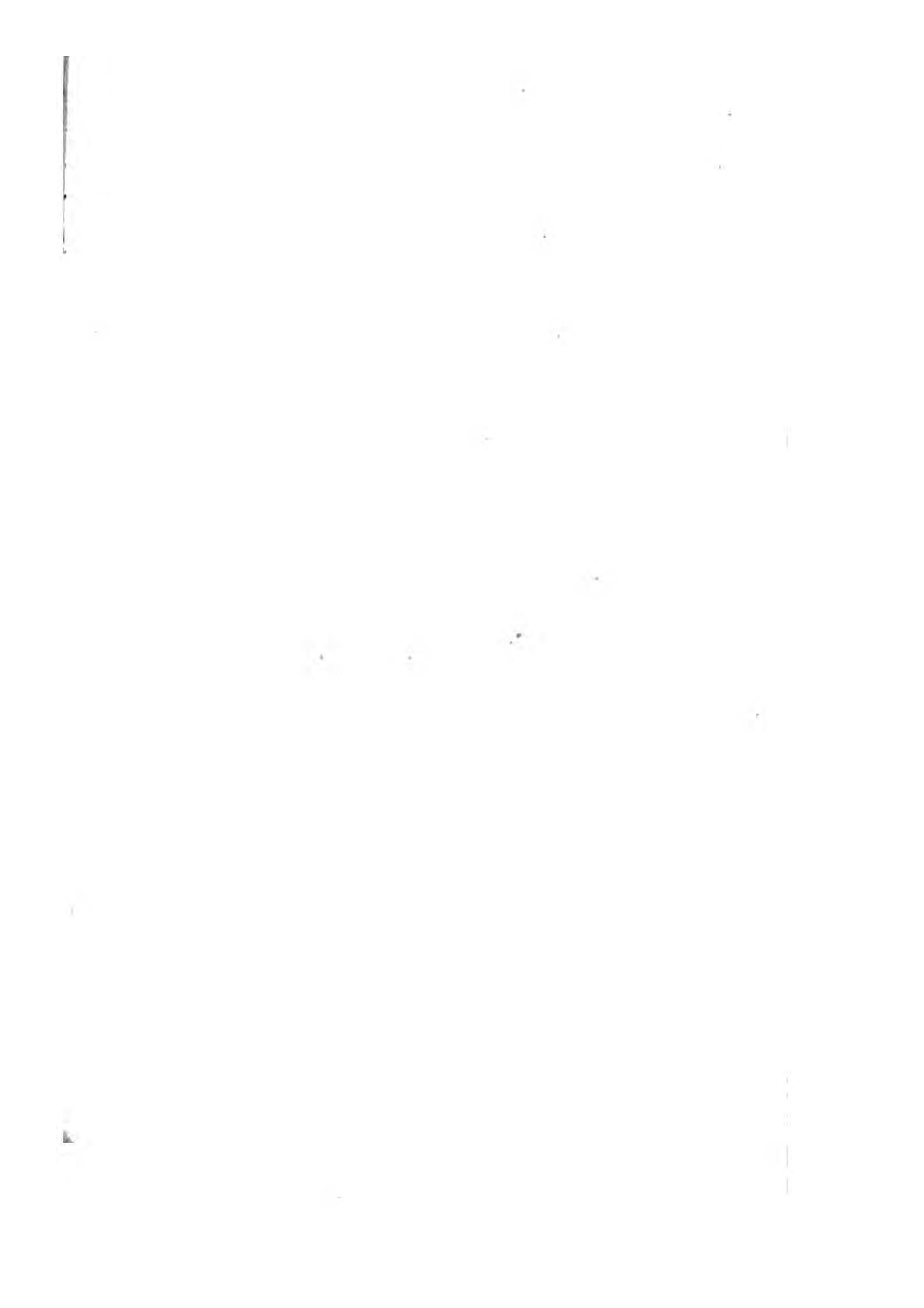
“ Thine

“Thine be the prize,” exclaim’d th’ enraptur’d Youth,
“Queen of unrival’d charms, and matchless joy.”—
O blind to fate, felicity, and truth!——
But such are they, whom Pleasure’s snares decoy.

The sun was sunk; the vision was no more.
Night downward rush’d tempestuous, at the frown
Of Jove’s awaken’d wrath; deep thunders roar,
The forests howl afar, and mountains groan.

And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain;
With horror’s scream the Ilian towers resound,
Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground.

O D E S.



O D E T O P E A C E.

Written in the Year MDCCLVIII.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-descended Maid! whose powerful
voice

From antient darknes call'd the morn;
And hush'd of jarring elements the noise.
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far far was hurl'd the void abyfs along;
And all the bright Angelic choir,
Striking through all their ranks th' eternal lyre,
Pour'd in loud fymphony th' impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet fung;
And wide, through Night's dark folitary reign
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian Age!
 Roll round again, majestic years!
 To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
 Ye years, again roll round!
 Hark! from afar what desolating found,
 While echoes load the sighing gales,
 With dire presage the throbbing heart assails!
 Murder, deep-rou'd, with all the whirlwind's haste,
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings,

I. 3.

The shouts redoubling rise
 In thunder to the skies.
 The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
 Sweet Powers of solitude and song,

Stun'd

Stun'd with the horrors of discordant sound;
And all is listning trembling round.

Torrents, far heard amid the waste of night
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are filent at the noise.

The mighty Ocean's more majestic voice
Drown'd in superior din is heard no more;
The furge in filence seems to sweep the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air
Seen on yon sky-mixt mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Driven in confusion to the plain below,
War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame.
Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies flies
The furgin' smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.

The chearful face of heaven no more is seen,
 The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,
 The bat flits tranfient o'er the dusky green,
 And night's foul birds along the fullen twilight fail.

II. 2.

Involved in fire-freak'd gloom the car comes on,
 The rushing steeds grim Terror guides.
 His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,
 Aloft the angry Power of battles rides.
 Grasp'd in his mighty hand
 A mace tremendous desolates the land;
 The tower rolls headlong down the steep,
 The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep.
 Chill horror the diffolving limbs invades,
 Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
 A deeper gloom invests the howling shades,
 Strip'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

How

II. 3.

How startled Phrensy stares,
 Bristling her ragged hairs!
 Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
 See, with her griping vulture-claws
 Imprinted deep, she rends the mangled wound!
 Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round.
 The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms
 Re-echo to the hoarse alarms
 Her trump terrific blows.
 Disparting from behind the clouds disclose
 Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
 That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within as foul
 As fiends of fiercest heart below,
 Who ride the hurricanes of fire, that roll
 Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,

Yon

Yon naked waste survey ;
 Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;
 Where late the rosy-bosom'd hours
 In loose array danc'd lightly o'er the flow'rs ;
 Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
 And, waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of chearful Labour fill'd the dale ;
 And dove-eyed Plenty smil'd, and waved her liberal horn.

III. 2.

Yon ruins, fable from the wasting flame,
 But mark the once resplendent dome ;
 The frequent corse obstructs the fullen stream,
 And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all !
 Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Anguish yells, and grinds his bloody teeth——

Though

Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
 To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
 Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
 I see I see the Years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes!
 Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings.
 All blooming on the lawn the Nymphs advance,
 And touch the lute, and range the dance:
 And the blithe shepherds, on the mountain's side,
 Array'd in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note,
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
 But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light;
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

Illusions

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred PEACE reside
 Where fordid gold the breast alarms,
 Where Cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
 And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms?
 Ambition, these are thine!
 These from the soul erase the form divine;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the' relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And hatred triumphs on th' o'erwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
 Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the shrieks of
 woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once belov'd retreat,
 What regions brighten in thy smile,
 Creative PEACE, and underneath thy feet
 Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?

In

In bleak Siberia blows
 Waked by thy genial breath the balmy rose?
 Wav'd over by thy magic wand
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primæval shades;
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And led by Reason's light the path of Nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep*,
 Far leaning o'er the deep,
 The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
 Her robe of Nature's varied green

* This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. Those ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the Gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

Waved on the gale; grief dim'd her radiant eyes,
Her bosom heav'd with boding sighs.
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war,
Blaz'd the Iberian steamer from afar.
She saw; and, on refulgent pinions born,
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the
morn.

R E T I R E M E N T,

A N O D E.

SHOCK from the purple wings of Even
When dews impearl the grove,
And from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the sweet star of Love ;
Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive stream,
A meek-ey'd YOUTH of serious mien
Indulged this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale !
Ye groves, along whose windings wild,
Soft sighs the faddening gale ;

Where

Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
 By wilder'd Fancy sway'd,
 What time the wan moon's yellow rays
 Gleam through the chequer'd shade!

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms
 To your retreats I fly.

Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me my woes resign,
 Where Solitude, mild modest Power,
 Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo Thee, matchless Fair!
 Thy heavenly smile how win!
 Thy smile, that smooths the brow of care,
 And stills each storm within!

O wilt Thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent Votary bring,
 And blefs his hours, and bid them move
 Serene on filent wing.

Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When soft on Leifure's lap reclin'd
 He carol'd sprightly lays.
 Blest days! when Fancy smiled at care,
 When Pleasure toy'd with truth,
 Nor Envy with malignant glare
 Had harm'd his fimple youth.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
 His early vows were paid,
 From heart sincere and warm and free,
 Devoted to the shade.

Ah! why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take thy Wanderer home.

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!
The long-abandon'd hill;
The hollow cliff, whose waving pine
O'erhangs the darksome rill;
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To shades of deep repose.

O while to Thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And fragrant from the waste of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;

Let

Let no rude sound invade from far,

No vagrant foot be nigh,

No ray from Grandeur's gilded car

Flash on the startled eye.

Yet if some Pilgrim mid the glade

Thy hallow'd bowers explore,

O guard from harm his hoary head,

And listen to his lore.

For he of joys divine shall tell,

That wean from earthly woe,

And triumph o'er the mighty spell

That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites

Ambition loves to tread ;

No more I climb those toilsome heights,

By guileful hope misled :

Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain.
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

O D E
T O H O P E.

L. 1.

O THOU, that glad'st the pensive breast!
 More than Aurora's smile the pilgrim lorn
 Left all night long to mourn
 Amidst the horrors of the dreary waste;
 Where savage howls, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-ey'd visage glares around.
 Hail Goddess! friend of human race!
 Hail! for thou oft thy Suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 His doubting soul to peace.

E 3

Smit

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The fable bands, combin'd
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troublous sky,
 Appal'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares th' obliquely glaring eyeball raise ;
 Despair, with gorgon-figur'd veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Plegethon's detested maze :
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With haste unwonted, Indolence upsprings,
 And heaving lifts her leaden wings,
 And fullen glides away :

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve. Above the sparkling flood
 When Phebus rears his awful brow ;
 From lengthening lawn, and valley low,

The

The troops of fen-born mists retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous Swain
 Eyes the green villages again,
 And gold-illumin'd spire.
 While on the billowy ether born
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on filken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink or hoary hall,
 Or westward with impetuous flight
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
 Life's varied landscape stretch'd immense around
 Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.

Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues :
 The path that leads, where, high uphung,
 Seen from afar, youth's gallant trophies, gay
 In Fancy's vivid rainbow ray,
 Allure the blooming throng.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
 Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard :
 While melting airs are heard,
 And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play ;
 Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
 Prattling amusive in his accent meek ;
 And Modesty, half turning as afraid,
 The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek :

Con-

Contentment chaunts the gentle strain ;
 While circled with an orb of wavy light
 Fair Innocence with fearless flight,
 Leads on the jocund train.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 Though Peace soft gliding down the sky
 Bring Love along and Harmony,
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms ;
 Then, all around,
 The thunder's found
 Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
 And down rush all the storms.

Ye

Ye days, that choicest influence shed,
 When sweet Childhood ever sprightly
 O'er flowery regions sported lightly,
 Whither, ah whither are ye fled ?
 Ye Cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 O leave him not midst tumult and dismay ;
 For now Youth's eminence he gains,
 But what a weary length of lingering woe remains ?

III. I.

They shrink, they vanish into air——
 No Slander taints with pestilence the gale ;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The plaint of Woe, and yell of grim Despair.
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance ;
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
 Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance :

Behold,

Behold, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his flinty hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Oh who shall guard bewilder'd Youth
 Save from the fierce assaults of hostile rage ?
 Such wars can Virtue wage,
 Virtue that bears the sacred shield of truth ?
 Ah no. On Infamy's victorious spear
 Fair Virtue's spoils are oft in triumph born ;
 While, by Adversity's decree severe,
 Unwept, unheard the Captive wails forlorn,
 Defac'd with many a cruel scar.
 Ill-fated Youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
 No friend no shelter now is nigh,
 And onward rolls the war.

But

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
 Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
 HOPE bursts all radiant on the fight :
 Her words the troubled bosom soothe.
 " Why thus dismay'd ?
 " Though foes invade,
 " HOPE ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 " Who tread the path of truth.
 " 'Tis I, who smoothe the rugged way ;
 " I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 " And with glad visions of tomorrow
 " Repair the weary soul's decay.
 " When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
 " Dreams of Heaven's opening glories I impart,
 " Till the free'd spirit springs on high,
 " In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

T H E

TRIUMPH of MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's die ?
Is there in all thy stores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye ?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on flutt'ring wing.

How blest the Youth in yonder valley laid !
What smiles in every conscious feature play !
While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail

Hail Innocence! whose bosom all serene

Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll.

Oh ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!

Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul!

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,

Yonder She comes! the heart-enflaming fiend!

(Will no kind Power the helpless stripling shield!)

Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend!

O smile accurst to hide the worst designs!

Now with blithe eye she woos him to be blest;

While round her arm unseen a serpent twines——

And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eyeball swims

Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare;

Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,

And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime !

And does thy spring no happier prospect yield !
 Why should the sunbeam paint thy glittering clime,
 When the keen mildew desolates the field !

How Memory pains ! Let some gay theme beguile
 The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight.
 Ye images of woe, no more recoil ;
 Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar ;
 How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
 To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise ;
 Nor pleasure's paths to wilds of woe decoy,
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode

With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;

Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,

While Iosef-rob'd Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose ;

The storm these humble walls assails in vain.

The shrub is shelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,

While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! Thine, Winter, be the skies ;

And tofs th' infuriate furge, and vales lay waste.

Nature thy temporary rage defies ;

To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald car see Spring appear !

(As Fancy wills, the landscape starts to view.)

Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,

Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering feen,

And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd Power extends !

And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,

And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven descends !

Haste, happy Days, and make All Nature glad——

But will All Nature joy at your return ?

O can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,

Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart

Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?

To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,

Will all your stores of softening balm avail ?

When stern Oppression, in his harpy-fangs,

From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,

Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,

Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears ?

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.

Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
 Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
 Bursting the ties of Lovers and of Friends ?

But hope not, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
 With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
 Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
 When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
 Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight.
 Thy haunts, alas, no gleams of joy supply,
 Or transient gleams that flash and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego.
 Spread then, Historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll ;
 Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,
 And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptur'd gaze !

Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep !
 Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,
 There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
 Th' embattled legions stretch their long array.
 Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
 With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
 Keen are their looks, whom Liberty inspires.
 Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,
 Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! In her lofty mien
 The smiles of love stern wisdom's frown controul ;
 Her fearless eye, determin'd though serene,
 Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven ;
Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die——
Ah Liberty, will none thy cause befriend !
Are those thy sons, thy generous sons that fly !

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart ;
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When fetters in the soul misfortune's dart.

See,

See, where by terror and despair dismay'd
 The scattering legions pour along the plain !
 Ambition's car in bloody spoils array'd
 Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is He, that, by yon lonely brook, *
 With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
 Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
 Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood ?

Ah BRUTUS! ever thine be Virtue's tear !
 Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
 As scarce supported on her broken spear
 O'er her expiring Son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
 From her dishevel'd locks she rends the plume ;
 No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
 And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

* Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
 Fame's loudest trumpet labours with thy name ;
 For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
 And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
 The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
 Sink Virtue's sons beneath misfortune's frown,
 While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile :

Full oft where solitude and silence dwell
 Far far remote amid the lowly plain,
 Resounds the voice of woe from virtue's cell.
 Such is man's doom ; and pity weeps in vain.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove,
 Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand !
 Tir'd I submit ; but yet, O yet remove,
 Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

Yet

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
 Find in society relief from woe;
 O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul;
 Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come then, PHILANDER, whose exalted mind
 Looks down from far on all that charms the Great.
 For thou canst bear, unshaken, and resign'd,
 The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of fate :

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
 Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys;
 Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
 And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye
 And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;
 Who, unenslav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,
 With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy DELIA, sweetly-smiling fair,
 Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform ;
 Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
 And harmonize the thunder of the storm.

Though blest with wisdom and with wit refin'd,
 She courts no homage, nor desires to shine ;
 In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
 To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear ;
 Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ.
 O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
 On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
 Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
 Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
 With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
 Or soothe the sad INEVITABLE HOUR,
 Or cheer the dark dark mansions of the Dead ?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
 That call'd ELIZA to the silent tomb.
 With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year !
 How shone the Nymph in beauty's brightest bloom !

Ah ! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
 Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace.
 Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,
 The long liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust
 To dumb Oblivion's ever desert shade.

Fancy

Fancy from joy still wanders far astray.

Ah Melancholy, how I feel thy pow'r!

Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway—

But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste

Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,

Wilder'd and weary fits him down at last;

For long the night, and distant far his home.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y

Occasioned by

The DEATH of a LADY.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless Hope his towering fabrick raise!
Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
And, from the bowers of fairy beauty torn,
The startled soul awakes to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance;

Who

Who flowery scenes in endless view survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day !
 O, yet while fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow ;
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill :
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
 Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
 Pour your wild ravings in night's frightened ear,
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise ! Beauteous ! Good !—O every grace combin'd,
 That charms the eye, that captivates the mind !
 Fair, as the flowret opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !

Mild,

Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day
 Warbling remote, along the vales decay! —
 Yet, why with those compar'd? What tints so fine,
 What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
 Why roam abroad? Since still, to Fancy's eyes,
 I see I see thy lovely form arise!
 Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
 Still let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart;
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
 Each look, each accent, while it awes, invites,
 And Age with every youthful grace delights.
 But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resistless on the view the glory streams,
 Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.

Ah whither fled !—ye dear illusions stay !—
 Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay !
 How are the roses on that lip decay'd,
 Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd !

Health

Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd ;
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.
 Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that foothed Woe's weary head !
 All quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !
 All mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!—
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower !
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !—
 But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting heart !
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.

Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain ?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storm perpetual tost,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away
 The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay.

But

But ah! afresh the fwimming eye o'erflows——
Nor check the tear that streams for human woes——
Lo, o'er her duft, in fpeechlefs anguish, bend
The hopelefs Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!——
How vain the hope of man!—But ceafe thy ftain,
Nor forrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, o'er her bier
In filence fhed the fymphathetic tear.

E L E G Y.

EXULTS the fluttering heart, O Mortal-born,
If Fame pronounce thee beautiful and wife,
If pompous blazonry thy name adorn!—

Approach, with trembling awe, where ***** lies;

And pause ; and know thy boasted honours vain.

Vain all the gifts that fortune can bestow.

Late shone around HER all the gorgeous train,

But shine not round the mouldering dust below.

Gaz'd at from far by Envy's lifted eye

What then avails to deck th' exalted scene,

If there the blasting storms of anguish fly,

If Frailty there displays her withering mien ?

But

But Virtue (sacred plant!) no soil disdains;
 The plant that Frailty's fiercest frown defies.
 Retir'd it blooms amid the lowly plains;
 Or decks the mountain's brow that mates the skies,

And there conspicuous forms the Pilgrim's bower,
 When Sorrow darts direct the feverish ray;
 And forms his shelter from the tempest's power
 In stern Oppression's defolating day.

This, Grandeur, be thy praise; 'tis more than fame.
 This praise was Hers; yet not to this confin'd,
 Hers was th' indulgent soul untaught to blame,
 Hers all the graces of the mildest mind.

Slight is your wound, who mourn a Guardian lost,
 Though grief's sharp sting now prompt the pious sigh;
 He lives, the friend of man, the muse's boast,
 And Bounty's hand shall wipe your streaming eye.

But ah ! what balm shall heal His bleeding heart,
 Who for the Friend, and for the Lover mourns !
 Of all the joys that friendship can impart,
 When love's divinest flame united burns,

Possess'd so late ! but now possess'd no more !—
 Thus triumphs fate o'er all that charms below ;
 Thus curbs the storm till joy's meridian hour,
 To wrap the smiling scene in darker woe.

Sole object of a Mother's tender care,
 Could ought of song avail to ease thy pain ;
 Or charm a Parent's, Sister's, Friend's despair ;
 Fain would the Muse attempt some soothing strain.

But what can soothe, when Hope denies her aid !
 Far in the silent depth of yonder gloom,
 Where the weak lamp wan wavers o'er the *Dead*,
 She hides in sable dust her sparkling plume.

T' en-

T' enrage their smart, Remembrance wakes severe,
 And bids the vanish'd years again to roll ;
 Again they seem that soothing voice to hear,
 Again those looks shoot transport to the soul.

The vision flies, and leaves the mind to mourn,
 Saddening each scene that pleas'd while SHE was by ;
 For ah ! those vanish'd years no more return ;
 Mute the soft voice, and clos'd the gentle eye.

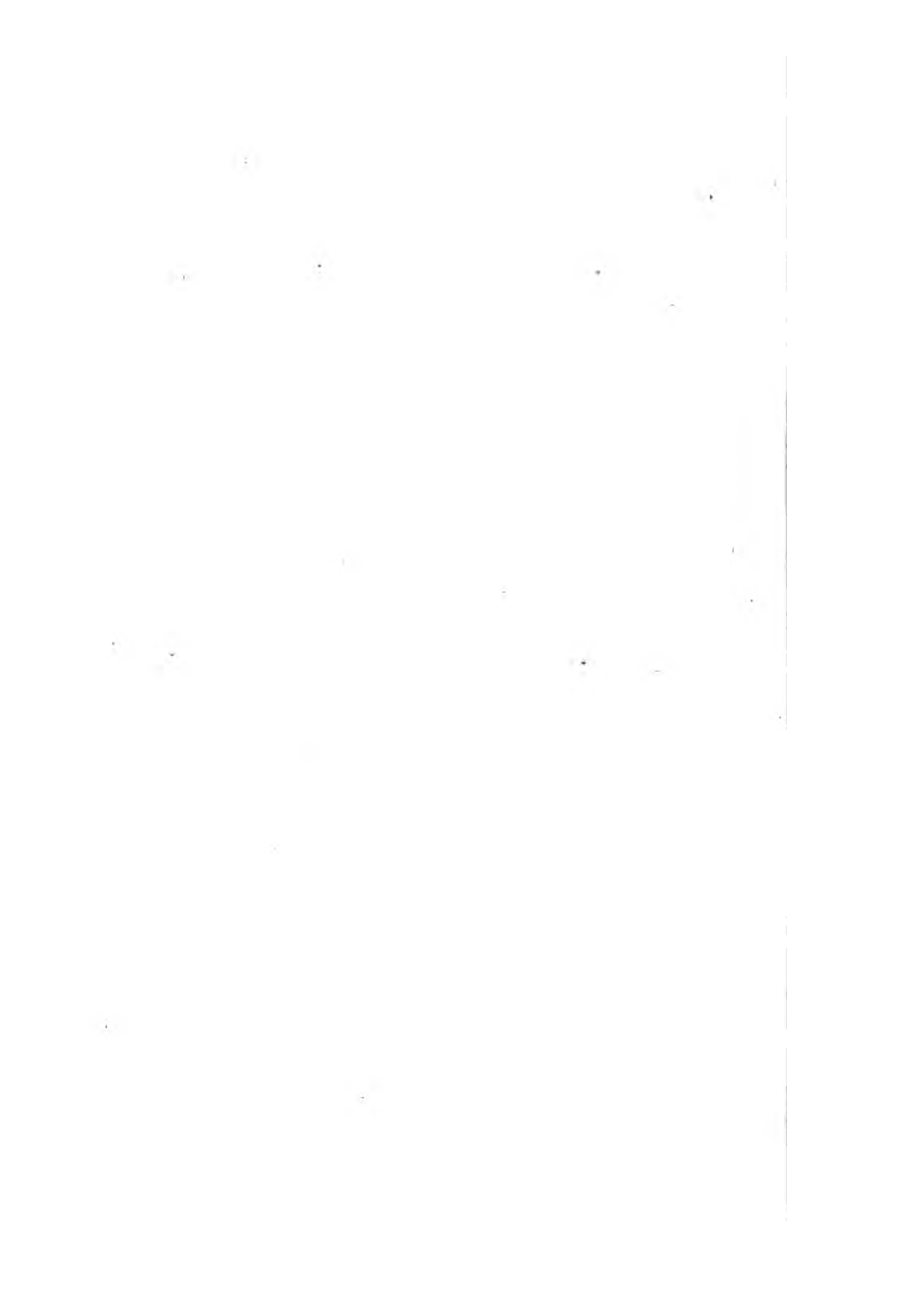
Come, Resignation, with uplifted brow,
 And eye of rapture smiling though in tears ;
 Come, for thou lov'st the silent house of woe,
 When no fond friend th' abandon'd mansion cheers.

Come, for 'tis thine to soothe the Mourner's smart,
 The throbs of hopeless anguish to controul,
 With healing balm to point Death's level'd dart,
 And melt in heavenly dreams the parting soul.

We mark'd Thy triumphs in that hour of dread ;
When from Her eyes, that look'd a last adieu,
Each weeping friend seem'd vanishing in shade,
And darkening slow the swimming scene withdrew.

'Twas then, Her pale cheek caught Thy rapturous smile,
Thy cheering whispers calm'd her labouring breast,
And hymns of quiring angels charm'd the while ;
Till the weak frame dissolv'd in endless rest.

MISCELLANY POEMS.



THE
H A R E S;
A F A B L E.

LIFE is a jest. You call it worse,
A cheat, a snare, a clog, a curse.

Tired of the long laborious strife,

You loathe the nauseous load of life.

“ Through desarts dark perplex’d you stray,

“ No beam to light you on the way.

“ In vain you call for aid; no friend

“ Will deign one pitying look to lend.

“ Hope comes at last, in courteous guise,

“ With dimply cheek and smiling eyes;

“ And,

“ And, pointing at some meteor-toy,
“ Incites your flight, ensures your joy.
“ Born on Hope’s soaring wing you sweep
“ Along the ether’s azure deep.
“ The fantom flies, but close behind
“ Hope wafts you swifter than the wind.
“ The meteor bursts; led far abroad
“ You scarce regain your wonted road,
“ Lifeless, fatigued. Before ’twas care,
“ Now all is tumult and despair.
“ Or, if, long lainful labour past,
“ You catch the flying thing at last,
“ Soon as you fondly grasp your prey,
“ From your support Hope shrinks away.
“ No more upborn on wings of Hope
“ Prone through the empty air you drop.

“ The

“ The glittering toy, that seem'd, so late,
“ To gild the blackest clouds of fate,
“ Now heavy dark and cumbrous all
“ Serves but to aggravate your fall.
“ Thus Hope, our smiling flattering friend,
“ Proves false and recreant in the end ;
“ We 're wretched if we miss our aim ;
“ And, that attain'd, we are the same.
“ What slavish mortal, then, you say,
“ Would choose to drag this clog of clay,
“ Nor longs to lay his weary head
“ Secure on Death's dark dusty bed ?”

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth
Are doom'd to misery from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share ;
But say, is yours beyond compare ?

Look

Look round the world ; perhaps you'll find
 Each individual of our kind
 Press'd with an equal load of ill ;
 Equal at least. Look further still ;
 Let Reason's serious eye explore
 What passion slightly scan'd before,
 In yonder hut that stands alone
 Attend to Famine's feeble moan,
 Behold a meagre shivering form
 Unfenc'd against the piercing storm ;
 Or view the couch where Sickness lies ;
 Mark his pale cheeks, his dizzy eyes,
 His frame by strong convulsions torn,
 His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
 Or see, transfix'd with fiercer pangs
 Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs :

Whistles

Whistles the wind—he starts, he flares,
 Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares;
 Despair, remorse, and terror roll
 Their tempests on his harrass'd soul.

But now, perhaps, it may avail
 T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Soft was the morn, the sky serene;
 The jolly hunting band convene.
 The huntsman sends around his eyes,
 And oft in thought the game descries;
 Now with bland words the steed addresseth,
 And now the frisking hound careffeth.
 Each beagle's breast with ardor burns,
 Each courser's hoof the champaign spurns.

That morn, a council of the hares
 Was met on national affairs.

The chiefs were set; above their head

The furze its frizzled covering spread.

Long lifts of grievances were heard,

And general discontent appear'd.

“ Our harmless race shall every savage

“ Both quadruped and biped ravage ?

“ Shall horses hounds and hunters still

“ Unite their wits to work us ill ?

“ The youth, his father's sole delight,

“ Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,

“ Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,

“ Whose limbs leap light the vales along,

“ May yet ere noontide meet his death,

“ And lie 'dismember'd on the heath.

“ For youth alas ! nor cautious age

“ Can scape th' insatiate murderer's rage.

- “ In every gale we hear the foe,
 “ Each gale comes fraught with fouds of woe ;
 “ Each morning but awakes our fears,
 “ Each evening sees us bath’d in tears,
 “ But must we ever idly grieve,
 “ Nor strive our fortunes to relieve ?
 “ Small is each individual’s force,
 “ Nor I from cunning boast resource ;
 “ But, were our numerous tribes combin’d,
 “ Those murderers to their cost might find,
 “ No foe is weak, whom justice arms,
 “ Whom concord leads, and hatred warms,
 “ Who dares assert a righteous cause
 “ From his own heart obtains applause.
 “ Be rous’d ; or liberty acquire,
 “ Or in the great attempt expire”——

Here struggling in his sobbing breast
 Outrageous thought his voice suppress;
 The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
 From his swollen eyeball's yellow gleam.

Meanwhile the clamours of the war,
 Mingling confus'dly from afar,
 Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
 Distinct of men and hounds arise.
 Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
 Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
 And, every straining nerve on wing,
 Away precipitately spring.
 The hunting band, a signal given,
 Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven ;
 O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
 And river broad, impetuous bound ;

Now

Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades,
Now o'er the level lawn they sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep,
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an antient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's ax yet unprofan'd.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd.
Below, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The halle's stubborn stem entwin'd,

The prickly bramble flaunted round,
 And rough furze crept along the ground.
 Safe shelter'd from the sons of murder
 The Hares drag their tir'd limbs no further.
 The hunting band in vain essay
 Through the thick shrubs to force their way.
 Th' impatient beagle yelps in vain,
 In vain the courser spurns the plain;
 In vain the huntsman vents his ire
 In threats and execrations dire.
 Thus from the field of death reliev'd
 When Troy her trembling sons receiv'd,
 Achilles curs'd invidious fate,
 And thunder'd at the Scean gate.

The western wind now waxing loud
 Tumultuous roar'd along the wood;

From

From rustling leaves and crashing boughs
 The sound of woe and war arose.
 The hares distracted scour the grove,
 As terror and amazement drove ;
 But danger, wherefoe'er they fled,
 Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
 Now throng'd amidst a grotto's gloom,
 All hopes extinct, they wait their doom.
 Dire was the silence, till, at length,
 Even from despair deriving strength,
 A daring Youth these words address'd,
 Which oft the bursting throb suppress'd.

" O hapless race ! Fate's scorn and sport,
 " Beset with ills of every sort,
 " And curs'd with keenest sense to feel
 " The sharpest sting of every ill !

“ We sure by nature were design'd
“ Most wretched of the wretched kind.
“ Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
“ Of liberty and vengeance dream,
“ What now remains? To what recess
“ Shall we our weary steps address,
“ Since fate is evermore pursuing
“ All ways and means to work our ruin?
“ Are we alone, of all beneath,
“ Condemn'd to misery worse than death?
“ Must we with fruitless labour strive
“ In misery worse than death to live?
“ No. Be the smaller ill our choice;
“ So dictates Nature's prompting voice.
“ 'Tis Nature bids us dare to die,
“ And disappoint our destiny.

“ Who

“ Who grudges momentary grief,
“ To gain from woe even short relief ?
“ Death’s pangs but for a moment last ;
“ And when that transient ill is past,
“ Our sorrows are for ever fled ;
“ For not even dreams molest the dead.”

Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam’d through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their miseries with their lives to end ;
And onward with impetuous force
Stung with despair impel their course ;

While each in thought already hears
The waters hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet fate, whose careles lay
Amus'd the solitary day.
Careles he sung ; for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd.
When suddenly he heard the sound
Of swift feet trampling thick the ground.
Light to a neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes ;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain ;
Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caus'd his fright,
Saw with surprize the linnet's flight.

Is there on earth a wretch, they said,
 Whom our approach can strike with dread?
 Conflicting tides of sudden thought
 To tumult every bosom wrought;
 Amaz'd they stood, nor words could find
 To vent their turbulence of mind.
 So fares the system-building Sage,
 Who, plodding on from youth to age,
 At last on some foundation-dream
 Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
 And prov'd his predecessors fools,
 And bound all nature by his rules;
 And praise, and pudding earn'd, to soothe
 His vanity, and love of truth:
 So fares he in that dreadful hour,
 When Truth exerts her sacred power,

Some

Some new phenomenon to raise;
Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unbound.

“ Children,” thus spoke a hare fedate
Who oft had prov’d the extremes of fate,
“ In slight events th’ attentive mind
“ May hints of sound instruction find.
“ That our condition is the worst,
“ And we with such afflictions curst,
“ As all comparison defy;
“ Was late the universal cry.
“ When lo, an accident, so slight,
“ As yonder little linnet’s flight,
“ Hath made your stubborn hearts confess,
“ (So your amazement bids me guess)

“ That

“ That all our load of woes and fears

“ Is but a part of what he bears.

“ Where can he rest secure from harm,

“ Whom even we helpless hares alarm ?

“ Yet he repines not at his lot,

“ When past his dangers are forgot ;

“ On yonder bough he trims his wings,

“ And with unusual rapture sings.

“ While we, less wretched, sink beneath

“ Our lighter ills, and rush to death !—

“ No more of this unmeaning rage ;

“ But hear, my friends, the words of age.

“ From glozing art no aid I seek,

“ In me you hear experience speak.

“ When by the winds of autumn driven

“ The scatter'd clouds fly 'cross the heaven,

“ Oft

“ Oft have we, from some mountain’s head,
“ Beheld th’ alternate light and shade
“ Sweep the long vale ; here hovering low’rs
“ The shadowy cloud, there downward pours
“ Streaming direct a flood of day,
“ That from the view flies swift away ;
“ It flies, while other shades advance,
“ And other streaks of sunshine glance.
“ Thus chequer’d is our life below
“ With gleams of joy, and clouds of woe.
“ Then hope not, while we journey on,
“ Still to be basking in the sun ;
“ Nor dread, though now in shades ye mourn,
“ That sunshine will no more return.
“ If by betraying fear o’ercome
“ You fly before th’ approaching gloom,

“ And

“ And strive to leave your woe behind ;
“ The labour vain you soon will find :
“ The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
“ And darkness still o’ercasts your view.
“ Who longs to reach the radiant plain
“ Must onward urge his course amain ;
“ For doubly swift the shadow flies,
“ When ’gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
“ Or, though unequal to support
“ The labour of that great effort
“ Which struggles through involving woe ;
“ Yet ne’er your fortitude forego :
“ Shrink not, but firm and undismay’d
“ Maintain your ground ; the fleeting shade
“ Ere long spontaneous glides away,
“ And gives you back th’ enlivening ray.

“ Lo,

“ Lo, while I speak, our danger ’s past;
“ No more the shrill horn’s angry blast
“ Rings in our ear; the savage roar
“ Of war and murder is no more.
“ Then snatch the joy that fate allows,
“ Careless of past and future woes.”

He spoke; each breast is soothed to peace,
Complacence softens every face,
And hope revives; the hateful lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.

Now from the western mountain’s brow,
Compas’d with clouds of various glow,
The Sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.

The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The fragrant gale sighs soft along,
The shepherd chaunts his simple song;
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round.
Discord and Care were put to flight,
And all was peace and calm delight.

T H E

WOLF and SHEPHERDS,

A F A B L E.

LAWS, as we read in antient fages,
Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made.
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
The flimzy fether flies in funder.

Your family perhaps may please one,
With whom wit holds the place of reason ;

But

But can you prove that this in fact is
 Agreeable to life and practice ?

Then hear, what in his simple way
 Old Esop told me t' other day.
 In days of yore, but (which is very odd)
 Our Author mentions not the period,
 We mortal men, less given to speeches,
 Allow'd the beasts sometimes to teach us.
 But now we all are prattlers grown,
 And suffer no voice but our own.
 With us no beast has leave to speak,
 Although his honest heart should break.
 'Tis true, your asses and your apes,
 And other brutes in human shapes,
 And that thing made of sound and show
 Which mortals have misnamed A Beau,

(But in the language of the sky
 Is call'd a twolegg'd butterfly)
 Will make your very heartstrings ache
 With loud and everlasting clack,
 And beat your auditory drum,
 Till you grow deaf, or they grow dumb.

But to our story we return.

'Twas early on a Summer morn,
 A Wolf forsook the mountain-den,
 And issued hungry on the plain.
 Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
 And reach'd a winding vale at last;
 Where from a hollow rock he spy'd
 The shepherds drest in flowery pride.
 Garlands were strow'd, and all was gay,
 To celebrate an holiday.

The

The merry tabor's gamesome found
 Provok'd the sprightly dance around.
 Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
 On which in fair array appear'd
 The peach, the apple, and the raisin;
 And all the fruitage of the season.
 But, more distinguish'd than the rest,
 Was seen a wether ready drest,
 That smoking, recent from the flame,
 Diffus'd a stomach-roufing steam.
 Our wolf could not endure the sight,
 Outrageous grew his appetite;
 His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
 He lick'd his lips, and lick'd again.
 At last, with lightning in his eyes,
 He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,

- “ Shepherds, I am not given to scolding,
“ But now my spleen I cannot hold in.
“ By Jove, such scandalous oppression
“ Would put an elephant in passion.
“ You, who your flocks (as you pretend)
“ By wholesome laws from harm defend,
“ Which make it death for any beast,
“ How much foe'er by hunger prefs'd,
“ To seize a sheep by force or stealth,
“ For sheep have right to life and health ;
“ Can you commit, uncheck'd by shame,
“ What in a beast so much you blame?
“ What is a law, if those who make it
“ Become the forwardest to break it?
“ The case is plain ; you would reserve
“ All to yourselves, while others starve.

“ Such

“ Such laws from base self-interest spring,
 “ Not from the reason of the thing——”

He was proceeding, when a swain
 Burst out, “ And dares a Wolf arraign
 “ His betters, and condemn their measures,
 “ And contradict their wills and pleasures?
 “ We have establish’d laws, ’tis true,
 “ But laws are made for such as you,
 “ Know, Sirrah, in its very nature
 “ A law can’t reach the legislature.
 “ For laws, without a sanction join’d,
 “ As all men know, can never bind:
 “ But sanctions reach not us the makers;
 “ For who dares punish us though breakers?
 “ ’Tis therefore plain, beyond denial,
 “ That laws were ne’er design’d to tie all,

- “ But those, whom sanctions reach, alone;
 “ We stand accountable to none.
 “ Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
 “ Laws from the Great derive their being,
 “ They as in duty bound should love
 “ The Great, in whom they live and move,
 “ And humbly yield to their desires;
 “ 'Tis just what gratitude requires.
 “ What suckling dandled on the lap
 “ Would tear away its mother's pap?
 “ But hold——Why deign I to dispute
 “ With such a scoundrel of a brute?
 “ Logick is lost upon a knave;
 “ Let action prove the law our slave.”

An angry nod his will declar'd
 To his gruff yeomen of the guard.

The full-fed mongrels, train'd to ravage,
Fly, to devour the shaggy savage.

The beast had now no time to lose
In chopping logick with his foes.

“ This argument, quoth he, has force,
“ And swiftness is my sole resource.”

He said, and left the swains their prey,
And to the mountains scower'd away.

1757.

On the report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster-Abbey, to the memory of a Late Author.

* *
*

[Part of a Letter to A Person of Quality.]

***** Left your Lordship, who are so well acquainted with every thing that relates to true honour, should think hardly of me for attacking the memory of the Dead, I beg leave to offer a few words in my own vindication.

If I had composed the following Verses, with a view to gratify private resentment, to promote the interest of any faction, or to recommend myself to the patronage
of

of any person whatsoever, I should have been altogether inexcusable. To attack the memory of the Dead from selfish considerations, or from mere wantonness of malice, is an enormity which none can hold in greater detestation, than I. But I composed them from very different motives; as every intelligent Reader, who peruses them with attention, and who is willing to believe me upon my own testimony, will undoubtedly perceive. My motives proceeded from a sincere desire to do some small service to my country, and to the cause of truth and virtue. The promoters of faction I ever did, and ever will consider as the enemies of mankind; to the memory of such I owe no veneration; to the writings of such I owe no indulgence.

Your Lordship knows, that ***** owed the greatest share of his renown to the most incompetent of all
judges,

judges, the Mob; actuated by the most unworthy of all principles, a spirit of insolence; and inflamed by the vilest of all human passions, hatred to their fellow-citizens. Those who joined the cry in his favour seemed to me to be swayed rather by fashion, than by real sentiment. He therefore might have lived and died unmolested by me; confident as I am, that posterity, when the present unhappy dissensions are forgotten, will do ample justice to his real character. But when I saw the extravagant honours that were paid to his memory; and heard that a monument in Westminster-Abbey was intended for one, whom even his Admirers acknowledge to have been an incendiary and a debauchee; I could not help wishing, that my Countrymen would reflect a little on what they were doing, before they consecrated, by what Posterity would think the Public Voice, a character, which no friend to *Virtue* or to *True Taste* can approve.

approve. It was this sentiment, enforced by the earnest request of a friend, which produced the following little Poem; in which I have said nothing of *****'s manners that is not warranted by the best authority; nor of his writings, that is not perfectly agreeable to the opinion of many of the most competent judges in Britain. ***** January 1765.]

* *
*

BUFO, begone! with Thee may Faction's fire,
That hatch'd thy salamander-fame, expire.
Fame, dirty idol of the brainless croud,
What half-made moon-calf can mistake for good!
Since shared by knaves of high and low degree;
Cromwell, and Catiline; Guido Faux, and Thee.

By nature uninspir'd, untaught by art;
With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,

With

With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine,
 With not one pure unprofitated line;
 Alike debauch'd in body, soul, and lays;—
 For pension'd censure, and for pension'd praise,
 For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
 For blasphemy of all the Good and Wise;
 Coarse virulence in coarser dogrel writ,
 Which bawling blackguards spel'd, and took for wit;
 For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'erthrown;—
 Lo, BUFO shines the minion of renown!

Is this the land, that boasts a MILTON's fire,
 And magic SPENSER's wildly-warbling lyre?
 The land, that owns th' omnipotence of song,
 When SHAKESPEAR whirls the throbbing heart along?
 The land, where POPE, with energy divine,
 In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine;

Whose

Whose verse, by Truth in Virtue's triumph born,
 Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn ;
 Yet pure in manners, and in thought refin'd,
 Whose life and lays adorn'd and blest mankind ?
 Is this the land, where GRAY's unlabour'd art
 Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart ;
 While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
 In simple majesty of manly woe ;
 Or while, sublime, on eagle-pinion driven,
 He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of heaven ?
 Is this the land, o'er SHENSTONE's recent urn
 Where all the loves and gentler graces mourn ?
 And where, to crown the hoary * Bard of night,
 The Muses and the Virtues all unite ?
 Is this the land, where AKENSIDE displays
 The bold yet temperate flame of antient days ?

* Dr. Young,

Like

Like the rapt * Sage, in genius as in theme,
 Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Iliffus' stream :
 Or him, th' indignant Bard †, whose patriot ire,
 Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre ;
 For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
 Whose mighty song unnerv'd a tyrant's arm,
 Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
 And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.

Is this the queen of realms ! the glorious isle,
 BRITANNIA, blest in Heaven's indulgent smile !
 Guardian of truth, and patroness of art,
 Nurse of th' undaunted soul, and generous heart !
 Where, from a base unthankful world exil'd,
 Freedom exults to roam the careless wild ;
 Where taste to science every charm supplies,
 And genius soars unbounded to the skies !

* Plato.

† Alceus. See Akenfide's Ode on Lyric Poetry.

And

And shall a BUFO's most polluted name
 Stain her bright tablet of untainted fame!
 Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd,
 Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of their kind!
 His name accurst, who, leagued with ***** and hell,
 Labour'd to rouse, with rude and murderous yell,
 Discord the fiend, to tofs rebellion's brand,
 To whelm in rage and woe a guiltless land;
 To frustrate wisdom's virtue's noblest plan,
 And triumph in the miseries of man,

Driveling and dull, when crawls the reptile muse,
 Swoln from the sty, and rankling from the stews,
 With envy, spleen and pestilence replete,
 And gorged with dust she lick'd from Treason's feet;
 Who once, like Satan, rais'd to heaven her sight,
 But turn'd abhorrent from the hated light;—

O'er

O'er such a muse shall wreathes of glory bloom !
 No——shame and execration be her doom.

Hard-fated BUFO ! could not dulness save
 Thy soul from sin, from infamy thy grave !
 Blackmore and Quarles, those blockheads of renown,
 Lavish'd their ink, but never harm'd the town.
 Though this, thy brother in discordant song,
 Harass'd the ear, and cramp'd the labouring tongue ;
 And that, like thee, taught staggering prose to stand,
 And limp on stilts of rhyme around the land.
 Harmless they dozed a scribbling life away,
 And yawning nations own'd th' innoxious lay.
 But from thy graceless rude and beastly brain
 What fury breathed th' incendiary strain ?

Did hate to vice exasperate thy style ?
 No——BUFO match'd the vilest of the vile.

Yet

Yet blazon'd was his verse with Virtue's name——
 Thus prudes look down to hide their want of fame :
 Thus hypocrites to truth, and fools to sense,
 And fops to taste, have sometimes made pretence :
 Thus thieves and gamesters swear by honour's laws :
 Thus pension-hunters bawl *their Country's cause* :
 Thus furious Teague for moderation rav'd,
 And own'd his soul to liberty enslav'd.

Nor yet, though thousand Cits admire thy rage,
 Though less of fool than felon marks thy page ;
 Nor yet, though here and there one lonely spark
 Of wit half brightens through th' involving dark,
 To show the gloom more hideous for the foil,
 But not repay the drudging reader's toil ;
 (For who for one poor pearl of clouded ray
 Through Alpine dunghils delves his desperate way ?)

Did genius to thy verse such bane impart ?
 No. 'Twas the demon of thy venom'd heart,
 (Thy heart with rancour's quintessence endued)
 And the blind zeal of a misjudging croud.

Thus from rank soil a poison'd mushroom sprung,
 Nurseling obscene of mildew and of dung ;
 By heaven design'd on its own native spot
 Harmless t' enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
 But gluttony th' abortive nuisance saw ;
 It rous'd his ravenous undiscerning maw :
 Gulp'd down the tasteless throat, the mess abhor'd
 Shot fiery influence round the maddening board.

O had thy verse been impotent as dull,
 Nor spoke the rancorous heart, but lumpish scull ;
 Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
 The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,

From

From fancy's foul thy gross imbruted sense,
 From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
 From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
 And from the lion's spoils the sculking ass,
 From rapture's strain the drawling dogrel line,
 From warbling seraphim the grunting swine ;—
 With gluttons, dunces, rakes, thy name had slept,
 Nor o'er her sullied fame BRITANNIA wept ;
 Nor had the muse, with honest zeal possess'd,
 T' avenge her country by thy name disgrac'd,
 Rais'd this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
 And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.

When frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
 Let Mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
 When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
 Unnamed unnoticed let his carrion rot.

When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse ;
For such the hangman wreathes his trusty gin,
And let the gallows expiate their sin.
But when a Ruffian, whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee :
Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest ?——
Judas though dead, though damn'd, we still detest.

V E R S E S

Written by Mr. BLACKLOCK; on a
blank leaf of his POEMS, sent to the
Author.

“ ——— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget.” VIRGIL.

“ **O** THOU! whose bosom inspiration fires!
“ For whom the Muses string their favourite lyres!
“ Though with superior genius blest, yet deign
“ A kind reception to my humbler strain.

“ When florid youth impel'd, and fortune smil'd,
“ The Vocal Art my languid hours beguil'd.
“ Severer studies now my life engage,
“ Researches dull, that quench poetic rage:

“ From morn to evening destin'd to explore

“ The verbal critic, and the scholiast's lore;

“ Alas! what beam of heavenly ardor shines

“ In musty lexicons and school-divines!

“ Yet to the darling object of my heart

“ A short but pleasing retrospect I dart;

“ Revolve the labours of the tuneful choir,

“ And what I cannot imitate admire.

“ O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow,

“ As thine melodious could my accents flow;

“ Then thou approving mightst my song attend,

“ Nor in a BLACKLOCK blush to own a friend.”

A N E P I S T L E,

T O T H E

Reverend Mr. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare ; semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. JUVENAL. Sat. X.

HAIL to the Poet ! whose spontaneous lays
No pride restrains, nor venal flattery sways.
Who nor from Criticks, nor from Fashion's laws,
Learns to adjust his tribute of applause ;
But bold to feel, and ardent to impart
What nature whispers to the generous heart,
Propitious to the Moral Song, commends,
For Virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.

Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage !

Criticks, who, ere they understand, defame ;
 And friends demure, who only *do not blame* ;
 And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
 Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote,
 Pleas'd to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
 That boast the sanction of a BLACKLOCK'S praise.
 Let others court the blind and babbling croud :
 Mine be the favour of the Wise and Good.

O Thou, to censure, as to guile unknown !
 Indulgent to all merit but thy own !
 Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly frame,
 Exults in Virtue's pure ethereal flame ;
 Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
 The muse adorns, but cannot dignify ;
 As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
 Embellish, not exalt, the starry Heaven :

Say

Say Thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
 To guide the fancy, and the soul refine,
 What heights of excellence must he ascend,
 Who longs to claim a BLACKLOCK for his Friend ;
 Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art ;
 But more thy meek simplicity of heart ;
 But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
 At once though malice and mischance invade ;
 And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confin'd,
 Thy zeal for truth, and love of human kind.

Like Thee, with sweet ineffable controul,
 Teach me to rouse or soothe th' impassion'd soul,
 And breathe the luxury of social woes ;
 Ah ! ill-exchanged for all that mirth bestows.
 Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
 For know, 'tis Sympathy exalts the man.

But

But, midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
 Can Riot listen to soft Pity's call?
 Rude he repels the soul-ennobling guest,
 And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.

Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
 Sweet, as the vernal warblings born along
 Arcadia's myrtle groves; ere art began,
 With critic glance malevolent, to scan
 Bold nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
 In each warm cheek, and each enraptur'd muse.
 Then had not Fraud impos'd, in Fashion's name,
 For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame;
 And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
 The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear;
 The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
 And breast inured to check the tender sigh.

Then

Then love, unblamed, indulged the guiltless smile ;
 Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
 The social sense unawed, that scorn'd to own
 The curb of law, save nature's law alone,
 To godlike aims, and godlike actions fir'd ;
 And the full energy of thought inspir'd ;
 And the full dignity of pleasure, given
 T' exalt desire, and yield a taste of heaven.

Hail, redolent of heaven, delights sublime !
 Hail, blooming days, the days of nature's prime !
 How throbs the tired and harass'd heart, to prove
 Your scenes of pure tranquillity and love !
 But even to fancy fate that bliss denies ;
 For lo, in endless night the vision dies !
 Ah, how unlike these scenes of rage and strife,
 Darkening to horror the bleak waste of life !

Where,

Where, all inverted nature's kindly plan,
 Man domineers, the scourge and curse of man.
 Where, haply, bosom'd in tempestuous floods,
 Or dark untrodden maze of boundless woods,
 If yet some land inviolate remain,
 Nor dread th' oppressor's rod, nor tyrant's chain ;
 Nor dread the more inglorious fetters, wrought
 By hireling sophistry t' enslave the thought :
 'Tis there, 'tis only there, where boastful fame
 Ne'er stun'd the tingling ear with Europe's name.

Too long, O Europe, have thy oceans roll'd,
 To glut thy lust of power, and lust of gold ;
 Too long, by glory's empty lure decoy'd,
 Thy haughty sons have triumph'd and destroy'd :
 Or led by reasoning pride afar to roam,
 Where truth's false mimic haunts the sheltering gloom,

Have

Have plunged in cheerless night the wilder'd mind,
 Th' abodes of peace for ever left behind.
 Unwise, unblest, your own, and nature's foes,
 O yet be still, and give the world repose.
 Say, is it fame, to dare the deed of death ?
 Is glory nought but flattery's purchas'd breath ?
 True praise, can trembling slaves, can fools bestow ?
 Can that be joy, which works another's woe ?
 Can that be knowledge, which in doubt decays ?
 Can truth reside in disappointment's maze ?——

But quench thy kindling zeal, presumptuous strain ;
 Thy zeal how impotent ! thy plaint how vain !
 Hope not thy voice can tame the tempest's rage,
 Or check in prone career a headlong age.
 Far different themes must animate their song,
 Who pant to shine the favourites of a throng.

Go, thou fond fool, thou slave to Nature's charms,
 Whose heart the cause of injur'd Truth alarms ;
 Go, herd in Fashion's sleek and fimpering train ;
 And watch the workings of her pregnant brain,
 Prepar'd a sycophant's applause to pay,
 As each abortive monster crawls to day.
 Smit with the painted puppet-show of state,
 Go learn to gaze, and wonder at the great.
 Go learn with courtly reverence to admire
 A taste in toys, a genius in attire,
 Music of titles, dignity of show,
 The parrot-courtier, and the monkey-beau ;
 And all the equipage of sticks, and strings,
 And clouts, and nicknames—merchandise of kings.

Or, to amuse the loitering hour of peace,
 When slander, wit, and spleen from troubling cease,

Warble th' unmeaning hymn in Folly's ear ;
 Such hymns unthinking Folly loves to hear.
 Smooth flow thy lays, infusing as they roll
 A deep oblivious lethargy of soul :
 Let rill and gale glide liquidly along,
 While not one ruffling thought obstructs the song :
 So shall the gallant and the gay rehearse
 The gentle strain, and call it Charming Verse.

But if an ampler field thine ardor claim,
 Even realms and empires to resound thy name ;
 Strive not on Fancy's soaring wing to rise ;
 The plodding rabble gaze not on the skies ;
 Far humbler regions bound their groveling view,
 And humbler tracts their minion must pursue.
 There are, who, grabbling in the putrid lake,
 The glittering ore from filth and darkness rake ;

Like

Like spoils from Politicks thou may'st derive :
The theme is dirty, dark, and lucrative.
Yet ah ! even here the spoils are hard to win,
For strong and subtle are thy foes within.
The pangs of sentiment, the qualms of taste,
And shame, dire inmate of the Scribbler's breast,
The stings of conscience, and the throbs of pride,
(Hard task !) must all be vanquish'd or defy'd.
Then go, whate'er thy wit, whate'er thy style,
Defame the good, and deify the vile ;
Fearless and frontless flounce into renown,
For mobs and prudes by impudence are won.
Though Providence, still merciful and just,
Who dooms the snake to wallow in the dust,
Oft curb with groveling impotence of mind
The venal venom of the rancorous kind ;

Yet

Yet fear not ; Faction's torch of sulphurous gleam
 Shall fire the heart that feels not Fancy's beam.

Thus ***** arose distinguish'd in the throng,

Thus Bufo plied a profitable song.

Proceed, Great Years, with steady glare to shine
 Where guilt and folly bend at Fashion's shrine ;
 And ye, the vain and shameless of our days,
 Approach with songs, and worship in the blaze.
 For him, alas ! who never learn'd the art
 To stifle conscience, and a throbbing heart ;
 Who, though too proud to mingle in the fray
 Whence truth and virtue bear no palms away,
 Yet views with pity Folly's bustling scene,
 Th' ambitious sick with hope, the rich with spleen,
 The great exulting in a joyless prize,
 Yea pities even the fop he must despise ; —

For him, what then remains?—The humble shed,
 Th' ennobling converse of the awful Dead,
 Beauty's pure ray diffus'd from Nature's face,
 Fancy's sweet charm, and Truth's majestic grace.
 Truth, not of hard access, or threatening mien,
 As by the vain unfeeling wrangler seen;
 But bland and gentle as the early ray,
 That gilds the wilderness, and lights the way;
 The messenger of joy to man below,
 Friend of our frailty, solace of our woe.

Thus by Heaven's bounty rich shall he repine,
 If others in the toys of Fortune shine?
 Needs he a title to exalt his race,
 Who from th' Eternal his descent can trace?
 Or fame's loud trump to stun him to repose,
 Whose soul resign'd no guilty tumult knows?

To

To roam with toil, in restless uproar hurl'd,
 One little corner of a little world ;
 Can this enlarge or dignify the soul,
 Whose wing unwearied darts from pole to pole ?
 Can glowworms glitter on the car of morn,
 Or gold the progeny of heaven adorn ?

How long, enamour'd of fictitious joy,
 Shall false desire the lavish'd hour employ !
 How long with random steps shall mortals roam,
 Unknown their path, and more unknown their home !
 Ah ! still delusive the vain pleasure flies,
 Or, grasp'd, insults our baffled hope, and dies.
 Meanwhile behind, with renovated force,
 Care and Disgust pursue our slackening course,
 And shall o'ertake ; even in the noon of age,
 Long ere the sting of Anguish cease to rage,

And long ere Death, sole friend of the distressed,
Dismiss the pilgrim to eternal rest.

Thus, wayward hope still wandering from within,
Lur'd by the phantoms of th' external scene ;

We scorn, what heaven our only bliss design'd,

The humble triumph of a tranquil mind ;

And that alone pursue which Fortune brings,

Th' applause of multitudes, or smile of kings.

But ah ! can these, or those afford delight ?

Can man be happy in his Maker's spite ?

Vain thankless man, averse to Nature's sway,

Feels every moment that he must obey.

Close and more closely clasp the stubborn chains,

And each new struggle rouses keener pains.

Thus stung with appetite, with anguish torn,

Urged by despair still more and more forlorn,

Till

Till each fantastic hope expire in woe,
 And the cold cheerless heart forget to glow,
 We perish, muttering this unrighteous strain,
 "Joy was not made for man, and life is vain."

+ Sweet peace of heart, from false desire refin'd,
 That pour'st elysian sunshine on the mind,
 O come, bid each tumultuous wish be still,
 And bend to nature's law each froward will.
 Let Hope's wild wing ne'er stoop to Fortune's sphere;
 For terror, anguish, discontent are there;
 But soar with strong and steady flight sublime,
 Where disappointment never dared to climb.
 O come, serenely gay, and with thee bring
 The vital breath of heaven's eternal spring;
 Th' amusive dream of blameless fancy born,
 The calm oblivious night, and sprightly morn.

Bring Resignation, undebas'd with fear ;
And Melancholy, serious, not severe ;
And Fortitude, by chance nor time controul'd,
Meek with the gentle, with the haughty bold ;
Devotion deck'd in smiles of filial love ;
And thought, conversing with the worlds above.

So shall my days nor vain nor joyless roll,
Nor with regret survey th' approaching goal ;
Too happy, if I gain that noblest prize,
The well-earn'd favour of the Good and Wife.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ;

OR THE

B A T T L E

OF THE

PYGMIES and CRANES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. *Addison's* elegant Latin poem entitled *Pygmaeo-gerano-machia*, of which the following is an Imitation, is inserted in the second volume of *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It is pity the English Reader should be unacquainted with any part of the Works of that delightful Author. I have endeavoured to preserve the spirit and humour of my Original: yet I have not scrupled to take some liberties, both with the versification and the sentiments, which would scarce be allowable in a strict translation. The propriety of this conduct is submitted to the learned and candid Reader.

The B A T T L E of the
P Y G M I E S and C R A N E S ;

Imitated from the Latin of Mr. A D D I S O N.

THE Pygmy people, and the feather'd train,
In combat mingling on th' ensanguin'd plain,
I sing. Ye muses, aid my vast design,
Lead on the hosts, and form th' embattled line ;
The flashing swords, and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the mortal fray ;
Cranes darting furious on their tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.

The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft refounded in Pierian song.

Who

Who hath not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
 And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece?
 Of Thebes' fell brothers, Theseus stern of face,
 And dread Achilles matchless in the race,
 Æneas founder of the Roman line,
 And William glorious on the banks of Boyne?
 O'er Pompey's fate who hath not learn'd to weep?
 Whom hath not Blackmore's Arthur lull'd asleep?
 'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
 Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains,
 The small shrill trump, the chiefs of little size,
 And armies rushing down the darkening skies.

Where reddens Ind with Phebus' earliest light,
 A hollow valley winds remote from fight.
 Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
 And rocky mountains round the border rise.

Here,

Here, till relentless Fate its fall decree'd,
 The empire flourish'd of the pygmy-breed.
 Here industry perform'd what genius plan'd,
 And bustling dwarfs swarm'd thick along the land.
 But now to those lone bounds if Pilgrim stray,
 Tempting through cliffs abrupt the desperate way ;
 He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
 Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth ;
 And starts where small white bones are spread around,
 Or little footsteps print th' untrodden ground.
 While the proud Cranes their nests securely build,
 Chattering along the desolated field.

But different fates befel their hostile rage,
 While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
 The dreaded pygmy ; rous'd by war's alarms,
 Forth rush'd the maddening mannikin to arms.

Impetuous

Impetuous to the scene of blood he flies ;
 The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies,
 And by the victor born (o'erwhelming load !)
 With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
 And oft the wily foe in ambush lay,
 And often made th' unwary nest his prey ;
 With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smil'd
 To visit the fire's trespass on the child.
 Oft where the Crane had rear'd her artful nest,
 And laid her eggs, and household goods to rest,
 Burning for blood, in terrible array,
 The eighteen-inch militia burst their way.
 All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
 When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Hence deadly hate, and rage of arms arose,
 And ruthless vengeance of encountering foes.

Hence

Hence dwarfs and cranes one hideous havock whelms,
 And Death's grim visage scares the pygmy-realms.
 Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
 Of mice (high theme of the Mæonian lyre)
 When rush'd to battle all th' accouter'd frogs,
 And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
 Pierc'd by the javelin-bulrush on the shore
 Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore ;
 And there the frog (a scene full sad to see !)
 Shorn of one leg slow sprawl'd along on three.
 He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
 But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on apace,
 A day of woe to all the pygmy-race,
 When dwarfs were doom'd full fore to rue, in vain,
 The broken eggs, spoil'd nests, and chickens slain.

For

For rous'd to vengeance by repeated wrong
 From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng.
 From Strymon's lake, Cäyfter's plashy meads,
 And fens of Scythia green with rustling reeds ;
 From where the Danube winds through many a land,
 And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
 To rendezvous they waft on eager wing ;
 And now assembled wait th' approaching spring.
 Meanwhile they trim their plumes for vigorous flight,
 Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws for fight ;
 In thought they slay a thousand times their foes,
 And every breast with war and vengeance glows.
 Now genial gales the frozen air unbind :
 The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
 Far in the sky they form their long array,
 And lands and oceans stretch'd immense survey,

Deep

Deep deep beneath; and triumphing in pride
 With clouds and winds commix'd innumeros ride.
 'Tis huge obstreperous uproar all, and heaven
 Whirls, in tempestuous fluctuation driven.

Nor less convulsions shook the world below,
 Where march'd in warlike pomp the haughty foe,
 Where mannikins, impatient for the field,
 Couch'd the long quivering lance, and grasp'd the shield;
 They form the glittering lines, and lengthening far,
 Well-ranged in firm array, await the war.

High in the midst the Chieftain-Dwarf was seen,
 Of giant stature, and majestic mien.
 Full twenty inches tall he strode along,
 And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng.
 Entrench'd with many a scar his visage frown'd;
 He bared his bosom rough with many a wound

OF

Of beaks, and claws, disclosing to their fight
 The glorious purchase of heroic might.
 For still with keen revenge the chief pursu'd
 The long-bill'd race, and all the feather'd brood.
 Unhappy they, who, trusting in the length
 Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
 Durst meet him in his ire; the blade descends,
 And from the panting trunk the pinion rends.
 Laid low in dust the pinion flies no more,
 The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
 What heroes fell beneath his conquering force!
 What ravag'd nests and chickens mark'd his course!
 How oft, O Strymon, thy sad banks along
 Did wailing echo waft the funeral song!

Now from afar the mingling clamours rise,
 Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.

From

From skirt to skirt of heaven impetuous rolls
A thickening cloud, and darkness hides the poles.
Near and more near descends th' enormous shade :
And now, in battailous array display'd,
Riding the winds, and screaming for the fight,
The cranes rush furious on th' astonish'd fight.

The pygmy heroes eye with fearless glare
The host thick swarming o'er the darken'd air ;
(Thick swarming now, but to their native lands,
Doom'd to return in scanty straggling bands.)
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Prone on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven.
The kindling phrensy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the crash of arms.
Loose feathers from th' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.

To breathe from toil upsprings th' o'erlabour'd crane,
 Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
 Success in equal ballance wavering hangs,
 Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
 The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
 Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls ;
 There, the dwarf's little feet thump thick the ground,
 The life-blood bubbling from his gaping wound :
 Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
 And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
 Trembles the thundering champaign, cover'd o'er
 With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
 And pygmy-arms, and beaks of ample size,
 And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
 All grim in blood the chieftain-pygmy glows.

Fierce

Fierce on th' affailing host the champion springs,
 Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings ;
 And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
 The combat with redoubled fury burns.
 From every side th' indignant cranes amain
 Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
 When sudden (such the sovereign doom of Jove)
 A fowl enormous, fousing from above,
 Th' impetuous champion grasp'd, and soaring high,
 (Sad chance of battle !) bore him up the sky.
 The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring
 Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
 But ah ! what woe each pygmy-bosom wrung,
 When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
 High in the clouds was seen their helpless Lord,
 His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Yet once again fresh kindling into rage
With mortal shock the mingling hofts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering ; then wheels aloft to scape the blow :
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound,
But whirls in empty air his falchion round.

Such was the scene, when, midst the dread alarms,
Sublime th' immortal Thunderer rose in arms.
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven.
Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky ;
Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vast limbs wallowing wide in brimstone blue.

But now oppress'd the pygmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.

They

They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
 All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
 Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend,
 Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend ;
 With unrelenting rage they urge the chace,
 Sworn to exterminate the hated race.

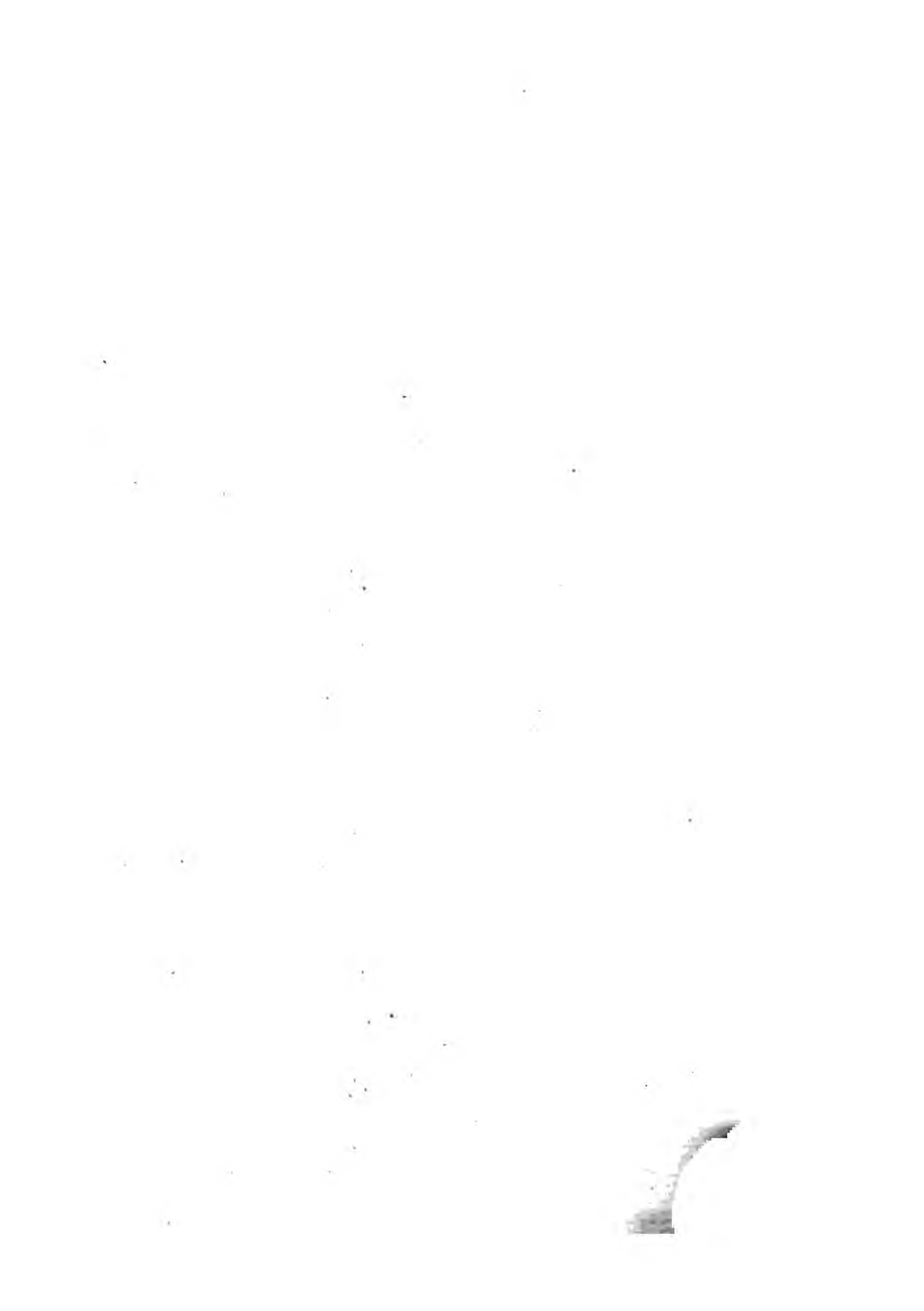
'Twas thus the Pygmy name, once great in war,
 For spoils of conquer'd Cranes renown'd afar,
 Perish'd : for, by th' unchanged decree of heaven,
 Short is the date to earthly grandeur given ;
 And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
 Where fate hath fix'd the everlasting bound.
 Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian pow'r,
 And Persia's proud dominion is no more ;
 Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
 Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And

And now with lofty Chiefs of antient time
The Pygmy warriors roam th' Elyfian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft in the belated shepherd's view
Their frisking forms in gentle green array'd
Gambol secure along the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming Cranes molest,
And all their woes in long oblivion rest,
Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay :
'Tis joy and frolick all, where'er they rove ;
And Fairy-people is the name they love.



T H E E N D .



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