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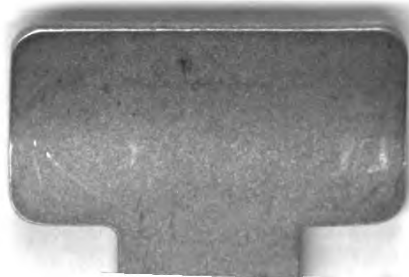


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[Re-bound May 1930]

G.P. 12¹/₁ (10)



A M Y N T O R

AND

T H E O D O R A :

OR,

T H E H E R M I T.

S. Mallett

A NEW EDITION.

Corrected by the A U T H O R.

L O N D O N :

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLXVIII.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



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

THE Author of this poem had devoted it, in his own thoughts, an offering of esteem to your Lordship, several years before he was determined to make it public. And now, my Lord, if a private man may be pardoned for saying, what he feels the highest satisfaction in being able to say with truth, he takes this opportunity of owning, that no change in your Lordship's situation since has produced any alteration in his sentiments; or left a writer, who wishes only to do himself honor by the choice of his patron, at Liberty to think of another.

Tho you gave leave for this address, after having perused part of the following sheets in

iv *The* D E D I C A T I O N.

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

If we may judge, by daily and disagreeable proofs, it should seem that we are relapsing fast into barbarism, either from a failure, or a strange misapplication, of genius. The politer arts, my Lord, which you must love were it only out of gratitude, decline visibly thro all their branches: and must languish more and more without such encouragement as may adorn while it rewards them. In this crisis, the eyes of mankind are naturally turned upon *One*, who, by taste as well as reflection, feels and discerns their utility:

Cardinal RICHELIEU, amidst the mighty schemes of ambition that employed his thoughts, amidst the domestic and foreign wars that perplexed his administration, yet found leisure to erect an academy, for refining and fixing the *French* tongue, which still flourishes to the advantage

The D E D I C A T I O N. v

vantage of his country, as well as to the peculiar honor of his own name. A Propofal, for an establishment of the like nature here, was agreed to by the late Treasurer OXFORD : and a certain annual fum, for the fupport of it, was certainly promifed. How it happened that this promife was never carried into execution, it would be improper to enquire in this place. But may we not flatter our hopes that fome fuch fcheme, or one yet more extenfively ufeful, will take place, fo as to be rendered effectual, under your Lordship's influence? and that, ages hence, thofe, who are beft fitted by their talents to inftroct or entertain the public, will have caufe to remember, with gratitude as well as reverence, the miniftry of the *Earl* of CHESTERFIELD? I am, with the utmoft refpect,

MY LORD,

April 24th,
1747.

Your Lordship's

moft faithful

and moft humble fervant

D. M A L L E T.

THE
P R E F A C E.

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

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

*They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold ; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor ; for whose
relief*

relief each family in the Island contributes it's share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those Islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms (for such he reckoned the larger Isles) by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of ST. KILDA, there were others still higher. However, the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears, upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw, then for the first time, (as in his own Island there grows not a shrub) equally surprized and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

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

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of CHARLES the second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by king Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given, by AURELIUS in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination; when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

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

AMYNTOR

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

FAR in the watry waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast *Atlantic* rolls,
On from the piny shores of *Labrador*
To frozen *Tbulé* east, her airy height
5 Aloft to heaven remotest *KILDA* lifts ;
Last of the Sea-girt *Hebrides*, that guard,
In filial Train, *Britannia's* parent-coast.
Thrice happy land ! tho freezing on the verge
Of artic skies ; yet, blameless still of arts
10 That polish, to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue blest.
Beyond *Ambition's* walk : where never *War*
Uprear'd his sanguine standard ; nor unsheath'd,

B

For

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

For wealth or power, the desolating sword.
15 Where *Luxury*, soft *Syren*, who around
To thousand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm *Content*
That lives to Reason ; antient *Faith* that binds
20 The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union ; *Innocence* of ill
Their guardian Genius : these, the Powers that rule
This little world, to all it's sons secure
Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound
25 From passion's rage, the body from disease.
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;
Firm in each sinew vigor's plyant spring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
30 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging round. But last and best,
35 What *Avarice*, what *Ambition* shall not know,

True

True *Liberty* is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With *Independence* dwells ; and *Peace* of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

40 Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous *Muse* ! O whether from the depth
Of evening-forest, brown with broadest shade ;
Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns ; or from the vale at noon,
45 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Thro' bowery groves, where *Inspiration* sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come !
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread ; and to the gale,
50 The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, thy lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best befits
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good AURELIUS——and a scene more wild
55 The world around, or deeper solitude,

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

Affliction could not find——AURELIUS here,
By fate unequal and the crime of War
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
60 Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought : and with the furge,
And with the sounding storm his murmur'd moan
Would often mix——Oft as remembrance sad
Th'unhappy past recall'd ; a faithful *wife*,
65 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend ;
With one fair *daughter*, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a *tyrant's* grasp ! his *foe* profess'd,
70 By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless !——Thus he liv'd :
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs ;
Hung o'er it's edge, to swell the flood with tears,
75 At midnight-hour : for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth

In unavailing anguish ; stretch'd along
The naked beach ; or shivering on the cliff,
80 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours ; till *Time*, the wretche's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
85 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd : as after winds
90 Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow
Still trembles from the storm. Now *Reason* first,
Her throne resum'g, bid *Devotion* raise
To heaven his eye ; and thro the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one CAUSE supreme,
95 All-just, all wise, who bids what still is best,
In cloud or sun-shine ; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

6 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or,*

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
100 The rage of grief, the felness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By virtue's hand ; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' ascending sun ; thro' faith he lives
105 Beyond time's bounded continent, the walks
Of sin and death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore ; and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
110 Where peace delights to dwell ; where one fair morn
Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast ; 'tis for the pangs
115 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,
Still suffering in his fate : 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may from heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The

The sun, now station'd with the lucid *Twins*,
 120 O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
 The rosy year ; and in each pleasing hue,
 That greens the leaf or thro the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest *Month* array'd :
 While zephyre, while the silver-footed dews,
 125 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm,
 Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
 Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
 130 Of *her* mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
 With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
 Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root,
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
 135 It's vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

B 4

The

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

The birds of passage transmigrating come,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 At nature's summons their aëreal state
 140 Annual to found ; and in bold voyage steer,
 O'er this wide ocean, thro yon pathless sky,
 One certain flight to one appointed shore :
 By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
 Their temporary realm ; and form secure,
 145 Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
 And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues :
 Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
 Their helpless infants, piously intent.

 150 Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
 " And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
 AURELIUS, from the western bay, his eye
 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
 With wonder mark'd ; now cast with level ray
 155 Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
 From pole to pole thro boundless space diffus'd,
 Magnificently dreadful ! where, at large,

LEVIATHAN, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
160 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
Wak'd reverence lifts the HERMIT's thought: he owns
The hand Almighty who its channel'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
165 With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
170 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
175 In fair aëreal landschape. Here, alone
On earth's remotest verge, AURELIUS breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.

10 AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or,

180 When lo! a found, amid the wave-worn rocks,

Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along

From cliff to cavern : as the breath of winds,

At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard

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

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

At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest

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

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

Invading night, and hung the troubled sky

190 With fearful blackness round. Sad ocean's face

A curling undulation shivery swept

From wave to wave : and now impetuous rose

Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,

The raging *South*, and headlong o'er these seas

195 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.

Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,

Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood

Projected frowns, *AURELIUS* stood apall'd !

His stun'd ear smote with all the thundering main ;

200 His eye with mountains surging to the stars :

Com-

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

Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky it's foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds :
205 Yet distant seen and dim ; till, onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
It's course he watches, and in awful thought
210 That Power invokes, whose voice the wild winds hear,
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
215 But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !
For death bestrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And lo ! his secret feat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
220 A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy *Genius* of the deep forfakes :
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,

225 Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
 It's blackest pinion ; pour it's loudening blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 230 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl : her guiding helm
 Breaks short ; her masts in crashing ruin fall ;
 And each rent sail flies loofe in distant air.
 Now, fearful moment ! o'er the foundering hull,
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
 235 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends —
 Ah ! save them, heaven !—it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky
 Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath it's torrent-sweep
 240 Are sunk, to rise no more. AURELIUS wept :
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
 He turn'd his step ; he fled the fatal scene,
 And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 245 Pour'd out to heaven in sighs : thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme DISPOSER of Events ;

But

But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes : the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay
250 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands it's self-pois'd concave ; as the gate,
Ample and broad and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple. On it's height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
255 That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought AURELIUS past,
Struck with sad echoes, from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stop'd, he rais'd his head ;
260 And saw th' assembled Natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth
He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek :
265 And in their place, on each chill feature spread,

The

14 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro hovering mists at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
270 The briny wave : and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand ;
275 Where bold proportion and where softening grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

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

That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
 They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
 The vapoury air with aromatic smells :
 290 Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
 From mountain-plants, within his lips infus'd.
 Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
 Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes :
 While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
 295 His fluttering pulse ; and gradual o'er his cheek
 The rosy current wins it's reflux way.
 Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
 Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
 300 Dissolv'd in tears around : then clos'd again,
 As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
 Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.
 Mercy, sweet heaven—Ha ! now whole ocean sweeps
 310 In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !
 We will not part—Help ! help ! yon wave, behold !
 That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
 O for a sun to light this black abyss !

16 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Gone—lost—for ever lost! He ceas'd. Amaze

315 And trembling on the pale assistants fell :

Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,

AURELIUS bid depart. A pause ensu'd,

Mute, mournful, solemn. On the Stranger's face

Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard :

320 Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,

Attentive seiz'd ; now eager to begin

Consoling speech ; now doubtful to invade

The sacred silence due to grief supreme.

Then thus at last. O from devouring seas

325 By miracle escap'd ! if, with thy life,

Thy sense return'd can yet discern the *Hand*,

All-wonderful, that thro yon raging sea,

Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe ;

That *Hand* divine with grateful awe confess,

330 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas !

Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within

Th' unfathom'd gulph ; when human hope was fled,

And human help in vain—th' almighty VOICE,

Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the Deep

335 Yield up it's prey : that by his mercy sav'd,

That

That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love,
 May justify ; to all the sons of men,
 Thy brethren, ever present in their need.

340 Such praise delights him most—

He hears me not.

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

345 Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art !

For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
 My self most wretched and in sorrow's ways
 Severely train'd, to share in every pang

The wretched feel ; to soothe the sad of heart ;

350 To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,

With every son and daughter of distress.

Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent :

My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine ;

To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,

355 Thro reason's pathes, to happiness and heaven.

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

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

By

By fairer funs attemper'd, courtly boast ;
O say, did ere thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from *Beauty* all-divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
380 In pleasing tumult pour'd thro every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impresson ! Then, as passion grew,
Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
That blifs no wealth can bribe, no power bestow ;
385 That blifs of angels, love by love repaid ?
Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
390 How total ! how extreme ! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and bury'd there—O awful heaven !
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
395 Can't tell what I have lost—O ill-starr'd *Maid* !
O most undone AMYNTOR !—Sighs and tears,

20 **AMYNTOR** *and* **THEODORA** : *or,*

And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice suppress'd :

The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy gloom

400 Spred, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,

With huge and heavy horror closing round

In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,

The moving tale, **AURELIUS** deeply felt :

And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,

405 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,

And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

AMYNTOR, by that heaven who sees thy tears!

By faith and friendship's sympathy divine !

Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,

410 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer

It's sharpest grief. Such grief, alas ! how just ?

How long in silent anguish to descend,

When *Reason* and when *Fondness* o'er the tomb

Are fellow-mourners ? He, who can resign,

415 Has never lov'd : and wert thou to the sense,

The

The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 420 And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifys the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 425 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 It's brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
 430 So terrible—AMYNTOR, thy pain'd heart,
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark,
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad Mourner, try
 435 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious *Wing* from heaven

Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm ;
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
440 Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares :
And to us both be friendly as we need.

End of the F I R S T C A N T O .

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O II.

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

24 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Effusive stream'd ; till late, thro every power
The soul subdu'd sunk sad to slow repose :
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
15 Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
Not long to last : for *Fancy*, oft awake
While *Reason* sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
20 To mock with mimic shews. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
AMYNTOR heaves of overwhelming seas ;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
25 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
Dumb silence broods. Thro heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil ; hears torrent floods afar
30 Roar thro the wild ; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
That brighten'd with their glow the brown abyfs,

Rose

Rose THEODORA. Heavenly, in her eye
35 Sat, without cloud, the tender-smiling soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spoufals, as along th' enamel'd turf
40 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air——
O turn! O stay thy flight!—so loud he cry'd,
45 Sleep and it's train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
50 Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th'incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
55 The vale, the shore with darkling step he roam'd,

26 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or,*

Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound :
Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's voice,
60 Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven,
Restrains him ; but, as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Tho passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne th' unhappy Fair,
65 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
He roll'd his ardent eye ; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold !

70 Tho now, wide-open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea : while, all-unveil'd,
The vast horizon on *AMYNTOR*'s eye
75 Pours full it's scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep,

Diffus'd

Diffus'd immense in rowling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of *Albion's* crown,
 80 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
 Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
 A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
 85 Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
 Of horrid Grandeur: some with founding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
 90 Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

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

With

28 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

With kindly sense to glow, his mornning-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd.

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

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

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
135 He lightly scal'd : such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can thro age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay

The

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

140 The man unknown ; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. AURELIUS mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid furrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
145 Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

O fight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear ! Whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess
150 That *Fancy*, trans'd in fairest vision, dreams ;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers ; there, on the damp earth spread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now !
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
155 The proud be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man-forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
It's amorous anguish—

160 Hear me, heaven ! exclaim'd

The

The frantic Mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony
I yet would bless my fate ; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
165 For ever freed. I am weary of the sun.
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can dy. O fainted Maid !
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
170 Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet those names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
175 Thy lifeless limbs : that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless ! was thy lover fav'd
For such a task ?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault ; and weeping there,
180 O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !

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

In me, a Man behold, whose morn serene,
 Whose noon of better life, with honor spent,
 In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 Drew fair distinction on my public name,
 195 From those among mankind, the nobler few,
 Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 In home-found peace and love, supremely blest!
 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 200 By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
 Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the same!

At last, AMYNTOR, in my failing age,
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
205 Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with shame!
Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
210 And all, O sovereign REASON! all deriv'd
From POWER that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by HIMSELF observ'd,
The GOD prescribes whose sanction KINGS pretend!

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

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
 Be far th' unhallow'd license of abuse ;
 Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal,
 225 That impious hid behind the patriot's name
 Masques hate and malice to the legal throne,
 In Justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 The prince to guard—but guard the people too :
 Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
 230 Soul of all worth, and sum of human blifs,
 Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
 Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
 By none to be reclaim'd, man's *right divine*,
 Which GOD, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

 235 But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
 This first best tenure by which monarchs rule ;
 If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
 The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
 To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
 240 Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
 Allegiance kept were treason to mankind ;

And

And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For say, AMYNTOR, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knees
245 To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame and in one boundless grave
Engulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
250 Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of POWER
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
255 It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk:
My self, as one contagious to his kind,
260 Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head

36 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or,*

The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels

Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.

265 And this blind fury of commission'd rage,

Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,

Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,

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

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

270 Left thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd

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

More deadly fell than hunger ever stung

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

Sons of Perdition, miscreants with all guilt

275 Familiar, and in each dire art of death

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

On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts

Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,

That sweet recess, where love and virtue long

280 In happy league had dwelt, which war it self

Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape;

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

For flame and rapine their consuming march,

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

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

38 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

With words that weep, and strains that agonize;

Can all this mournful magic of thy voice

Tell what *AMYNTOR* feels? O heaven! art thou—

310 What have I heard?—*AURELIUS!* art thou *He?*—

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

And O most wretched too! alas, no more,

No more a father—On that fatal flood,

Thy *THEODORA*—At these words he fell.

315 A deadly cold ran freezing thro his veins:

And life was on the wing her loath'd abode

For ever to forsake. As on his way

The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,

Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye

320 With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs

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

The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,

Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,

No tear had force to flow; his senses all,

325 Thro all their powers, suspended, and subdu'd

To chill amazement. Silence for a space

(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky

Ere first the thunder breaks) on either side

Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
 330 As from some vision that to frenzy fires
 The sleeper's brain, AMYNTOR waking wild,
 A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
 Let all thy wrongs be visited ; and thus
 335 My horrors end—then would have madly plung'd
 The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm,
 AURELIUS, tho with deep dismay and dread
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resuming all himself,
 340 Seiz'd sudden : then perusing with strict eye,
 And beating heart, AMYNTOR's blooming form ;
 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 345 Thy hand self-violent ; nor thus to guilt,
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
 Shall man first violate the law divine,

350 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
 Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 355 Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ;
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting—But say on.
 My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 Recals thy words, recalls their dire import :
 360 They urge me on ; they bid me ask no more—
 What would I ask ? My THEODORA'S fate,
 Ah me ! is known too plain. Have I then sin'd,
 Good heaven ! beyond all grace---But shall I blame
 His rage of grief, and in my self admit
 365 It's wild excess ? Heaven gave her to my wish ;
 That gift Heaven has resum'd : righteous in both,
 For both his providence be ever blest !

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

AMYNTOR, slow-recovering into thought,

370 Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand

Grasp'd

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardor to his lips.
 His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
 Thro swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, now shun'd the HERMIT's glance,
 375 Shot awful at him : till, the various swell
 Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke :

What hast thou done? why fav'd a wretch unknown?
 Whom knowing even thy goodness must abhor.
 Mistaken man! the honor of thy name,
 380 Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
 I am——AURELIUS, turn that look aside,
 That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 Abhorrent say, he is---Forgive me, heaven!
 Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
 385 Whom nature bids me reverence---by her bond
 ROLANDO's son : by your more sacred ties,
 As to his crimes, an alien to his blood ;
 For crimes like his——

ROLANDO's son? Just heaven!

390 Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
 All-terrible arising, shakes my frame

With

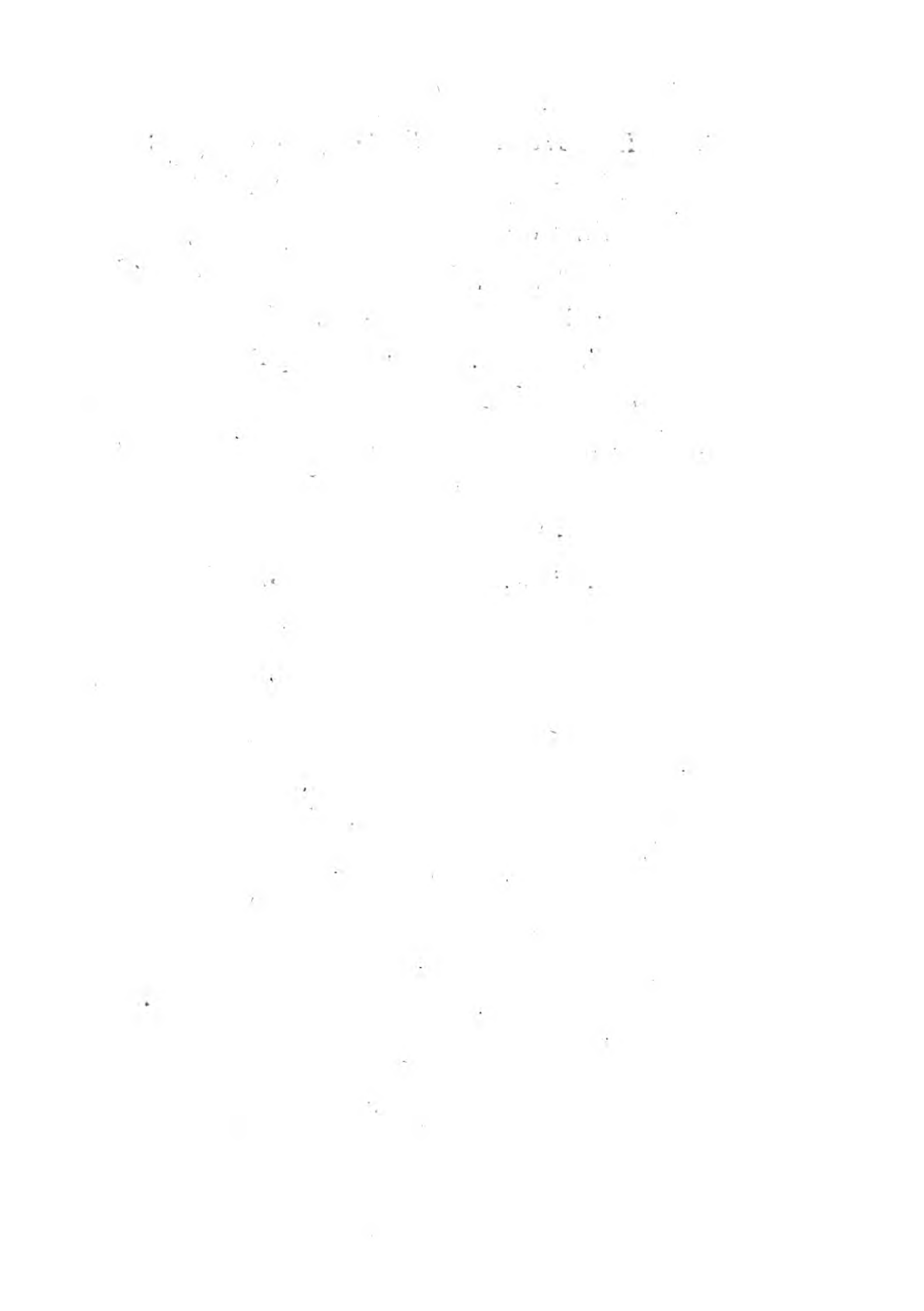
42 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The *Father's* heart, tho seas are spread between,
Were great revenge!---Away: revenge? on whom?
395 Alas! on my own soul; by rag'd betray'd
Even to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke:
And his own ponyard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held. But as, the welcome blow,
400 With arms display'd *AMYNTOR* seem'd to court,
That fight th' impending steel a moment stay'd.
A moment, wrath and mercy doubtful strove:
The next, reflection pity'd and forgave.
Now as, in act to speak, his head he rais'd,
405 Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
The *Natives* stood; whom kindness hither drew,
The *Man* unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as antient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
410 *MONTANO*, venerable sage, whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,

Stands

Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
415 AURELIUS drew apart, and in his care
AMYNTOR plac'd ; to lodge him and secure ;
To save him from himself, as one, with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
420 He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

End of the SECOND CANTO.



A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I I I.

WHERE *Kilda's* southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling shower
His mid-day beam. And now, in lowing train,
5 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around it's rocks to graze: for, strange to tell!

The

Line 9. The cows often feed on the *alga marina*: and they
can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; tho,
at

46 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or,*

10 The hour of ebb, tho ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times ; by Heaven's own hand,
To all it's creatures equal in it's care,
15 Unerring mov'd. These Signs observ'd, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repaste at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle :
All but AURELIUS. He, unhappy man,
20 By nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The CHILD no more! the MOTHER's fate untold !
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !
25 Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid

That

at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebb'd about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of HIM,
 30 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
 Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
 The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
 35 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
 With mournful magic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us, while it's sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As REASON thus the mental storm seren'd,
 40 And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
 That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
 AMYNTOR slow-approaching! On his front,
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
 Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
 45 Majestic in distress, AURELIUS mark'd;
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 With social softness. Strait, before the door

Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview! and thus the YOUTH began.

50 With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
A M Y N T O R 's story : then, as Justice sees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him or condemn—But O, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
55 Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every form
By heaven made sacred; and by nature's hand,
With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
60 The curs'd effects of sanguinary *zeal*
Too near beheld : it's madness how extreme ;
How blind it's fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
65 Fell *cruelty* let loose in mercy's name :
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal

That POWER whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
 70 That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

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

But how proceed, AURELIUS? in what sounds
 Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,

E

My

50 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or,*

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

O THEODORA! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that warm-glow of youth,
105 Soft in thy eye, and sunny on thy cheek,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream

From

110 From it's unfailing source! and then too seen
 In milder lights ; by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
 By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
 O sweetness without name! when *Love* looks on
 115 With *Pity*'s melting eye, that to the soul
 Endears, ennobles *Her*, whom fate afflicts,
 Or fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
 Refines to virtue : then a purer train
 Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 120 By self-regard, or thought of due return,
 The breast expanding, all it's powers exalt
 To emulate what reason best conceives
 Of love celestial ; whose prevenient aid
 Forbids approaching ill ; or gracious draws,
 125 When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
 From pain it's sting, it's bitterness from woe!

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
 The gentle Maid with unreluctant ear
 130 Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown

With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
 To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
 O seen but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
 135 It's flattering brightness! THEODORA'S form,
 Event unfear'd! ROLANDO'S eye had caught:
 And love (if wild desire, of fancy born,
 By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 Profanes not) love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 140 To transient goodness—But my thought shrinks back,
 Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
 With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 The veil of silence and oblivious night
 Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 145 Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
 Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd thought
 Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
 That bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
 150 And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
 'Tis just, he cry'd; who thus invites disdain,
 Deserves repulse: he who, by slave-like arts,
Would

Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.

155 When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to *both*,
To *one* prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,

160 The mortal worm that on EMILIA's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro all her powers
It's poyson spred, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?

165 AURELIUS, O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair—
She is no more——

O providence severe!

170 AURELIUS smote his breast, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the *Will* supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,

54 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

175 By all the war of nature tho affail'd,
Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's grace
With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,

180 Medicinal tho bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond complaints
Arrest the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb

185 Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,

190 Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth,
And let me call thee Son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)

195 On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,

To

To hearken and adore. The patient man
 Thus spoke: AMYNTOR thus his story clos'd.

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

What then remain'd for honor or for love ?
 What, but that scene of violence to fly,
 With guilt profan'd and terrible with death,
 210 ROLANDO'S fatal roof. Late at the hour,
 When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
 Ascending mournful in the midnight-sphere ;
 On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
 215 EMILIA sleeps, and by the turf that veils

Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there
 I found my THEODORA! Thrill'd with awe,
 With sacred terror, which the time, the place
 Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
 220 My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
 Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
 By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
 Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
 By death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
 225 That once was man, now mouldring here below!
 But chief by *her's*, at whose nocturnal tomb,
 Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
 230 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
 Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
 To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
 Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 235 We sail'd—But, O my Father! can I speak
 What yet remains? yon ocean black with storm!
 It's useless sails rent from the groaning pine!

The speechless crew aghast! and that lost *Fair!*
 Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
 240 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
 For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
 Expiring, sinking with her fears she hung!
 I kiss'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
 And won at last, with sums of profer'd gold,
 245 The boldest mariners, this pretious charge
 Instant to save; and, in the skiff secur'd,
 Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
 250 A sea swell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph.
 Nor me alone: it's broad and billowing sweep
 Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven!
 My fatal love on her devoted head
 Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
 255 To me and mine. or was AMYNTOR fav'd
 For it's whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 With

58 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA : *or,*

260 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

 The lamp of day, tho from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
265 Oppressive brightness round ; till in soft steam,
From ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread ; the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing, vale and plain and dazzling hill.
270 AURELIUS, with his guest, the western cliff
Ascending flow, beneath it's marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Rowl'd founding forth, and where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
275 Till cooler hours arise. The Subject-*Isle* ;
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods ; her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
280 To field and mead ; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where

Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
 Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
 AURELIUS gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
 285 The human race are sons of sorrow born.
 Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
 Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
 All have their mournful portion; all must bear
 Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
 290 Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
 Where yonder vale, AMYNTOR, sloping spreads
 Full to the noon-tide beam it's primrose-lap,
 From hence due east. AMYNTOR look'd and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
 295 Where *thrice three Females*, earnest each and arm'd
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
 For future harvest. *These* the trenchant spade,
 To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
 Employ'd assiduous. *Those*, with equal pace
 300 And arm alternate, strew'd it's fresh lap white

With

60 **A**MYNTOR *and* **T**HEODORA: *or,*

With fruitful *Ceres*: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

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

This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
325 To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before furlmiz'd ; one general groan,
To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Thro these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
330 At morn was heard : at midnight too were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon *lesser Isle*,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, *Borera* nam'd—
335 Full north, behold! beyond the soaring lark,
It's dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, *thrice three* fires,
340 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,

Took

That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
365 His parent-beam that animates and cheers
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike
370 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, lost to outward sense, AMYNTOR pass'd
Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect; which pale *Fancy* rais'd
Incessant to her self, and fabled o'er
375 With darkest night, meet region for despair!
Till northward, where the rock it's sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding it's point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore
380 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of *men unknown*
A double band, who by their gestures strange

There

There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
 385 Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
 Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale and of piteous look, a pensive *Maid*;
 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
 390 Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh all ye powers!
AMYNTOR startling cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face.
 Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
 Runs cold: my feet are rooted here—and see!
 395 To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
 The *Spirits* who this ocean waste and wild
 Still hover o'er, or walk these isles unseen,
 Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
 400 So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
 Embodiy'd, featur'd it with all her charms—
 And lo! behold! it's eyes are fix'd on mine
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls—

He

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

66 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA: *or*,
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

 He, in this dread suspense, while busy round
430 The stream with cool asperion on her face
 These men officious cast, beheld amaz'd,
 In them beheld, distrusting even his eyes,
 His friends! the very band! th' adventurous few,
 Who plac'd her in the skiff! whose daring skill
435 Had fav'd her from the deep!—As o'er her cheek
 Rekindling life, like morn, it's light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
 How to yon *Isle*, yon round of mofs-clad hills,
 Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
440 These *Islanders*, *thrice three*, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 It's prow directed safe—He heard no more:
445 The rest already known, his every sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone

Was

Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

AMYNTOR! O my life's recover'd hope!
450 My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
455 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart
Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
460 The breast they charm—AMYNTOR, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where it's force
465 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away

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

Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er it's charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-Genius hovers, so the Youth,
470 On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt : while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her ;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
475 Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressivè frame.

O happy! tho as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee ! but, thou gentlest mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
480 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height it's powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this *Ille*,
485 Thy god-like father lives ! and lo—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart ;

'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
 The mountain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew ; and, as on wings upborne,
 490 Shot o'er the space between. *He* saw, he knew,
 Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His THEODORA ! To his arms he rais'd
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 My father!—O my child—at once they cry'd :
 495 Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
 And nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
 Where emulous in either bosom strove
 Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
 500 Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile ;
 And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the Joy,
 With instant flow, from shore to shore along
 Diffusive ran ; and all th' exulting Isle
 505 About the *new-arriv'd* was pour'd abroad,
 To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd.

70 AMYNTOR *and* THEODORA; *or,*

In each plain bosom *love* and *nature* wept :

While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,

Embracing held and kifs'd.

510 Now, while the song,

The choral hymn, in wildly-cadenc'd notes,

What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,

Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd

Aloud to heaven ; MONTANO, reverend *Seer,*

515 (Whose eye prophetic far thro time's abyfs

Could shoot it's beam, and there the births of fate,

Yet immature and in their causes hid,

Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood :

His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes

520 From outward vision held, and all the man

Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,

On fluid air, as in a mirror, seen,

And glowing radiant to his mental sight.

They fly ! he cry'd, they melt in air away,

525 The clouds that long fair *Albion's* heaven o'ercast !

With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd

Her

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

And

72 *AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,*

And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age ; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn ;

555 Thro life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

T H E E N D.

