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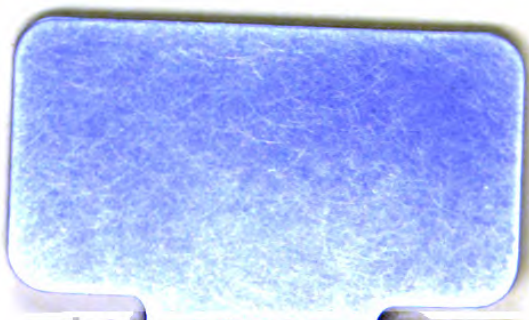
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Sophy & Ann Powis
a birthday gift from
Harry.

April 29th 1851.

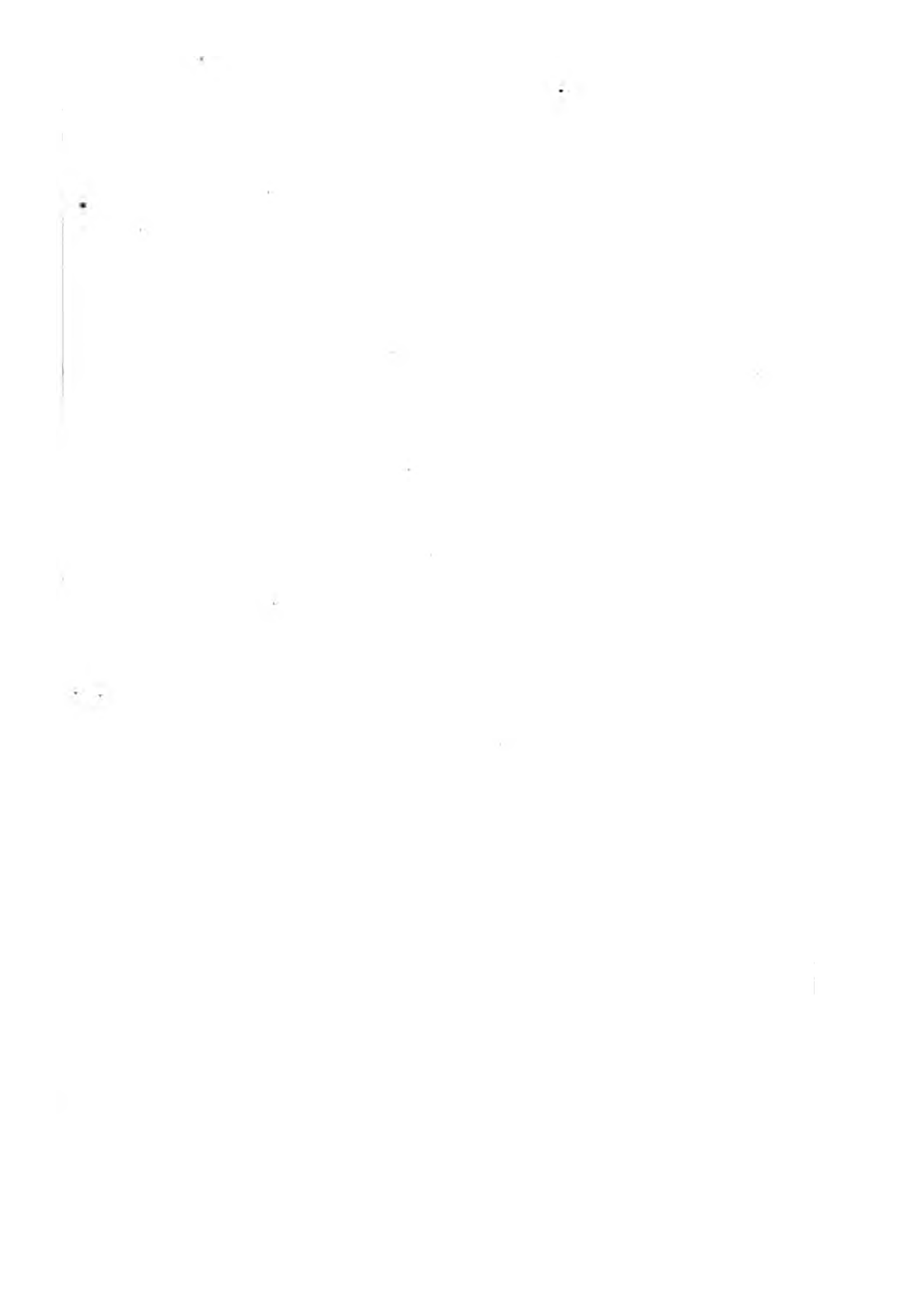
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THE
GIFT BOOK
OF
POETRY.

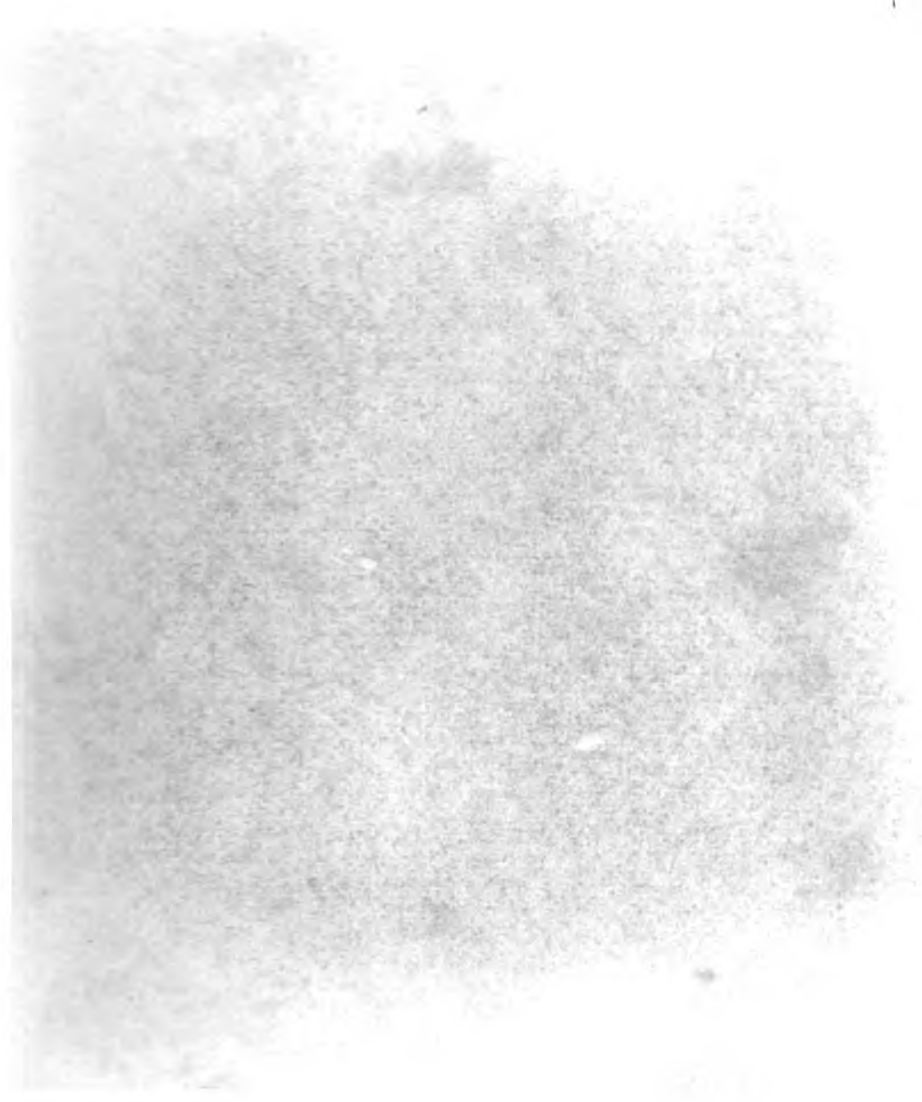
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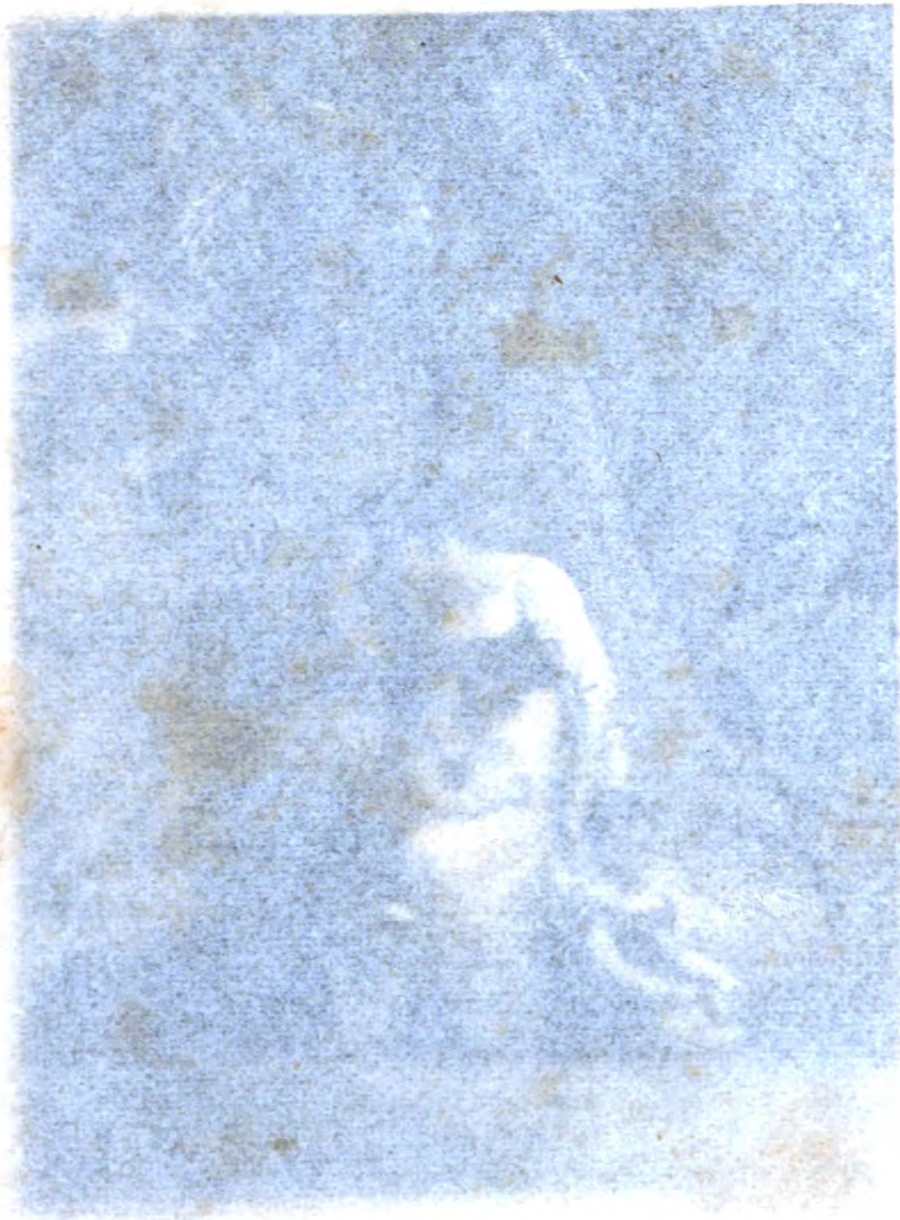


Engraved by Cha. Heath.

T H E



NO. 58, HOLBORN HILLS,
LONDON.



THE
GIFT BOOK
OF
POETRY.



LARTON & C^o 58, HOLBORN HILL,
LONDON.



THE
G I F T B O O K

OF

ENGLISH POETRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ELEVEN STEEL
ENGRAVINGS.

London :

DARTON & CO., HOLBORN HILL.

M D C C C X L V I I I .



PREFACE.

POETRY is inherent in our nature—it adorns the abrupt eloquence of the Savage; and gives intensity to the expression of our own feelings of sorrow and of joy:—in musing on the past, and in anticipating the future—in contemplating objects of beauty or of grandeur—our regrets and our hopes, the lovely and the stupendous, alike bring us within its influence; and our thoughts and sensations become Poetry, however unable we may be to give it utterance.

No wonder, then, that those gifted with conceptions of more than ordinary beauty or sublimity, and with the power to embody their conceptions in language harmonious and characteristic, should rank high among their fellowmen; and, that the cultivation of a taste for

their art,—if art it may be called,—should, in all ages and countries, have kept pace with the advance of civilization.

The study of Poetry, while it tends to humanize and enlarge the heart, imparts vigor and brilliancy to the imagination, and exercises, amuses, and improves the mind:—but, it is to be deplored, that high poetic genius has sometimes been degraded by levity, and depraved by immorality; and that the youthful reader, while, with interest and delight, pursuing his course where nothing should find a place but the graceful and the pure, not unfrequently risks contamination from the blandishments of vice, or disgust from its deformity.

Nor is the decidedly immoral, all that is to be avoided in leading youth along the “primrose paths of Poetry;” there is much, in itself blameless, which may yet, while the passions are nascent and the judgment crude, conduce to create a false and vitiated taste, and to enervate and warp the mind.

The Literature of our Country is, however, rich in Poetry of unmitigated excellence, and

affords means of selection and arrangement of almost unlimited extent:—the present volume is an attempt towards forming and directing the taste of the young, by placing in their hands a source of amusement and edification, comprising the gay and the grave—the terse and the ornate—the “Sports of Fancy,” and “Themes of high import.”



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SPENSER.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT ENCOUNTERS AND SLAYS THE DRAGON.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre ;
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill :

When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night :
 Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
 And sad Prosérpines wrath, them to affright.
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
 And that false other spright, on whom he spread
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight ;
 Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
 Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast ;
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him calls ; “ Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine :
 Come, see where your false lady doth her honor staine.”

All in a maze he suddenly up start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went ;
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and leud embracément :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire ;
 The eie of reason was with rage yblent ;
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter angush of his guilty sight,
 He could not rest ; but did his stout heart eat,
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
 At last faire Hesperus in highest skie

And spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed : so both away do fly.

Now when the rosy-fingered Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire ·
And the high hills Titan discovered;
The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed :
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each howre :—
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stow

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine :
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine :
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts :
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts :
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spell !

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :—

In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield ; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bouch of heares discolour'd diversly.
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel address ;
 And, when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy ; full large of limbe and every ioint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purfl'd with gold and pearle of rich assay ;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave :
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

With faire disport, and courting dalhaunce,
 She intertainde her lover all the way :
 But, when she saw the knight his speare advance,
 Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight address him to the fray ;
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
 And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
 Forth spurred fast ; adowne his coursers side
 The red bloud trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That, daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :
 Each others equall puissaunce envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce ; repining courage yields
 No foote to foe : the flashing fiër flies,
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;
 And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

“ Curse on that crosse,” quoth then the Sarazin,
 That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt ;
 Dead long ygoe, I wrote, thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt :
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head.” Therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive ;
 And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head : he, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall ;
 But from him fled away with all her powre :
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away

The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure :
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
 Cride " Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart ;
 And said, " Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
 Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

Melting in teares, than gan shee thus lament ;
 " The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betrade me to your powre,
 Was, (O what now availeth that I was !)
 Borne the sole daughter of an emperour ;
 He that the wide west under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

" He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage ;
 Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never prince so meeke and debonaire !
 But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine ; that shall I ever mone !

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, convaide,
 And fro me hid ; of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow ; whose deepe-wounded mind
 With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind.

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
 To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led

With him away ; but yet could never win
 The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy ;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sansloy.

“ In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.”
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell ;
 And said, “ Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

“ Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid
 And lost an old foe that did you molest :
 Better new friend then old foe is said.”
 With change of chear the seeming-simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy lookes : so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traveled ;
 Til, weary of their way, they came at last
 Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did spread
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcaste ;
 And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
 Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round :
 The fearfull shepheard, often there aghast,
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe ; but shund th’ unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got ;
 For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurlled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That living creature mote it not abide ;
 And his new lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes, there as they sit ;
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that lived yit ;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit ;
 And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, " O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard ;
 But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched lady, my deare love ;
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare !"
 Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove :
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake ;
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :
 " What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 (Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,)
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare ?"

Then, groning deep ; " Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
 " Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake ;
 But once a man Fradubio, now a tree ;
 Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the knight ; " by whose mischiévous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts ;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts ;
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress."

" The author then," said he, " of all my smarts,

Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

“ In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree ;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde ;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde

“ Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceded farre ;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre ;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare ; such is the dye of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

“ So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did excede ;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee ;
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fræliſsa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

“ The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile ;
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

“ Then cride she out, ‘ Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight :

O leave her soone, or let her soone be same !
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :
 So left her, where she now is turned to treën mould.

“ Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
 And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time ;
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same :
 Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
 When witches wont do penance for their crime,)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

“ Her neather partes misshapen monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see ;
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie :
 For danger great, if not assurd decay,
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

“ The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
 Perceiv'd my thought ; and, drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body, all through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses wére bereaved quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight ;
 Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.”

“ But how long time,” said then the Elfin knight,
 “ Are you in this misformed hous to dwell ?”
 “ We may not chaunge,” quoth he, “ this evill plight.
 Till we be bathed in a living well :
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.”
 “ O how,” said he, “ mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well ?”
 “ Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us unbynd.”

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew ;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift ; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew,)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

DANIEL.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND BROUGHT PRISONER TO
LONDON, RESIGNS HIS CROWN TO HENRY BOLINGBROKE.

—

In Dearth of Faith, and Scarcity of Friends,
The late Great Mighty Monarch, on the Shore,
In th' utmost Corner of his Land attends,
To call back false Obedience, fled before ;
Toils, and in vain his Toil and Labour spends ;
More Hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more :
All turned their Faces to the Rising Sun,
And leave his Setting Fortune, Night begun.

But thus is *Richard* left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed Title of his Right ;
And those brave Troops, his Fortune Followers, gone,
And all that Pomp, (the Complements of Might)
Th' amusing Shadows that are cast upon
The State of Princes, to beguile the Sight ;
All vanish'd clean, and only Frailty left,
Himself of all besides Himself bereft.

Like when some great *Colossus*, whose strong Base
Or mighty Props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foresheving Ruin, threatening all the Place
That in the Danger of his Fall doth stay ;
All strait to better Safety flock apace,
None rest to help the Ruin while they may .
“ The Peril great, and doubtful the Redress,
“ Men are content to leave Right in Distress.”

And look how *Thames*, enrich'd with many a Flood,
 And goodly Rivers, (that have made their Graves
 And bury'd both their Names, and all their Good,
 Within his Greatness, to augment his Waves)
 Glides on with Pomp of Waters, unwithstood,
 Unto the *Ocean*, (which his Tribute craves)
 And lays up all his Wealth within that Pow'r,
 Which in it self all Greatness doth devour.

So flock the Mighty, with their following Train,
 Unto the All-receiving *Bolingbroke* ;
 Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
 So many Hearts as now his Party took ;
 And with what Ease, and with how slender Pain,
 His Fortune gives him more than he could look :
 What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
 Is pour'd upon him far beyond his Thought.

And *Richard*, who look'd Fortune in the back,
 Sees headlong Lightness running from the Right,
 Amazed stands, to note how great a Wreck
 Of Faith his Riots caus'd ; what mortal Spite
 They bear him, who did Law and Justice lack :
 Sees how concealed Hate breaks out in Sight,
 And Fear-depressed Envy, (pent before)
 When fit Occasion, thus unlock'd the Door.

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains ;
 " O why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
 " Run headlong to that Change that nothing gains,
 " But Gain of Sorrow, only Change of Woe ?
 " Which is all one ; if he be like who reigns :
 " Why will you buy with Blood what you forego ;
 " 'Tis nought but Shews that Ignorance esteems :
 " The Thing possess'd is not the Thing it seems.

" And when the Sins of *Bolingbroke* shall be
 " As great as mine, and you unanswered
 " In these your Hopes ; then may you wish for me,
 " Your Lawful Sov'reign, from whose Faith you fled ;
 " And, grieved in your Souls, the Error see
 " That shining Promises had shadowed :
 " As th' hum'rous Sick removing, find no Ease,
 " When changed Chambers change not the Disease.

“ Then shall you find this Name of Liberty,
 “ (The watch-word of Rebellion ever us'd ;
 “ The idle Echo of Uncertainty,
 “ That evermore the Simple hath abus'd.)
 “ But new-turn'd Servitude, and Misery ;
 “ And ev'n the same, and worse, before refus'd.
 “ Th' Aspirer once attain'd unto the Top,
 “ Cuts off those Means by which himself got up.”

Thus he complain'd—When lo, from *Lancaster*,
 (The new entitl'd Duke) with Order sent
 Arriv'd *Northumberland*, as to confer,
 And make Relation of the Duke's Intent ;
 And offer'd there, if that he would refer
 The Controversy unto Parli'ment,
 And punish those that had abus'd the State,
 As Causers of this Universal Hate ;

And also see that Justice might be had
 On those the Duke of *Glos'ter's* Death procur'd,
 And such remov'd from Council as were bad ;
 His Cousin *Henry* would, be there assur'd,
 On humble Knees before his Grace be glad
 To ask him Pardon, to be well secur'd,
 And have his Right and Grace restor'd again ;
 The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

And therefore doth an Enterparle exhort ;
 Persuades him leave that unbeseeming Place.
 And with a Princely Hardiness resort
 Unto his People, that attend his Grace.
 They meant his Public Good, and not his Hurt ;
 And would most joyful be to see his Face.
 He lays his Soul to pledge, and takes his Oath,
 The Host of Christ, an Hostage for his Troth.

This Proffer, with such Protestations, made
 Unto a king that so near Danger stood,
 Was a sufficient Motive to persuade,
 When no Way else could shew a Face so good :
 Th' unhonourable Means of Safety bad
 Danger accept, what Majesty withstood.
 “ When better Choices are not to be had,
 “ We needs must take the seeming Best of Bad.

Yet stands H' in doubt a-while what Way to take ;
 Conferring with that small-remaining Troop
 Fortune had left ; which never would forsake
 Their poor, distress'd Lord ; nor ever stoop
 To any Hopes the stronger Part could make :
 Good *Carlisle*, *Ferby*, and Sir *Stephen Scroope*,
 With that most worthy *Montague*, were all
 That were content with *Majesty* to fall.

Grave *Montague*, whom long Experience taught
 In either Fortune, thus advis'd his King :
 " Dear *Sov'reign*, know, The Matter that is sought,
 " Is only how Your Majesty to bring
 " (From out of this poor Safety you have got)
 " Into their Hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
 " For now, but only You they want of all ;
 " And wanting You, they nothing theirs can call.

" Here have you craggy Rocks to take your Part ;
 " That never will betray their Faith to you ;
 " These trusty Mountains here will never start,
 " But stand t'upbraid their Shame that are untrue.
 " Here may you fence your Safety with small Art,
 " Against the Pride of that confused Crew :
 " If Men will not, these very Cliffs will fight,
 " And be sufficient to defend your Right.

" Then keep you here ; and here you shall behold,
 " Within short Space, the sliding Faith of those
 " That cannot long their Resolution hold,
 " Repent the Course their idle Rashness chose.
 " For that same Mercenary Faith they sold,
 " With least Occasions discontented grows,
 " And insolent those voluntary Bands ;
 " Presuming how by them He chiefly stands.

" And hither to approach he will not dare ;
 " Where Desarts, Rocks, and Hills, no Succours give ;
 " Where Desolation, and no Comforts are ;
 " Where few can do no Good, many not Live.
 " Besides, We have the Ocean, to prepare
 " Some other Place, if This should not relieve :
 " So shall you Tire his Force, consume his Strength.
 " And weary all his followers out at length.

“ Nor trust this Subtle *Agent*, nor his Oath.
 “ You know his Faith—You try’d it before-hand.
 “ His Fault is Death—And now to lose his Troth,
 “ To save his Life, he will not greatly stand.
 “ Nor trust your Kinsman’s Proffer ; since you both
 “ Shew, Blood in Princes is no stedfast Band.
 “ What tho’ he hath no Title?—He hath Might :
 “ That makes a Title, where there is no Right.

Thus he.—When that Good Bishop thus replies,
 Out of a Mind that Quiet did affect :

“ My lord, I must confess, as your Case lies,
 “ You have great Cause your Subjects to suspect,
 “ And counterplot against their Subtilties,
 “ Who all good Care and Honesty neglect ;
 “ And fear the worst what Insolence may do,
 “ Or armed Fury may incense them to.

“ But yet, my Lord, Fear may as well transport
 “ Your Care, beyond the Truth of what is mean ;
 “ As otherwise Neglect may fall too short,
 “ In not Examining of their Intent :
 “ But let us weigh the Thing, which they exhort ;
 “ ’Tis Peace, Submission, and a Parli’ment :
 “ Which, how expedient ’tis for either Part,
 “ ’Twere good we judg’d with an impartial Heart.

“ And first, for you my Lord, in Grief we see
 “ The miserable Case wherein you stand ;
 “ Void here of Succour, Help, or Majesty,
 “ On this poor Promontory of your Land :
 “ And where how long a Time your Grace may be
 “ (Expecting what may fall into your Hand)
 “ We know not ; since th’ Event of Things do lie
 “ Clos’d up in Darkness, far from mortal Eye.

“ And how unfit it were you should protract
 “ Long Time, in this so dangerous Disgrace ?
 “ As tho’ that you good Spir’t and Courage lack’d,
 “ To issue out of this opprobrious Place ;
 “ When ev’n the Face of Kings do oft exact
 “ Fear and Remorse in faulty Subjects base ;
 “ And longer Stay a great Presumption draws,
 “ That you were guilty, or did doubt your Cause.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may
 " Accept this Proffer, that determine shall
 " All doubtful Courses by a quiet Way ;
 " Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.
 " And here, my Sov'reign, to make longer Stay,
 " T' attend for what you are unsure will fall,
 " May slip th' Occasion, and incence their Will :
 " For Fear, that's wiser than the Truth, doth ill.

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous Mind,
 Supposing Men had spoken as they meant ;
 And unto this the King likewise inclin'd,
 As wholly unto Peace and Quiet bent ;
 And yields himself to th' Earl ;—Goes, leaves behind
 His Safety, Sceptre, Honour, Government :
 For gone, All's gone—He is no more his own
 And They rid quite of Fear, He of the Crown

A Place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
 A huge aspiring Rock, neighbo'ring the Skies,
 Whose surly Brow imperiously commands
 The Sea his Bounds, that at his proud Feet lies ;
 And spurns the Waves, that in rebellious Bands
 Assault his Empire, and against him rise.
 Under whose Craggy Government there was
 A niggard narrow Way, for Men to pass :

And here, in hidden Cliffs, concealed lay
 A Troop of Armed Men, to intercept
 The unsuspecting King ; that had no way
 To free his Foot, that into Danger stept.
 The Dreadful *Ocean* on the one side lay ;
 The hard-encroaching Mountain th' other kept.
 Before him, he beheld his Hateful Foes ;
 Behind him, Trayt'rous Enemies enclose.

Environ'd thus, the Earl begins to cheer
 His all-amazed Lord, by him betray'd :
 Bids him take Courage, there's no Cause of Fear ;
 These Troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
 To whom the King : What need so many here ?
 This is against your Oath, my Lord, he said.
 But now he sees in what Distress he stood :
 To strive was vain ; t'intreat would do no good.

And therefore on with careful Heart He goes ;
 Complains, (but to Himself) sighs, grieves, and frets ;
 At *Rutland* dines, tho' feeds but on his Woes :
 The Grief of Mind hinder'd the Mind of Meats.
 For Sorrow, Shame, and Fear, Scorn of his Foes ;
 The Thought of what He was, and what now threats ;
 Then what He should, and now what He hath done ;
 Musters confused Passions all in one.

To *Flint* from thence, unto a restless Bed,
 That miserable Night he comes convey'd ;
 Poorly provided, poorly followed ;
 Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd :
 Where if uncertain Sleep but hovered
 Over the drooping Cares that heavy weigh'd,
 Millions of Figures Fantasy presents
 Unto that Sorrow, waken'd Grief augments.

His new Misfortune makes deluding Sleep
 Say 'twas not so ;—False Dreams the Truth deny,
 Wherewith he starts ; feels waking Cares do creep
 Upon his Soul, and gives his Dream the Lie ;
 Then sleeps again :—And then again as deep
 Deceits of Darkness mock his Misery.
 So hard believ'd was Sorrow in her Youth ;
 That he thinks Truth was Dreams, and Dreams were Truth.

The Morning-Light presents unto his View
 (Walking upon a Turret of the Place)
 The Truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
 A Hundred Thousand Men before his Face
 Came marching on the Shore, which thither drew.
 And more to aggravate his great Disgrace,
 Those he had wrong'd, or done to them Despite,
 (As if they him upbraid) came first in Sight.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
 New Adulation was to be at Hand ;
 How ready Falsehood stept ; how nimbly went
 Base pick-thank Flatt'ry, and prevents Command.
 He saw the Great obey, the Grave consent,
 And all with this new-rais'd Aspirer stand :
 But, which was worst, His Own Part acted there
 Not by Himself ; His Pow'r not his appear.

Which whilst he view'd, the Duke he might perceive
 Make t'wards the Castle to an Interview :
 Wherefore he did his Contemplation leave,
 And down into some fitter Place withdrew
 Where now he must admit, without his Leave,
 Him, who before with all Submission due,
 Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
 The Grace of Audience with respective Care.

Who now being come in Presence of his King,
 (Whether the Sight of Majesty did breed
 Remorse of what he was encompassing,
 Or whether but to formalize his Deed,)
 He kneels him down with some Astonishing ;
 Rose—Kneels again (for Craft will still exceed)
 When as the King approach'd, put off his Hood,
 And welcom'd him ; tho' wish'd him little Good.

“ To whom the Duke began · My Lord, I know,
 “ That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
 “ I have presumed in this Sort to show,
 “ And seek the Right which I am born unto.
 “ Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
 “ Of that constraint, which drives me thus to do.
 “ For since I could not by a fairer Course
 “ Attain mine own, I must use this of Force.

“ Well ; so it seems, Dear Cousin, said the King
 “ Tho' you might have procur'd it otherwise :
 “ And I am here content in ev'ry Thing
 “ To right you, as your self shall best devise.
 “ And God vouchsafe, the Force that here you bring
 “ Beget not *England* greater Injuries.
 And so they part.—The Duke made haste from thence
 It was no Place to end this Difference.

Strait towards *London*, in this Heat of Pride,
 They forward set, as they had fore-decreed ;
 With whom the *Captive King*, constrain'd, must ride,
 Most meanly mounted on a simple Steed :
 Degraded of all Grace and Ease beside,
 Thereby Neglect of all Respect to breed.
 For th' over-spreading Pomp of prouder Migh
 Must darken Weakness, and debase his Sight.

Approaching near the City, He was met
 With all the Sumptuous Shews Joy could devise ;
 Where New Desire to please did not forget
 To pass the usual Pomp of former Guise.
 Striving Applause, as out of Prison let,
 Runs on, beyond all Bounds, to Novelties ;
 And Voice, and Hands, and Knees and all do now
 A strange deformed Form of Welcome show

And manifold Confusion running, greets,
 Shouts, cries, claps Hands, thrusts, strives, and presses near :
 Houses improv'rish'd were t'enrich the Streets,
 And Streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
 Plac'd from the Sight where Joy with Wonder meets ;
 Where all of all Degrees strive to appear ;
 Where divers-speaking Zeal one Murmur finds,
 In undistinguish'd Voice to tell their Minds.

He that in Glory of his Fortune sat,
 Admiring what he thought could never be,
 Did feel his Blood within salute his State,
 And lift up his rejoicing Soul, to see
 So many Hands and Hearts congratulate
 Th' Advancement of his long-desir'd Degree ;
 When, prodigal of Thanks, in passing by,
 He re-salutes them all with cheerful Eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
 The unregarded King ; that drooping went
 Alone, and (but for Spite) scarce look'd upon :
 Judge, if He did more envy, or lament !
 See what a wondrous Work this Day is done !
 Which th' Image of both Fortunes doth present ;
 In th' one to shew the best of Glory's Face,
 In th' other, worse than worst of all Disgrace.

Now *Isabel*, the young, afflicted Queen -
 (Whose Years had never shew'd her but Delights,
 Nor Lovely Eyes before had ever seen
 Other than smiling Joys, and joyful Sights :
 Born Great, Match'd Great, Liv'd Great, and ever been
 Partaker of the World's best Benefits)
 Had plac'd her self, hearing her Lord should pass
 That way, where She unseen in Secret was ;

And forth She looks, and notes the foremost Train ;
 And grieves to view some there She wish'd not there.
 Seeing the Chief not come, stays, looks again ;
 And yet she sees not Him that should appear.
 Then back She stands ; and then desires, as fain
 Again to look, to see if He were near.
 At length a Glitt'ring Troop far off She spies ;
 Perceives the Throng, and hears the Shouts and Cries.

Lo yonder ! now at length He comes, saith She :
 Look, my Good Women, where he is in Sight.
 Do you not see him ? Yonder ; that is He !
 Mounted on that White Courser, all in White ;
 There where the thronging Troops of People be.
 I know Him by his Seat : He sits upright.
 Lo, now He bows ! Dear Lord, with what sweet Grace
 How long have I long'd to behold that Face !

O what Delight my Heart takes by mine Eye !
 I doubt me when He comes but something near,
 I shall set wide the Window—What care I
 Who doth see Me, so Him I may see clear ?
 Thus doth false Joy delude her wrongfully
 (Sweet Lady) in the Thing She held so dear
 For, nearer come, She finds She had mistook,
 And Him She mark'd was *Henry Bolingbroke*.

Then *Envy* takes the Place in her Sweet Eyes,
 Where Sorrow had prepar'd her self a Seat ;
 And Words of Wrath, from whence Complaints should rise,
 Proceed from eager Looks. and Brows that threat :
 " Traytor, saith She ; is't thou, that in this wise
 " To brave thy Lord and King art made so great ?
 " And have mine Eyes done unto me this Wrong,
 " To look on thee ? For this stay'd I so long ?

" Ah ! have they grac'd a perjur'd Rebel so ?
 " Well ; for their error I will weep them out,
 " And hate the Tongue defil'd, that prais'd my Foe ;
 " And loath the Mind, that gave me not to doubt.
 " What ? Have I added Shame unto my Woe ?
 " I'll look no more—Ladies, look you about
 " And tell me if my Lord be in this Train ;
 " Lest my betraying Eyes should err again.

And in this Passion turns her self away.
 The rest look all, and careful note each Wight;
 Whilst She, impatient of the least Delay,
 Demands again: And what; not yet in Sight?
 Where is my Lord: What; gone some other way?
 I muse at this—O God, grant all go right:
 Then to the Window goes again at last,
 And sees the Chiefest Train of all was past;

And sees not Him her Soul desir'd to see:
 And yet Hope spent makes her not Leave to look.
 At last her Love-quick Eyes, which ready be,
 Fastens on one; whom tho' She never took
 Could be her Lord; yet that sad Chear which He
 Then shew'd, his Habit and his woful Look,
 The Grace he doth in base Attire retain,
 Caus'd her She could not from his Sight refrain.

“ What might He be, She said, that thus alone
 “ Rides pensive in this Universal Joy?
 “ Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
 “ All are not pleas'd with ev'ry Thing this Day.
 “ It may be, He laments the Wrong is done
 “ Unto my Lord, and grieves; as well he may.
 “ Then He is some of ours; and we of Right
 “ Must pity him, that pities our sad Plight.

“ But stay: Is't not my Lord Himself I see?
 “ In truth, if 'twere not for his Base Array,
 “ I verily should think that it were He:
 “ And yet his Baseness doth a Grace bewray.
 “ Yet God forbid—Let me deceived be:
 “ And be it not my Lord, altho' it may:
 “ Let my Desire make Vows against Desire;
 “ And let my Sight approve my Sight a Liar.

“ Let me not see Him but Himself, a King:
 “ For so He left me—So He did remove.
 “ This is not He—This feels some other Thing;
 “ A Passion of Dislike, or else of Love.
 “ O yes, 'tis He!—That Princely Face doth bring
 “ The Evidence of Majesty to prove:
 “ That Face I have conferr'd which now I see,
 “ With that within my Heart, and they agree.

Thus as She stood assur'd, and yet in Doubt
 Wishing to see, what seen She griev'd to see ;
 Having Belief, yet fain would be without ;
 Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas He :
 Her Heart relenting ; yet her Heart so stout,
 As would not yield to think what was, could be ;
 Till quite condemn'd by open Proof of Sight,
 She must confess, or else deny the Light.

For whether Love in him did sympathize,
 Or Chance so wrought to manifest her Doubt ;
 Ev'n just before where She thus Secret pries,
 He stays, and with clear Face looks all about.
 When She—'Tis, O ! too true—I know his Eyes :
 Alas ! it is my own Dear Lord—cries out :
 And with that Cry sinks down upon the Floor ;
 Abundant Grief lack'd Words to utter more.

At length, when past the first of Sorrows worst,
 When calm'd Confusion better Form affords ;
 Her Heart commands, her Words should pass out first,
 And then her Sighs should interpoint her words ;
 The whiles her Eyes out into Tears should burst.
 This Order with her Sorrow She accords ;
 Which orderless, all Form of Order brake ;
 So then began her Words, and thus She spake :

“ What ! dost thou thus return again to me ?
 “ Are these the Triumphs for thy Victories ?
 “ Is this the Glory thou dost bring with thee,
 “ From that Unhappy *Irish* Enterprise ?
 “ And have I made so many Vows to see
 “ Thy Safe Return, and see thee in this wise ?
 “ Is this the look'd-for Comfort thou dost bring ;
 “ To come a Captive, that went'st out a King ?

“ And yet, Dear Lord, tho' thy ungrateful Land
 “ Hath left thee thus ; yet I will take thy Part.
 “ I do remain the same, under thy Hand ;
 “ Thou still dost rule the Kingdom of my Heart :
 “ If all be lost, that Government doth stand ;
 “ And that shall never from thy Rule depart.
 “ And so thou be, I care not how thou be :
 “ Let Greatness go, so it go without thee.

“ And Welcome come, how-so unfortunate ;
 “ I will applaud what others do despise.
 “ I love thee for thy Self, not for thy State :
 “ More than thy Self is what without thee lies ;
 “ Let that more go, if it be in thy Fate ;
 “ And having but thy Self, it will suffice.
 “ I married was not to thy Crown, but Thee ;
 “ And Thou, without a Crown, all one to Me.

“ But what do I here lurking idly moan,
 “ And wail apart ; and in a single Part
 “ Make several Grief ? Which should be both in one ;
 “ The Touch being equal of each other’s Heart.
 “ Ah ! no, Sweet Lord, thou must not moan alone ;
 “ For without me thou art not all thou art ;
 “ Nor my Tears without thine are fully Tears,
 “ For thus unjoin’d, Sorrow but half appears.

“ Join then our Complaints, and make our Grief full Grief ;
 “ Our State being one, let us not part our Care :
 “ Sorrow hath only this poor bare Relief,
 “ To be bemoan’d of such as woful are.
 “ And should I rob thy Grief, and be the Thief,
 “ To steal a private Part, and sev’ral Share ;
 “ Defrauding Sorrow of her perfect Due ?
 “ No, no, my Lord ; I come to help thee rue.

Then forth She goes a close concealed Way,
 (As grieving to be seen not as She was ;)
 Labours t’ attain his Presence all She may ;
 Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
 or that Night understanding where He lay,
 With earnest ’treating She procur’d her Pass,
 To come to him. Rigor could not deny
 Those Tears, (so poor a Suit) or put her by.

Entring the Chamber, where he was alone,
 (As one whose former Fortune was his Shame)
 Loathing th’ upbraiding Eye of any one
 That knew him once, and knows him not the same :
 When having giving express Command that none
 Should press to him ; yet hearing some that came,
 Turns angrily about his grieved Eyes ;
 When lo ! his sweet afflicted Queen he spies.

Strait clears his Brow, and with a borrow'd Smile ;
 " What ! my Dear Queen ! Welcme, my Dear, he says :
 And (striving his own Passion to beguile,
 And hide the Sorrow which his Eye betrays)
 Could speak no more ; but wrings her Hands the while :
 And then—Sweet Lady ! And again he stays.
 Th' Excess of Joy and Sorrow both affords
 Affliction none, or but poor niggard Words.

She that was come with a resolved Heart,
 And with a Mouth full stor'd, with Words well chose ;
 Thinking, this Comfort will I first impart
 Unto my Lord, and thus my Speech dispose
 Then thus I'll say ; thus look ; and with this Art,
 Hide mine own Sorrow, to relieve his Woes.
 When being come, all this prov'd nought but Wind ;
 Tears, Looks, and Sighs, do only tell her Mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,
 Their Eyes relating how their Hearts did mourn :
 Both big with Sorrow, and both great with Woe,
 In Labour with what was not to be born ;
 This mighty Burthen wherewithal they go,
 Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
 Sorrow makes Silence her best Orator,
 Where Words may make it less, not shew it more.

But He, whom longer Time had learn'd the Art
 T' endure Affliction, as a usual Touch,
 Strains forth his Words, and throws Dismay apart,
 To raise up her, whose Passions now were such
 As quite oppress'd her over-charged Heart,
 (Too small a Vessel to contain so much ;)
 And cheers, and moans, and feigned Hopes doth frame,
 As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same.

And now the while these Princes sorrowed,
 Forward Ambition (come so near her End)
 Sleeps not, nor slips th' Occasion offered,
 T' accomplish what it did before intend.
 A Parliament is forthwith summoned
 In *Richard's* Name ; whereby they might pretend
 A Form to grace Disorder, and a Show
 Of Holy Right, the Right to overthrow.

And now they divers Articles object,
 Of Rigor, Malice, private Favourings,
 Exaction, Riot, Falshood, and Neglect ;
 Crimes done, but seldom answered by Kings ;
 Which Subjects do lament, but not correct.
 And all these Faults which *Lancaster* now brings
 Against a King, must be his own, when he
 By urging other Sins, a King shall be.

Upon those Articles in Parli'ment,
 So heinous made, enforc'd, and urg'd so hard,
 He was adjudg'd unfit for Government,
 And of all Regal Pow'r and Rule debarr'd :
 For who durst contradict the Duke's Intent ?
 Or if they durst, should patiently be heard ?
 Desire of Change, old Wrongs, new Hopes, fresh Fear,
 Being far the *Major Part*, the Cause must bear.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the Course,
 (The better few, whom Passion made not blind)
 Stood careful Lookers on, with sad Commorse,
 Amaz'd to see what headlong Rage design'd ;
 And in a more considerate Discourse
 Of Tragical Events, thereof divin'd ;
 And would excuse and pity those Defects,
 Which with such Hate the adverse Parts objects :

Saying, " Better Years might work a better Care ;
 " And Time might well have cur'd what was amiss ;
 " Since all these Faults fatal to Greatness are,
 " And worse Deserts have not been punish'd thus.
 " But yet in this, the Heavens (we fear) prepare
 " Confusion for our Sins, as well as his ;
 " And his Calamity beginneth our
 " For He his own, and we abus'd his Pow'r.

Thus murmur'd they : When to the King were sent
 Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
 And leave his Crown, and with his free Consent
 A Voluntary Resignation make ;
 Since that he could no other way prevent
 These Dangers, which ne else must needs partake.
 For not to yield to what Fear would constrain,
 Would bar the Hope of Life that did remain.

And yet this scarce could work him to consent
 To yield up that so soon, Men hold so dear :
 “ Why, let him take (said he) the Government ;
 “ And let Me yet the Name, the Title bear.
 “ Leave Me that Shew, and I will be content ;
 “ And let them Rule and Govern without Fear.
 “ What ! can they not my shadow now endure
 “ When they, of all the rest, do stand secure ?

“ Let me hold that, I ask no other Good :
 “ Nay, that I will hold—*Henry*, do thy worst.
 “ For e’er I yield my Crown, I’ll lose my Blood ;
 “ That Blood, that shall make thee and thine accurs’d.
 Thus resolute a-while he firmly stood ;
 Till Love of Life, and Fear of being forc’d,
 Vanquish’d th’ innated Valour of his Mind ;
 And Hope and Friends so wrought, that he resign’d.

Then to the *Tow’r* (where he remained) went
 The *Duke*, with all the *Peers* in Company,
 To take his Offer with his Free Consent,
 And this his Resignation testify ;
 And thereof to inform the Parli’ment,
 That all Things might be done more formally,
 And Men thereby rest better satisfy’d,
 As of an Act not forc’d or falsify’d.

And forth H’ is brought unto th’ Accomplishment,
 Deck’d with the Crown in Princely Robes that Day :
 Like as the Dead, in other Lands, are sent
 Unto their Graves in all their best Array.
 And ev’n like Good did him this Ornament :
 For what he brought he must not bear away ;
 But buries there his Glory and his name,
 Entomb’d both in his own, and others Blame.

And there unto th’ Assembly of these States,
 His Sorrow for their long-endured Wrong
 Thro’ his abus’d Authority, relates,
 Excuses with Confessions mix’d among :
 And glad (he says) to finish all Debates,
 He was to leave the Rule they sought for long ;
 Protesting, if it might be for their Good,
 He would as gladly sacrifice his Blood.

There He his Subjects all in general
 Assoils, and quits of Oath and Fealty ;
 Renounces Int'rest, Title, Right, and All
 That appertain'd to Kingly Dignity :
 Subscribes thereto, and doth to Witness call
 Both Heav'n and Earth, and God, and Saints on high,
 To testify his Act ; and doth profess
 To do the same with most free Willingness.

'Tis said, with his own Hands He gave the Crown
 To *Lancaster* ; and wish'd to God he might
 Have better Joy thereof than He had know ;
 And that his Pow'r might make it his by Right.
 And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
 But Life, to live apart a private Wight :
 The Vanity of Greatness he had try'd,
 And how unsurely stands the Foot of Pride.

This brought to pass, the Lords return with Speed,
 The Parli'ment hereof to certify ;
 Where they at large publish'd the King's own Deed,
 And Form of his Resignment verbally :
 And thereupon doth *Lancaster* proceed,
 To make his Claim unto the Monarchy ;
 And shews the Right He hath, both by Descent,
 And by Recov'ry, to the Government.

Which being granted, *Canterbury* rose,
 And animates them by the Sacred Word
 In this their Course : And by his Text he shows
 " How well they made their Choice of such a Lord ;
 " Who, as a Man, was able to dispose,
 " And guide the State : And how the Royal Sword
 " Ought to be at a Man's Commandement ;
 " Not at a Childe's, or one as impotent.

" Then to the Present all his Speech he draws,
 " And shews what admirable Parts abound
 " In this Brave Prince ; being fit to give them Laws ;
 " Fit for his Valour ; fit for Judgment sound.
 And *Lancaster*, indeed I would thy Cause
 Had had as Lawful and as Sure a Ground,
 As had thy Virtues and thy Noble Heart,
 Ordain'd and born for an Imperial Part.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding Age
Our Field's ingrain'd with Blood, our Rivers dy'd
With purple-streaming Wounds of our own Rage,
Nor seen our Princes slaughter'd, Peers destroy'd.
Then had'st not thou, Dear Country, com'n to wage
War with thy self, nor those Afflictions try'd
Of all-consuming Discord here so long ;
Too mighty now, against thy self too strong.

COWLEY.

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
 Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay :
 And lo ! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
 (The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
 Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
 A golden harp with silver strings she bore ;
 A wondrous hieroglyphick robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were,
 That nature or that fancy can create,
 That art can never imitate ;
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air
 In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
 She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
 Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet ;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the
 The shaken strings melodiously resound. [ground ;
 " Art thou return'd at last," said she,
 " To this forsaken place and me ?
 " Thou prodigal ! who didst so loosely waste
 " Of all thy youthful years the good estate ;
 " Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,

" And gather husks of learning up at last,
 " Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
 " And winter marches on so fast ?
 " But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
 " And did as learn'd a portion assign,
 " As ever any of the mighty Nine,
 " Had to their dearest children done ;
 " When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name,
 " Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame ;
 " Thou changeling ! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show
 " Wouldst into courts and cities from me go ;
 " Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
 " In all the follies and the tumults there :
 " Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
 " And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create :
 " Business ! the frivolous pretence
 " Of human lusts, to shake off innocence ;
 " Business ! the grave impertinence ;
 " Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;
 " Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.

" Go, renegado ! cast up thy account,
 " And see to what amount
 " Thy foolish gains by quitting me :
 " The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
 " The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
 " Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
 " All thy remaining life should sun-shine be
 " Behold ! the public storm is spent at last,
 " The sovereign 's tost at sea no more,
 " And thou, with all the noble company,
 " Art got at last to shore.

" But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
 " All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
 " Thou still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand
 " Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand !

" As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 " After a tedious stormy night,
 " Such was the glorious entry of our king ;
 " Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing ;
 " Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light !
 " But then, alas ! to thee alone
 " One of old Gideon's miracles was shown ;
 " For every tree and every herb around
 " With pearly dew was crown'd,
 " And upon all the quicken'd ground

" The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
 " And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
 " It did all other threats surpass,
 (" When God to his own people said
 " The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
 " That he would give them ev'n a heaven of brass :
 " They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
 " That bounteous heaven, which God did not restrain }
 " Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.
 " The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more
 " Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
 " And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
 " Though she contracted was to thee,
 " Given to another, who had store
 " Of fairer and of richer wives before,
 " And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be !
 " Go on : twice seven years more thy fortune try ;
 " Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
 " Give thee, to fling away
 " Into the court's deceitful lottery :
 " But think how likely 't is that thou,
 " With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
 " Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
 " Should even able be to live ;
 " Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
 " In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,

 The melancholy Cowley said—

 " Ah, wanton foe ! dost thou upbraid

 " The hills which thou thyself hast made ?

" When in the cradle innocent I lay,

" Thou, wicked spirit ! stolest me away,

 " And my abused soul didst bear

" Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where, }

 " Thy golden Indies in the air ;

 " And ever since I strive in vain

 " My ravish'd freedom to regain ;

" Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;

" Lo ! still in verse against thee I complain.

 " There is a sort of stubborn weeds,

" Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds ;

 " No wholesome herb can near them thrive,

 " No useful plant can keep alive :

- " The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
 " Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;
 " Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow. }
- " When my new mind had no infusion known,
 " Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
 " That ever since I vainly try
 " To wash away th' inherent dye :
 " Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
 " But never will reduce the native white :
 " To all the ports of honour and of gain
 " I often steer my course in vain ;
 " Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again. }
- " Thou slaken'st all my nerves of industry,
 " By making them so oft to be
 " The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
 " Whoever this world's happiness would see,
 " Must as entirely cast-off thee,
 " As they who only heaven desire
 " Do from the world retire.
- " This was my error, this my gross mistake,
 " Myself a demi votary to make.
 " Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate
 " (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
 " For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
 " And perish for the part which I retain.
- " Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !
 " The court, and better king, t' accuse :
 " The heaven under which I live is fair,
 " The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :
 " Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou
 " Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
 " When I but think how many a tedious year
 " Our patient sovereign did attend
 " His long misfortunes' fatal end ;
 " How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
 " On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend ;
 " I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
 " To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !
 " Kings have long hands, they say ; and though I be
 " So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 " However of all princes, thou
 " Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow ;
 " Thou ! who rewardest but with popular breath,
 " And that too after death."

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artist does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect ;
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there
On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

A wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human kind !
Which bless'd remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

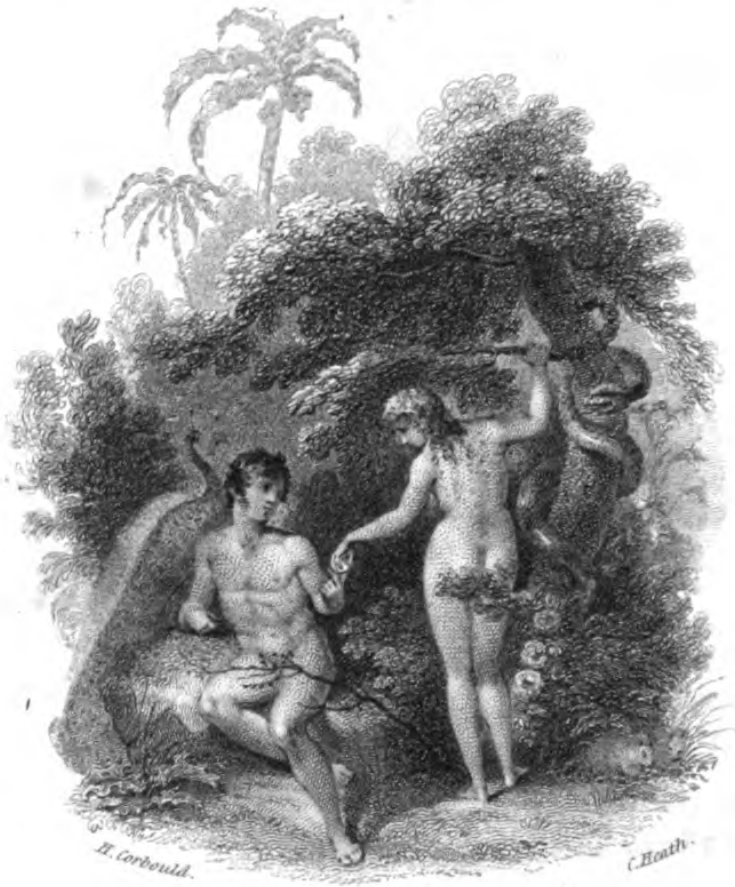
Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and time th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite ;
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
The monster London laugh at me
I should at thee too, foolish city !
If it were fit to laugh at misery ;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.



MILTON.

THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL RELATES TO ADAM THE
REBELLION AND OVERTHROW OF THE APOSTATE
ANGELS.

“ As yet this world was not : and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth now
Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day, [rests,
For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future ; on such day,
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable, before the Almighty's throne,
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd,

Under their hierarchs, in order bright ;
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;
 Or, in their glittering tissues, bear imblazed
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom, in bliss imbosom'd, sat the Son,
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

“ Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand : your Head I him appoint ;
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord :
 Under his great vicegerent-reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy : him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd, without redemption, without end.”

“ So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleased ; all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance, about the sacred hill ;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fix'd, in all her wheels,
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
 Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
 And, in their motions, harmony divine
 So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
 For we have also our evening and our morn ;
 We ours, for change delectable, not need ;
 Forthwith, from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous ; all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled,

With angels' food ; and rubied nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowrets crown'd
 They eat, they drink, and, in communion sweet,
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
 Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd
 To grateful twilight ; for night comes not there
 In darker veil ; and roseate dews disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globose earth, in plain outspread,
 Such are the courts of God, the angelic throng,
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams, among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds ; save those, who in their course,
 Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
 Alternate, all night long. But not so waked
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heaven ; he, of the first,
 If not the first arch-angel, great in power,
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah, King anointed, could not bear,
 Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impair'd
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd,
 With all his legions, to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous ; and his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake.

“ ‘ Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids ? and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
 Of Heaven's Almighty ? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart ;
 Both waking we were one ; how then can now

Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd ;
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve ; new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue ; more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief ;
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me their banners wave,
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
 The quarters of the north ; there to prepare
 Fit entertainment, to receive our King,
 The great Messiah, and his new commands ;
 Who speedily, through all the hierarchies,
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.' ”

“ So spake the false arch-angel, and infused
 Bad influence into the unwary breast
 Of his associate : he together calls,
 Or several one by one, the regent powers,
 Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
 That the Most High, commanding, now ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,
 The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven :
 His countenance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.
 Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps, that burn
 Nightly before him, saw, without their light,
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree :
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and, with what arms
 We mean to hold, what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire ; such a foe

Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'

" To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer. ' Mighty Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
 Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates ; when they see all regal power
 Given me, to quell their pride, and in event
 Know, whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.'

" So spake the Son ; but Satan with his powers
 Far was advanced, on winged speed, an host
 Innumerable, as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
 Impearls on every leaf, and every flower.
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
 Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
 In their triple degrees ; regions to which
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea, from one entire globose
 Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,
 At length, into the limits of the north
 They came ; and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers,
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
 The palace of great Lucifer, so call
 That structure, in the dialect of men
 Interpreted, which not long after, he,
 Affecting all equality with God,
 In imitation of that mount, whereon
 Messiah was declar'd, in sight of Heaven,
 The mountain of the congregation call'd
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending, so commanded, to consult
 About the great reception of their King,
 Thither to come ; and, with calumnious art

Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears.

“ ‘ Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 If these magnificent titles yet remain
 Not merely titular ; since, by decree,
 Another now hath to himself engross'd
 All power, and us eclipsed, under the name
 Of King anointed ; for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 This only to consult, how we may best,
 With what may be devis'd of honours new,
 Receive him, coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute, yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
 To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right ; or if ye know yourselves
 Natives and sons of Heaven, possess'd before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free ; for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals ? if in power and splendour less
 In freedom equal : or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.’

“ Thus far his bold discourse, without control
 Had audience, when among the seraphim
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
 Stood up ; and, in a flame of zeal severe,
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

“ ‘ O argument blasphemous, false, and proud !
 Words, which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
 Expected ; least of all from thee, ingrate,
 In place, thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou, with impious obloquy, condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to his only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven

Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due,
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all, with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give law to God? shall thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of Heaven
 Such as he pleased, and circumscrib'd their being?
 Yet by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity,
 How provident he is; how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one head more near
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom,
 As by his word, the mighty Father made
 All things, even thee; and all the spirits of Heaven,
 By him created in their bright degrees,
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Essential powers; nor by his reign obscured,
 But more illustrious made; since he the head
 One of our number, thus reduced becomes;
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
 The incens'd Father, and the incensed Son,
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.'

" So spake the fervent angel! but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
 Or singular and rash; whereat, rejoic'd
 The apostate, and more haughty thus replied.
 ' That we were form'd then, sayst thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now;
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
 By our own quickening power; when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature

Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold,
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address, and to begird the Almighty throne
 Beseeching, or besieging. This report,
 These tidings carry to the anointed King;
 And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

" He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause,
 Through the infinite host; nor less for that,
 The flaming seraph, fearless, though alone,
 Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

" ' O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,
 Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
 Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread,
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth,
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsafed: other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth, without recall;
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
 Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
 Yet, not for thy advice, or threats, I fly
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then, who created thee lamenting learn,
 When, who can uncreate thee, thou shalt know.'

" So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found,
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;
 Among innumerable false, unmoved,
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought,
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught:
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd."

All night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,

Through Heaven's wide champaign held his way ; till morn,
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand,
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave,
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
 Where light and darkness, in perpetual round,
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night :
 Light issues forth, and, at the other door,
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
 To veil the Heaven ; through darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here. And now went forth the morn,
 Such as in highest Heaven array'd in gold
 Empyrean ; from before her vanish'd night,
 Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain,
 Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
 War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
 Already known, what he for news had thought
 To have reported : gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly pow'rs, who him receiv'd
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
 Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

“ ‘ Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd,
 Against revolted multitudes, the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse : the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return ;
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse ;
 Right reason for their law, and for their king
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next,
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
 Invincible, lead forth thy armed saints,

By thousands and by millions ranged for fight ;
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms
 Fearless assault, and, to the brow of Heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus ; which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos, to receive their fall.'

“ So spake the sovereign voice ; and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :
 At which command the powers militant,
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds,
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread : as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summon'd over Eden, to receive
 Their names of thee : so over many a tract
 Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last,
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
 In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
 The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd
 That self same day, by fight, or by surprise,
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer : but their thoughts proved fond and vain,
 In the midway : though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning the eternal Father. But the shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High on the midst, exalted as a god,
 The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat.
 Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
 With flaming cherubim, and golden shields ;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now,
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood, in terrible array
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle, ere it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold :
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores :
 " ' O Heaven ! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
 Remain not : wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail, where virtue fails, or weakest prove,
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable ?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried,
 Unsound and false : nor is it ought but just,
 That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor ; though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is, that reason overcome.'"
 " So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied
 " ' Proud, art thou met ? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The height of thy aspiring, unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue : fool, not to think how vain
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms !
 Who out of smallest things, could without end
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly ; or with solitary hand,

Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
 Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness ; but thou seest
 All are not of thy train : there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all : my sect thou seest ; now learn, too late,
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'

“ Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance
 Thus answered : ‘ Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
 From flight, seditious angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first essay
 Of this right-hand, provoked, since first that tongue,
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods in synod met,
 Their deities to assert, who, while they feel
 Vigour divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest : this pause between
 Unanswer'd lest thou boast, to let thee know ;
 At first I thought that liberty and Heaven
 To heavenly souls, had been all one ; but now
 I see, that most through sloth had rather serve
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast and song
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.'

“ To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.
 ‘ Apostate, still thou err'st ; nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or nature ; God and nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd ;
 Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In Heaven, God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd :

Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect ; meanwhile,
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

" So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell,
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of quick thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
He back recoil'd ; the tenth, on bended knee,
His massy spear up-stay'd ; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest : ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle : whereat, Michael bid sound
The archangel trumpet ; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest : nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never ; arms, on armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; overhead, the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together, rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault,
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions : how much more of power,
Army against army numberless, to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat,
Had not the Eternal King, omnipotent,
From the strong hold of Heaven high, over-rul'd
And limited their might ; though number'd such,
As each divided legion might have seem'd,
A numerous host ; in strength, each armed hand

A legion ; led in fight, yet leader seem'd,
 Each warrior single, as in chief ; expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle ; open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war ; no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear ; each on himself relv'd
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
 That war, and various ; sometimes on firm ground,
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
 The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down,
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference : at his approach
 The great arch-angel, from his warlike toil
 Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdu'd,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown.
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began :
 " ' Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
 And thy adherents ; how hast thou disturb'd
 Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here
 To trouble holy rest ; Heaven casts thee out
 From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingie broils,

Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'

" So spake the prince of angels ; to whom thus
The adversary. ' Nor think thou, with wind
Of airy threats, to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence ? err not, that so shall end
The strife, which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest ; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'

" They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or, to what things
Liken, on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike power ? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved ; in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror : from each hand, with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd,
That might determine and not need repeat
As not of power at once ; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him, temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met

The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared,
 All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
 And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
 The grinding sword, with discontinuous wound,
 Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long devisible; and, from the gash,
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
 And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence; while others bore him on their shields,
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired,
 From off the files of war: there they him laid,
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits, that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man,
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die;
 Nor, in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And, with fierce ensigns, pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot-wheels, to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon,
 Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms,
 And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd
 Vanquish'd, Adramalech, and Asmadai;
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds, through plate and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel, to annoy

The Atheist crew ; but with redoubled blow,
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
 Nameless, in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength, from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires,
 Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
 Therefore, eternal silence be their doom

“ And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder : all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and, on a heap,
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host,
 Defensive scarce, or, with pale fear surpris'd,
 Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious ; to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd :
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes ; not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“ Now night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence, on the odious din of war :
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquish'd : on the foughten field
 Michael and his angels, prevalent,
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires : on the other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Flee in the dark dislodg'd : and void of rest

His potentates, to council call'd by night,
And in the midst, thus undismay'd began.

“ ‘ O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy, not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
And if one day, why not eternal days ?
What Heaven's Lord hath powerfullest to send
Against us, from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will ;
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain,
Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,
Since now, we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable ; and though pierced with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none : if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.' ”

“ He sat ; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime ;
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake.

“ ‘ Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods ; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find.
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpay'd, impassive ; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue : for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life :

But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent,
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less, than for deliverance what we owe.'

“ Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied.
 ‘ Not uninvented, that, which thou aright
 Believest so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us, who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn’d
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold ;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch’d
 With Heaven’s ray, and temper’d, they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?
 These, in their dark nativity the deep,
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-ramm’d, at the other bore, with touch of fire
 Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thundering noise among our foes,
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o’erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse ; that they shall fear we have disarm’d
 The thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;
 Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join’d,
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair’d.’

“ He ended ; and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlighten’d, and their languish’d hope reviv’d.
 The invention all admir’d, and each, how he
 To be the inventor miss’d ; so easy it seem’d,
 Once found, which, yet unfound, most would have thought
 Impossible : yet haply, of thy race,
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
 With develish machination, might devise
 Like instrument, to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew ;

None arguing stood ; innumerable hands
 Were ready ; in a moment up they turned
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
 The originals of nature, in their crude
 Conception ; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
 Concocted and adusted, they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd :
 Part hidden veins digg'd up ; nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines, and their balls
 Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious, with one touch to fire.
 So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

“ Now when fair morn, orient in Heaven, appear'd,
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded ; others, from the dawning hills,
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion, or in halt : him soon they met,
 Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in slow,
 But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail,
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and, in mid air, aloud thus cried.

“ ‘ Arm, warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit ;
 This day, fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
 He comes ; and settled in his face, I see
 Sad resolution and secure. Let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows, barb'd with fire.

“ So warn'd he them, aware themselves ; and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment,
 Instant without disturb, they took alarm,
 And onward move embattled : when behold,
 Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,
 Training his devilish enginery, impailed

On every side, with shadowy squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and, with open breast,
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
 But that I doubt : however, witness Heaven,
 Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand,
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud, that all may hear.’

“ So scoffing, in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended, when to right and left the front
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd :
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
 A triple-mounted row of pillars, laid
 On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies, made of oak or fir,
 With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd ;
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths,
 With hideous orifice, gaped on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce : at each behind
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving, tipt with fire ; while we suspense
 Collected stood, within our thoughts amus'd ;
 Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth and to a narrow vent applied
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appeared,
 From those deep throated engines belch'd, whose roar
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore ; disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
 Of iron globes ; which on the victor host
 Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands angel on arch-angel roll'd ;
 The sooner for their arms : unarm'd they might
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and fore'd rout ;
 Nor served it to relax their serried files.

What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

" ' O friends, why come not on these victors proud?'
 They, among themselves, in pleasant vein,
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts, beyond
 All doubt of victory; eternal might
 To match with their inventions, they presumed
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long.
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms,
 Against such hellish mischief, fit to oppose.
 Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power,
 Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd,
 Their arms away they threw; and to the hills,
 For earth hath this variety from Heaven,
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,
 Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew;
 From their foundations loosening to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods; and, by the shaggy tops
 Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them, so dread, they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
 Till, on those curs'd engines triple-row,
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence,
 Under the weight of mountains, buried deep;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads,
 Main promotories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in, bruis'd,
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison; though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore;

So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro, with jaculation dire,
 That under ground they fought, in dismal shade ;
 Infernal noise. War seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion, heap'd
 Upon confusion, rose : and now all Heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
 Had not the almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised :
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honor his anointed Son, avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transfer'd : whence to his Son
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began.

“ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
 Son, in whose face invisible, is beheld,
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence ; two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;
 For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
 Whence, in perpetual fight, they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found.
 War, wearied, hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
 Wild work in Heaven, and dang'rous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know
 In Heaven and Hell, thy power above compare ;
 And this perverse commotion governed thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir,
 Of all things to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all Heaven's bounds, into the utter deep :
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah, his anointed King.'

" He said ; and on his Son, with rays direct,
 Shone full : he, all his Father full express'd,
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
 And thus, the filial Godhead answering spake :

" ' O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
 First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just ; this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou, in me well pleased, declarest thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lovest :
 But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

" So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory, where he sat ;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind
 The chariot of paternal Deity, [sound
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each
 Had wondrous ; as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels

Of beryl, and careering fires between ;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch,
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd,
 Of radiant urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended ; at his right hand victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored,
 And from about him, fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand, I their number heard,
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen
 He, on the wings of cherub, rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen ; them unexpected joy surprised,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their head embodied all in one.
 Before him, Power Divine his way prepared ;
 At his command the unrooted hills retired,
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious : Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smiled.
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
 And, to rebellious fight, rallied their powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell ?
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ?
 They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy : and, aspiring to his highth,
 Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin lost ; and now
 To final battle drew, disdainng flight,
 Or feint retreat ; When the great Son of God
 To all his host, on either hand thus spake.
 ‘ ‘ Stand still in bright array, ye saints ; here stand

Ye angels arm'd ; this day from battle rest :
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
 And as ye have received, so have ye done
 Invincibly : but of this cursed crew,
 The punishment to other hand belongs ;
 Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude ; stand only and behold
 God's indignation, on these godless, pour'd
 By me ; not you, but me they have despised,
 Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father to whom, in Heaven supreme,
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.
 Therefore, to me their doom he hath assign'd ;
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle, which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them ; since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

“ So spake the Son, and into terror changed
 His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starry wings,
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arrived, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues ; they astonish'd, all resistance lost,
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropp'd :
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode,
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four,
 Distinct with eyes, and, from the living wheels,
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;

One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven :
 The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
 Of goats, or timorous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him, thunder-struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heaven ; which opening wide
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd,
 Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heaven ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them, to the bottomless pit.

" Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heaven running from Heaven, and would have fled,
 Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall,
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge rout
 Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,
 Yawning, received them whole, and on them clos'd :
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced ; and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
 Messiah his triumphant chariot turn'd.
 To meet him all his saints, who silent stood,
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir and Lord, to him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father, throned
 On high ; who into glory him received,
 Where now he sits, at the right hand of bliss."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those.
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
 So where the Muses and their train resort
 Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
 Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye ;
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud ;
 Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height ;
 Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire ;
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the City lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,

* Mr. Waller.

And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems ;
 Where with like haste, though several ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh ! happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight :
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load.
 Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance
 'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance !
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if't were meant
 To' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
 Folly or blindness only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
 The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
 Do homage to her ; yet she cannot boast,
 Among that numerous and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute ;
 (Though this of old no less contest did move
 Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
 (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
 But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not to recount those several kings to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
 But thee, great Edward ! and thy greater son,
 (The lilies which his father wore he won)
 And thy Bellona, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame ;
 She to thy triumph led one captive king,
 And brought that son which did the second bring ;
 Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move ;)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design has been the great success,
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
 To know, as well as power to act her will,
 That from those kings who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour ;
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear :
 That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
 When he that patron chose, to whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circles, he did seem
 But to foretel and prophesy of him ;
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd :
 That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the soldier and the saint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
 But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
 The' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
 Tell me, my Muse ! what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime, could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage ? Was't luxury or lust ?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ?

Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
 And yet this art, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
 No crime so bold but would be understood
 A real, or at least, a seeming good.
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
 Thus he the church at once protects and spoils
 But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:
 And thus to the' ages past he makes amends;
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends,
 Then did Religion, in a lazy cell,
 In empty airy contemplations dwell,
 And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temperate region can be known
 Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure
 But to be cast into a calenture;
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
 And rather in the dark to grope our way
 Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such the' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays:
 Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:

His genuine and less guilty wealth to' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common as the sea or wind ;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
 Finds wealth were 'tis, bestows it where it wants
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee ; and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme ;
 Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full ;
 Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost :
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight ;
 Though these delights from several causes move,
 For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe :
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists :
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes : his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat ;
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives.
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of Faries, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames ?
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead ; that noble herd
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once iudulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's, should invade
 His soft repose ; when the' unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
 Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think the' illusions of his fear
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met,

He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
 With these to' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense :
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent :
 Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
 With shame remembers while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own
 And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam :
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now every leaf, and every moving breath
 Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd ;
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
 But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;
 Thinks not their rage so desperate to' essay
 An element more merciless than they.

But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
 So toward a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
 Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag; among the enrag'd hounds
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands: but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 The' advantage only took the more to crave:
 Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
 And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
 ' Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects by oppression bold;
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows the' adjoining plains

The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure ;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First a torrent, then a deluge, swells ;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.



BUTLER.

Sir Hudibras, his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth ;
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues and his own.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Intitle him, Mirroure of Knighthood ;
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry ;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant :
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war, as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout.
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But howsoe'er, they make a pother ;
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
 What made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
 For't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras,
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it ;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about :
 Unless on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak :
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty into such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;

He could distinguish and divide
 A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl ;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out their flew a trope ;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
 And tell what rules he did it by :
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-colour'd dress
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustain heretofore on satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if he had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once,
 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large :
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on :

And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em,
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
 If bread and butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrew'd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith :
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore :
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies, fly ;
 Where Truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school-divinity as able,
 As he that hight, Irrefragable ;
 A second Thomas, or at once
 To name them all, another Duns :
 Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways beyond them all
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist ;

And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
 That's empty when the moon is full :
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice :
 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch, on purpose to be scratc'd ;
 For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit :
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue :
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant :
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done
 As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies :
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way ;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on the inside, not the outward.
 That next of all we shall discuss :
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile :

The upper part thereof was whey,
 The nether orange mix'd with grey,
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns :
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government ;
 And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it gre
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall.
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow ;
 Of rule as sullen and severe,
 As that of rapid Cordeliere :
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom with resolution,
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state :
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be rent and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as monarchy should last ;
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state ;
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow.

His back, or rather burden, show'd,
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.
 For as Æneas bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire ;
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before ;

Which skill he had a special care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as the country-house affords ;
 With other victual, which anon
 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof ;
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
 To old king Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood :
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry vittle in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise :
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart was ty'd ;
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes and sometimes pullets
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,

And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face,
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had his page,
 That was but little for his age ;
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights-errants do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent ;
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And ev'ry night stood centinel,
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.
 But first with nimble active force,
 He got on th' outside of his horse ;
 For having but one stirrup ty'd,
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short, h' had much ado,
 To reach it with his desperate toe,
 But, after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle eaves ;

From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over,
 With his own weight ; but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something,
 Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin ;
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
 I would say eye : for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
 At spur or switch no more he skipp'd,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd :
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground ;
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender-hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
 (Some write) to take his rider up ;
 So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
 Would often do to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back ;
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt every two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt
 Which on his rider he should flirt,
 Still as his tender side he prick'd
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd :
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse,
 The other would not hang an arse.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half.

Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one :
 And when we can with metre safe,
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses,)
 An equal stock of wit and valour,
 He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
 The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd,
 With subtle shreds a track of land,
 Did leave it with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir
 From him descended cross legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
 Against the bloody canibal,
 Whom they destroy'd, both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but one of another kind,
 And he another way came by't :
 Some call it gifts, and some new light :
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wit was sent him for a token,
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
 Like commendation ninepence crook'd
 With—To and from my love—it look'd
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loath
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too,
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic talisman and cabal,
 Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as Adam's first green breeches ;

Deep-sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;
 And much of *terra incognita*,
 Th' intelligible world, could say ;
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
 And solid lying much renown'd :
 He Anthroposophus and Floud,
 And Jacob Behmen understood ;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm ;
 In Rosy-crucian lore as learned,
 As he that *vere adeptus* earned.
 He understood the speech of birds,
 As well as they themselves do words ;
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That think and speak contrary clean.
 He could foretell whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass ;
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations.
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood ;
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do ;
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ;
 Examine Venus and the moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak :
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.

They'll find i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets all mens' destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead of th' pill ;
 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be guess'd on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ;
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;
 But not what wise ; for only of those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians,
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge, perilous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
 The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
 All that is left o' th' forked hill,
 To make men scribble without skill ;
 Can't make a poet spite of fate,
 And teach all people to translate,
 Though out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech :
 Assist me but this once, I 'mpleore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
 To those that dwell therein well known ;
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader ;
 For brevity is very good
 When w' are, or are not understood.
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market, or of fair ;
 And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor
 In merriment did drudge and labour ;
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together village-rabble ;

'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting.
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With antient heroes in high prize :
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemæan game :
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make
 A circle like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout.
 For after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion,
 According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms,)
 That none presume to come so near,
 As forty foot of stake of bear ;
 If any yet be so fool-hardy
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim ;
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post,
 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear ;
 As he believ'd h' was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too ;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :
 We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority.
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Protelarian tything-men.
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That dog and bear had to dispute ;

For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same;
 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere*;)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we, by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake,
 For cov'nant and the cause's sake?
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This feud by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented;
 There is a Machiavillian plot,
 (Though ev'ry *nare olfact* is not.)
 A deep design in't to divide
 The well affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our ownselves without cause?
 That some occult design doth lye
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows,
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest
 Can beast have to encounter beast?
 They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 Nor covenant, nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences,
 Nor Lords nor Commons ordinances;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own ne bands;

Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King,
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them,
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war :
 Others ador'd a rat, and some
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom ;
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth ;
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death :
 But no beast ever was so slight
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so,
 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *boute-feus* ;
 'Tis our example that instills
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
 With man, take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs ;
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears :
 From thence no doubt th' invention came
 Of this lew'd antichristian game.

To this, quoth Ralpho, verily,
 The point seems very plain to me.
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.
 First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting
 Is carnal, and of man's creating :
 For certainly there's no such word
 In all the scripture on record,
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;
 And so is (secondly) the thing.
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
 Provincial, classic, national,
 Mere human creature cobwebs all.

Thirdly, it is idolatrous,
 For men when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatso'er
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and Pagan,
 No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate;
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
 (For that bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
 Than synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis, so do I :)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this;
 For if by sly *homæosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,
 Thou would'st sophistically imply,
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or parochial *classis*;
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' the sudden would mistake em,
 And not know which is which unless
 You measure by their wickedness:
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
 Thou'lt be at best but such a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;
 For what can synods have at all,
 With bear that's analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both?

If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for bears as they ;
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of diff'rent specieses.
 But, Ralpho, this is not fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the case :
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute ;
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words :
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adeqate
 To what our place and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're slurr'd and outed by success :
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand, can always hit :
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
 Which in success oft disinherit,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions,
 Nor do th' boldest attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth :
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out :
 Which, though they're known to be so amp.e,
 We need not copy from example ;
 We're not the only persons durst
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
 And wound a fiddler : we have both
 Of these the objects of our worth,
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt of victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, yclep'd—
 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard ;

Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought ;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success ;
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.

Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on,
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much ;
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a commonweal ;
While still the more he kick'd and sparr'd,
The less the sullen iade has stirr'd.

D R Y D E N .

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
 His course exalted through the Ram had ran,
 And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
 Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love ;
 Where Venus from her orb descends in show'rs
 To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flow'rs :
 When first the tender blades of grass appear,
 And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear, }
 Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year ; }
 Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
 Make the green blood to dance within their veins :
 Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
 And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room ;
 Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
 Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day,
 Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
 To scent the skies, and purge the' unwholesome air ;
 Joy spreads the heart, and with a general song
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
 And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
 I turn'd my weary side, but still in vain,
 Though full of youthful health, and void of pain :
 Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
 For love had never enter'd in my breast ;
 I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
 Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.

I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
 Much joy had dried away the balmy dew :
 Seas would be pools, without the brushing air
 To curl the waves ; and sure some little care
 Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair. }

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
 Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung ;
 And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
 Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
 And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way. }
 Straight as a line in beauteous order stood,
 Of oaks unshorn, a venerable wood ;
 Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
 At distance planted in a due degree,
 Their branching arms in air with equal space
 Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace .
 And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
 Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
 The painted birds, companions of the spring,
 Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing ;
 Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
 Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
 On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire,
 And listen'd for the queen of all the quire ;
 Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing,
 And wanted yet an omen to the Spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
 Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay ;
 In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
 And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
 Wandering I walk'd alone ; for still methought
 To some strange end so strange a path was wrought.
 At last it led me where an arbour stood,
 The sacred receptacle of the wood :
 This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
 In all my progress I had never seen :
 And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
 Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
 'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
 The thick young grass arose in fresher green ;
 The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
 Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
 The well united sods so closely lay ;
 And all around the shades defended it from day

For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
 A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
 And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
 The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
 That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
 And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
 The master workman of the bower was known
 Through fairy lands, and built for Oberon ;
 Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
 They rose by measure, and by rule they grew :
 No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
 For none but hands divine could work so well.
 Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
 A soft recess, and a cool summer shade ;
 The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
 The persons plac'd within it could espy :
 But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
 As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
 'Twas border'd with a field ; and some was plain
 With grass ; and some was sow'd with rising grain ;
 That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
 A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
 I look'd, and look'd, and still with new delight ;
 Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight :
 And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath.
 Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
 Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
 Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there :
 But thence they fled as from their mortal foe,
 For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye
 And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh :
 The spreading branches made a goodly show,
 And full of opening blooms was every bough.
 A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
 Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
 Still pecking as she pass'd ; and still she drew
 The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew,
 Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
 And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,
 When she I sought, the nightingale, replied.

So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
 That the grove echo'd, and the vallies rung :
 And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
 I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought ;
 But all o'erpower'd with ecstasy of bliss,
 Was in a pleasing dream of paradise.
 At length I wak'd ; and looking round the bower
 Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
 If any where by chance I might espy
 The rural poet of the melody :
 For still methought she sung not far away ;
 At last I found her on a laurel spray.
 Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
 Full in a line, against her opposite ;
 Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd ;
 And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long ;
 (Sitting was more convenient for the song)
 Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
 But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
 Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
 And every note I fear'd would be the last.
 My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
 And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
 And what alone did all the rest surpass,
 The sweet possession of the fairy place
 Single, and conscious to myself alone
 Of pleasures to the' excluded world unknown :
 Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
 And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat, intent to see and hear,
 And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
 All suddenly I heard the' approaching sound
 Of vocal music, on the' enchanted ground :
 An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire, }
 As if the bless'd above did all conspire }
 To join their voices, and neglect the lyre. }
 At length there issued from the grove behind
 A fair assembly of the female kind :
 A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
 Seduc'd the sons of Heaven to rebel.
 I pass their form, and every charming grace ;
 Less than an angel would their worth debase
 But their attire, like liveries of a kind
 All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.

In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
 The seams with sparkling emeralds set around :
 Their hoods and sleeves the same ; and purfl'd o'er
 With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
 Of eastern pomp : their long descending train
 With rubies edg'd and sapphires, swept the plain
 High on their heads, with jewels richly set
 Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
 Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
 With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.
 Of laurel some, of woodbine many more ;
 And wreaths of *agnus castus* others bore .
 These last, who with those virgin-crowns were dress'd,
 Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
 They danc'd around, but in the midst was seen
 A lady of a more majestic mien
 By stature, and by beauty, mark'd their sovereign queen. }

She in the midst began with sober grace ;
 Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face :
 And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
 Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
 Methought she trod the ground with greater grace
 With more of godhead shining in her face ;
 And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
 So nobler than the rest was her attire.
 A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
 Plain without pomp, and rich without a show :
 A branch of *agnus castus* in her hand
 She bore aloft, her sceptre of command !
 Admir'd, ador'd, by all the circling crowd ;
 For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd :
 And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
 In honour of the laurel, ever young :
 She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
 The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear :
 And all the bending forest lent an ear. }
 At every close she made, the' attending throng
 Replied, and bore the burden of the song ;
 So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note.
 It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
 They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
 Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
 And footed it about the secret shade.

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
 But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear ;
 Yet not so much, but that I noted well
 Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
 I heard a sudden symphony of war ;
 The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
 And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky :
 I saw soon after this, behind the grove
 From whence the ladies did in order move,
 Come issuing out in arms a warrior-train,
 That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain :
 On barbed stèeds they rode in proud array,
 Thick as the college of the bees in May,
 When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
 New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
 So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
 That the turf trembled underneath their feet.

To tell their costly furniture were long,
 The summer's day would end before the song :
 To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
 Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
 Yet what I can, I will ; before the rest
 The trumpets issued in white mantles dress'd :
 A numerous troop, and all their heads around
 With chaplets green of cerial-oak were crown'd ; }
 And at each trumpet was a banner bound ;
 Which, waving in the wind, display'd at large
 Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
 Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
 A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
 The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
 With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er :
 Broad were their collars too, and every one
 Was set about with many a costly stone.
 Next these of kings at arms a goodly train,
 In proud array, came prancing o'er the plain :
 Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
 And garlands green around their temples roll'd.
 Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
 With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd.
 And as the trumpets their appearance made,
 So these in habits were alike array'd ;

But with a pace more sober, and more slow :
 And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
 The pursuivants came next, in number more ;
 And, like the heralds, each his scutcheon bore :
 Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
 With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
 Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed :
 In golden armour glorious to behold ;
 The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
 Their surcoats of white ermine-fur were made :
 With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering shade.
 The trappings of their steeds were of the same ;
 The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
 And drew a precious trail : a crown divine
 Of laurel, did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
 All in rich livery clad, and of a kind :
 White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
 And each within his hand a truncheon bore :
 The foremost held a helm of rare device ;
 A prince's ransom would not pay the price :
 The second bore the buckler of his knight ;
 The third, of cornel-wood, a spear upright,
 Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright. }
 Like to their lords, their equipage was seen,
 And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.

And after these, came arm'd with spear and shield,
 A host so great, as cover'd all the field :
 And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
 With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
 Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
 Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
 The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
 Or branches for their mystic emblems took
 Of palm, of laurel, or of cerial oak.
 Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
 Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around, }
 And in the middle meadow took their ground.
 Among themselves the tourney they divide,
 In equal squadrons, rang'd on either side.
 Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
 And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.

They lightly set their lances in the rest,
 And, at the sign, against each other press'd :
 They met ; I, sitting at my ease, beheld
 The mix'd events and fortunes of the field.
 Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and
 man,
 And round the fields the lighten'd coursers ran,
 An hour and more ; like tides, in equal sway
 They rush'd, and won by turns and lost the day.
 At length the nine (who still together held) }
 Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd,
 And with resistless force o'erran the field. }
 Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
 The victors from their lofty steeds alight :
 Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
 And two by two proceeded o'er the plain :
 Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
 Who, near the secret harbour, sung and danc'd.

The ladies left their measures at the sight,
 To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
 And each, with open arms, embrac'd her chosen knight. }
 Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
 The grace and ornament of all the wood :
 That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
 From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat.
 Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
 So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
 That host of birds that wing the liquid air,
 Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there :
 And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
 Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war ;
 From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
 Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching heat :
 A hundred knights might there at ease abide ;
 And every knight a lady by his side :
 The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
 That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
 The lords and ladies here approaching, paid }
 Their homage, with a low obeisance made :
 And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade. }
 These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue
 With songs of love, and mix with measures new ;
 Around the holy tree their dance they frame
 And every champion leads his chosen dame.

I cast my sight upon the further field,
 And a fresh object of delight beheld :
 For, from the region of the west, I heard
 New music sound, and a new troop appear'd
 Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly Land ;
 But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.

The ladies dress'd in rich simars were seen
 Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green, }
 And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
 The borders of their petticoats below
 Were guarded thick with rubies on a row ;
 And every damsel wore upon her head
 Of flowers a garland, blended white and red.
 Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
 That gratified the view with cheerful green :
 Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
 Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
 Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd ;
 All in their master's liveries were array'd,
 And clad in green ; and on their temples wore
 The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
 Their instruments were various in their kind
 Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind :
 The psaltery, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
 And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
 A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay
 They saw, and thitherward they bent their way :
 To this both knights and dames their homage made,
 And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
 And then the band of flutes began to play,
 To which a lady sung a virelay ;
 And still at every close she would repeat
 The burden of the song, ' The daisy is so sweet.'
 ' The daisy is so sweet,' when she begun,
 The troop of knights and dames continued on.
 The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
 And sooth'd my soul, that it was heaven to hear.
 But soon their pleasure pass'd : at noon of day
 The sun with sultry beams began to play :
 Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
 When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky :
 Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled,) }
 And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head ;
 And, rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed. }

The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;
 The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire ;
 The fainty knights were scorch'd ; and knew not where
 To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
 And after this the gathering clouds amain,
 Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain,
 And lightning flash'd betwixt : the field and flow'rs
 Burnt up before, were buried in the show'rs.
 The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
 Bare to the weather, and the wintry sky,
 Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
 And through their thin array receiv'd the rain.

While those in white, protected by the tree,
 Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from danger free.
 But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
 When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
 Displeas'd at what, not suffering, they had seen,
 They went to cheer the faction of the green.
 The queen in white array before her band,
 Saluting, took her rival by the hand ;
 So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
 And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
 Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow :
 ' Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe,
 Nor shall be wanting aught within my pow'r
 For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.'
 That other answer'd with a lowly look,
 And soon the gracious invitation took :
 For ill at ease, both she and all her train
 The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain ;
 Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
 Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a knight.
 The laurel-champions with their swords invade
 The neighbouring forests, where the justs were made,
 And sere wood from the rotten hedges took,
 And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke :
 A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
 They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire.
 Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
 For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
 They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
 Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt skins
 they laid :
 Then sought green salads which they bade them eat,
 A sovereign remedy for inward heat

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
 And made the lady of the flower her guest :
 When lo ! a bower ascended on the plain,
 With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for either train.
 This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
 That I could hear and see whatever pass'd.
 The ladies sate, with each a knight between,
 Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green :
 The vanquish'd party with the victor's join'd,
 Nor wanted sweet discourse—the banquet of the mind.
 Meantime, the minstrels play'd on either side,
 Vain in their art, and for the mastery vied :
 The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
 And reach'd my secret arbour from the bow'r.
 The sun was set ; and Vesper, to supply
 His absent beam, had lighted up the sky ;
 When Philomel, officious all the day
 To sing the service of the' ensuing May
 Fled from her laurel-shade, and wing'd her flight
 Directly to the queen array'd in white ;
 And hopping, sate familiar on her hand,
 A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding head,
 Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
 And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter show'r,
 Now perch'd upon the lady of the flow'r,
 And either songster holding out their throats,
 And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes ;
 As if all day, preluding to the fight,
 They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
 The banquet ended, and the battle done,
 They danc'd by star-light and the friendly moon :
 And when they were to part, the laureate queen
 Supplied with steeds the lady of the green ;
 Her and her train conducting on the way
 The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
 The secret moral of the mystic show,
 I started from my shade, in hopes to find
 Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind
 And as my fair adventurer fell, I found
 A lady all in white with laurel crown'd,
 Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
 Repeating to herself the former song

With due respect my body I inclin'd
 As to some being of superior kind,
 And made my court, according to the day,
 Wishing her queen and her a happy May!
 'Great thanks my daughter!' with a gracious bow,
 She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
 Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
 My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
 'Madam, might I presume, and not offend?
 So may the stars and shining moon attend
 Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
 What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
 And what the knights who fought in listed fields so well.' }
 To this the dame replied, 'Fair daughter, know
 That what you saw was all a fairy show:
 And all those airy shapes you now behold,
 Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mould:
 Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
 Till doomsday wander in the shades of night:
 This only holiday of all the year,
 We privileg'd in sunshine may appear;
 With songs and dance we celebrate the day
 And with due honors usher in the May.
 At other times we reign by night alone,
 And, posting through the skies, pursue the moon:
 But when the morn arises, none are found,
 For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
 And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
 He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.

'All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
 With friendly offices to help the good.
 In every land we have a larger space
 Than what is known to you of mortal race:
 Where we with green adorn our fairy bow'rs,
 And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
 Know further, every lady cloth'd in white,
 And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
 Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
 Of innocence, and I myself am one!
 Saw you not her, so graceful to behold,
 In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
 The sovereign lady of our land is she,
 Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
 And, for the spotless name of maid she bears
 That *agnus castus* in her hand appears:

And all her train with leafy chaplets crown'd,
 Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd ;
 But those the chief and highest in command
 Who bear those holy branches in their hand.
 The knights adorn'd with laurel-crowns are they
 Whom death nor danger ever could dismay ;
 Victorious names, who made the world obey :
 Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
 And after death for deities were held.
 But those who wear the woodbine on their brow,
 Were knights of love, who never broke their vow :
 Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
 From fears and fickle chance, and jealousy.
 The lords and ladies who the woodbine bear,
 As true as Tristram and Isotta were.'

' But what are those,' said I, ' the unconquer'd nine,
 Who, crown'd with laurel-wreaths, in golden armour
 shine ?

And who the knights in green, and what the train
 Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain ?
 Why both the bands in worship disagree,
 And some adore the flower, and some the tree ?'

' Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame,
 ' Those laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame ;
 Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
 Three Jews, three pagans, and three Christian knights.
 These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
 As they the foremost rank of honor held,
 And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd :
 Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew ;
 For deathless laurel is the victor's due,
 Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
 Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemagne :
 For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
 Emblems of valour and of victory.
 Behold an order yet of newer date,
 Doubling their number, equal in their state ;
 Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
 In battle, brave protectors of their prince ;
 Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
 For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
 These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
 In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
 And well repaid those honours which they gain'd.

The laurel-wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
 And still they Cæsar's successors adorn :
 One leaf of this is immortality,
 And more of worth than all the world can buy.'

'One doubt remains,' said I, 'the dames in green,
 What were their qualities, and who their queen ?'
 'Flora commands,' said she, 'those nymphs and knights,
 Who liv'd in slothful ease, and loose delights :
 Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
 The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue :
 Who nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
 Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
 Till death behind came stalking on unseen,
 And wither'd, like the storm, the freshness of their green.
 These, and their mates, enjoy the present hour,
 And therefore pay their homage to the Flow'r.
 But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
 And still continue what at first they were ;
 Continue and proceed in honour's fair career. }
 No room for cowardise or dull delay,
 From good to better they should urge their way.
 For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
 With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste ;
 For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound ;
 For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
 Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground : }
 From winter winds it suffers no decay,
 For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May
 Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
 Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow,
 The life is in the leaf ; and still between
 The fits of falling snows, appears the streaky green.
 Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
 A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace ;
 This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
 Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of heav'n,
 Prop'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
 But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed ;
 In summer living, and in winter dead. }
 For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
 Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.'

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
 And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame :

That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded, till the next returning May,
 Whether the leaf or flower I would obey?
 I chose the leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer
 And wish'd me fair adventure for the year;
 And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
 Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
 'But I,' said she, 'my fellows must pursue;
 Already past the plain and out of view.'

We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
 Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day,
 And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May. }
 Then late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
 The visionary vigils of the night.—
 Blush, as thou mayst, my little book, for shame!
 Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
 For such thy Maker chose; and so design'd
 Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

Yet, London, Empress of the Northern Clime,
 By an high Fate thou greatly didst expire;
 Great as the World's, which at the Death of time
 Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,
 To scourge his Country with a lawless Sway;
 His Birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides
 And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

Till fully ripe his swelling Fate breaks out,
 And hurries him to mighty Mischiefs on:
 His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no Ill could doubt,
 And wants the Pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the Rise of this prodigious Fire,
 Which in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,
 From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,
 And streight to Palaces and Temples spread.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,
 And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid :
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign,
 No Sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep Quiet, from what Source unknown,
 Those Seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose :
 And first, few scatt'ring Sparks about were blown,
 Big with the Flames that to our Ruin rose.

Then, in some close-pent Room it crept along,
 And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed :
 Till th' Infant Monster, with devouring strong,
 Walk'd boldly upright with exalted Head.

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,
 Too great for Prison, which he breaks with Gold :
 Who fresher for new Mischiefs does appear,
 And dares the World to tax him with the old.

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail,
 And makes small out-lets into open Air
 There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,
 And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,
 He leaps up at it with inrag'd Desire :
 O'erlooks the Neighbours with a wide Survey,
 And nods at every House his threatenng Fire.

The Ghosts of Traitors from the Bridge descend,
 With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce :
 About the Fire into a Dance they bend,
 And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble Voice.

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate
 Above the Palace of our slumbring King,
 He sigh'd, abandoning his Charge to Fate,
 And, drooping, oft lookt back upon the Wing.

At length, the crackling Noise and dreadful Blaze
 Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight :
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy Eye-lids yet were full of Night.

The next to Danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
 Half-cloth'd, half naked, hastily retire :
 And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts, too late,
 For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near ;
 Now murmuring Noises rise in every Street :
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And, in the dark, Men jostle as they meet.

So weary Bees in little Cells repose ;
 But if Night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,
 An humming through their waxen City grows,
 And out upon each others Wings they drive.

Now Streets grow throng'd and busie as by Day,
 Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire
 Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play ;
 And some more bold mount Ladders to the Fire.

In vain : For, from the East, a Belgian Wind
 His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters sent ;
 The Flames impell'd, soon left their Foes behind,
 And forward, with a wanton Fury went.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his Reverend Head,
 But fear'd the Fate of Simoeis would return :
 Deep in his Ooze he sought his sedgy Bed,
 And shrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

The Fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross,
 To either Hand his Wings he opens wide :
 He wades the Streets, and streight he reaches cross,
 And plays his longing Flames on th' other side.

To every nobler Portion of the Town,
 The curling Billows roul their restless Tide :
 In Parties now they straggle up and down,
 As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

Now Day appears, and with the Day the King,
 Whose early Care had robb'd him of his Rest :
 Far off the Cracks of Falling-houses ring,
 And Shreiks of Subjects pierce his tender Breast.

Near as he draws, thick Harbingers of Smoke,
 With gloomy Pillars, cover all the Place :
 Whose little intervals of Night are broke
 By Sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

More than his Guards, his Sorrows made him known,
 And pious Tears which down his Cheeks did show'r:
 The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own :
 (So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd so well,
 And what so well had merited his Love :
 For never Prince in Grace did more excel,
 Or Royal City more in Duty strove.

Nor with an idle Care did he behold :
 (Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress ;)
 He cheers the Fearful, and commends the Bold,
 And makes Despairers hope for good Success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
 And orders all the Succours which they bring :
 The Helpful and the Good about him run,
 And form an Army worthy such a King.

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast,
 That where it seizes, all Relief is vain :
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That Country which would, else, the Foe maintain.

The Powder blows up all before the Fire :
 Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap ;
 And from the Precipices brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

No help avails : For, Hydra-like, the Fire,
 Lifts up his Hundred Heads, to aim his way :
 And scarce the Wealthy can one half retire,
 Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

The Rich grow suppliant, and the Poor grow proud ;
 Those offer mighty Gain, and these ask more :
 So void of Pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
 When others Ruin may increase their Store.

As those who live by Shores, with Joy behold
 Some Wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh :
 And, from the Rocks, leap down for Shipwrack'd Gold,
 And seek the Tempests which the others flie.

So these but wait the Owners last Despair,
 And what's permitted to the Flames, invade :
 Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry morsels tear,
 And, on their Backs, the Spoils of Vulcan lade.

Night came, but without Darkness or Repose,
 A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;
 Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
 And half unready with their Bodies come.

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
 To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends ;
 Their short uneasie Sleeps are broke with Care,
 To look how near their own Destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was
 And with full Eyes each wonted Room require :
 Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,
 As murther'd Men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal Fire,
 Others in vain from sight of Ruin run :
 And, while through burning Lab'rinth they retire,
 With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most, in Fields, like herded Beasts, lie down ;
 To dews obnoxious on the grassie Floor :
 And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
 Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess
 What Streets are burning now, and what are near
 An Infant, waking, to the Paps would press,
 And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's Care,
 Whose Praise th' Afflicted as their Comfort sing :
 Ev'n those whom Want might drive to just Despair,
 Think Life a Blessing under such a King.

O God, said he, thou Patron of my Days,
 Guide of my Youth in Exile and Distress !
 Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
 The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess :

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care,
 I since have labour'd for my People's good :
 To bind the Bruises of a Civil War,
 And stop the Issues of their wasting Blood.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
 And recompense, as Friends, the Good mis-led ;
 If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,
 Return that Mercy on thy Servants Head.

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,
 Too soon forgetful of thy gracious Hand :
 On me alone thy just Displeasure lay,
 But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
 As humble Earth from whence at first we came :
 Like flying Shades before the Clouds we shew,
 And shrink like Parchment in consuming Flame.

O let it be enough what thou hast done ;
 When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through every Street,
 With poison'd Darts, which not the Good could shun,
 The Speedy could out-flie, or Valiant meet.

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,
 Proclaim'd thy Wrath on this forsaken Place
 And now those few who are return'd agen,
 Thy searching Judgments to their Dwellings trace.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute Decree,
 Or bind thy Sentence unconditional :
 But in thy Sentence our Remorse foresee,
 And, in that Foresight, this thy Doom recal.

Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st revoke :
 But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
 Continue still thy self to give the Stroke,
 And let not Foreign foes oppress thy Land.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire
 Chose out the Cherub, with the flaming Sword :
 And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
 From where our Naval Magazines were stor'd.

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
 On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd :
 By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
 Ere Faith in Churchmen without Works was heard.

The wanting Orphans saw with watry Eyes,
 Their Founders Charity in the Dust laid low :
 And sent to God their ever answer'd Cries,
 (For he protects the Poor who made them so.)

Nor could thy Fabrick, Paul's, defend thee long,
 Though thou wert Sacred to thy Maker's Praise :
 Though made Immortal by a Poets Song ;
 And Poets Songs the Theban Walls could raise.

The daring Flames peept in, and saw from far
 The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire :
 Bnt, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
 Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by Fire.

And now, four Days the Sun had seen our Woes,
 Four Nights the Moon beheld th' incessant Fire :
 It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,
 And Mercy softly touch'd his melting Breast :
 He saw the Town's one half in Rubbish lie,
 And eager Flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal Pyramid he takes,
 In firmamental Waters dipt above ;
 Of it a broad Extinguisher he makes,
 And hoods the Flames that to their Quarry strove.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every Place,
 Or full with feeding, sink into a Sleep ;
 Each household Genius shews again his Face,
 And, from the Hearths, the little Lares creep.

Our King this more than natural Change beholds :
 With sober Joy his Heart and Eyes abound :
 To the All-good his lifted Hands he folds,
 And thanks him low on his redeemed Ground.

As when sharp Frosts had long constrain'd the Earth,
 A kindly Thaw unlocks it with cold Rain :
 And first the tender Blade peeps up to Birth,
 And straight the green Fields laugh with promis'd Grain:

By such degrees the spreading Gladness grew
 In every Heart, which Fear had froze before :
 The standing Streets with so much Joy they view,
 That with less Grief the Perish'd they deplore.

Not with more Constancy the Jews of old,
 By Cyrus from rewarded Exile sent :
 Their Royal City did in Dust behold,
 Or with more Vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost Malice of their Stars is past,
 And two dire Comets which have scourg'd the Town,
 In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their last :
 Or, dimly, in their sinking Sockets frown.

Now frequent Trines the happier Lights among
 And high-rais'd Jove from his dark Prison freed,
 (Those Weights took off that on his Planet hung,)
 Will gloriously the new-laid Works succeed.

Methinks already, from this Chymick Flame,
 I see a City of more precious Mold :
 Rich as the Town which gives the Indies Name,
 With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

Already, labouring with a mighty Fate,
 She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting Brow
 And seems to have renew'd her Charter's date.
 Which Heav'n will to the Death of time allow.

More great than Human, now, and more August
New deified she from her Fires does rise :
Her widening Streets on new Foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger Parts she flies.

Before, she like some Shepherdess did shew,
Who fate to bathe her by a River's side :
Not answering to her Fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern Pride.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,
From her high Turrets, hourly Suters come :
The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,
Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her Doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestick Flood,
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train ;
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud,)
With longing Eyes to meet her Face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The Glory of their Towns no more shall boast :
And Sein, that would with Belgian Rivers join,
Shall find her Lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable Shore,
Charm'd with the Splendor of this Northern Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.





P O P E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame ;
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 Oh grave ! where is thy victory ?
 Oh death ! where is thy sting ?

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH
 RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

AWAKE, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan :
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise :
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know ?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer ?
 Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,—
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle ne'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault:
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book fate,—
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer, being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindless to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven ;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never Is, but always To be bless'd :
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christian's thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust :
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,—
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the eternal cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine
 For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r ;
 Annual, for me the grape, the rose, renew
 The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
 For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 My footstool, earth,—my canopy, the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
 " No," 'tis replied, " the first Almighty cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws .
 The exceptions few ; some change since all began :
 And what created perfect ?"—Why, then, man ?
 If the great end be human happiness,
 Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ?
 As much that end a constant course requires,
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ?
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise,
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
 Why, then, a Borgia or a Catiline ?
 Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs ;
 Account for moral as for natural things :
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife ;
 And passions are the elements of life.
 The general order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he soar
 And, little less than angel, would be more :
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd, appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assign'd
 Each seeming want, compensated, of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
 All in exact proportion to the state,
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate ;
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
 Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven ?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore ?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whispering zephyr and the purling rill !
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass ;
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;

Of smell, the headlong lioness between
 And hound sagacious, on the tainted green ;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier ;
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and reflection, how allied ;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd ;
 From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole,
 The least confusion, but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh, madness ! pride ! impiety !

IX. What, if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What, if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind:
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another in this general frame:
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all live, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee
 Submit,—in this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good;
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

WINDSOR FOREST.

Thy forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
 At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 Granville command ; your aid, O Muses, bring !
 What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song ;
 These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that sun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There, wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.
 E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;
 Here blushing Flora paints the enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
 Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious and severe than they :
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods ;
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain ;
 Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
 And, famish'd, dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder, then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
 Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But, while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
 O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind ?
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom e'en the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo ! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds where yellow harvests spread ;

The forests wonder'd at the unusual grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds ;
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
 Secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
 Till, hovering o'er them, sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
 Near and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize the amazed defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 (Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo) :
 With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye :
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply :
 The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car ;
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
 The impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep
 Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 The immortal huntress, and her virgin train :
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen :
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade ;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
 Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
 Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
 Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;—
 A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair ;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

It chanced, as, eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
 Pursued her flight; her flight increased his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
 As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or, as the god more furious, urged the chase.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears:
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain
 "Ah! Cynthia, ah!—though banish'd from thy train
 Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 My native shades! there weep, and murmur there!"
 She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the helpless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watery landscap: of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green;
 Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
 Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
 Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.

Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthy gods ;
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His sovereign favours, and his country loves ;
 Happy next him who to these shades retires,
 Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires,
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
 With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or, wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow) :
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made :
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since Fate, relentless, stopp'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these revived ? or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forest with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honours your deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,—
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance ;
 In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
 In the same notes of love and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breathed upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through every age ;
 Draw monarch's chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield .
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
 Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone) :
 Oh, fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed ?
 Heavens, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled :
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great Anna said, " Let discord cease !"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanced his reverend head ;
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
 Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters and alternate tides ;
 The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold ;
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First the famed authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame :
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave ;
 The blue transparent Vandalis appears ;
 The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
 The god appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise ;
 Then bow'd, and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred peace ! hail, long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
 Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;
 These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;

Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,—
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase ;
 The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold ! the ascending villas, on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold ! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle, in times to come ;
 There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
 Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into the floods ;
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
 Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace ! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more ;
 Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ;

Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell :
And mad ambition shall attend her there ;
There purple vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires ;
There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
And persecution mourn her broken wheel ;
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain .”

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light ;
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where peace, descending, bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise ;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in those fields I sang the sylvan strains.

P R I O R.

 THE GARLAND.

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
 The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaft to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath ;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day :
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they lookt more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past ;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue cou'd speak ;
 When from it's lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
 That falling tear——What does it mean ?

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shrowd.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day ;
Such I, alas ? may be to morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
 As Nature pointed out the view :
 E'er Gothic forms were known in Greece,
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece :
 And in our verse e'er monkish rhimes
 Had jangl'd their fantastic chimes :
 E'er on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burgess scot and lot ;
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came ;
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candor might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings :
 His servants follow with the things :
 Appears the governante of th' house :
 For such in Greece were much in use:
 If young or handsom, yea or no,
 Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does 'squire Protogenes live here ?
 Yes, sir, say she with gracious air,
 And curt'sey low ; but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout ;
 Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
 Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church : 'tis Venus' day :
 I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
 To see our Venus : 'tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
 So like th' original, they say :
 But I have no great skill that way.

But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea :
 At six, sir, if you please to come,
 You'll find my master, sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after :
 Authors, before they write, shou'd read.
 'Tis very true ; but we'll proceed.

And, sir, at present wou'd you please
 To leave your name——fair maiden, yes :
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke,
 On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true :
 And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
 To shew you master this from me ?
 By it he presently will know,
 How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and curt'sing, sir, she said,
 I shall not fail to tell my master :
 And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
 I'll keep it my own self ; safe bind,
 Says the old proverb, and safe find.
 So, sir, as sure as key or lock ——
 Your servant sir——at six a clock.

Again at six Apelles came ;
 Found the same prating civil dame.
 Sir, that my master has been here,
 Will by the board it self appear.
 If from the perfect line he found,
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colors on the draught to lay :
 'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
 Thus write the painters of this isle :
 Let those of Co remark the style.

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the missive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 Such obvious light, and easie shade ;
 That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece ;
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
 Howe'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie ;

Howe,er our works may have express'd,
 Who truest drew, or color'd best ;
 When he beheld my flowing line ;
 He found at least I cou'd design :
 And from his artful round, I grant,
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale :
 That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Shou'd in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters, which may proclaim,
 That they with ardor strove to raise
 At once their arts, and countrey's praise ;
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

Once on a time, in sunshine weather,
 Falsehood and Truth walked out together,
 The neighb'ring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do.
 Through many a blooming mead they past,
 And at a brook arriv'd at last.
 The purling stream, the margin green,
 With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
 Invited each itinerant maid,
 To rest awhile beneath the shade.
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat ;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd ;
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.—
 At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth,
 (For so she call'd her from her youth.)
 What if, to shun yon' suntry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream ;
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying Shepherd near?—
 With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the skin,

And with a spring leap'd headlong in.
 Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
 And, laying by her tawdry vest,
 Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
 And 'cross the meadows tripp'd away.

From this curs'd hour, the fraudulent Dame
 Of Sacred Truth usurps the name,
 And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
 Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
 False sighs subrous, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits, still appears most wise,
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes ;
 Reviling every one she knows,
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose,
 Her tongue, so valuable and kind,
 It always runs before her mind ;
 As times do serve, she sily pleads,
 And copious tears still shew her needs. }
 With promises as thick as weeds.
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
 To-day a saint,—tomorrow devil.

Poor Truth she stripp'd, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark naked ever since ;
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

In ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And strole about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent,
 Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,

Ty'd ev'ry tone might pity win ;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate.
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last ;
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful !) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art !
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant ;
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, the hermits said ;
No hurt shall come to you or yours .
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,

But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :

In vain ; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion flow'r,
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load.
Such as our ancestors did use.
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;

Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely style ;
Then said, my house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke ; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue ;
But, being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues :
He smoak'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text :
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And though whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine ;
Found his head fill'd with many a system :
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on,
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinner's edg'd with colberteen ;
Her petticoat, transform'd a pace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain goody would no longer down ;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were sev'ral years this man and wife ;

When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance amidst their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous :
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too ——
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.

Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
On Sundays, after evening pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew ;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
Till once a parson of our town
To mend his barn cut Baucis down ;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

S W I F T.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day, whate'er the fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with joy by me :
 This day then let us not be told,
 That you are sick, and I grown old ;
 Nor think on our approaching ills,
 And talk of spectacles and pills :
 To-morrow will be time enough
 To hear such mortifying stuff.
 Yet, since from reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing thought,
 Which can in spite of all decays
 Support a few remaining days,
 From not the gravest of divines
 Accept for once some serious lines :
 Although we now can form no more
 Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
 Yet you, while time is running fast,
 Can look with joy on what is past.
 Were future happiness and pain
 A mere contrivance of the brain,
 As atheists argue, to entice
 And fit their proselytes for vice,
 (The only comfort they propose,
 To have companions in their woes :)
 Grant this the case ; yet sure 'tis hard
 That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
 And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Should acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind,

Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent ?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave ;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before •
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates :
Your gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage, which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glitt'ring dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain ;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind ?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago ?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have dy'd.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain ?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind ;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last ?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end ?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face ;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.

She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends !
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.

Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share ;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due ;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.



ADDISON.

ODE ON THE CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And, nightly, to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
 What though, no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine.'

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax.

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
 Me, into foreign realms my fate conveys
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!

To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore !
 And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide !

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
 Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
 The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
 The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That, destitute of strength, derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,
 Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile !
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle ;
 Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes and more exalted scents ;
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats

Where western gales eternally resides,
 And all the Seasons lavish all their pride ;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
 That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
 And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
 Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies ;
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
 And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand ;
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show the immortal labours in my verse,
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight ;
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow,
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.
 How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand ;
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,

With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature and the charms of Art,
 While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
 And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
 Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
 We envy not the warmer clime that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight.
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live;
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state;
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

The' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite,
By fore:gn gold or by domestic spite ;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse, with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventuouse song ;
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew,
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glows ;
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift rushing circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun :
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains report it right
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
 He quits his cell : the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before,
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass .

But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :
 Then near approaching, ' Father, hail !' he cried ;
 And ' Hail, my son !' the reverend sire replied :
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Uprise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go :
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part :
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat :
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest :)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cried)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place
 In every setting feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie ; }
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
 ' Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer
 At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck ; the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done !
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads ; a servant shew'd the way :
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :
 Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide,
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in :

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head :
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;
He burst the bands of fear, and madly cries,
' Detested wretch !'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purpl'd air ;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):

' Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel !—thy fellow-servant I.

' Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

' The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends ;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

' Wha' strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just ;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

' The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine ;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

‘ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne’er mov’d in pity to the wandering poor,
 With him I left the cup to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

‘ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean’d his heart from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv’d in pain,
 And measur’d back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee in fits he seem’d to go !
 And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow.
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

‘ But how had all his fortunes felt a wreck,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !
 This night his treasur’d heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail ;
 Thus heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o’er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.’

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
 Thus look’d Elisha, when to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky :
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
 The prophet gaz’d, and wish’d to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass’d a life of piety and peace.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green ;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within ;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And, trembling, rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
 Now sounding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase :
 And from the corner where he lay
 He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles !) never yet
 Was dight a masking half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ;
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant dress'd
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cried,
 ' What mortal of a wretched mind,
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?'

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
 No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight ;
 ' Nor have I cause of dread, (he said)
 Who view, by no presumption led,
 Your revels of the night.

' 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
 Which made my steps unweeting rove
 Amid the nightly dew.'
 ' 'Tis well, (the gallant cries again)
 We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

' Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign ;
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
 Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
 Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :

The rest their fairy partners found :
And Mable trimly tripp'd the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing pass'd, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, ' Reverse my charm, (he cries)
And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown :'
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
' Content thee, Edwin, for awhile,
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die ;
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Han rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind ;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome,
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall ;
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
 His spirits in him die :
 When Oberon cries, ' A man is near,
 A mortal passion, cleped fear,
 Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
 In accents faltering, ay, for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt ;
 ' For als he been a mister wight
 Betray'd by wandering in the night
 To tread the circled haunt.

' Ah losell vile, at once they roar ;
 And little skill'd of fairie lore,
 Thy cause to come, we know :

Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
 And fairies, since a lie you tell,
 Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wipsy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung ;
 There, like a tortoise in a shop,
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat ;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight :
 For never spell, by fairie laid,
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length o' night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot ?
 His seely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a sybil nurse ared ;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 ' Thus some are born, my son, (she cries)
 With base impediments to rise,
 And some are born with none.

' But virtue can itself advance
 To what the favorite fools of chance
 By fortune seem design'd ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon the' unworthy mind.'

G A Y.

RURAL SPORTS.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
 Despise the' ungrateful hurry of the Town ;
 In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
 And undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy :
 Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
 And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
 While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
 To hear the Sirens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
 Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land ;
 Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd,
 Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd ;
 Where news and politics divide mankind,
 And schemes of state involve the' uneasy mind ;
 Faction embroils the world, and every tongue
 Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung :
 Friendship, for silvan shades, the palace flies,
 Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties ;
 Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns ;
 While calumny upon each party's thrown,
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
 And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
 Inspire the silvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove thro' flowery meads and plains
 And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
 Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of the' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
 The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green ;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand ;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws ;
 But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 The' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
 His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake ;
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
 And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours !
 Hide me, ye Forests ! in your closest bowers :
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
 Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
 Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
 Whose rolling current winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And ev'n at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
 And learn the labours of Italian swains ;
 In every page I see new landscapes rise,
 And all Hesperia opens to my eyes :
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each different soil.
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
 That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn ;
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :

Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :
 The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in every vein ;
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
 The careful insect midst his works I view,
 Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend ;
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistle on the way ;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand ;
 No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire ;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day ;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides ;
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below ;
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrow the' uncloudy skies :
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends ;
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circle steer ;
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of Providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
 My soul should overflow in sounds of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.

When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake ;
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams :
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
 And arm himself with every wat'ry snare ;
 His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
 Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
 Then, soon as vernal gales begins to rise,
 And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
 The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds ;
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murmuring current gently flows ;
 When if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :
 Now, happy fisherman ; now twitch the line !
 How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
 Cast on the bank, he dies, with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use ;
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose ;
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies ;
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains ;
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss ;

Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day :
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
Let Nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require ;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect-race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
So just the colours shine through every part
That Nature seems to live again in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
Whilst all thy hope hangs on a single hair ;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,

Against the stream now let it gently play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away :
 The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in the' unfaithful food,
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away :
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide :
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with the' unwieldy prize ;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands ;
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air :
 Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race ?
 Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase :
 The' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
 Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores :
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds

Perplex the fisher ; I nor choose to bear
 The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear,
 Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
 Nor trowl for pikes, dispeplers of the lake.
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line:
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.
 Now, sporting Muse ! draw in the flowing reins,
 Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
 Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
 And all the fisherman adorn thy verse !
 Should you the wide-encircling net display,
 And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
 And with the sole and turbot hide the sand ;
 It would extend the growing theme too long,
 And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
 Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
 And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
 Now, now, ye Reapers ! to your task repair ;
 Haste, save the product of the bounteous year :
 To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
 And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,
 Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
 With what delight the rapid course I view !
 How does my eye the circling race pursue :
 He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
 The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws :
 She flies, he stretches : now with nimble bound
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground :
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
 Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
 What various sport does rural life afford !
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board !

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
 Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast the' unwary partridge flies
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;

Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets,
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey :
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear
 Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phœbus gild's the mountain's head,
 His early flight the' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes :
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,
 Let your obsequious ranger search around,
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground ;
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
 When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade ;
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains,
 In vain his toils the' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
 Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
 But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
 See how the well-taught pointer leads the way :
 The scent grows warm ; he stops ; he springs the prey :
 The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies ;
 The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
 Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land ;
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
 Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake ;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game :
 Hark ! the dog opens ; take thy certain aim :
 The woodcock flutters ; how he wavering flies !
 The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.
 The towering hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing :

Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
 Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
 That greets the morning with his early strain ;
 When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays ; }
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies :
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains ;
 The hound must open in these rural strains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
 The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled Morn :
 The jocund thunder wakes the' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds :
 Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake :
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war :
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears :
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;
 Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find ?
 Hark ! death advances in each gust of wind !
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies ;
 Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse ! hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse ?
 To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
 O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill ?
 Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct.
 Or the strong fox through all his arts detect ?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay ;
 Ye mighty Hunters ! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains ! remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms !
 And happy shepherds ! who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care !

Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor :
 No barbarous soldier, bent on eruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil ;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain ;
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war ;
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends !
 She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content :
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs :
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost :
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain.
 No homebred jars her quiet state controul,
 Not watchful jealousy torments her soul :
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool.
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy Fields ! unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life ;
 Ye shady Woods ! where once I us'd to rove,
 Alike indulgent to the Muse and love ;
 Ye murmuring Streams ! that in meanders roll,
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
 Farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs :
 Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours !

THE MISER AND PLUTUS,

A FABLE.

The wind was high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:
 'Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice!
 O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!—
 He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
 Plutus, his god, before him stood.
 The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
 The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:—
 'Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
 Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
 Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?—
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
 Because my blessings are abus'd,
 Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
 Ev'n Virtue's self by knaves is made
 A cloak to carry on the trade;
 And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
 Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.

Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
 Gold is the canker of the breast ;
 'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
 And every shocking vice beside :
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
 It blesses, like the dews of Heav'n :
 Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
 And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.
 Their crimes on gold shall Miser's lay,
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?
 Let bravos, then, when blood is spilt,
 Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.'

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

A FABLE.

'Is there no hope?' the sick Man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
 When thus the Man, with gasping breath ;
 'I feel the chilling wound of Death.
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade ;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession ;
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands
 Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail ;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends ;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,

By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.'

An Angel came : Ah ! Friend ! (he cried)

No more in flattering hope confide.

Can thy good deeds in former times

Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?

What widow or what orphan prays

To crown thy life with length of days ?

A pious action's in thy power,

Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now while you draw the vital air,

Prove your intention is sincere :

This instant give a hundred pound ;

Your neighbours want, and you abound.'

' But why such haste (the sick Man whines),

Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs ?

Perhaps I may recover still.

That sum and more are in my will.'

' Fool (says the Vision) now 'tis plain

Your life, your soul, your heav'n, was gain.

From every side, with all your might,

You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right ;

And after death would fain atone,

By giving what is not your own.'

' While there is life, there's hope (he cried),

Then why such haste ?' so groan'd and died.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

A FABLE.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
 Complied with every thing, like *Gay*,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain ;
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies :
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
 She hears the near advance of death ;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round,
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appear'd in view !
 ' Let me, (says she) your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight :
 To friendship every burden's light.'

The Horse replied, ' Poor honest puss.
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus :
 Be comforted, relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately Bull implor'd ;
 And thus replied the mighty lord :
 ' Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place.
 To leave you thus might seem unkind,
 But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :
 ' My back, (says he) may do you harm ;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;
 Said he was slow ; confess'd his fears ;
 For hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
 To save from death a friend distress'd :

' Shall I (says he), of tender age,
 In this important care engage ?
 Older and abler pass'd you by ;
 How strong are those ! how weak am I !
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then ! you know my heart ;
 But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
 For see the hounds are just in view.'



THOMSON.

VIEW OF SUMMER IN THE TORRID ZONE.

Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone :
Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,

Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons pass :
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills :
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems ; and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day ; yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the maze
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig ;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine ;
 More bounteous far, than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Auana ! thou the pride

Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude ; and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall ;
 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas ;
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
 Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive ! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall : regardless he
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,

Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
 But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers;
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal souls; there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep

From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind ;
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! in blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still horror reigns ! a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd !
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading virtue smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze ;
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave

Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cormandell's coast, or Malabar ;
 From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees ;
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana. Scarce the Muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along ;
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude !
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow ;
 And many a nation feed ; and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe .
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ?
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,
 The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what ?
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid

Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
 Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of Peace ;
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth ; the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command thy world ; the light that leads to Heaven ;
 Kind equal rule ; the government of laws,
 And all protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man ;
 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise :
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there ;
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life.
 The heart-shed tear, the' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes : in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds : and while, with threat'ning tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! there, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut

His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell :
 These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
 And hiss continual through the tedious night.
 Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds :
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath !
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play :
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
 Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
 Compress'd the mighty tempest brooding dwells ;
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye.
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A flattering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of Gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade ; the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth.

Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince; who, Heav'n-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend;
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright: you yeard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,

The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? from Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrifying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey ;
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ;
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men : unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
 The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,

And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky ; and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A bolding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull so
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the' aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
 The Tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd-aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds

Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls ;
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd with deeply troubled thought,
 And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guildless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 The' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in the' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
 So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on Celadon, her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 The' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
 And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice,
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
 A purer azure. Through the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble : while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields ; and nature smiles reviv'd.

Y O U N G.

—
N A R C I S S A
—

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake ; and at the destined hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
Our reason, guardian-angel, and our God ?
Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger ! unacknowledged ! unapproved !
Now woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy breast ;
To win thy wish creation has no more,
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend.—
But friends how mortal ! dangerous the desire.

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards !
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain head ;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy ;
Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,
And sings false peace, till smothered by the pall.
My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to Day's soft-eyed sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival !) and her aid implore :
Now first implored in succour to the muse.

Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form,
 And modestly forego thine own! O thou,
 Who didst thyself at midnight hours inspire!
 Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song?
 As thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
 This revolution in the world inspired?
 Ye train Pierian! to the lunar sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
 She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;
 A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.
 Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of Heaven!
 What title, or what name, endears thee most?
 Cynthia! Cyllene! Phœbe!—or dost hear
 With higher gust, fair P——d of the skies?
 Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
 More powerful than of old Circean charm?
 Come: but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
 The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear
 The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
 (For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
 Of thy first votary—but not thy last;
 If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
 A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul
 'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp
 Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
 Narcissa follows ere his tomb be closed.
 Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel:
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for him;
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear;
 Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
 And make distress distraction. O Philander!
 What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
 Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
 Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace;

Not less a bird of omen than of prey.
 It called Narcissa long before her hour ;
 It called her tender soul by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist ! and beautiful as sweet !
 And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !
 And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !
 And happy (if aught happy here) as good !
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfixed by fate (who loves a lofty mark),
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious ! all its charms
 Extinguished in the wonders of her song !
 Her song still vibrates in my ravished ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (Oh, to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy ! this group
 Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,
 As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies ; as all
 We guess of Heaven : and these were all her own.
 And she was mine ; and I was !—was ?—most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery !
 As bodies grow more ponderous, robbed of life :
 Good lost weighs more in grief than gained in joy.
 Like blossomed trees, o'erturned by vernal storm
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay :
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
 Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep !
 Our tears indulged indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languished in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
 And on her cheek the residence of spring,
 Pale omen sat ; and scattered fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
 That once had seen ?) With haste, parental haste
 I flew, I snatched her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) checked his beam,

Denied his wonted succour ; nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;
 In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow
 And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair ;
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropped your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure ! Ye lovely fugitives !
 Coeval race with man ! for man you smile ;
 Why not smile at him too ? You share indeed
 His sudden pass ! but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
 But what his glowing passions can engage :
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
 Rapture ? Bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste ;
 While here, presuming on the rights of Heaven.
 For transport dost thou call on every hour,
 Lorenzo ? At thy friend's expense be wise :
 Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
 A broken reed at best ; but oft a spear :
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her.—Thought repelled
 Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
 Snatched ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind Fortune with thy lover smiled !
 And when high-flavoured thy fresh opening joys !
 And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore ! where strangers wept !
 Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness, wept : their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears : strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
 A tenderness that called them more severe ;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion steeled ;
 While nature melted, superstition raved ;
 That mourned the dead, and this denied a grave.

Their sighs incensed ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the tiger sucked, outraged the storm.
 For oh ! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal !
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nursed

In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The sainted spirit petrified the breast ;
 Denied the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity which dogs enjoy.
 What could I do ? what succour ? what resource ?
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety that grave I wronged ;
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !
 More like a murderer than friend, I crept,
 With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh.
 I whispered what should echo through their realms ;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! how durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obeyed ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I poured :
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God adored ;
 Sore grudged the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamped the cursed soil ; and, with humanity
 Denied Narcissa, wished them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?
 The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust
 Of this Heaven-laboured form, erect, divine !
 This Heaven-assumed majestic robe of earth
 He deigned to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
 When every passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us every motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontrolled,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill will ;
 Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ?
 An angel's dust ?—This Lucifer transcends :
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love :
 And uncreated, but for love divine ;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
 By fate resorbed, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man ! of horrid things,
 Most horrid ! 'mid stupendous, highly strange !
 Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs ;

Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
 And contumelious his humanity :
 What then his vengeance ? Hear it not, ye stars !
 And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound ;
 Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
 A previous blast foretells the rising storm,
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
 Volcanoes bellow ere they disemboque ;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
 And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire :
 Ruin from man is most concealed when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !
 Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Fired is the muse ? and let the muse be fired :
 Who not inflamed, when what he speaks he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ;
 Shame to mankind ! Philander had his foes ;
 He felt the truths I sing, and I him.
 But he, nor I, feel more : past ills, Narcissa !
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ;
 Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarmed
 O'er thy distinguished fate, and clustering there
 Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave,
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale),
 How was each circumstance with aspics armed ?
 An aspic each ! and all, a Hydra woe :
 What strong Herculean virtue could suffice ?—
 Or is it virtue to be conquered here ?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews :
 And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;
 And each distress, distinctly mourned, demands
 Of grief still more, as heightened by the whole.
 A grief like this, proprietors excludes :
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ;
 They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal Fame can wing her way ;
 And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
 Down the right channel through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hushed Cimmerian vale,
 Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinished fates,
 With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
 (Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !

That subterranean world, that land of ruin !
 Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought !
 There let my thoughts expatiate, and explore
 Balsamic truths and healing sentiments ;
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
 For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
 My soul ! " The fruits of dying friends survey ;
 Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death ;
 Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;
 And labour that first palm of nobler minds,
 A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
 As poets feigned, from Ajax' streaming blood
 Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower ;
 Let wisdom blossom from thy mortal wound.
 And first, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?
 It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid
 To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.
 Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardours ; and abate
 That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death ! to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way ; and thus to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
 Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume
 Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damped with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up ;
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
 For us they languish and for us they die :
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallowed graves.
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans ;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

Lorenzo ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
 Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,

That kind chastiser of the soul in joy !
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast :
 Auspicious era ! golden days, begin !
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
 And why not think on death ? Is life the theme
 Of every thought ? the wish of every hour ?
 And song of every joy ? Surprising truth !
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the numerous ills that seize on life
 As their own property, their lawful prey ;
 Ere man has measured half his weary stage,
 His luxuries have left him no reserve,
 No maiden relishes, unbroached delights ;
 On cold-served repetitions he subsists,
 And in the tasteless present chews the past ;
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years,
 Have disinherited his future hours,
 Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.
 Live ever here, Lorenzo !—shocking thought !
 So shocking, they who wish disown it too ;
 Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light ?
 For what live ever here ?—with labouring step
 To tread our former footsteps ? pace the round
 Eternal ? to climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
 Which draws up nothing new ? to beat and beat
 The beaten track ? to bid each wretched day
 The former mock ? to surfeit on the same,
 And yawn our joys ? or thank a misery
 For change, though sad ? to see what we have seen ?
 Hear, till unheard, the same old slabbered tale ?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tasteful ? o'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage ? strain a flatter year,
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone ?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits !
 Ill ground, and worse coucocted ! load, not life !
 The rational foul kennels of excess !
 Still streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch !
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.
 Such of our fine ones is the wish refined !
 So would they have it : elegant desire !
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls and wilds ?
 But such examples might their riot awe.

Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought
 (Though on bright thought they father all their flights),
 To what are they reduced? To love and hate
 The same vain world; to censure and espouse
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
 Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
 Through dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock.
 Barren, to them, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blackened with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
 Scared at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath:
 Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy.

'Tis time, high time to shift this dismal scene.

This hugged, this hideous state, what art can cure?
 One only; but that one what all may reach;
 Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
 That rock to bloom; and tames the painted shrew;
 And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous, iteration change;
 And straightens nature's circle to a line.
 Believest thou this, Lorenzo? Lend an ear,
 A patient ear; thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckoo seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doting sense indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripened by the sun,
 Make their days various; various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
 On minds of dovelike innocence possessed,
 Oulightened minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
 In that for which they long, for which they live.
 Their glorious efforts, winged with heavenly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
 Advancing virtue in a line to bliss;
 Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
 And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates, and turn infidels for joy?
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 "He sins against this life who slights the next."
 What is this life? How few their favourite know!
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death.
 We give to time eternity's regard
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
 Life has no value as an end, but means;
 An end deplorable! a means divine!
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
 A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much.
 Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoyed
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteemed;
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect richer far; important! awful!
 Not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise?
 Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the barren rock? the painted shrew?
 Where now, Lorenzo! life's eternal round?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises and declines,
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, night
 Assists me here.)—Compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
 In borrowed lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
 O'ershadowed mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant: O Lorenzo!
 A good man, and an angel! these between,
 How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year,
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
 A moment, or eternity's forget.
 Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
 Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
 The soft transition call it, and be cheered;

Such it is often, and why not to thee?
 To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
 And may itself procure what it presumes.
 Life is much flattered, death is much traduced;
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
 "Strange competition!"—True, Lorenzo! strange!
 So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust:
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Through chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light:
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
 All eye all ear, the disembodied power.
 Death has feigned evils nature shall not feel;
 Life, ill substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
 By tyrant life dethroned, imprisoned, pained?
 By death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
 Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

"Is death then guiltless? How he marks his way
 With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
 Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
 With various lustres these light up the world,
 Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
 I grant, Lorenzo, this indictment just:
 The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
 Death humbles these; more barbarous life the man.
 Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
 Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
 Death has no dread but what frail life imparts;
 Nor life true joy but what kind death improves.
 No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
 Far greater; life's a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

Lorenzo, blush at fondness for a life
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
 To cater for the sense, and serve at boards
 Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemired!
 Lorenzo, blush at terror for a death
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.

What need I more? O Death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
 Age and disease; disease, though long my guest;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life:
 Which, plucked a little more, will toll the bell
 That calls my few friends to my funeral;
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
 Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
 Dragged at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not immortal too, O Death! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution!—name it right,
 'Tis our great pay day; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
 More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
 Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-taxed nature pays
 For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
 But oh! the last the former so transcends,
 Life dies, compared; life lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, Death! no joy from thought of thee?
 Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With every nobler thought and fairer deed!
 Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
 Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
 Death, that absolves my birth! a curse without it!
 Rich death, that realises all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy:
 Joy's source and subject still subsist unhurt;
 One in my soul, and one in her great Sire;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Though prisoned there, my dust too I reclaim
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres),
 And live entire. Death is the crown of life.
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
 Were death denied, to live would not be life;
 Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign:

Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
When shall I die ?—when shall I live for ever ?

A K E N S I D E.

—
ON LEAVING HOLLAND.
—

Farewell to Leyden's lonely bound,
 The Belgian Muse's sober seat ;
 Where dealing frugal gifts around
 To all the favourites at her feet,
 She trains the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils ;
 And lest, from any prouder aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
 Where never mountain zephyr blew :
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew :
 The Naiads, with obscene attire,
 Urging in vain their urns to flow ;
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
 And haply soothe some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love :
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain ;
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
 Ye too the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
 I go where liberty to all is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
 Shall I sit down, to part no more?
 Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall I plough thy azure-tide?
 When on thy hills the flocks admire,
 Like mountain snows; till down their side
 I trace the village and the sacred spire,
 While bowers and copses green the golden slop divide?

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
 Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
 With whom I wont at morn to rove,
 With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
 O! take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
 To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
 To prompt my slumbers in the murm'ring shade,
 And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
 O Phœbus, guardian of th' Aonian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin-deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round th' Olympian father's throne.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degen'rate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim
 And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honours of a poet's name
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
 Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee
 Heroic Valour still attends,
 And useful Science pleas'd to see
 How Art her studious toil extends.

While Truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye ;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons fly.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares :
Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy ;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail !—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
But when for gen'rous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
There public Zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS,

AN ODE.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The passions oft to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;

And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next anger rush'd: his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings, own'd his secret stings:
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air :
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ;
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close ;
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose :
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder down,
 And, with a with'ring look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
 And, ever, and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd ;
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd :
 And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;
 And sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best :
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard,
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;
 Ev'n all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease ;
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

TO MERCY.

STROPHE

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
 By valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd ;
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword !
 Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground :
 See, Mercy, see with pure and loaded hands,
 Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
 And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound !

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
 The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey :
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,
 Thy tender melting eyes they own ;
 O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower,
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's
 throne.

TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
 With all its shadowy shades, is shewn ;
 Who seest, appall'd, the unreal scene,
 While Fancy lifts the veil between :
 Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !
 I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step ; thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start ; like thee disorder'd fly.
 For lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm ;
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
 O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks, preside ;
 While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare ;
 On whom that ravening brood of Fate
 Who lap the blood of sorrow wait :
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee ?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full Muse address her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace ;
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove !

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart :
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line :
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine !

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell ?
 Or, in some hallow'd seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought
 Dark power, with shudd'ring meek submitted thought.

Be mine to read the visions old
 Which thy awakening bards have told :
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave ;
 And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !

O thou whose spirit most possest
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke ;
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !

G R A Y.

—
ELEGY.

Written in a Country Church-yard.

—

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenious Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the' unletter'd Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ?'
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast* in speechless trance :
 To arms ! cried Mortimer, † and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood :
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 ' Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe !
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore.

On dreary Arvon's shore* they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

' Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race ;
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing King !†
 She-wolf of France,‡ with unrelenting fangs
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 From thee be born,§ who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

' Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !||
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable Warrior fled ?¶
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead
 The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 Gone to salute the rising Morn.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

† Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward II.'s adulterous queen.

§ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

|| Death of that king abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers.

¶ Edward the Black Prince died some time before his father.

Fair laughs the Morn* and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm :
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

' Fill high the sparkling bowl, †
 The rich repast prepare :
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray, ‡
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ;
 Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye Tow'rs of Julius, || London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, § his Father's fame, ¶
 And spare the meek Usurper's holy head. **
 Above, below, the rose of snow, ††
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled Boar ‡‡ in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

' Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun),
 Half of thy heart we consecrate. §§
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)

* Magnificence of Richard II.'s reign.

† Richard II. was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exton is of much later date.

‡ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

|| Henry IV. George Duke of Clarence, Edward V. Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

§ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

¶ Henry V.

** Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

†† The white and red Roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

‡‡ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard III.

§§ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales.

Stay, oh stay ; nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

' Girt with many a Baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear.
 In the midst a Form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe commanding face,†
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Talliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

' The verse adorn again
 Fierce War, and faithful love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
 In buskin'd measures move‡
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,§
 Gales from blooming Eden bear :
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,||
 That lost in long futurity expire.

* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return again to reign over Britain.

Both Merlin and Talliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

† Queen Elizabeth.

‡ Shakspeare.

§ Milton.

|| The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."
 He spoke ; and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse ; and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous' thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general friend.
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh Goddess ! wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expected flowers,
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring :
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Wher'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade.
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter through Life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours dress'd :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please :
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I bless'd the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine ;
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend :
 Bends to the grave with unpercciv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His Heav'n commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the blooming flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n.
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame : the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care :
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies :
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts!—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around.

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they :
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear.
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ; thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own :
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride :
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell ! and O ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether were equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possesst,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life,
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.

How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with every wish the' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
 Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee ? crush the' upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade ;
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
 One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
 Few know the toiling stateman's fear or care,
 The' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools the' eternal jest :
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died ;
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride !

Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
 Attentive truth and nature to decry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
 To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
 Renew'd at every glance on human kind ;
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
 Delusive Fortune hears the' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning-worshipper no more ;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold ;
 For now no more we trace in every line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids the' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal ?
 Through Freedom's sons no more remonstance rings
 Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 At once is lost the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine.
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings allied?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college-rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;

Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from woes ;
 See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads ! hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
 This pow'r has praise that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;

No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain :
 ' Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, ' till nought remain ;
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
 He comes, not want and cold his course delay ;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait ;
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
 The' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains
 The' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,

With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 And all the sons of ravage, crowd the war ;
 The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

‘ Enlarge my life with multitude of days,’
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch the' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still-returning tale, and lingering jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
The general favourite, as the general friend :
Such age there is, and who could wish its end !

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch's should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end ;
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes !
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;

Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd ;
 By Interest, Prudence ; and by Flattery, Pride.
 Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rests.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ! petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
 These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
 These goods HE grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

WARTON.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

KING HENRY the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, king of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dunn, or *the brown monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh Bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer :
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state,
 And warlike splendour, Henry sate :
 Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flam'd aloof :
 From massy cups, with golden gleam
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-window'd hall,
 The storied tapestry was hung :
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :

While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rime.

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;
 On Tintagel's topmost tower
 Darksome fell the fleety shower ;
 Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 On each tall rampart's thundering side
 The surges of the tumbling tide :
 When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
 On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks :
 By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 Yet in vain a paynim foe
 Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
 For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 All in secret, and unseen,
 O'er the fainting hero threw
 Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
 And bade her spirits bear him far,
 In Merlin's agate-axled car,
 To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
 Far in the navel of the deep.
 O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 From flowers that in Arabia grew :
 On a rich enchanted bed
 She pillow'd his majestic head ;
 O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
 Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand ;
 And to soft music's airy sound,
 Her magic curtains clos'd around.
 There, renew'd the vital spring,
 Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 Blocming in immortal prime,

By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command :
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume ;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride ;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd : when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage ;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent ;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

" Listen, Henry, to my read !
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store :
But boastful fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rime enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower ;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
Taught me to chaunt, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud envelop'd Clyder's head ;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;

Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go :
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon :
There, with chaunted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier ;
Through the dim iles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore ;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze ;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd ;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith : thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay :
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :

So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew."

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high ;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast :
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
He scorns awile his bold emprise ;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb :
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made ;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

THE CRUSADE.

King Richard the First, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provençal minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment ; and began a song, or ode, which the King and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer : and when Blondel paused about the middle, the King began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the Minstrel and King Richard.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimble we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd ;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,

And made the dancing billows glow ;
 High upon the trophied prow,
 Many a warrior-minstrel swung
 His sounding harp, and boldly sung :
 " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
 English Richard ploughs the deep !
 Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
 From distant towers, with anxious eye,
 The radiant range of shield and lance
 Down Damascus' hills advance :
 From Sion's turrets as afar
 Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
 Saladin, thou paynim king,
 From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
 On Acon's spiry citadel,
 Though to the gale thy banners swell,
 Pictur'd with the silver moon ;
 England shall end thy glory soon !
 In vain, to break our firm array,
 Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
 Those sounds our rising fury fan :
 English Richard in the van,
 On to victory we go,
 A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand.
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
 Far along the smiling main
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
 That gave a murder'd Saviour birth ;
 Then, with ardour fresh endu'd,
 Thus the solemn song renew'd.
 " Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
 Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last !
 Object of our holy vow,
 We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
 From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
 We feel the cheering fragrance creep
 O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
 Waves the date-empurpled palm,
 See Lebanon's aspiring head
 Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
 Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 Wet with our Redeemer's gore !

Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
 Your ravish'd honours to restore,
 Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
 And thou, the sepulchre of God !
 By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 Bereft of every awful rite,
 And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
 For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
 Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
 Aloft in his heroic hand,
 Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
 O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
 Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
 Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
 And, rolling in terrific state,
 On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
 Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
 Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
 Haunt us on the tented plain :
 We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !
 With many a demon, pale of hue,
 Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
 That drops from Macon's sooty tree.
 Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 The christian's holy courage quell.
 " Salem, in ancient majesty
 Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 Soon on thy battlements divine
 Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
 Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !"

MALLET.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

A FRAGMENT.

YE midnight Shades! o'er Nature spread
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
 In honour of th' approaching 'dead
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around
 On this pale ground,
 Thro' all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrapt the mind!
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart,
 Each mould'ring bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
 With solemn pause and sounding slow;
 Now let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh and words that weep,
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And after some few stormy days
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes ;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid
The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more.

JOHN SCOTT.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE'S grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form :
While, bursting now and then between,
The Moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foilage flies ;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapt my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught,
Or Fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain ?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy !
Beholds the foundering bark descend ;
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend !

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear calm sky,
 With Cynthia's silver orb on high ;
 Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
 With shadows cast from cots around :
 Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide ;
 And cheerful radiance gently falls
 On that white town, and castle walls,
 That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
 The night-bird's strain melodious trills ;
 And now the echoing dale along
 Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song :
 And now, wide o'er the water borne,
 The city's mingled murmur swells,
 And lively change of distant bells,
 And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
 The passions feel their strong control :
 While Fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
 A scene of happiness surveys ;
 Through all the various walks of life
 No natural ill, nor moral, sees ;
 No Famine fell, nor dire Disease,
 Nor War's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band
 Their white wings waving o'er the land !
 Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair ;
 And Peace and Joy, a sister pair :
 And Kindness mild, their kindred Grace,
 Whose brow serene complacence wears,
 Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
 O'er the vast range of animated space !

Bless'd vision ! O, for ever stay !
 O far be Guilt and Pain away ?
 And yet, perhaps, with HIM, whose view
 Looks at one glance creation through,
 To general good our partial ill

Seems but a sand upon the plain,
 Seems but a drop amid the main,
 And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY.

FROM Cholula's hostile plain,
 Left her treacherous legions slain,
 Left her temples all in flame,
 Cortes' conquering army came.
 High on Chalco's stormy steep
 Shone their phalanx broad and deep ;
 High the' Hispanian banner rais'd,
 Bore the Cross in gold emblaz'd.
 Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
 Loud the neighing steeds were heard ;
 Flash'd the muskets' lightnings round,
 Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
 Echo'd from a thousand caves,
 Down to Tenustitan's waves ; —
 Spacious lake, that far below
 Bade its lucid level flow :
 There the ever-sunny shore
 Groves of palm and cocoa bore ;
 Maize-fields rich, savannas green,
 Stretch'd around, with towns between.
 Tacubà, Tezeùco fair,
 Rear'd their shining roofs in air :
 Mexico's imperial pride
 Glitter'd midst the glassy tide,
 Bright with gold, with silver bright,
 Dazzling, charming all the sight
 From their post the war-worn band
 Raptur'd view'd the happy land :
 ' Haste to victory, haste to ease,
 Mark the spot that gives us these !'
 On the' exulting heroes strode,
 Shun'd the smooth insidious road,
 Shun'd the rock's impending shade,
 Shun'd the' expecting ambushade.
 Deep within a gloomy wood
 Motezume's magicians stood :
 Tlcàtlepùca's horrid form,
 God of famine, plague, and storm,

High on magic stones they rais'd ;
 Magic fires before him blaz'd ;
 Round the lurid flames they drew,
 Flames whence streams of sulphur flew ;
 There, while bleeding victims smok'd,
 Thus his aid they loud invok'd :
 ' Minister supreme of ill,
 Prompt to punish, prompt to kill,
 Motezuma asks thy aid !
 Foreign foes his realms invade ;
 Vengeance on the strangers shed,
 Mix them instant with the dead !
 By thy temple's sable floor,
 By thy altar stain'd with gore,
 Stain'd with gore and strew'd with bones,
 Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans !
 Vengeance on the strangers shed,
 Mix them instant with the dead !'
 Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
 Swift their falchions' blaze appear'd ;
 Alvarado rushing near,
 Furious rais'd his glittering spear ;
 Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene,
 Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between :
 ' Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
 Weak attempts beneath your care ;
 Warriors ! let the wretches live !
 Christians ! pity, and forgive !'
 Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
 Glow'd the woods with dusky red ;
 Vast the Idol's stature grew,
 Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
 Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
 Angry at his nation's fate ;
 Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
 Thus his tongue the future told ;
 Cortes' veterans paus'd to hear,
 Wondering all, though void of fear :
 ' Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
 Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
 Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
 Scenes of battle, scenes of woe !
 Who is he—O spare the sight !—
 Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright ?
 Hark ! he deigns the crowd to call ;
 Chiefs and warriors prostrate fall.

Reverence now to fury yields ;
 Strangers o'er him spread your shields !
 Thick she darts, the arrows fly ;
 Hapless monarch ! he must die !
 Mark the solemn funeral state
 Passing through the western gate !
 Chàpultèqua's cave contains
 Mighty Motezume's remains.

' Cease the strife ! alas, 'tis vain !
 Myriads throng Otumba's plain ;
 Wide their feathery crest they wave,
 All the strong and all the brave.
 Gleaming glory through the skies,
 See the' Imperial standard flies !
 Down by force resistless torn ;
 Off in haughty triumph borne.
 Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
 Fugitives the mountains spread.

' Mexico, 'tis thine to know
 More of battle, more of woe !—
 Bright in arms the stranger train
 O'er thy causeways move again.
 Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
 Join the breast-plate's folds with care ;
 Raise the sacrificial fire,
 Bid the captive youths expire ;
 Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
 Pouring anguish, pouring death ;
 Troops from every street repair,
 Close them in the fatal snare ;
 Valiant as they are, they fly,
 Here they yield, and there they die.

' Cease the strife ! 'tis fruitless all,
 Mexico at last must fall !
 Lo ! the dauntless band return,
 Furious for the fight they burn !
 Lo ! auxiliar nations round,
 Crowding o'er the darken'd ground !
 Corpses fill thy trenches deep ;
 Down thy temple's lofty steep
 See thy priests, thy princes thrown—
 Hark ! I hear their parting groan !
 Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
 Flames from all thy domes arise !
 ' What are those that round thy shore
 Launch thy troubled waters o'er ?

Swift canoes that from the fight
Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight ;
Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
Them the stranger barks invade ;
Soon thy lord a captive bends,
Soon thy far-fam'd empire ends ;
Otomèca shares thy spoils,
Tlàscalà in triumphs smiles.
Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
Mourn, devoted city, mourn !
 ' Cease your boast, O stranger band,
Conquerors of my fallen land !
Avarice strides your van before,
Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar !
Discord follows, breathing flame,
Still opposing claim to claim ;
Kindred demons haste along !
Haste, avenge my country's wrong !'
 Ceas'd the voice with dreadful sounds,
Loud as tides that burst their bounds ;
Roll'd the form in smoke away,
Amaz'd on earth the' exorcists lay ;
Pondering on the dreadful lore,
Their course the' Iberians downward bore ;
Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

B E A T T I E.

O D E T O H O P E.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
 And shrieks of wo, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.
 O come, and be once more my guest:
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
 And sooth'd him into rest.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combined,
 Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
 Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
 Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away:

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

The troops of fen-born mist retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again,
 And gold-illumined spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken 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.

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, hung sublime,
 And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
 In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
 His wingy nerves to climb.

Pursue thy pleasureable 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 !
 Content and Leisure, hand in hand
 With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing ;
 And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
 Frisks o'er the flowery land.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 And Peace soft gliding down the sky
 Lead Love along, and Harmony,
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms ;
 Then all around

The thunder's sound
 Rolls rattling on through Heaven's profound,
 And down rush all the storms.
 Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
 When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
 In paths of pleasure 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 toil remains!

They shrink, they vanish into air,
 Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The wail of Wo, and groan 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, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth?
 Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;
 While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In long obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
 Resigns to tears her angel form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
 And onward rolls the storm.

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 sight:
 Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
 'Why thus dismay'd?
 Though foes invade,
 Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,

Who tread the path of truth.
 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
 And with glad visions of to-morrow
 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 freed spirit springs on high
 In rapture too severe for weak mortality.'

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

' Ah ! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral :
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

' Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

' 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew .

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

‘ ’Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray’d,
 That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 ‘ O pity, great Father of Light,’ then I cry’d,
 ‘ Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free !’

‘ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.’

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
 The lingering light decays,
 And Hesper on the front of Heaven
 His glittering gem displays ;
 Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
 Beside a lulling stream,
 A pensive youth, of placid mien,
 Indulged this tender theme.

‘ Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
 High o’er the glimmering dale ;
 Ye woods, along whose windings wild
 Murmurs the solemn gale :
 Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
 And Woe retires to weep,
 What time the wan Moon’s yellow horn
 Gleams on the western deep :

' To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
 'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
 To your retreats I fly.
 Deep in your most sequester'd bower
 Let me at last recline,
 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 the storm within.
 O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
 Thine ardent votary bring,
 And bless his hours, and bid them move
 Serene, on silent wing ?

' Oft let Remembrance sooth his mind
 With dreams of former days,
 When in the lap of Peace reclined
 He framed his infant lays ;
 When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
 Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
 Nor Envy with malignant glare
 His simple youth had harm'd.

' '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 the wanderer home.

' Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
 Thy charms my only theme ;
 My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
 Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
 Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
 Breaks from the rustling boughs,
 And down the lone vale sails away
 To more profound repose.

' O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along ;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

' But if some pilgrim through 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 wo,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his 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.'

EDWARD MOORE.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close!

Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide;
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendly shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till by conflicting waves opprest,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Though woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame,
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more: for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,

With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
 The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow ;
 The moon repletes her waning face,
 All-beauteous, from her late disgrace ;
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise, with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart ;
 'Tis hence, reviving warmth in seen
 To clothe a naked world in green.
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold ;
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring :
 Again from ev'ry latent root
 The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies,
 Again to perish, and to rise.
 And must weak woman then disown
 The change to which a world is prone ?
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline ?
 Resolv'd and firm alone ?——Is this
 What we demand of woman ?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire,
 In some unguarded hour expire ;
 Pity may mourn, but not restore,
 And woman falls——to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies——no matter where ;
 The clime may readily be found
 By all who tread poetic ground.
 A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides ;
 And here, of Vice the province lies,
 And there, the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect as repose ;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine,
 Confess'd the honours of their line ;
 But in a little daughter fair,
 Was centred more than half their care
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth ;
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew
 (A flow'r just op'ning to the view),
 Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd ;
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd ;
 And nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen ;
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led ;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd.
 O joyful cause of many a care !
 O daughter, too divinely fair !
 Yon world, on this important day,
 Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;
 A painful journey all must go,
 Whose doubted period none can know ;
 Whose due direction who can find,
 Where reason 's mute, and sense is blind
 Ah, what unequal leaders these,
 Through such a wide perplexing maze !
 Then mark the warnings of the wise,
 And learn, what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
 Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend ;
 Lo, there the arduous path 's in view,
 Which Virtue and her sons pursue ;
 With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
 And gain, and gain upon the skies.
 Narrow 's the way her children tread,
 No walk for pleasure smoothly spread ;
 But rough, and difficult, and steep,
 Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
 A food indelicate to sense,
 Of taste unpleasant ; yet from those
 Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows ;
 And strength, unfeeling of decay,
 Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
 Each limb is lighten'd of its load ;
 From earth refining still they go,
 And leave the mortal weight below ;
 Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 And smooth the rugged path appears :
 For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 And, taught by Virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
 And near the bright, celestial shore,
 A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
 Appears, of either world the bound.
 Through darkness, leading up to light,
 Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight ;
 For there the transitory train
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 And matter's gross, incumb'ring mass,
 Man's late associates, cannot pass ;
 But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
 And leave the wond'ring soul at large :
 Lightly she wings her obvious way,
 And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
 Though pleasure charm, or pain impede ;
 To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
 For present earth, a future heav'n ;
 For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
 And endless bliss, for transient pain ;
 Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight
 Where yonder flow'ry fields invite ;
 Wide on the left the path-way bends,
 And with pernicious ease descends ;
 There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
 New-planted Edens seem to blow ;
 Trees that delicious poison bear,
 For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
 Each sinew slack'ning at the taste ;
 The soul to passion yields her throne,
 And sees with organs not her own ;

While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
 Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light
 Before her alienated eyes,
 The scenes of fairy-land arise ;
 The puppet-world's amusing show,
 Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow ;
 Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 The toys of infants, and of kings ;
 That tempt along the baneful plain,
 Th' idly wise, and lightly vain ;
 Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
 Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare,
 Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
 If once thy sliding foot should stray,
 Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
 For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
 Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone ;
 Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
 On thy returning steps shall wait ;
 Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus, arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
 A charm by truth-divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
 Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
 Like morn, fore-running radiance went ;
 While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.
 Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd,
 Before the virgin vision bow'd ;
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight ;
 For not of earth's unequal frame,
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame.
 If matter, sure the most refin'd,
 High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
 Some darling daughter of the day,
 And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend.
 And thousands, where she moves, attend ;
 Her ways observant eyes confess,
 Her steps pursuing praises bless ;
 While to the elevated maid,
 Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
 The jovial birth of lovely May,
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
 Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast ;
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes ;
 The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws ;
 And dances up th' ethereal plain,
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain ;
 While nature, as from bonds set free,
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
 The nymph her travell'd step repress'd :
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey,
 The realms of sweet perdition lay ;
 And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
 To see a world so lost below ;
 When straight the breeze began to breathe
 Airts, gently wafted from beneath ;
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;
 No sounds of discord, that disclose
 A people sunk and lost in woes ;
 But, as of present good possess'd,
 The very triumph of the bless'd.
 The maid in wrapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching syrens sung :

' Hither, fairest, hither haste,
 Brightest beauty, come and taste,
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
 Joys, too mighty to be told ;
 In thy lap, disdain measure,
 Nature empties all her treasure ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

List not, when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride :
 Age and envy will advise
 E'en against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
 Slake the thirstings of thy soul.
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.'

So sung the syrens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And, O ! for that preventing chain,
 That bound Ulysses on the main ;
 That so our fair-one might withstand
 The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity, with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd.
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation bless'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
 Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame ;
 Her mien, all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties, half-reveal'd to sight.

Loose flow'd her garments from the ground
 And caught the kissing winds around.
 As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone ;
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd ;
 No safety e'en the flying find,
 Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
 Thus was the much-admiring maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd.
 With smiles, and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand :
 Their touch evenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd ;
 While, half consenting, half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying ;
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down, and down, the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel bound
 To bless Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites ;

Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
 Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand ;
 The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain ; the tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till, found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
 So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious, smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd,
 The lost, the long reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there ;
 Yet, yet your darling now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n, restor'd.
 Till then with weeping Honour wait
 The servant of her better fate ;
 With Honour left upon the shore,
 Her friend, and handmaid, now no more ;
 Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd ;
 But o'er her failings cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-inquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night ;
 The damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away ;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store ;
 But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
 Of that for which his years had toil'd :

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone ;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.

And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast !
 Are these the blessings thou canst boast ?
 These, Virtue ! these the joys they find,
 Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind ?
 Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
 Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd !
 Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings to the sky ;
 Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
 A side-long viper to her heart ;
 Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
 And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace ;
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view.

What should she do ? Attempt once more
 To gain the late deserted shore ?
 So trusting, back the mourner flew,
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
 Again the land of Virtue gain'd ;
 But Echo gathers in the wind,
 And shews her instant foes behind.
 Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
 Where late she left a host of friends ;
 Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,
 Nor longer own that form divine ;
 With fear they mark the following cry,
 And from the lonely trembler fly ;
 Or backward drive her on the coast,
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
 From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
 To heav'n not daring to complain ;
 No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
 And from the face of friendship driv'n,
 The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
 Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
 All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
 Virtue, first effluence divine ;
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below ;
 Superior goddess, essence bright,
 Beauty of uncreated light,
 Whom should mortality survey,
 As doom'd upon a certain day,

The breath of frailty must expire,
 The world dissolve in living fire :
 The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
 And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
 To rise a new-born phœnix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
 A veil around her form she threw ;
 Which three sad sisters of the shade,
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Through this her all-inquiring eye,
 Attentive from her station high,
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair ;
 And with a voice, whose awful sound
 Appall'd the guilty world around,
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill ;
 Uncurl'd the surging of the main ;
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain ;
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung :—

‘ Lovely penitent, arise,
 Come, and claim thy kindred skies ;
 Come, thy sister angels say,
 Thou hast wept thy stains away.

‘ Let experience now decide
 'Twixt the good and evil try'd ;
 In the smooth, enchanted ground,
 Say, unfold the treasures found.

‘ Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
 Sands, that tript the fitting streams ;
 Down, that anchors on the air,
 Clouds, that paint their changes there :

‘ Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
 While the storm impends on high ;
 Shewing, in an obvious glass,
 Joys, that in possession pass ;

‘ Transient, fickle, light and gay,
 Flatt'ring only to betray ;
 What, alas ! can life contain ?
 Life ! like all its circles——vain.

‘ Will the stork, intending rest,
 On the billow build her nest ?
 Will the bee demand his store
 From the bleak and bladeless shore ?

‘ Man alone, intent to stray,
 Ever turns from wisdom’s way ;
 Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

‘ Soon this elemental mass,
 Soon th’ incumb’ring world shall pass ;
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
 Time be spent, and life expire.

‘ Then, ye boasted works of men,
 Where is your asylum then ?
 Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
 Tell me, mortals, tell me where ?

‘ Gone, like traces on the deep,
 Like a sceptre grasp’d in sleep ;
 Dews exhal’d from morning glades,
 Melting snows, and gliding shades.

‘ Pass the world, and what ’s behind ?
 Virtue’s gold, by fire refin’d ;
 From a universe deprav’d,
 From the wreck of nature sav’d.

‘ Like the life-supporting grain,
 Fruit of patience, and of pain,
 On the swain’s autumnal day,
 Winnow’d from the chaff away.

‘ Little trembler, fear no more,
 Thou hast plenteous crops in store ;
 Seed, by genial sorrow sown,
 More than all thy scorers own.

‘ What, though hostile earth despise ?
 Heav’n beholds with gentler eyes ;
 Heav’n thy friendless steps shall guide,
 Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

‘ When the fatal trump shall sound,
 When th’ immortals pour around,
 Heav’n shall thy return attest,
 Hail’d by myriads of the bless’d.

‘ Little native of the skies,
 Lovely penitent, arise :
 Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
 Virtue is thy sister now.

‘ More delightful are my woes,
 Than the rapture pleasure knows ;
 Richer far the weeds I bring,
 Than the robes that grace a king.

' On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait,
On my cares, a period bless'd ;
On my toils eternal rest.

' Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore.
Sister, come, and turn no more.'

JOSEPH WARTON.

 TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse !
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse ;
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide ;
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine ;
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph ! with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare ;
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd ;
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 And all-commanding magic wand ;
 Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
 Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow ;
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
 Through air, and over earth and sea :
 While the vast, various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes ;
 O lover of the desert, hail !
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 Midst falls of water, you reside ;
 Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between :
 Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke ;
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor e'en one straw-rooft cot was rear'd ;

Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell ;
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor ;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrap'd in some wild, poetic dream ;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove ;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear ;
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound !
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet.
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads :
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song :
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy !
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh ;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe ;
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some abbey's mouldering tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire :
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear :
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly ;
 Whence is this rage ?—what spirit say,
 To battle hurries me away ?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war ;
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where tumult and destruction reign ;
 Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead ;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joys surveys the ground,
 And pointing to the ensanguin'd field
 Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield.
 O guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-arch'd walks, and alleys green,
 Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
 The fervours of the mid-day sun.
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st please me near my love ;
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss ;
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Lucious nectar's quintessence !
 When young-ey'd Spring profusely 'throws
 From her green lap' the pink and rose ;
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To Summer tells her tender tale ;
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
 To utter an unhallow'd strain ;

Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with inexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng ;
O'er all our listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign to' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk ;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch the' enraptur'd heart ;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce :
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws :
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece !

COTTON.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance ;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside.
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
 No noisy neighbour enters here,
 No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam ;
 The world hath nothing to bestow,
 From our ourselves our bliss must flow,
 And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
 Giving her vain excursions o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below !

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
 If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their mind with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs ;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
 But then how little do we need,
 For Nature's calls are few !
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power ;
 For, if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are denied,
 And pleas'd with favours given ;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
 Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;
 But, when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble, or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

HEALTH.

A VISION.

ATTEND my Visions, thoughtless youths !
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths :
 Prudent it were to think so now ;
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :
 For he, who at his early years
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
 If folly has possess'd his prime,
 Disease shall gather strength in time
 Poison shall rage in every vein,—
 Nor penitence dilute the stain :
 And when each hour shall urge his fate,
 Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
 The subject of my song is Health,
 A good superior far to wealth.
 Can the young mind distrust its worth ?
 Consult the monarchs of the earth :
 Imperial czars and sultans own
 No gem so bright, that decks their throne :

Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, though the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same !
Prevention is the better cure,
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can ;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave ;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night ?
Let Temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide !
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense ?
Let Temperance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim ;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark :
For they who slight her golden rules
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast ;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descried,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride ;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills ;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
 An humble cottage thatch'd with straw ;
 Behind, a garden that supplied
 All things for use, and none for pride :
 Beauty prevail'd through every part,
 But more of nature than of art.

Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat !
 I said, and bless'd the fair retreat :
 Here would I pass my remnant days,
 Unknown to censure, or to praise ;
 Forget the world, and be forgot,
 As POPE describes his vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
 Stept from a thicket's neighbouring shade ;
 Not HAMPTON'S gallery can boast,
 Nor HUDSON paint so fair a toast
 She claim'd the cottage for her own ;
 To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
 The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
 Garlands of various flowers they wrought,
 The orchard's blushing pride they brought :
 Hence in her face the lily speaks,
 And hence the rose which paints her cheeks ;
 The cherry gave her lips to glow,
 Her eyes were debtors to the sloe ;
 And, to complete the lovely fair,
 'Tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
 But often seen in rural sports :
 When in her rosy vest the morn
 Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
 The nymph is first to form the race,
 Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.

Sudden I heard a shouting train ;
 Glad acclamations fill'd the plain :
 Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
 For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
 (To modern courts, I fear, unknown ;)
 One was the nymph, that loves the light,
 Fair Innocence, array'd in white ;
 With sister Peace in close embrace,
 And Heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
 And Virtue, minister of state.

In other kingdoms, every hour,
 You hear of vice prefer'd to pow'r :
 Vice was a perfect stranger here ;
 No knaves engross'd the royal ear ;
 No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace ;
 Virtue dispos'd of every place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
 Still varying with the varying hours !
 And though from good to bad we range,
 " No matter, (says the fool) 'tis change."

Her subjects now express'd apace
 Dissatisfaction in their face :
 Some view the state with envy's eye,
 Some were displeas'd, they knew not why :
 When Faction, ever bold and vain,
 With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
 Thus, should an angel from above,
 Fraught with benevolence and love,
 Descend to earth, and here impart
 Important truths to mend the heart ;
 Would not the' instructive guest dispense
 With passion, appetite, and sense ;
 We should his heavenly lore despise,
 And send him to his former skies.

A dangerous hostile power arose
 To Health, whose household were her foes :
 A harlot's loose attire she wore,
 And Luxury the name she bore.
 This princess of unbounded sway,
 (Whom Asia's softer sons obey)
 Made war against the queen of Health,
 Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
 Arm'd with her helmet and her shield ;
 Temper'd with such superior art,
 That both were proof to every dart.
 Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
 Both, wondrous favourites with the queen ;
 Both were of Amazonian race ;
 Both, high in merit, and in place.
 Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
 No fear could shake, no power control :
 The heroine wore a Roman vest,
 A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
 There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
 With all the various plans of thought ;

'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the siren's armies press,
Their van was headed by Excess :
The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride :
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain :
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part :
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd through the plain
The motions of the hostile train :
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies ;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,
The siren spake—' Let fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail ;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
Straight she dispatch'd, with powers complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet top'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart !
Through every troop the poison ran,
All were infected—to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bad diseases blast their race ;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies :
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Though Passion prompts, or Vice assails ;
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

LANGHORNE.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE IVY.

A FABLE.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
 Within the convent's lonely walls,
 The holy sisters still repair,
 What time the rosy morning calls :

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
 Within their little garden rear'd,
 The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
 To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,
 Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
 Still there her fond observant eye,
 And there her golden breast she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
 On western waves his beams to rest,
 Still there she sought the parting sight,
 And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
 Afar his lovely looks had borne,
 With folded leaves and drooping head,
 Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd
 The holy sisters smil'd to see,
 For gave the pagan rites it paid,
 And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
 The praise that falls on Envy's ear !
 O'er the dim window's arch-entwin'd,
 The canker'd Ivy chanc'd to hear.

And ' see (she cried) that specious flower,
 Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
 The pageant of a gilded hour,
 The convent's simple hearts hath won !

' Obsequious meanness ! ever prone
 To watch the patron's turning eye ;
 No will, no motion of its own !
 'Tis this they love, for this they sigh :

' Go, splendid sycophant ! no more
 Display thy soft seductive arts !
 The flattering clime of courts explore,
 Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

' To me their praise more justly due,
 Of longer bloom, and happier grace !
 Whom changing months unalter'd view,
 And find them in my fond embrace.'

' How well (the modest flower replied)
 Can Envy's wrested eye elude
 The obvious bounds that still divide
 Foul Flattery from fair Gratitude.

' My duteous praise each hour I pay,
 For few the hours that I must live ;
 And give to him my little day,
 Whose grace another day may give.

' When low this golden form shall fall,
 And spread with dust its parent plain,
 That dust shall hear his genial call,
 And rise, to glory rise again.

' To thee, my gracious power, to thee
 My love, my heart, my life are due !
 Thy goodness gave that life to be ;
 Thy goodness shall that life renew.

' Ah me ! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant-eye should stray !
The god of glory sets in night !
His faithless flower has lost a day.'

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head ,
And sudden tears her breast bedew'd :
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
' Behold (the aged abbess cries)
An emblem of that happier fate
Which Heaven to all but us denies.

' Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
No charm but duty's charm can move ;
We shed no tears but holy tears
Of tender penitence and love.

' See there the envious world portray'd
In that dark look, that creeping pace !
No flower can bear the Ivy's shade ;
No tree support its cold embrace.

' The oak that rears it from the ground,
And bears its tendrils to the skies,
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
And in its poisonous arms he dies.'

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they by love, or duty led,
With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
(In convents still the tale is known)
The fable heard with silent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,
And droop'd in tears at evening's fall ;
Too well she found her life display,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,
 That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
 Too well that cruel scene convey'd
 Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horror shook ;
 With sighs she sought her lonely cell :
 To the dim light she cast one look ;
 And bade once more the world farewell.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

A FABLE.

IN this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
 Where stops the passing gale to moan ;
 The rock he hollow'd o'er him weeps,
 And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
 An hermit's holy ashes rest ;
 The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
 Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
 When here I brought, in stolen hour,
 The Druid's magic Mistletoe,
 The holy hermit's Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
 Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
 When from the cave a deepening groan
 Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear ?
 Does not thy haunted fancy start ?
 The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
 The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
 Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath ;
 But grinding through some scrannel frame,
 Creak'd from the bony lungs of Death.

I hear it still—' Depart, (it cries ;)
 No tribute bear to shades unblest :
 Know, here a bloody Druid lies,
 Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

' Associate he with demons dire,
 O'er human victims held the knife,
 And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
 Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

' Behold his crimson-streaming hand
 Erect ;—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye ;'
 In the dim cave I saw him stand ;
 And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see
 The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare ?
 And gleams of wild ferocity
 Dart through the sable shade of hair ;

What meagre form behind him moves,
 With eye that rues the' invading day ;
 And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
 The mind to pale remorse a prey ?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
 ' Boy, bear these idle honours hence !
 For, here a guilty hermit lies,
 Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

' Though Nature lent him powers to aid
 The moral cause, the mutual weal ;
 Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
 The desperate suicide of zeal.

' Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
 Whose cell's the sepulchre of time ;
 Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
 His life is one continued crime.

' And bear them hence, the plant, the flower ;
 No symbols those of systems vain !
 They have the duties of their hour ;
 Some bird, some insect to sustain.'

THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

VIRTUE dwells in Arden's vale ;
 There her hallow'd temples rise ;
 There her incense greets the skies,
 Grateful as the morning-gale ;
 There, with humble Peace, and her
 Lives the happy Villager.

There, the golden smiles of morn
 Brighter every field adorn ;
 There the sun's declining ray
 Fairer paints the parting day :
 There the woodlark louder sings,
 Zephyr moves on softer wings,
 Groves in greener honours rise,
 Purer azure spreads the skies ;
 There the fountains clearer flow,
 Flowers in brighter beauty blow ;
 For, with Peace and Virtue, there
 Lives the happy Villager.

Distant still from Arden's vale
 Are the woes the bad bewail ;
 Distant fell Remorse, and Pain,
 And Frenzy smiling o'er her chain !
 Grief's quick pang, Despair's dead groan,
 Are in Arden's vale unknown :
 For with Peace and Virtue, there
 Lives the happy Villager.

In his hospitable cell,
 Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell ;
 And, with aspect mild and free,
 The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
 Hail, ye liberal graces, hail !
 Natives all of Arden's vale :
 For, with Peace and Virtue, there
 Lives the happy Villager.

ON MY MOTHER.

1759.

AH, scenes belov'd ! ah, conscious shades,
 That wave these parent-vales along !
 Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
 Ye mountains vocal with my doric song,
 Teach your wild echoes to complain
 In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
 Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
 For her bewail these strains of woe,
 For her these filial sorrows flow,
 Source of my life, that led my tender years,
 With all a parent's pious fears,
 That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
 Where Youth's unwary footsteps stray :
 She taught the struggling passions to subside ;
 Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
 In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness ! yet I see
 The fond affections melting in her eye :
 She bends its tearful orb on me,
 And heaves the tender sigh :
 As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
 That crowd in life's perplexing maze ;
 And for her children feels again
 All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents ! let me pour
 My sorrows o'er thy silent bed ;
 There early strew the vernal flower,
 The parting tear at evening shed——
 Alas ! are these the only need
 Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
 These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead ?

Then, fairy-featur'd Hope, forbear——
No more thy fond illusions spread ;
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled ;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine •
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
Nor hopeful more to soothe her long-declining years.



COWPER.

HOPE.

ASK what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment lowering in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair ;
The poor, inured to drudgery and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And no where, but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.

Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,
 As fortune, vice, or folly, may command ;
 As in a dance the pair that take the lead
 Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
 So shifting and so various is the plan,
 By which Heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man ;
 Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
 The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud ;
 Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
 Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much,
 The very sense of it forgoes its use,
 By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.
 Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
 Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore ;
 Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
 Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling his cane about and taking snuff,
 Lothario cries, What philosophic stuff—
 O querulous and weak !—whose useless brain
 Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain ;
 Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
 Whose prospect shows thee a disheartening waste ;
 Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
 And youth invigorate that frame again,
 Renew'd desire would grace with other speech
 Joys always prized, when placed within our reach.

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
 That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
 See Nature gay, as when she first began
 With smiles alluring her admirer, man ;
 She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
 Earth glitters with the drops the night distils ;
 The Sun obedient at her call appears,
 To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears ; [sounds,
 Banks clothed with flowers, groves filled with sprightly
 The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
 Streams edged with osiers, fatt'ning every field,
 Where'er they flow, now seen and now conceal'd ;
 From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
 Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
 Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
 Or Pride can look at with indifferent eyes,
 All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
 Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice !
 Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
 And she gives largely more than he requires ;

Not that his hours, devoted all to Care,
 Hollow-eyed Abstinence, and lean Despair,
 The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
 She holds a paradise of rich delight ;
 But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
 To prove that what she gives she gives sincere,
 To banish hesitation, and proclaim
 His happiness, her dear, her only aim.
 'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
 That Heaven's intentions are not what they seem,
 That only shadows are dispensed below,
 And Earth has no reality but woe.

Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
 As youth or age persuades ; and neither true.
 So Flora's wreath through colour'd crystal seen,
 The rose or lily appears blue or green,
 But still th' imputed tints are those alone
 The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undress'd,
 To read the news, or fiddle, as seems best,
 Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
 To fill the dull vacuity till four ;
 And, just when evening turns the blue valt gray,
 To spend two hours in dressing for the day ;
 To make the sun a bauble without use,
 Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce ;
 Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
 Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not ;
 Through mere necessity to close his eyes
 Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise ;
 Is such a life, so tediously the same,
 So void of all utility or aim,
 That poor *Jonquil*, with almost every breath
 Sighs for his exit, vulgarly call'd death :
 For he, with all his follies, has a mind
 Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
 But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
 Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
 By which he reads, that life without a plan,
 As useless as the moment it began,
 Serves merely as a soil for discontent
 To thrive in ; an encumbrance ere half spent.
 Oh weariness beyond what asses feel,
 That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel ;
 A dull rotation, never at a stay,
 Yesterday's face twin-image of to-day ;

While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
No need, he cries, of gravity stuff'd out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text :
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next ;
For truth self-evident, with pomp impress'd,
Is vanity surpassing all the rest.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found,
While passion turns aside from its due scope
Th' inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.
Life is His gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
With every good and perfect gift, proceeds ;
Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,
Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake ;
Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flower ;
Design'd in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above ;
No trifle, howsoever short it seem.
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream ;
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain ;
Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away ;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator had no serious end.
When God and man stand opposite in view,
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
The just Creator condescends to write,
In beams of inextinguishable light,
His names of wisdom, goodness, power, and love,
On all that blooms below, or shines above ;
To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.
If, led from earthly things to things divine,
His creature thwart not his august design,
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,
And captious cavil and complaint subside.
Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,
Is handmaid to the purposes of Grace ;
By good vouchsafed makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen by blessings understood ;

That bliss, reveal'd in Scripture, with a glow
 Bright as the covenant-insuring bow
 Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
 Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
 That men have deem'd substantial since the fall.
 Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
 From emptiness itself a real use ;
 And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
 What health and sober appetite demand,
 From fading good derives, with chymic art,
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
 Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
 On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
 Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
 And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
 Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
 Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
 His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
 Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
 Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
 Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
 What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
 Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
 That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;
 The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
 Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine.

Though clasp'd and cradled in his nurse's arms,
 He shines with all a cherub's artless charms,
 Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
 Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt ;
 His passions, like the wat'ry stores that sleep
 Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
 Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
 To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.
 From infancy through childhood's giddy maze
 Froward at school, and fretful in his plays,
 The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
 The free republic of the whip-gig state.
 If one, his equal in athletic frame,
 Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,
 Dare steps across his arbitrary views,
 An Iliad only not in verse, ensues :

The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand, prevails.

Now see him launch'd into the world at large,
If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,
Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,
Though short, too long, the price he pays for all.
If lawyer, loud whatever cause he plead,
But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
Perhaps a grave physician, gath'ring fees,
Punctually paid for length'ning out disease ;
No COTTON, whose humanity sheds rays,
That make superior skill his second praise.
If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
His date of life, so likely to be short ;
A soldier may be any thing, if brave,
So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
Such stuff the world is made of ; and mankind
To passion, interest, pleasure, whim resign'd,
Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope.
But Conscience, in some awful silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their power,
Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme !
Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despised, at least not kept :
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,
And life abused, and not to be suborn'd.
Mark these, she says ; these summon'd from afar,
Begin their march to meet thee at the bar ;
There find a Judge inexorably just,
And perish there, as all presumption must.

Peace be to those (such peace as Earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead even while they live ;
Born capable indeed of heavenly truth ;
But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
Their mind a wilderness through want of care
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.
Peace (if insensibility may c'claim
A right to the meek honours of her name)
To men of pedigree, their noble race,
Emulous always of the nearest place
To any throne, except the throne of Grace.

Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains
 Revere the laws they dream that Heaven ordains ;
 Resort on Sundays to the house of prayer,
 And ask, and fancy they find, blessings there.
 Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat
 T' enjoy cool nature in a country seat,
 T' exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
 For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,
 May now and then their velvet cushions take,
 And seem to pray for good example's sake ;
 Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
 Pious enough, and having need of none.
 Kind souls ! to teach their tenantry to prize
 What they themselves, without remorse, despise .
 Nor hope have they, nor fear of aught to come,
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb ;
 They could have held the conduct they pursue,
 Had Paul of Tarsus lived and died a Jew ;
 And truth, proposed to reas'ners wise as they,
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.

They die.—Death lends them, pleased, and as in sport,
 All the grim honours of his ghastly court.
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,
 Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow.
 The busy heralds hang the sable scene
 With mournful 'scutcheons, and dim lamps between ;
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
 But they that wore them move not at the sound ;
 The coronet, placed idly at their head,
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead ;
 And even the star, that glitters on the bier,
 Can only say—Nobility lies here.
 Peace to all such ! 'twere pity to offend,
 By useless censure, whom we cannot mend ;
 Life without hope can close but in despair,
 'Twas there we found them, and must leave them there.

As, when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
 Both may be lost, yet each in his own way ;
 So fares it with the multitudes beguiled
 In vain Opinion's waste and dang'rous wild
 Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
 Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong
 But here, alas ! the fatal diff'rence lies,
 Each man's belief is right in his own eyes ;
 And he that blames what they have blindly chose
 Incurs resentment for the love he shows.

Say, botanist, within whose province fall
 The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,
 Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bowers,
 What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flowers?
 Sweet scent or lovely form, or both combined,
 Distinguish every cultivated kind;
 The want of both denotes a meaner breed,
 And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.
 Thus hopes of every sort, whatever sect
 Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
 If wild in nature and not duly found,
 Gethsemane! in thy dear hallow'd ground
 That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,
 Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
 Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,
 (Oh cast them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's house the centre of six ways,
 Diverging each from each, like equal rays,
 Himself as bountiful as April rains,
 Lord paramount of the surrounding plains,
 Would give relief of bed and board to none
 But guests that sought it in th' appointed *One*;
 And they might enter at his open door,
 E'en till his spacious hall would hold no more.
 He sent a servant forth by every road,
 To sound his horn, and publish it abroad,
 That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and low,
 An ord'nance it concern'd them much to know.
 If, after all, some headstrong hardy lout
 Would disobey, though sure to be shut out,
 Could he with reason murmur at his case,
 Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
 No! the decree was just and without flaw;
 And he, that made, had right to make, the law;
 His sov'reign power and pleasure unrestrain'd,
 The wrong was his who wrongfully complain'd.
 Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
 With Him, the Donor of eternal life,
 Because the deed, by which his love confirms
 The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms.
 Compliance with his will your lot insures,
 Accept it only, and the boon is yours.
 And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
 As with a frown to say, Do this and live.
 Love is not pedlar's trumpery bought and sold:
 He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold;

His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
 And him as deeply who abhors it not ;
 He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
 That man will freely take an unbought bliss,
 Will trust him for a faithful gen'rous part,
 Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
 Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
 To place you where his saints his presence share,
 This only can ; for this plain cause, express'd
 In terms as plain, Himself has shut the rest.
 But oh the strife, the bick'ring and debate,
 The tidings of unpurchased Heaven create !
 The flirted fan, the bridle and the toss,
 All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
 From stucco'd walls smart arguments rebound,
 And beaux, adept in every thing profound,
 Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound.
 Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
 Th' explosion of the levell'd tube excites,
 Where mould'ring abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
 And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade,
 The screaming nations, hov'ring in mid air,
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,
 And seem to warn him never to repeat
 His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.

Adieu, Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips
 The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
 Adieu to all morality ! if Grace
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
 The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
 If I mistake not—Blockhead ! with a fork !
 Without good works, whatever some may boast,
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
 My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
 That Heaven well weigh man's virtues and his crimes.
 With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
 And save or damn as these or those prevail.
 I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
 And silence every fear with—God is just.
 But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
 A thought intrude, that says, or seem to say,
 If thus th' important cause is to be tried,
 Suppose the beam shall dip on the wrong side :
 I soon recover from these needless frights,
 And God is merciful—sets all to rights

Thus between justice, as my prime support,
 And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
 I glide and steal along with Heaven in view,
 And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you.

I never will believe, the Colonel cries,
 The sanguinary schemes that some devise,
 Who make the good Creator on their plan
 A being of less equity than man.
 If appetite, or what divines call lust,
 Which men comply with e'en because they must,
 Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure?
 Then theirs no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
 If sentence of eternal pain belong
 To every sudden slip and transient wrong,
 Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail
 A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
 My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
 By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)—
 My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
 And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign; and, for aught I see,
 Your faith and mine substantially agree;
 The best of every man's performance here
 Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
 A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair
 Honesty shines with great advantage there.
 Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
 A decent caution and reserve at least.
 A soldier's best is courage in the field,
 With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd;
 Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay;
 A hand as liberal as the light of day.
 The soldier thus endow'd, who never shrinks,
 Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
 Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
 Must go to Heaven—and I must drink his health.
 Sir Smug, he cries, (for lowest at the board,
 Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
 His shoulders witnessing, by many a shrug,
 How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug.)
 Your office is to winnow false from true;
 Come, prophet, drink, and tell us what think you?

Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
 Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
 Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
 Is still found fallible, however wise;

And diff ring judgments serve but to declare,
 That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
 Of all it ever was my lot to read,
 Of critics now alive, or long since dead,
 The book of all the world that charm'd me most
 Was,—well-a-day, the titlepage was lost ;
 The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
 With prudence always ready at our call,
 To guide our use of it, is all in all.
 Doubtless it is.—To which of my own store,
 I superadd a few essentials more ;
 But these, excuse the liberty I take,
 I wave just now, for conversation's sake.—
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
 And add Right Reverend to Smug's honour'd name.

And yet our lot is given us in a land
 Where busy arts are never at a stand ;
 Where Science points her telescopic eye,
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;
 Where bold Inquiry, diving out of sight,
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;
 Where nought eludes the persevering quest
 That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.

But, above all, in her own light array'd,
 See Mercy's grand apocalypse display'd !
 The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
 Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue ;
 But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
 What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
 God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
 Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound.
 That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day ;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines
 And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
 And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons* to pour it on the farthest north :
 Fired with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
 The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

O bless'd within th' enclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;

* The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. See Krantz.

No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
 That show reversed the villas on their side ;
 No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle in your land is heard ;
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell :
 But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey ;
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
 Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !
 And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
 The pride of letter'd Ignorance, that binds
 In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,
 That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
 A false religion, is unknown to you.
 Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;
 Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
 Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here ;
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies,
 Have risen at length on your admiring eyes.
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
 From which our nicer optics turn away.

Here see th' encouragement Grace gives to vice,
 The dire effect of mercy without price !
 What were they ? what some fools are made by art,
 They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
 The gross idolatry blind heathens teach
 Was too refined for them, beyond their reach.
 Not e'en the glorious Sun, though men revere
 The monarch most, that seldom will appear,
 And though his beams, that quicken where they shine,
 May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,
 Not e'en the sun, desirable as rare,
 Could bend one knee, engage one vot'ry there ;
 They were what base Credulity believes
 True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves.
 The full-gorged savage, at his nauseous feast,
 Spent half the darkness, and snored out the rest,
 Was one, whom Justice, on an equal plan,
 Denouncing death upon the sins of man,

Might almost have indulged with an escape,
Chargeable only with a human shape.

What are they now?—Morality may spare
Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there;
The wretch who once sang wildly, danced, and laugh'd,
And suck'd in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood, reversed his ways,
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
And he that stole, has learn'd to steal no more.
Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand
On what foundation virtue is to stand,
If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift,
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift;
The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes
Glistening at once with pity and surprise,
Amazed that shadows should obscure the sight
Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,
Shall answer, Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,
And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied
The common care that waits on all beside,
Wild as if Nature there, void of all good,
Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood,
(Yet charge not heavenly skill with having plann'd
A plaything world, unworthy of his hand;)
Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his works;
Deem life a blessing with its num'rous woes,
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.
Hard task, indeed, o'er arctic seas to roam!
Is Hope exotic? grows it not at home?
Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn,
May press the eye too closely to be borne;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride, and moves our envy, less.

Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek,
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;

The very butt of Slander, and the blot
 For every dart that Malice ever shot.
 The man that mention'd *him* at once dismiss'd
 All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd ;
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
 And Perjury stood up to swear all true ;
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
 His speech rebellion against common sense ;
 A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule ;
 And when by that of reason, a mere fool ;
 The World's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd ;
 Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.

Now, Truth, perform thine office ; waft aside
 The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,
 Reveal (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes
 This more than monster in his proper guise.
 He loved the World that hated him ; the tear
 That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere ;
 Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life ;
 And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
 He follow'd Paul ; his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same.
 Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease :
 Like him he labour'd, and like him content
 To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.
 Blush, Calumny ! and write upon his tomb,
 If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which, aim'd at him, have pierced th' offended skies :
 And say, Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplored,
 Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord !

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
 Than he who must have pleasure, come what will :
 He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw,
 And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
 Scripture indeed is plain ; but God and he
 On Scripture ground are sure to disagree ;
 Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
 Than this his Maker has seen fit to give ;
 Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
 To take the bend his appetites ordain ;

Contrived to suit frail Nature's crazy case,
 And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
 By this, with nice precision of design,
 He draws upon life's map a zigzag line,
 That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
 And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
 By this he forms, as pleased he sports along,
 His well-poised estimate of right and wrong;
 And finds the modish manners of the day,
 Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan Caprice decrees,
 With what materials, on what ground you please
 Your hope shall stand unblamed, perhaps admired,
 If not that hope the Scripture has required.
 The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams
 With which hypocrisy for ever teems,
 (Though other follies strike the public eye,
 And raise a laugh,) pass unmolested by;
 But if, unblameable in word and thought,
 A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught,
 With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
 And all the love of the beloved John,
 To storm the citadels they build in air,
 And smite th' untemper'd wall; 'tis death to spare.
 To sweep away all refuges of lies,
 And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,
Lama Sabaothani before their eyes;
 To prove, that without Christ all gain is loss,
 All hope despair, that stands not on his cross;
 Except the few his God may have impress'd,
 A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
 There dwells a consciousness in every breast,
 That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
 And he that finds his Heaven must lose his sins.
 Nature opposes with her utmost force
 This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce;
 And, while religion seems to be her view,
 Hates with a deep sincerity *the true*;
 For this, of all that ever influenced man,
 Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began,
 This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
 But makes him, if at all, completely free.
 Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,
 Of an eternal, universal war;

Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
 Scorns with the same indiff'rence frowns and smiles ;
 Drives through the realms of Sin, where Riot reels,
 And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels !
 Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
 Powers of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
 Insensible of Truth's almighty charms,
 Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms !
 While Bigotry, with well-dissembled fears,
 His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
 Mighty to parry and push by God's word
 With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
 Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
 And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.

Parent of Hope, immortal Truth ! make known
 Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own :
 The silent progress of thy power is such,
 Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,
 That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.
 O see me sworn to serve thee, and command
 A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
 That, while I trembling trace a work divine,
 Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
 And light, and shade, and every stroke be thine.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
 If ever when he sigh'd nas sigh'd again,
 If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
 That pity had engender'd, drop one here.
 This man was happy—had the world's good word,
 And with it every joy it can afford ;
 Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
 Which most should sweeten his untroubled life ;
 Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,
 Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
 And whether at the toilet of the fair
 He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,
 Or if in masculine debate her shared,
 Insured him mute attention and regard.
 Alas how changed ! Expressive of his mind,
 His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined ;
 Those awful syllables, Hell, death, and sin,
 Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within,
 That conscience there performs her proper part,
 And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart ;

Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
 He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends ;
 Hard task ! for one who lately knew no care,
 And harder still as learnt beneath despair,
 His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,
 A dark importance saddens every day ;
 He hears the notice of the clock perplex'd,
 And cries, Perhaps eternity strikes next ;
 Sweet music is no longer music here,
 And laughter sounds like madness in his ear ;
 His grief the world of all her power disarms,
 Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms.
 God's holy Word, once trivial in his view,
 Now by the voice of his experience true,
 Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
 Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.

Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ;
 Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
 Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
 Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
 The shameful close of all his mispent years ;
 If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
 A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
 Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play,
 The thunder seems to summons him away,
 The warder at the door his key applies,
 Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
 If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
 When Hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost,
 The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
 He drops at once his fetters and his fear ;
 A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
 And the first thankful tears bedew his cheek
 Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
 The comfort of a few poor added days,
 Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
 Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
 'Tis Heaven, all Heaven descending on the wings
 Of the glad legions of the King of kings ;
 'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
 'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
 O welcome now the Sun's once hated light,
 His noonday beams were never half so bright.
 Not kindred minds alone are call'd t' employ
 Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy ;

Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise.

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth :
These move the censure and illiberal grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin :
But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole
And Heaven is all departed as a scroll,
And when, as Justice has long since decreed,
This Earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope, which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong
To him, that blends no fable with his song)
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And while they captivate, inform the mind :
Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his honourable toil :
But happier far, who comfort those that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate :
Their language simple, as their manners meek,
No shining ornaments have they to seek ;
Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste,
In sorting flowers to suit a fickle taste ;
But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can only darken and disguise,
Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine,
Repays their work—the gleanings only mine.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon ; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,

From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Preposterous sight; the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents
And coarser grass, unspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,
Deep-plunging and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall, the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb

T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
 That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
 Now from the roost, or from the neighb'ring pale,
 Where diligent to catch the first faint gleam
 Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
 The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
 The sparrows peep and quit the sheltering eaves,
 To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
 The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved
 T' escape th' impending famine, often scared
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
 Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
 Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
 To sad necessity, the cock forgoes
 His wonted strut; and wading at their head
 With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
 His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
 How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
 The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
 Earth yields them nought; th' imprison'd worm is safe
 Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
 Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,
 That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
 The long protracted rigour of the year
 Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
 As instinct prompts; self buried ere they die.
 The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
 Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
 Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloft
 By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
 Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
 Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
 Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
 The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
 O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
 Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
 Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,
 And unperceived, the current steals away.

Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The milldam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below ;
No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide,
And see where it has hung th' embroidered banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile, they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam ; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers ;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent its stores
T' enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear ;
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armoury of Winter ; where his troops
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there :
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts

Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
 Than water interfused to make them one.
 Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
 Illumined every side; a watery light
 Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
 Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
 From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
 So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
 And slippery the materials, yet frostbound
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
 That royal residence might well befit,
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
 Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
 Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none
 Where all was vitreous; but in order due
 Convivial table and commodious seat
 (What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there;
 Sofa and couch, and high-built throne august.
 The same lubricity was found in all,
 And all was moist to the warm touch, a scene
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
 And soon to slide into a stream again.
 Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
 Of undesign'd severity, that glanced
 (Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
 On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
 'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
 'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
 Intrinsically precious; to the foot
 Treacherous and false; it smiled, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
 At hewing mountains into men, and some
 At building human wonders mountain-high.
 Some have amused the dull, sad years of life,
 (Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,)
 With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
 By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
 Short-lived themselves, t' immortalize their bones.
 Some seek diversion in the tented field,
 And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
 But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
 Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
 T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
 Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
 Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
 Because men suffer it, their toy the World.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
 Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
 Was split into diversity of tongues,
 Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
 These to the upland, to the valley those,
 God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot
 To all the nations. Ample was the boon
 He gave them, in its distribution fair
 And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
 Peace was a while their care; they plough'd and sow'd,
 And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
 But violence can never longer sleep,
 Than human passions please. In every heart
 Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war.
 Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
 Cain had already shed a brother's blood;
 The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd
 The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
 Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
 Of his descending progeny was found
 The first artificer of death; the shrewd
 Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
 And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
 To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
 Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
 The sword and falchion their inventor claim;
 And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
 His art survived the waters; and ere long,
 When man was multiplied and spread abroad
 In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
 These meadows and that range of hills his own.
 The tasted sweets of property begat
 Desire of more, and industry in some,
 T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.
 Thus war began on earth; these fought for spoil,
 And those in self-defence. Savage at first
 The onset, and irregular. At length
 One eminent above the rest for strength,
 For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
 Was chosen leader; him they served in war,
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
 Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare?
 Or who so worthy to control themselves,
 As he, whose prowess had subdued their foes?
 Thus war, affording field for the display

Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
 Which have their exigencies too, and call
 For skill in government, at length made king.
 King was a name too proud for man to wear
 With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
 So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
 Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound.
 It is the abject property of most,
 That being parcel of the common mass,
 And destitute of means to raise themselves,
 They sink, and settle lower than they need.
 They know not what it is to feel within
 A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
 Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
 Almost without an effort, plans too vast
 For their conception, which they cannot move.
 Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk
 With gazing, when they see an able man
 Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
 Build him a pedestal, and say, 'Stand there,
 And be our admiration and our praise.'
 They roll themselves before him in the dust,
 Then most deserving in their own account,
 When most extravagant in his applause,
 As if exalting him they raised themselves.
 Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
 And sober judgment, that he is but man,
 They demideify and fume him so,
 That in due season he forgets it too.
 Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
 He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
 Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
 The World was made in vain, if not for him.
 Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
 To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
 And sweating in his service, his caprice
 Becomes the soul that animates them all.
 He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
 Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
 An easy reck'ning; and they think the same.
 Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
 Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
 The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
 Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.
 Strange that such folly, as lifts bloated man
 To eminence fit only for a god,

Should ever drivel out of human lips,
 Even in the cradled weakness of the World!
 Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
 Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,
 And could discriminate and argue well
 On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
 Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
 And quake before the gods themselves had made:
 But above measure strange, that neither proof
 Of sad experience, nor examples set
 By some whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
 Can even now, when they are grown mature
 In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps
 Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest!
 Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
 To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
 A course of long observance for its use,
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,
 Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
 But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
 Of rational discussion, that a man,
 Compounded and made up like other men
 Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
 And folly in as ample measure meet,
 As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
 Should be a despot absolute, and boast
 Himself the only freeman of his land?
 Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
 Wage war, with any or with no pretence
 Of provocation given, or wrong sustain'd,
 And force the beggarly last doit by means,
 That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
 Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
 His thousands, weary of penurious life,
 A splendid opportunity to die?
 Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
 Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees
 In politic convention) put your trust
 I' th' shadow of a bramble, and reclined
 In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch,
 Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
 Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
 Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good,
 To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
 His thorns with streamers of continual praise?

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
 The King who loves the law, respect his bounds,
 And reigns content within them : him we serve
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
 But recollecting still that he is man,
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,
 And king in England too, he may be weak,
 And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
 T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
 Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
 We love the man, the paltry pageant you :
 We the chief patron of the commonweath,
 You the regardless author of its woes :
 We for the sake of liberty a king,
 You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.
 Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
 Of a superior, he is never free.
 Who lives, and is not weary of a life
 Exposed to manacles, deserves them well,
 The state, that strives for liberty, though foil'd
 And forced t' abandon what she bravely sought.
 Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
 And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
 Not often unsuccessful : power usurp'd
 Is weakness when opposed ; conscious of wrong,
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for ; spirit, strength,

The scorn of danger, and united hearts ;
 The surest presage of the good they seek.
 Then shame to manhood, and opprobious more
 To France than all her losses and defeats,
 Old or of later date, by sea or land,
 Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
 Which God avenged on Pharaoh—The Bastille.
 Ye horrid towers, th' abode of broken hearts :
 Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
 That monarchs have supplied from age to age
 With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,
 The sighs and groans of miserable men !
 There's not an English heart that would not leap,
 To hear that ye were fallen at last ; to know
 That even our enemies, so oft employed
 In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
 For he who values Liberty, confines
 His zeal for her predominance within
 No narrow bounds : her cause engages him,
 Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
 Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
 Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
 There, like the visionary emblem seen
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
 And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
 Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are gone.
 To count the hourbell and expect no change ;
 And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
 Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
 To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
 Account it music ; that it summons some
 To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball ;
 The wearied hireling finds it a release
 From labour ; and the lover, who has chid
 Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
 Upon his heart strings, trembling with delight—
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought
 To such amusements as ingenious wo
 Contrives, hard shifting, and without her tools—
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
 In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
 To turn purveyor to an overgorged
 And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest

Is made familiar, watches his approach,
 Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
 To wear out time in numbering to and fro
 The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
 Then downward and then upward, then aslant
 And then alternate; with a sickly hope
 By dint of change to give his tasteless task
 Some relish; till the sum, exactly found
 In all directions, he begins again—
 Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
 With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
 And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
 That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
 Abridge him of his just and native rights,
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
 Upon th' endearments of domestic life
 And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
 And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
 To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
 Moves indignation, makes the name of king
 (Of king whom such prerogative can please)
 As dreadful as the Manichean god,
 Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science; blinds
 The eyesight of Discovery; and begets,
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence, till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
 My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives

From nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
 Yet being free I love thee; for the sake
 Of that one feature can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
 But once, enslaved, farewell! I could endure
 Chains no where patient'y; and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
 Then what were left of roughness in the grain
 Of British natures, wanting its excuse
 That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
 And shock me. I should then with double pain
 Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
 And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
 For which our HAMPDENS and our SIDNEYS bled,
 I would at least bewail it under skies
 Milder, among a people less austere;
 In scenes, which, having never known me free,
 Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
 Do I forebode impossible events,
 And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may.
 But the age of virtuous politics is past,
 And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
 And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
 Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
 Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
 Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
 Incurs derision for his easy faith,
 And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
 For when was public virtue to be found,
 Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
 Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?
 'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
 For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,
 Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
 Can dream them trusty to the general weal.

Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades
 Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd control,
 And hew'd them link from link ; then Albion's sons
 Were sons indeed ; they felt a filial heart
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs ;
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
 Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
 'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
 Forbids their interference, looking on,
 Anticipate perforce some dire event ;
 And, seeing the old castle of the state,
 That promised once more firmness, so assail'd,
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
 Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
 All has its date below ; the fatal hour
 Was register'd in Heaven ere time began.
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
 Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
 We build with what we deem eternal rock :
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood ;
 And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
 By poets, and by senators unpraised,
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
 Of earth and hell confederate, take away :
 A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
 Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind :
 Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
 'Tis liberty of heart derived from Heaven,
 Bought with *His* blood, who gave it to mankind,
 And seal'd with the same token. It is held
 By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
 By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
 And promise of a God. His other gifts
 All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
 And are august ; but this transcends them all.
 His other works, the visible display
 Of all-creating energy and might,
 Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the world,
 That, finding an interminable space
 Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
 And made so sparkling what was dark before.
 But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
 Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,

Might well suppose, th' artificer divine
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself
 Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,
 And, still designing a more glorious far,
 Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
 These therefore are occasional, and pass ;
 Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God ;
 That office served, they must be swept away.
 Not so the labours of his love : they shine
 In other heavens than these that we behold.
 And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
 Large prelibation oft to saints below.
 Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
 And confident assurance of the rest,
 Is liberty ; a flight into his arms,
 E'er yet mortality's fine thread give way,
 A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
 And full immunity from penal wo.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
 Stripes, and a dungeon ; and his body serves
 The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
 Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.
 Propense his heart to idols, he is held
 In silly dotage on created things,
 Careless of their Creator. And that low
 And sordid gravitation of his powers
 To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
 Resistless from the centre he should seek,
 That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
 Tend downward ; his ambition is to sink,
 To reach a depth profounder still, and still
 Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
 Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
 But ere he gain the comfortless repose
 He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
 In Heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
 What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain,
 And self-reproaching conscience ? He foresees
 The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
 Fortune, and dignity ; the loss of all
 That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
 Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
 Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
 Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes

Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
 And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
 Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
 But unrepealable enduring death.
 Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
 What none can prove a forgery may be true;
 What none but bad men wish exploded must.
 That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
 Nor drunk enough, to drown it. In the midst
 Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
 And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
 Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
 Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
 And seems dethroned and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,
 But spurious and short-lived; the puny child
 Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
 On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
 And fights again; but finds his best essay
 A presage ominous, portending still
 Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.
 Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
 Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
 Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
 With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
 And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
 Covering his shame from his offended sight.

'Hath God indeed given appetites to man,
 And stored the earth so plenteously with means,
 To gratify the hunger of his wish;
 And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
 The use of his own bounty? making first
 So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
 So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
 Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
 Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
 Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
 The teacher's office, and dispense at large
 Their weekly dole of edifying strains
 Attend to their own music? have they faith
 In what with such solemnity of tone
 And gesture they profound to our belief?
 Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
 Is but an instrument, on which the priest
 May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,

The unequivocal, authentic deed,
 We find sound argument, we read the heart.'
 Such reasonings (if that name must needs belong
 T' excuses in which reason has no part)
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclined,
 To live on terms of amity with vice,
 And sin without disturbance. Often urge
 (As often as libidinous discourse
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
 Of theological and grave import,)
 They gain at last his unreserved assent ;
 Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
 Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;
 Vain tampering has but foster'd his disease ;
 'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
 Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
 Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
 Directly to the *first and only fair*.
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise :
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
 Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm
 Th' eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
 And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.
 The *still small voice* is wanted. He must speak,
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.
 Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
 And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
 As if, like him of fabulous renown,
 They had indeed ability to smooth
 The shag of savage nature, and were each
 An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song :
 But transformation of apostate man
 From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
 Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
 And he by means in philosophic eyes

Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
 The wonder ; humanizing what is brute
 In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
 Of asps their venom, overpowering strength
 By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass.
 To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust :
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
 To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time insure, to his loved land
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim,
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
 Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
 And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
 And history, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
 But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.*

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,

* See Hume.

And the resplendent rivers : his t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say,—' My Father made them all !'
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man !
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
 In senseless riot ; but ye will not find
 In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
 A liberty like his, who unimpeach'd
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
 Of no mean city ; plann'd or ere the hills
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in every state ;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
 For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
 His body bound, but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
 Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wert blind before :
 Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart
 Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
 Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone.
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
 It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow,
 Ruminates heedless of the scene outspread

Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heaven
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise :
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought,
To Earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the powers she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquiries what strains were they
With which Heaven rang, when every star in haste
To gratulate the new-created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy,—' Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours ; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,

From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
 So I with animated hopes behold,
 And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
 Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
 From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
 That give assurance of their own success,
 And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend.'

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word !
 Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
 With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
 With means, that were not till by thee employed,
 Worlds, that had never been hadst thou in strength
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice ; but 'tis the praise of thine,
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as Hell ;
 Yet, deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind
 The glory of thy work ; which yet appears
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
 Then skilful most when most severely judged.
 But chance is not ; or is not where thou reign'st :
 Thy providence forbids that fickle power
 (If power she be, that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome ; gods that sleep,
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit
 Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,

Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
 Till thou hast touch'd them ; 'tis the voice of song,
 A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works ;
 Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the general praise.
 In that bless'd moment Nature, throwing wide
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
 The author of her beauties, who, retired
 Behind his own creation, works unseen
 By the impure, and hears his power denied.
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal Word !
 From thee departing they are lost, and rove
 At random without honour, hope, or peace.
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
 But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !
 Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
 But men unqualified and base
 Will boast it their possession ?
 Profusion apes the noble part
 Of liberality of heart,
 And dullness of discretion.

If every polish'd gem we find
 Illuminating heart or mind,
 Provoke to imitation ;
 No wonder friendship does the same,
 That jewel of the purest flame,
 Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
 The requisites that form a friend,
 A real and a sound one ;
 Nor any fool, he would deceive,
 But prove as ready to believe,
 And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
 Boys care but little whom they trust,
 An error soon corrected—
 For who but learns in riper years,
 That man, when smoothest he appears
 Is most to be suspected ?

But here again a danger lies,
 Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
 And taken trash for treasure,
 We should unwarily conclude
 Friendship a false ideal good,
 A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
 Is yet no subject of despair ;
 Nor is it wise complaining,
 If either on forbidden ground,
 Or where it was not to be found,
 We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
 That stands on sordid interest,
 Or mean self-love erected ;
 Nor such as may a while subsist,
 Between the sot and sensualist,
 For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed,
 T' exhibit in full bloom disclosed
 The graces and the beauties,
 That form the character he seeks,
 For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
 Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
 And equal truth on either side,
 And constantly supported ;
 'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
 Another of sinister views,
 Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
 It is indeed above all price,
 And must be made the basis ;
 But every virtue of the soul
 Must constitute the charming whole,
 All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
 The closest knot that may be tied,
 By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
 A temper passionate and fierce
 May suddenly your joys disperse
 At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
 In hopes of permanent delight—
 The secret just committed,
 Forgetting its important weight,
 They drop through mere desire to prate,
 And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
 All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
 If envy chance to creep in ;
 An envious man, if you succeed,
 May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
 But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
 So jealousy looks forth distress'd
 On good, that seems approaching ;
 And, if success his steps attend,
 Discerns a rival in a friend,
 And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
 Unless belied by common fame,
 Are sadly prone to quarrel,
 To deem the wit a friend displays
 A tax upon their own just praise,
 And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
 Will seldom scruple to make free
 With friendship's finest feeling,
 Will trust a dagger at your breast,
 And say he wounded you in jest,
 By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
 For tattlers will be sure to hear
 The trumpet of contention ;
 Aspersions is the babbler's trade,
 To listen is to lend his aid,
 And rush into dissention.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
 Of controversial rage emits
 The sparks of disputation,
 Like hand in hand insurance plates
 Most unavoidably creates
 The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
 True as a needle to the pole,
 Their humour yet so various—
 They manifest their whole life through
 The needle's deviations too,
 Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
 On terms of amity complete ;
 Plebeians must surrender
 And yield so much to noble folk,
 It is combining fire with smoke,
 Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
 (As Irish bogs are always green)
 They sleep secure from waking ;
 And are indeed a bog, that bears
 Your unparticipated cares
 Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
 Their het'rogenous politics
 Without an effervescence,
 Like that of salts with lemon juice,
 Which does not yet like that produce
 A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
 And make a calm of human life ;
 But friends that chance to differ
 On points, which God has left at large,
 How freely will they meet and charge !
 No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chemist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission ;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention ;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
 ' Say little, and hear all you can.'
 Safe policy, but hateful—
 So barren sands imbibe the shower,
 But render neither fruit nor flower,
 Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
 Shall find me as reserved as he ;
 No subterfuge or pleading
 Shall win my confidence again ;
 I will by no means entertain
 A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas ! at last
 These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmention'd,—
 May prove the task a task indeed,
 In which 'tis much if we succeed
 However well intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find,
 Good sense and knowledge of mankind
 To be at least expedient,
 And, after summing all the rest,
 Religion ruling in the breast
 A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown
 The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turn'd and turn'd it ;
 And, whether being crazed or blind,
 Or seeking with a biass'd mind,
 Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

O Friendship, if my soul torego
 Thy dear delights while here below ;
 To mortify and grieve me,
 May I myself at last appear
 Unworthy, base, and insincere,
 Or may my friend deceive me !

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a while ;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

 THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me.
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though theirs they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are England's rights, I ask,
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to torture, me to task ?
 Fleecy locks and black complexion,
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
 Make the plant for which we toil ?
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
 Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
 Lolling at your jovial boards ;
 Think how many backs have smarted
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tells us,
 Is there One who reigns on high ?
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from his throne the sky ?
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,
 Are the means which duty urges,
 Agents of his will to use ?

Hark ! he answers—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder seas with wrecks :
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice, with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fix'd their tyrant's habitations
 Where his whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain ;
 By the mis'ries we have tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main ;
 By our suff'rings, since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart
 All sustain'd by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart :

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours!



BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow :
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying, hur'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.



CRABBE.

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief opprest,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain, for rest ;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too ;
Where shall affliction from itself retire ?
Where fade away and placidly expire ?
Alas ! we fly to silent scenes in vain,
Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain :
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove and murmurs in the stream.
For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air :

No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering seas,—
 He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze ;
 On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
 Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
 The ghost of every former danger glides.
 Thus, in the calms of life, we only see
 A steadier image of our misery ;
 But lively gales and gently-clouded skies,
 Disperse the sad reflections as they rise ;
 And busy thoughts and little cares avail
 To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
 When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,
 Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd,
 We bleed anew in every former grief,
 And joys departed furnish no relief.

Not hope herself, with all her flattering art,
 Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart :
 The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
 And anxious searches for congenial cares ;
 Those lenient cares, which with our own combin'd,
 By mixt sensations ease th' afflicted mind,
 And steal our grief away and leave their own behind ;
 A lighter grief ! which feeling hearts endure
 Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
 The troubled mind to change its native woes ?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than we ?
 This, books can do ;—nor this alone ; they give
 New views to life and teach us how to live ;
 They soothe the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish and confirm the wise :
 Their aid they yield to all : they never shun
 The man of sorrow nor the wretch undone :
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But shew to subjects, what they shew to kings.

Come, child of care ! to make thy soul serene,
 Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene ;
 Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
 The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold ;

Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
 And mental physic, the diseas'd in mind ;
 See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
 See coolers here that damp the fire of rage ;
 Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees controul
 The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
 And round the heart and o'er the aching head,
 Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
 Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
 And view compos'd this silent multitude :—
 Silent they are, but, though depriv'd of sound,
 Here all the living languages abound ;
 Here all that live no more ; preserv'd they lie,
 In tombs that open to the curious eye.

Blest be the gracious power, who taught mankind
 To stamp a lasting image of the mind !—
 Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
 Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring ;
 But man alone has skill and power to send
 The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend :
 'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
 Ages remote and nations yet to rise.

In sweet repose, when labour's children sleep,
 When joy forgets to smile and care to weep,
 When passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
 And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest,
 Why then denies the studious man to share
 Man's common good, who feels his common care ?

Because the hope is his, that bids him fly
 Night's soft repose and sleep's mild power defy ?
 That after-ages may repeat his praise,
 And fame's fair meed be his, for length of days,
 Delightful prospect ! when we leave behind,
 A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind !
 Which born and nurst through many an anxious day,
 Shall all our labour, all our cares repay.

Yet are not all these births of noble kind,
 Not all the children of a vigorous mind ;
 But where the wisest should alone preside,
 The weak would rule us and the blind would guide :
 Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show
 The poor and troubled source from which they flow :

Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
 And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
 But though imperfect all ; yet wisdom loves
 This seat serene, and virtue's self approves :—
 Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find ;
 The curious here, to feed a craving mind ;
 Here the devout their peaceful temple choose ;
 And here the poet meets his favourin' muse.

With awe, around these silent walks I tread
 These are the lasting mansions of the dead :—
 " The dead !" methinks a thousand tongues reply ;
 " These are the tombs of such as cannot die !
 Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
 And laugh at all the little strife of time."

Hail, then, immortals ! ye who shine above,
 Each, in his sphere, the literary Jove :
 And yet the common people of these skies,
 An humble crowd of nameless deities ;
 Whether it is yours to lead the willing mind
 Through history's mazes, and the turnings find ;
 Or whether, led by science, ye retire,
 Lost and bewildered in the vast desire ;
 Whether the muse invites you to her bowers,
 And crowns your placid brows with living flowers ;
 Or godlike wisdom teaches me to show
 The noblest road to happiness below ;
 Or men and manners prompt the easy page
 To mark the flying follies of the age :
 Whatever good ye boast, that good impart
 Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo ! all in silence, all in order stand,
 And mighty folios first, a lordly band ;
 Then quartos their well-order'd ranks maintain,
 And light octavos fill a spacious plain ;
 See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
 An humbler band of duodecimos ;
 While undistinguished trifles swell the scene,
 The last new play and fritter'd magazine.
 Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
 In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state ;
 Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
 Are much admired and are but little read :

The commons next, a middle rank are found ;
 Professions fruitful pour their offspring round :
 Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,
 And last, of vulgar tribes, a countless crowd.

First let us view the form, the size, the dress :
 For these the manners, nay the mind express :
 That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid ;
 Those ample clasps, of solid metal made ;
 The close-prest leaves, unclosed for many an age ;
 The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page ;
 On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
 Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold :
 These all a sage and labour'd work proclaim,
 A painful candidate for lasting fame :
 No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
 In the deep bosom of that weighty work ;
 No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
 Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
 And slumber out their immortality ;
 They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
 His morning study, and his midnight oil,
 At length an author's one great work appear'd,
 By patient hope, and length of days, endear'd :
 Expecting nations hail'd it from the press ;
 Poetic friends prefix'd each kind address ;
 Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
 And ladies read the work they could not lift.

Fashion, though folly's child, and guide of fools,
 Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules ;
 From crowds and courts to wisdom's seat she goes
 And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.

For lo ! these fav'rites of the ancient mode
 Lie all neglected like the *Birth-day Ode* ;
 Ah ! needless now this weight of massy chain ;*
 Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain ;
 No readers now invade their still retreat,
 None try to steal them from their parent-seat ;

* In the more ancient libraries, works of value and importance were fastened to their places by a length of chain, and might so be perused, but not taken away.

Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.

Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And roll'd, o'er labour'd works, th' attentive eye ;
Page after page, the much-enduring men
Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen :
Till, every former note and comment known,
They mark'd the spacious margin with their own.
Minute corrections proved their studious care ;
The little index, pointing, told us where ;
And many an emendation show'd, the age
Look'd far beyond the rubric title page.

Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloy'd with a folio *number* once a week ;
Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go down ;
E'en light Voltaire is *number'd* through the town :
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study and from men of straw ;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets and plays and politics and rhymes :
But though, to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please,
When all our weakness is exposed to view
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by,
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay ?—

To thee, Divinity ! to thee the light
And guide of mortals, through their mental night ;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide,
To bear with pain and to contend with pride ;
When grieved, to pray ; when injured, to forgive,
And with the world in charity to live.

Not truths like these, inspired their numerous race.
Whose pious labours fill this ample space ;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings, learn'd polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love ;

The brands of discord far around were hurl'd,
 And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world :—
 Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
 With wit disgusting, and despised without ;
 Saints in design, in execution, men,
 Peace in their looks and vengeance in their pen.
 Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
 Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight ;
 Spirits who prompted every damning page,
 With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage :
 Lo ! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
 And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground !
 They prey, they fight, they murder, and they weep,—
 Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep ;
 Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
 Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
 And each, like Jonas, is displeas'd if God
 Repent his anger, or withhold his rod.

But here, the dormant fury rests unsought,
 And zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought ;
 Here all the rage of controversy ends,
 And rival zealots rests like bosom-friends ;
 An Athanasian here, in deep repose,
 Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes ;
 Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
 And thin partitions angry chiefs divide ;
 Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
 And *Bellarmino* has rest at *Luther's* feet.
 Great authors for the church's glory fired,
 Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired ;
 And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
 Lie, " Crumbs of Comfort, for the Babes of Grace."

Against her foes, religion well defends
 Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends ;
 If learn'd, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
 And their hearts' weakness, who have soundest heads :
 But most she fears the controversial pen,
 The holy strife of disputatious men ;
 Who the blest gospel's peaceful page explore,
 Only to fight against its precepts more.

Near to these seats, behold yon slender frames,
 All closely fill'd and mark'd with modern names ;

Where no fair science ever shows her face,
 Few sparks of genius and no spark of grace ;
 There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
 And stretch their widening wings then thousand strong ;
 Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain ;
 Some skirmish lightly, fly and fight again :
 Coldly profane and impiously gay,
 Their end the same, though various in their way.

When first Religion came to bless the land ;
 Her friends were then a firm believing band ;
 To doubt was, then, to plunge in guilt extreme,
 And all was gospel that a monk could dream ;
 Insulted reason fled the grov'ling soul,
 For fear to guide and visions to control :
 But now, when reason has assumed her throne,
 She, in her turn, demands to reign alone,
 Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
 And, being judge, will be a witness too :
 Insulted faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
 To seek for truth, without a power to find :
 Ah ! when will both in friendly beams unite,
 And pour on erring man resistless light ?

Next to the seats, well stored with works divine
 An ample space, Philosophy ! is thine ;
 Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
 We trace the moral bounds of wrong and right ;
 Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
 To the bright orbs of yon celestial way !
 'Tis thine, the great, the golden chain to trace,
 Which runs through all, connecting race with race ;
 Save where those puzzling stubborn links remain,
 Which thy inferior light pursues in vain.—

How vice and virtue in the soul contend ;
 How widely differ, yet how nearly blend !
 What various passions war on either part,
 And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart :
 How fancy loves around the world to stray,
 While judgment slowly picks his sober way ;
 The stores of memory and the flights sublime
 Of genius, bound by neither space nor time ;—
 All these, divine philosophy explores,
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.

From these, descending to the earth, she turns,
 And matter, in its various form, discerns ;
 She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
 Metes the thin air and weighs the flying sound ;
 'Tis hers, the lightning from the clouds to call,
 And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.

Yet more her volumes teach,—on these we look
 As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book :
 Here, first described, the torpid earth appears,
 And next, the vegetable robe it wears ;
 Where flow'ry tribes, in vallies, fields, and groves,
 Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves ;
 Loves, where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain
 Warm the glad heart, or vex the labouring brain.
 But as the green blood moves along the blade,
 The bed of Flora on the branch is made ;
 Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,
 And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.
 Advancing still in Nature's maze, we trace,
 In dens and burning plains, her savage-race :
 With those tame-tribes who on their lord attend,
 And find, in man, a master and a friend :
 Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
 A moral world, that well demands our view.

This world is here ; for, of more lofty kind,
 These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind ;
 They paint the state of man ere yet endued
 With knowledge ;—man, poor, ignorant, and rude ;
 Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
 And all its cares, and all its comforts, tell ;
 Here we behold how inexperience buys,
 At little price, the wisdom of the wise ;
 Without the troubles of an active state,
 Without the cares and dangers of the great,
 Without the miseries of the poor, we know
 What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow ;
 We see how reason calms the raging mind,
 And how contending passions urge mankind ;
 Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire ;
 Some, lured by vice, indulged the low desire ;
 Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
 The guilty chace, now keep the good in view ;

For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
 They lead a puzzled, vext, uncertain life ;
 For, transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
 Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,
 New interests draw, new principles control ;
 Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
 But here the tortured body finds relief ;
 For see where yonder sage Arachne shapes
 Her subtle gin, that not a fly escapes !
 There Physic fills the space, and far around,
 Pile above pile, her learned works abound ;
 Glorious their aim—to ease the labouring heart ;
 To war with death and stop his flying dart ;
 To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
 And life's short lease on easier terms renew ;
 To calm the frenzy of the burning brain ;
 To heal the tortures of imploring pain ;
 Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,
 To ease the victim no device can save,
 And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

But man, who knows no good unmix'd and pure,
 Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure ;
 For, grave deceivers lodge their labours here,
 And cloud the science they pretend to clear :
 Scourges for sin, the solemn tribe are sent ;
 Like fire and storms, they call us to repent ;
 But storms subside, and fires forget to rage,
These are eternal scourges of the age :
 'Tis not enough that each terrific hand
 Spreads desolation round a guilty land ;
 But, train'd to ill, and harden'd by its crimes,
 Their pen relentless kills through future times.

Say ye, who search these records of the dead,
 Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read ;
 Can all the real knowledge ye possess,
 Or those (if such there are,) who more than guess,
 Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes,
 And mend the blunders pride or folly makes ?

What thought so wild, what airy dream so light,
 That will not prompt a theorist to write ?
 What art so prevalent, what proof so strong,
 That will convince him his attempt is wrong ?

One in the solids finds each lurking ill,
 Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill ;
 A learned friend some subtler reason brings,
 Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs ;
 The subtile nerves, that shun the doctor's eye,
 Escape no more his subtler theory ;
 The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,
 Lends a fair system to these sons of art ;
 The vital air, a pure and subtile stream,
 Serves a foundation for an airy scheme,
 Assists the doctor, and supports his dream.
 Some have their favourite ills, and each disease
 Is but a younger branch that kills from these :
 One to the gout contracts all human pain,
 He views it raging in the frantic brain ;
 Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar,
 And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh :
 Bilious by some, by others nervous seen,
 Rage the fantastic demons of the spleen ;
 And every symptom of the strange disease
 With every system of the sage agrees.

Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long
 The tedious hours and ne'er indulged in song ;
 Ye first seducers of my easy heart,
 Who promised knowledge ye could not impart :
 Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive foes ;
 Ye sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose ;
 Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
 Light up false fires and send us far about :—
 Still may yon spider round your pages spin,
 Subtile and slow, her emblematic gin !
 Buried in dust and lost in silence, dwell,
 Most potent, grave, and reverend friends—farewell !

Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
 Through the dim window, his departing rays,
 And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
 The huge abridgments of the law abide ;
 Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
 And spread their guardian terrors round the land ;
 Yet, as the best that human care can do,
 Is mixt with error, oft with evil too,
 Skill'd in deceit, and practised to evade,
 Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made :

And justice vainly each expedient tries,
 While art eludes it, or while power defies.
 " Ah ! happy age," the youthful poet sings,
 " When the free nations knew not laws nor kings ;
 When all were blest to share a common store,
 And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor ;
 No wars nor tumults vex'd each still domain,
 No thirst of empire, no desire of gain ;
 No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
 Drove modest merit from its proper state :
 Nor into distant climes would avarice roam,
 To fetch delights for luxury at home ;
 Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
 They dwelt at liberty, and love was law !"

" Mistaken youth ! each nation first was rude,
 Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
 To whom no joys of social life were known,
 None felt a care that was not all his own ;
 Or in some languid clime his abject soul
 Bowed to a little tyrant's stern control ;
 A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
 And in rude song his ruder idol praised ;
 The meaner cares of life were all he knew,
 Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few :
 But when by slow degrees the arts arose,
 And science waken'd from her long repose ;
 When commerce, rising from her bed of ease,
 Ran round the land and pointed to the seas ;
 When emulation, born with jealous eye,
 And avarice, lent their spurs to industry ;
 Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
 Those to control, and these to succour trade ;
 To curb the insolence of rude command,
 To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand ;
 To awe the bold, to yield the wrong'd redress,
 And feed the poor with luxury's excess."

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
 His nature leads ungoverned man along ;
 Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
 The laws are form'd and placed on every side :
 Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
 New statues rise, and stronger laws succeed ;
 More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
 More and more strong the risin bulwarks seem ;

Till, like a miner, working sure and slow,
 Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below :
 The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
 The stately fabric shakes and falls away ;
 Primæval want and ignorance come on,
 But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Next, History ranks :—there full in front she lies,
 And every nation her dread tale supplies ;
 Yet history has her doubts, and every age
 With sceptic queries marks the passing page ;
 Records of old nor later date are clear,
 Too distant those, and these are placed too near ;
 There time conceals the objects from our view,
 Here our own passions and a writer's too :
 Yet, in these volumes, see how states arose !
 Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes ;
 Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
 Lo ! how they sunk to slavery again !
 Satiated with power, of fame and wealth possest,
 A nation grows too glorious to be blest :
 Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
 And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
 The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace ;
 The headlong course that maddening heroes run,
 How soon triumphant, and how soon undone ;
 How slaves, turn'd tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
 And each fall'n nation's melancholy tale.

Lo ! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
 Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood :
 There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
 Stand the profane delusions of the stage :
 Yet virtue owns the Tragic muse a friend,
 Fable her means, morality her end ;
 For this she rules all passions in their turns,
 And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns ;
 Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
 Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul ;
 She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
 And own her sceptre while they break her laws ;
 For vice in others is abhorr'd of all,
 And villains triumph when the worthless fall.

Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
 Who shoots at folly, for her arrow fails ;
 Folly by dullness arm'd, eludes the wound,
 And harmless sees the feather'd shafts rebound ;
 Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
 Laughs at her malice and is folly still.
 Yet well the muse pourtrays in fancied scenes,
 What pride will stoop to, what profession means
 How formal fools the farce of state applaud ;
 How caution watches at the lips of fraud ;
 The wordy variance of domestic life ;
 The tyrant husband, the retorting wife ;
 The snares for innocence, the lie of trade,
 And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.

With her the virtues too obtain a place,
 Each gentle passion, each becoming grace ;
 The social joy in life's securer road,
 Its easy pleasure, its substantial good ;
 The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
 And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these ? Methinks a noble mien,
 And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
 Now in disgrace : what though by time is spread
 Polluting dust o'er every reverend head ;
 What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
 And dull observers pass insulting by :
 Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe,
 What seems so grave, should no attention draw ?
 Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
 And greet the ancient worthies of romance.

Hence, ye profane ! I feel a former dread,
 A thousand visions float around my head :
 Hark ! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
 And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round ;
 See ! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
 Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our eyes ;
 Lo ! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
 And bloody hand that beckons on to fate ;—
 “ And who art thou, thou little page, unfold ?
 Say, doth thy lord my *Claribel* withhold ?
 Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
 The captive queen :—for *Claribel* is mine.”

Away he flies ; and now for bloody deeds,
 Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds :
 The giant falls ; his recreant throat I seize,
 And from his corslet take the massy keys :—
 Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
 Released from bondage with my virgin love :—
 She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,
 Unequalled love and unsuspected truth !

Ah ! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
 O'er worlds bewitched, in early rapture dreams,
 Where wild enchantment waves her potent wand,
 And fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
 Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
 And fear and ignorance afford delight,

But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys,
 Which reason scatters and which time destroys,
 Too dearly bought : maturer judgment calls
 My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
 My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
 And all my knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead.
 No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
 All in the merry moonshine tipping dew ;
 E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain,
 The church-yard ghost, is now at rest again ;
 And all these wayward wanderings of my youth,
 Fly reason's power and shun the light of truth.

With fiction then does real joy reside,
 And is our reason the delusive guide ?
 Is it then right to dream the syrens sing ?
 Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing ?
 No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
 That makes th' imagined paradise its own ;
 Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
 Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes :
 The tear and smile, that once together rose,
 Are then divorced ; the head and heart are foes ;
 Enchantment bows to wisdom's serious plan,
 And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
 With various thoughts my mind I entertain ;

While books my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
 Pleased with the pride that will not let them please,
 Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
 And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes ;
 For, lo ! while yet my heart admits the wound,
 I see the critic army ranged around.

Foes to our race ! if ever ye have known
 A father's fears for offspring of your own ;—
 If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
 Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
 Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
 With rage as sudden dash'd the stanza out ;—
 If, after fearing much and pausing long,
 Ye ventured on the world your labour'd song,
 And from the crusty critics of those days,
 Implored the feeble tribute of their praise ;
 Remember now, the fears that moved you then,
 And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

What vent'rous race are ours ! what mighty foes
 Lie waiting all around them to oppose !
 What treacherous friends betray them to the fight !
 What dangers threaten them !—yet still they write :
 A hapless tribe ! to every evil born,
 Whom villains hate and fools affect to scorn :
 Strangers they come, amid a world of woe,
 And taste the largest portion ere they go.

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around,
 The roof, methought, return'd a solemn sound ;
 Each column seem'd to shake, and clouds, like smoke,
 From dusty piles and ancient volumes broke ;
 Gathering above, like mists condensed they seem,
 Exhaled in Summer from the rushy stream ;
 Like flowing robes they now appear, and twine
 Round the large members of a form divine ;
 His silver beard, that swept his aged breast,
 His piercing eye, that inward light express'd,
 Were seen,—but clouds and darkness veil'd the rest.
 Fear chill'd my heart : to one of mortal race,
 How awful seem'd the genius of the place !
 So in Cimmerian shores, Ulysses saw
 His parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe ;
 Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
 When from the pitying power broke forth a solemn sound :

" Care lives with all ; no rules, no precept save
 The wise from woe, no fortitude the brave ;
 Grief is to man as certain as the grave :
 Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
 And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies ;
 Some drops of comfort on the favoured fall,
 But showers of sorrow are the lot of *all* :
 Partial to talents, then, shall Heav'n withdraw
 Th' afflicting rod, or break the general law ?
 Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
 Life's little cares and little pains refuse ?
 Shall he not rather feel a double share
 Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to bear ?

Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
 On the precarious mercy of mankind :
 Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
 And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings.
 But as, of various evils that befall
 The human race, some portion goes to all ;
 To him perhaps the milder lot's assign'd,
 Who feels his consolation in his mind ;
 And, lock'd within his bosom, bears about
 A mental charm for every care without.
 E'en in the pangs of each domestic grief,
 Or health or vigorous hope affords relief ;
 And every wound the tortured bosom feels,
 Or virtue bears, or some preserver heals ;
 Some generous friend, of ample power possess ;
 Some feeling heart, that bleeds for the distress ;
 Some breast that glows with virtues all divine ;
 Some noble Rutland, misery's friend and thine.

" Nor say, the muses' song, the Poet's pen,
 Merit the scorn they meet from little men.
 With cautious freedom if the numbers flow,
 Not wildly high, not pitifully low ;
 If vice alone their honest aims oppose,
 Why so ashamed their friends, so loud their foes ?
 Happy for men in every age and clime,
 If all the sons of vision dealt in rhyme,
 Go on then, son of vision ! still pursue
 The airy dreams ; the world is dreaming too.
 Ambition's lofty views, the pomp of state,
 The pride of wealth, the splendour of the great,

Stript of their mask, their cares and troubles known
Are visions far less happy than thy own :
Go on ! and, while the sons of care complain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain ;
While serious souls are by their fears undone,
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
And call them worlds ! and bid the greatest show
More radiant colours in their worlds below :
Then, as they break, the slaves of care reprove,
And tell them, such are all the toys they love."

BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aitken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his tonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
 To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town ;
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bra' new gowu,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,
 The younkens a' are warned to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye ;
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

Oh happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.

Is there in human form that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board !
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
The soup their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And '*Let us worship God !*' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name.
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or, rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ; [command.
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days ;
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace except the *heart* !
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert :
 But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O Life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim, backward, as I cast my view
 What sick'ning scenes appear !
 What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 E'en when the wished *end*'s deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How bless'd the Solitary's lot !
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream :

While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *age* !

THE VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care :

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And by the moon-beam shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posie—LIBERTIE!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wall'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture 't in my rhymes.

KIRKE WHITE.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved:

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

SONNET.—“GIVE ME A COTTAGE.”

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
 Where, far from cities, I may spend my days;
 And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
 May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways,

While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys ;
 But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
 And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
 I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
 And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

SONNET.—“ WHAT ART THOU, MIGHTY ONE.”

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE ! and where thy seat ?
 Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
 And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
 The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet,
 Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
 Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dread noon,
 Or on the red wing of the fierce Monsoon,
 Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
 In the drear silence of the polar span
 Dost thou repose ? or in the solitude
 Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
 Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
 Vain thought ! the confines of his throne to trace
 Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
 In some retired Lapponian cell,
 Where, far from noise and riot rude,
 Resides sequester'd Solitude.
 Come, and o'er my longing soul
 Throw thy dark and russet stole,
 And open to my duteous eyes,
 The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still,
The morning in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way :
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among,
Her gale transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embower'd
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below ;
Or the heifer's frequent low :
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one who died for love.
Or when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where in th' embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclin'd,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke ;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh ! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers rising near
Still on the still reposing ear :
While distant brooks decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony,
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,

Where the weary rustic nigh
Shall whistle his wild melody,
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft
And as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore,
Till the full soul brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,
Embodied in a quivering tear.
Or else, serenely silent, sit
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast,
Bears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet,
We'll watch in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermilion slowly fade ;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star.
Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night ;
Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear,
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell,
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne,)
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull Silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far,
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear.
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping, in their airy pall,
The unshriv'd ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morrice-dance.

While around the mystic ring
 The shadowy shapes elastic spring,
 Then with a passing shriek they fly,
 Wrapp'd in mists, along the sky.
 And oft are by the shepherd seen,
 In his lone night-watch on the green.

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
 To the low abbey's still retreat,
 Embower'd in the distant glen,
 Far from the haunts of busy men,
 Where as we sit upon the tomb,
 The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
 And show to fancy's saddest eye,
 Where some lost hero's ashes lie.
 And oh, as through the mouldering arch,
 With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
 The night-gale whispers sadly clear,
 Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
 We'll hold communion with the shade
 Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid—
 Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
 To tell of woe or Fortune's frown ;
 And bid us cast the eye of hope
 Beyond this bad world's narrow scope.
 Or if these joys, to us denied,
 To linger by the forest's side ;
 Or in the meadow, or the wood,
 Or by the lone, romantic flood ;
 Let us in the busy town,
 When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
 Far from drowsy pillows flee,
 And turn the church's massy key ;
 Then, as through the painted glass
 The moon's faint beams obscurely pass
 And darkly on the tropied wall,
 Her faint ambiguous shadows fall ;
 Let us, while the faint winds wail,
 Through the long reluctant aisle,
 As we pace with reverence meet,
 Count the echoings of our feet ;
 While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
 Distinct responds the voice of death.
 If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend,
 Thus on my footsteps to attend,

To thee my lonely lamp shall burn
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of Time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call
And scan the formless views of things,
Or with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,
Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine ;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

BLOOMFIELD.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR GLASS.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
 Companion of the lonely hour !
 Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
 And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
 On chest or window by my side :
 At every birth still thou wert near,
 Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
 And seen the growing mountain rise,
 And often found life's hopes to stand
 On props as weak in wisdom's eyes :
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
 Again heap'd up, then down again ;
 The sand above more hollow grew,
 Like days and years still filt'ring through,
 And mingling joy with pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
 (For now and then my heart will glow)
 Thou measur'st time's expanding wing,
 By thee the noontide hour I know ;
 Though silent thou,
 Still shalt thou flow,
 And jog along thy destin'd way :
 But when I glean the sultry fields,
 When earth her yellow harvest yields,
 Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
 Thy daily task performing well,
 Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
 And strik'st the heart without a bell :
 Come, lovely May !
 Thy lengthen'd day
 Shall gild once more my native plain ;
 Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower ;—
 Companion of the lonely hour,
 I'll turn thee up again.



MARKET NIGHT.

' O WINDS ! howl not so long and loud ;
 ' Nor with your vengeance arm the snow :
 ' Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud :
 ' And let the twinkling star-beams glow.

' Now sweeping floods rush down the slope,
 ' While scattering ruin—Stars, shine soon ;
 ' No other light my love can hope :
 ' Midnight will want the joyous moon.

' O guardian spirits !—Ye that dwell
 ' Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways
 ' The lone night-trav'ler's fancy swell
 ' With fearful tales of older days,—

' Press round him,—guide his willing steed
 ' Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows ;
 ' Wait where, from shelt'ring thickets freed,
 ' The dreary heath's rude whirlwind blows ;

' That o'er the hill with furious sweep
 ' Now writhes, now rends the shiv'ring tree,
 ' Sure-footed beast, thy road thou'lt keep :
 ' Nor storm nor darkness startless thee !'

O blest assurance, (trusty steed,)
 To thee the buried road is known ;
 Home, all the spur thy footsteps need,
 When loose the frozen rein is thrown.

‘ Between the roaring blasts that shake
 ‘ The naked alder at the door,
 ‘ Though not one prattler to me speak,
 ‘ Their sleeping sighs delight me more.

‘ Sound is their rest :—they little know
 ‘ What pain, what cold, their father feels :
 ‘ But dream, perhaps, they see him now,
 ‘ While each the promis’d orange peels.

‘ Would it were so !—the fire burns bright,
 ‘ And on the warming trencher gleams ;
 ‘ In expectation’s raptur’d sight
 ‘ How precious his arrival seems !

‘ I’ll look abroad !—’tis piercing cold !
 ‘ How the bleak wind assails his breast !
 ‘ Yet there the parting clouds unfold ;
 ‘ The storm is verging o’er the west.

‘ There shines a star !—O welcome sight !—
 ‘ Through the thin vapours bright’ning still
 ‘ Yet, ’twas beneath the fairest night
 ‘ The murd’rer stain’d yon lonely hill.

‘ Mercy, kind heaven ! such thoughts dispels
 ‘ No voice, no foot is heard around !
 ‘ Perhaps he’s near the haunted well !
 ‘ But Dapple knows each inch of ground.

‘ Distressing hour ! uncertain fate !
 ‘ O mercy, mercy, guide him home !
 ‘ Hark !—then I heard the distant gate,—
 ‘ Repeat it, echo ; quickly, come !

‘ One minute now will ease my fears—
 ‘ Or, still more wretched must I be ?
 ‘ No ! surely heaven has spar’d our tears :
 ‘ I see him, cloth’d in snow ;—’tis he.—

‘ Where have you stay’d ? put down your load ;
 ‘ How have you borne the storm, the cold ?
 ‘ What horrors did I not forbode—
 ‘ That beast is worth his weight in gold.’

Thus spoke the joyful wife ;—then ran
 In grateful streams to hide her head,
 Dapple was hous'd, the weary man
 With joy glanc'd o'er the children's bed.

' What, all asleep !—so best ; he cried :
 ' O what a night I've travell'd through !
 ' Unseen, unheard, I might have died ;
 ' But Heaven has brought me safe to you.

' Dear partner of my nights and days,
 ' That smile becomes thee !—let us then
 ' Learn, though mishap may cross our way,
 ' It is not ours to reckon when.'

P E A C E.

HALT! ye legions, sheathe your steel ;
 Blood grows precious ; shed no more :
 Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal ;
 Lo ! beams of Mercy reach the shore !
 From realms of everlasting light
 The favour'd guest of Heaven is come :
 Prostrate your banners at the sight,
 And bear the glorious tidings home.

The plunging corpse, with half-clos'd eyes,
 No more shall stain th' unconscious brine ;
 Yon pendant gay, that idle flies,
 Around its idle staff shall twine.
 Behold ! along th' ethereal sky,
 Her beams o'er conquering navies spread,
 Peace ! Peace ! the leaping sailors cry,
 With shouts that might arouse the dead.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours,
 A vast reiterated sound !
 From line to line the cannon roars,
 And spreads the blazing joy around.
 Return, ye brave ! your country calls ;
 Return, return, your task is done :
 While here the tear of transport falls,
 To grace your laurels nobly won.

Albion Cliffs—from age to age,
 That bear the roaring storms of heav'n
 Did ever fiercer warfare rage,
 Was ever Peace more timely given?
 Wake! sounds of joy; rouse, generous Isie;
 Let every patriot bosom glow.
 Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
 And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious guests;
 Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own;
 Still on contented Labour rests
 The basis of a lasting throne.
 Shout, poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves;
 Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,
 Ruler of War, of Winds, and Waves
 Accept a prostrate nation's praise.

SHOOTER'S HILL.

HEALTH! I seek thee;—dost thou love
 The mountain-top, or quiet vale;
 Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
 On showery June's dark south-west gale?
 If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
 With silent step, but not forlorn;
 Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
 And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might
 The joyous bird his rapture tells,
 Amidst the half-excluded light
 That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells;
 Where cheerly up the bold hill's side
 The deep'ning groves triumphant climb:
 In groves Delight and Peace abide,
 And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
 To keep the throne of Reason clear,
 Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
 I took my staff and wander'd here:
 Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
 And coveting no wealth but thee,
 I nestle in the honied leaves,
 And hug my stolen liberty.

O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
 Along to Erith's ivied spire,
 I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
 And cherish life's re-kindling fire.
 Now measure vales with straining eyes,
 Now trace the church-yard's humble names,
 Or climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
 And overlook the winding Thames.

I love to mark the flow'ret's eye,
 To rest where pebbles form my bed,
 Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie,
 In varying millions round my head.
 The soul rejoices when alone,
 And feels her glorious empire free
 Sees God in every shining stone,
 And revels in variety.

Ah, me! perhaps within my sight,
 Deep in the smiling dales below,
 Gigantic talents, Heaven's pure light,
 And all the rays of genius glow.
 In some lone soul, whom no one sees,
 With power and will to say 'Arise,'
 Or chase away the slow disease,
 And Want's foul picture from his eyes.

A worthier man by far than I,
 With more of industry and fire,
 Shall see fair Virtue's meed pass by,
 Without one spark of fame expire!
 Bleed not, my heart—it will be so,
 The throb of care was thine full long,
 Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,
 And pour abroad the joyful song.

Sweet Health, I seek thee! hither bring
 Thy balm that softens human ills;
 Come on the long-drawn clouds that fling
 Their shadows o'er the Surrey Hills.
 Yon green-topp'd hills, and far away,
 Where late as now I freedom stole,
 And spent one dear delicious day
 On thy wild banks, romantic Mole.

Ay, there's the scene!* beyond the sweep
 Of London's congregated cloud;
 The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,
 And valley-paths without a crowd!
 Here, Thames, I watch thy flowing tides,
 Thy thousand sails am proud to see:
 But where the Mole all silent glides
 Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me.

Of Cambrian mountains still I dream,
 And mouldering vestiges of war;
 By time-worn cliff or classic stream
 Would rove,—but Prudence holds a bar.
 Come then, O Health! I'll strive to bound
 My wishes to this airy stand;
 'Tis not for me to trace around
 The wonders of my native land.

Yet the loud torrent's dark retreat,
 Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,
 And, towering in her giddy seat,
 Amidst her own creation live,—
 Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,
 Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath;
 If not, with dauntless soul I meet
 The deep solemnity of death.

This far-seen monumental tower
 Records th' achievements of the brave
 And Angria's subjugated power,
 Who plunder'd on the eastern wave,
 I would not that such turrets rise
 To point out where my bones are laid,
 Save that some wandering bard might prize
 The comforts of its broad cool shade.

O Vanity! since thou'rt decreed
 Companion of our lives to be,
 I'll seek the moral songster's meed—
 An earthly immortality.
 Most vain!—O let me from the past,
 Rememb'ring what to man is given,
 Lay Virtue's broad foundations fast,
 Whose glorious turrets reach to Heav'n.

* Box-hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey.

BYRON.

"THE SONG OF THE SELF-EXILED."

" ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar
 And shrieks the wild sea mew.
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land—Good night !

" A few short hours and He will rise
 To give the morrow birth ;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall,
 Its hearth is desolate ;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
 My dog howls at the gate.

" Come hither, hither, my little page !
 Why dost thou weep and wail ?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale ?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
 Our ship is swift and strong :
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along."

" Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind ;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind ;

For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above.

“ My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain ;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.”—

“ Enough, enough, my little lad !
 Such tears become thine eye ;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

“ Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale ?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
 Or shiver at the gale ?”

“ Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“ My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make ?”

“ Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay ;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

“ For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour ?
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near ;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

“ And now I 'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea :
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me ?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands ;
 But long ere I come back again
 He 'd tear me where he stands.

“ With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine ;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
 My native Land—Good Night !”

“ G R E E C E .”

FAIR clime ! where every season smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
 And lend to loneliness delight.
 There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the eastern wave :
 And if at times a transient breeze
 Break the blue crystal of the seas,
 Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
 How welcome is each gentle air
 That wakes and wafts the odours there !
 For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,
 The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs, are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven ;
 And grateful yields that smiling sky
 Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.

And many a summer flower is there,
 And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passions riot in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose, that 's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,

And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys breed,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime.

COLERIDGE.

—
THE NIGHTINGALE.
—

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring ; it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark ! the nightingale begins its song,
 " Most musical, most melancholy " bird !
 A melancholy bird ? O idle thought !
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 —But some night-wand'ring man, whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
 First named these notes a melancholy strain :
 And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
 Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
 Should share in nature's immortality,

A venerable thing ! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved, like nature !—But 'twill not be so ;
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
 My friend, and my friend's sister ! we have learnt
 A different lore : we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices always full of love
 And joyous ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
 With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music ! and I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not : and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many Nightingales : and far and near
 In wood and thicket over the wide grove
 They answer and provoke each other's songs—
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such an harmony,
 That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day.

A most gentle maid

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 Glides through the pathways ; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle maid ! and oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind the cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence : till the moon
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden gale hath swept
 An hundred airy harps ! And she hath watched

Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his head,
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well—
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends! farewell.



WALTER SCOTT.

THE CHASE.

**THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.**

As chief who hears his warder oall,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"—
 The antler'd monarch of the waste
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Toss'd his beamed frontlet to the sky;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
 A moment listened to the cry,
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh:
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
 Rock glen and cavern paid them back;
 To many a mingled sound at once
 The awakened mountain gave response.
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
 Clattered an hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,
 A hundred voices joined the shout;
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert covered the doe,
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its falling din
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
 And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
 A giant made his den of old;
 For ere that steep ascent was won,
 High in his path-way hung the sun,
 And many a gallant, stayed per-force,
 Was fain to breath his faltering horse;

And of the trackers of the deer
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
 So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now,
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
 For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
 The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
 Few were the stragglers, following far,
 That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost Horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
 For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring Stag strained full in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game ;

For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
 Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds staunch ;
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barred the way ;
 Already glorying in the prize,
 Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
 For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock ;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There while, close couched, the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game ;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labours o'er,
 Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 " I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant grey !"—

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase ;
Close to their master's side they pressed
With drooping tail and humble crest ;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast ;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day ;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale, and violet flower,
 Found in each clift a narrow bower ;
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock :
 And higher yet the pine-tree hung
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breath of brim,
 As served the wild-duck's brood to swim ;
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
 But broader when again appearing.
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;
 And farther as the hunter stray'd,
 Still broader sweep its channels made.
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 Emerging from entangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;
 Yet broader floods extending still,
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,

Unless he climb, with footing nice,
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
 Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled :
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light ;
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To centinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world ;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
 And, " What a scene were here," he cried,
 " For princely pomp or churchman's pride !
 On this bold brow, & lordly tower ;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey,
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

" Blithe were it then to wander here !
 But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
 The copse must give my evening fare ;
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,
 Some rustling oak my canopy.
 Yet pass we that ;—the war and chase
 Give little choice of resting-place ;—
 A summer night, in green-wood spent,
 Were but to-morrow's merriment ;
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better missed than found ;
 To meet with Highland plunderers here
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
 I am alone ;—my bugle strain
 May call some straggler of the train ;
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
 From underneath an aged oak,
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A Damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,
 And stood concealed amid the brake,
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head up-raised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art,
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !

What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swiftness to show
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
 What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew
 E'en the slight hair-bell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread :
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear
 The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the north.
 One only passion, unrevealed,
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
 O need I tell that passion's name !

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne :—

"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 A while she paused, no answer came,—
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
 And when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
 Yet had not quenched the open truth,
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports, or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless, except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed,
 He told of his benighted road;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy:
 Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
 Less used to sue than to command.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, re-assured, at last replied,
 That highland halls were open still,
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.

" Nor think you unexpected come
 To yon lone isle, our desert home ;
 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a couch was pulled for you ;
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,
 To furnish forth your evening cheer."—
 " Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has erred," he said ;
 " No right have I to claim, misplaced,
 The welcome of expected guest.
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,
 I found a fay in fairy land."

" I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approached the side,
 " I well believe, that ne'er before
 Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore
 But yet, as far as yesternight,
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
 A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent
 Was on the visioned future bent.
 He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way ;
 Painted exact your form and mien,
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
 That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
 That cap with heron's plumage trim,
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
 He bade that all should ready be,
 To grace a guest of fair degree ;
 But light I held his prophecy,
 And deemed it was my father's horn,
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

The Stranger smiled :—" Since to your home,
 A destined errant knight I come,
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,

I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes :
Permit me, first, the task to guide,
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."—
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try ;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar :
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply,
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

K E A T S.

SATURN EXPELLED FROM HEAVEN.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair ;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptered ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place ;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world ;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en

Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedastall'd haply in a palace-court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
 How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but began ;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenor and deep-organ tone :
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents ; O how frail
 To that large utterance of the early Gods !
 " Saturn, look up !—though wherefore, poor old King ?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one :
 I cannot say, ' O wherefore sleepest thou ?'
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God ;
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre pass'd ; and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time ! O moments big as years !
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on :—O thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
 Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,

Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave :
 So came these words and went ; the while in tears
 She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
 One moon, with alternation slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postured motionless,
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess ; and then spake
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady :
 " O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face ;
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it ;
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's ; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn ; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
 To make me desolate ? whence came the strength ?
 How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
 While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp ?
 But it is so ; and I am smother'd up,
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on planets pale,
 Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
 Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
 And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in.—I am gone
 Away from my own bosom : I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search !
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space : space starr'd, and lorn of light :
 Space region'd with life-air : and barren void ;

KEATS.

Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell—
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King.
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise,
Of the sky-children; I will give command:
Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus:—"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to naught?
Where is another chaos? Where?"—That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three. Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave, upmounting from their nest.

L A M B.

A VISION OF REPENTANCE.

I SAW a famous fountain, in my dream,
 Where shady path-ways to a valley led ;
 A weeping willow lay upon that stream,
 And all around the fountain brink were spread
 Wide-branching trees, with dark green leaf rich clad,
 Forming a doubtful twilight—desolate and sad.

The place was such, that whoso enter'd in,
 Disrobed was of every earthly thought,
 And straight became as one that knew not sin,
 Or to the world's first innocence was brought ;
 Enseem'd it now, he stood on holy ground,
 In sweet and tender melancholy wrapt around.

A most strange calm stole o'er my soothed sprite ;
 Long time I stood, and longer had I staid,
 When, lo ! I saw, saw by the sweet moon-light,
 Which came in silence o'er that silent shade,
 Where, near the fountain, SOMETHING like DESPAIR
 Made, of that weeping willow, garlands for her hair.

And eke with painful fingers she inwove
 Many an uncouth stem of savage thorn—
 “ The willow garland, *that* was for her love,
 And *these* her bleeding temples would adorn.”
 With sighs her heart nigh burst, salt tears fast fell,
 As mournfully she bended o'er that sacred well.

To whom when I address myself to speak,
 She lifted up her eyes, and nothing said ;
 The delicate red came mantling o'er her cheek,
 And, gath'ring up her loose attire, she fled
 To the dark covert of that woody shade,
 And in her goings seem'd a timid gentle maid.

Revolving in my mind what this should mean,
 And why that lovely lady plained so,
 Perplex'd in thought at that mysterious scene,
 And doubting if 'twere best to stay or go,
 I cast mine eyes in wistful gaze around, [sound
 When from the shades came slow a small and plaintive

“ PSYCHE am I, who love to dwell
 In these brown shades, this woody dell,
 Where never busy mortal came,
 Till now, to pry upon my shame.

At thy feet what thou dost see
 The waters of repentance be,
 Which, night and day, I must augment
 With tears, like a true penitent,

If haply so my day of grace
 Be not yet past ; and this lone place,
 O'er-shadowy, dark, excludeth hence
 All thoughts but grief and penitence.”

“ *Why dost thou weep, thou gentle maid!
 And wherefore in this barren shade
 Thy hidden thoughts with sorrow feed?
 Can thing so fair repentance need?*”

“ O! I have done a deed of shame,
 And tainted is my virgin fame,
 And stain'd the beauteous maiden white
 In which my bridal robes were dight.”

“ *And who the promised spouse? declare :
 And what those bridal garments were.*”

“ Severe and saintly righteousness
 Composed the clear white bridal dress ;
 JESUS, the Son of Heaven's high King,
 Bought with his blood the marriage ring.

A wretched sinful creature, I
 Deem'd lightly of that sacred tie,
 Gave to a treacherous WORLD my heart,
 And play'd the foolish wanton's part.

Soon to these murky shades I came,
 To hide from the sun's light my shame.
 And still I haunt this woody dell,
 And bathe me in that healing well,
 Whose waters clear have influence
 From sin's foul stains the soul to cleanse ;
 And, night and day, I them augment,
 With tears, like a true penitent,
 Until, due expiation made,
 And fit atonement fully paid,
 The Lord and Bridegroom me present,
 Where in sweet strains of high consent,
 God's throne before the Seraphim
 Shall chant the ecstatic marriage hymn."

" Now Christ restore thee soon"—I said,
 And thenceforth all my dream was fled.

SONNET.—TO MY SISTER.

IF from my lips some angry accents fell,
 Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
 And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well,
 And waters clear, of Reason ; and for me
 Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
 My verse, which thou to praise wert ever inclined
 Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
 No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
 Kindest affection ; and would oft-times lend
 An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
 Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
 But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
 Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

JOANNA BAILLIE

THE BANISHED MAN.

DEAR distant land, whose mountains blue
 Still bound this wild and watery view,—
 Dear distant land, where fate has thrown
 All that my heart delights to own !
 Blest be yon gleam of partial light,
 Which gives thee to my parting sight !

Those well-known cliffs, whose shadows throw
 Soft coolness o'er the beach below,
 Where I so oft, a happy child,
 Picking or shell or weed, beguiled
 Light reckless hours, that passed away,
 Like night-sparks on the briny spray,—
 Dear pleasant shore, thy sandy bed
 These feet unblessed no more shall tread !

Still thy rich vales, with autumn's store
 And cheerful hamlets mottled o'er ;
 Thy upland peaks, whose stately forms
 Are mantled oft in gathering storms ;
 Thy blue streams widening on their way,
 Thy broad lakes gleaming to the day ;
 Thy smoking towns, whose towers of war
 And dusky spires are seen afar,
 Thy children's boastful pride will raise,
 And fix the admiring stranger's gaze, —
 But now, for ever lost to me,
 These eyes unblest no more shall see.

Thy wild pipe, touched with rustic hands,
 Thy reapers' song from merry bands ;

Thy boatman's call and dashing oar,
 Thy falling torrent's deaf'ning roar ;
 Thy busy city's humming sound,
 With all its sweet bells chiming round,
 Far, on a strange and cheerless shore,
 These ears unblest shall hear no more.

Happy is he, beyond all gain,
 Who holds in thee his free domain,
 And roves with careless feet at will
 O'er his paternal mead and hill,
 And stores the fruit his harvests yield
 From his own orchard and his field !
 Happy is he who leads at dawn
 His harnessed steers across thy lawn !
 Yea, happy he, bent down with toil,
 Whose glistening brow bedews thy soil !

How gently heaves the evening sea,
 As all things homeward tend to thee !
 Borne lightly on the gentle gale,
 Now homeward points each little sail !
 Far, screaming from their airy height,
 The sea-fowl homeward take their flight ;
 The floating plank and spreading weed
 Upon the setting current speed ;
 The light cloud passes on the wind,
 While I alone am left behind.

An, woe is me ! where shall I stray,
 And whither bend my reckless way ?
 A waste of world before me lies,
 But in the thought my spirit dies.
 There is no home nor joy for me,
 My native land, removed from thee.
 For me the sun of heaven doth shine
 Upon no hills, no plains but thine ;
 For me the voice of kindness sounds
 Only within thy cheerful bounds.

Rise, surgy deep ! ye wild winds blow,
 And whelm my bark these waves below !
 Then bear me to my native land :
 A breathless corse upon her strand,

Some hand in pity of the dead,
 Will lay her greensward on my head,
 And there for ever let me rest,
 As sleeps the froward child, stilled on his mother's breast.

L O N D O N.

It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
 From Hampstead's heathy height, to see at once
 England's vast capital in fair expanse,
 Towers, belfries, lengthened streets and structures fair.
 A lofty dome amidst the vassal bands
 Of neighb'ring spires, like regal chieftain stands ;
 And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
 With distance softly tinted, side by side,
 In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
 The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride ;
 While, far beyond, the hills of Surrey shine
 Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
 View'd thus, a goodly sight ! but when survey'd
 Through denser air, when moisten'd winds prevail,
 In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
 While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
 She is sublime.—She seems a curtain'd gloom
 Connecting heaven and earth,—a threat'ning sign of doom.
 With more than natural height, reared in the sky,
 'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wondering eye ;
 The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
 The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
 So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
 Did not its form man's artful structure show,
 It might some lofty alpine peak be deemed,
 The eagle's haunt with cave and crevice seamed.
 Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen,
 In lurid dimness, nearer streets are seen
 Like shore-ward billows of a troubled main,
 Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain,
 Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
 Black furnace-smoke in curling columns rise,
 And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
 O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.
 So shows by day this grand imperial town :
 And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,

The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line :—
He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
“ What hollow sound “is that ?” approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
It is the flood of human life in motion !
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean !
With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And Time fast wending to Eternity.

R O G E R S.

"THE VILLAGE REVISITED."

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village-green
 With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
 Stilled is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
 When round the ruins of their ancient oak
 The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 And games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
 With treasured tales, and legendary lore.
 All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
 To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
 All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
 What secret charms this silent spot endear?
 Mark yon old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,
 Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
 That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
 First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
 The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court.
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew
 See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed,
 Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
 The martin's old, hereditary nest.
 Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!
 As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
 Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
 That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
 The chair of justice held the grave debate.
 Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,
 We sweetened every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.
 'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;
 And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
 'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;
 And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
 Giants and genii chained each wondering ear ;
 And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
 Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
 Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :
 Oft fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
 With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;
 O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
 Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye
 Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high ;
 Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
 And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
 Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
 The storied arras, source of fond delight,
 With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;
 And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
 On the dim window glows the pictured crest.
 The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart.
 The clock still points its moral to the heart.
 That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
 When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;
 And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
 Forgotten to trace the feathered feet of Time ?
 That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
 Whence the caged linnnet soothed my pensive thought ;
 Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ;
 Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
 Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
 Starting to life—all whisper of the Past !

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
 We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
 Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !
 How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
 The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;
 Soared in the swing, half pleased, and half afraid,
 Thro' sister elms that waved their summer-shade ;

Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene ;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.

What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals ?
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear.
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eyes flashed thro' locks of blackest shade
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast ;
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !

We led the bending beggar on his way,
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his script we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more,
 He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,
 Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,
 The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
 It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
 The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon grey stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
 Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
 Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
 When the heart danced, and life was in its spring;
 Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
 That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed,
 Where now the sexton rest his hoary head.
 Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,
 He lectured every youth that round him played;
 And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,
 Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hushed, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
 I search the records of each mouldering stone.
 Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
 Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth!
 Whose every word enlightened and endeared;
 In age beloved, in poverty revered;
 In Friendship's silent register ye live,
 Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,
 When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
 What spells entrance my visionary mind
 With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined?

Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night
 Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight;
 From whom that musing, melancholy mood
 Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
 Blest Memory, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,
 Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
 To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
 And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

THE BROTHERS.

In the same hour the breath of life receiving,
 They came together and were beautiful ;
 But, as they slumbered in their mother's lap,
 How mournful was their beauty ! She would sit,
 And look and weep, and look and weep again ;
 For Nature had but half her work achieved,
 Denying, like a step-dame, to the babes
 Her noblest gifts ; denying speech to one,
 And to the other—reason.

But at length
 (Seven years gone by, seven melancholy years,)
 Another came, as fair and fairer still ;
 And then, how anxiously the mother watched
 Till reason dawned and speech declared itself !
 Reason and speech were his ; and down she knelt,
 Claspng her hands in silent ecstasy.

On the hill-side, where still their cottage stands,
 ('Tis near the upper falls in Lauterbrunn ;
 For there I sheltered now, their frugal hearth
 Blazing with mountain-pine when I appeared,
 And there, as round they sate, I heard their story)
 On the hill-side, among the cataracts,
 In happy ignorance the children played ;
 Alike unconscious, through their cloudless day,
 Of what they had and had not ; every where
 Gathering rock flowers ; or, with their utmost might
 Loosening the fragment from the precipice,
 And, as it tumbled, listening for the plunge ;
 Yet, as by instinct, at the accustomed hour
 Returning ; the two eldest, step by step,
 Lifting along, and with the tenderest care,
 Their infant-brother.

Once the hour was past ;
 And, when she sought, she sought and could not find
 And when she found—Where was the little one ?
 Alas, they answered not ; yet still she asked,
 Still in her grief forgetting.

With a scream,
 Such as an Eagle sends forth when he soars,
 A scream that through the woods scatters dismay,

The idiot-boy looked up into the sky,
 And leaped and laugh aloud and leaped again ;
 As if he wished to follow, in its flight,
 Something just gone, and gone from earth to heaven ;
 While he, whose every gesture, every look
 Went to the heart, for from the heart it came,
 He who nor spoke nor heard—all things to him,
 Day after day, as silent as the grave,
 (To him unknown the melody of birds,
 Of waters—and the voice that should have soothed
 His infant sorrows, singing him to sleep)
 Fled to her mantle as for refuge there,
 And, as at once o'ercome with fear and grief,
 Covered his head and wept. A dreadful thought
 Flashed thro' her brain. ' Has not some bird of prey,
 Thirsting to dip his beak in innocent blood—
 It must, it must be so !'—And so it was.

There was an Eagle that had long acquired
 Absolute sway, the lord of a domain
 Savage, sublime ; nor from the hills alone
 Gathering large tribute, but from every vale ;
 Making the ewe, whene'er he deigned to stoop,
 Bleat for the lamb. Great was the recompence
 Assured to him who laid the tyrant low ;
 And near his nest, in that eventful hour,
 Calmly and patiently, a hunter stood,
 A hunter, as it chanced, of old renown,
 And, as it chanced, their father.

In the South

A speck appeared, enlarging ; and ere long,
 As on his journey to the golden sun,
 Upward He came, ascending through the clouds,
 That, like a dark and troubled sea, obscured
 The world beneath.—' But what is in his grasp ?
 Ha ! 'tis a child—and may it not be ours ?
 I dare not, cannot ; and yet why forbear,
 When, if it lives, a cruel death awaits it ?—
 May He who winged the shaft when Tell stood forth,
 And shot the apple from the youngling's head,
 Grant me the strength, the courage !' As he spoke,
 He aimed, he fired ; and at his feet they fell,
 The Eagle and the child—the child unhurt.
 Tho', such the grasp, not even in death relinquished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DROUGHT.

WHAT strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass ?
 The ground is iron, and the skies are brass :
 Man, on the withering harvests, casts his eye,
 " Give me your fruits in season, or I die ;"
 The timely fruits implore their parent—Earth,
 " Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth ?"
 The Earth, all prostrate, to the Clouds complains—
 " Send to my heart your fertilizing rains ;"
 The Clouds invoke the Heavens—" Collect, dispense
 Through us your healing, quickening influence ;"
 The Heavens to HIM that rules them raise their moan—
 " Command thy blessing, and it shall be done."
 —The Lord is in his temple :—hushed and still,
 The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks :—and to the clouds the Heavens dispense
 With lightning speed, the genial influence :
 The gathering, breaking clouds pour down the rains :
 Earth drinks the bliss thro' all her eager veins.
 From teeming furrows start the fruits to birth,
 And shake their riches on the lap of Earth :
 Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
 Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky ;
 All that have breath and being then rejoice,
 All Nature's voices blend in one great voice ;
 " Glory to God, who thus *Himself* makes known !"
 —When shall all tongues confess HIM GOD ALONE ?
 Lord, as the rain comes down from heaven—the rain
 That waters Earth, and turns not thence again,
 But makes the tree to bud, the corn to spring,
 And feeds and gladdens every living thing ;

So come thy Gospel o'er a world destroyed,
 In boundless blessings, and return not void :
 So let it come, in universal showers,
 To fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
 —With flowers of promise, fill the wild within
 Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin :
 Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
 Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound ;
 And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
 Flourish, where only trees of death have been :
 Let Truth look down from heaven, Hope soar above,
 Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love ;
 Heralds the year of jubilee proclaim ;
 Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name ;
 Nations new-born, their fathers' idols spurn ;
 The ransomed of the Lord with songs return ;
 Through realms, with darkness, thralldom, guilt o'erspread,
 In light, joy, freedom, be the spirit shed.
 Speak thou the word :—to Satan's power say, "*Cease!*"
 But to a world of pardoned sinners—" Peace !"

Thus, in thy grace, O God, *Thyself* make known,
 Then shall all tongues confess THEE GOD ALONE !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,
 When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
 Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vow'd
 Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
 She led him, and her silent soul, the while
 Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
 Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think
 That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
 To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
 O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
 Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
 Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
 With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
 Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd, that he might rest,

Yet from her own meek eyelids chas'd the sleep
 That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart : and where a fount
 Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
 Making its banks green gems along the wild,
 There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
 Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
 The earth's One Sanctuary ; and rapture hush'd
 Her bosom, as before her, thro' the day
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
 In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
 Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
 Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm
 Clung e'en as ivy clings ; the deep spring-tide
 Of nature then swell'd high ; and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas !” she cried,

“ Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
 And now fond thoughts arise,
 And silver cords again to earth have won me,
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
 How shall I hence depart ?—

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
 So late along the mountains at my side ?
 And I, in joyous pride,
 By every place of flowers my course delaying,
 Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
 Beholding thee so fair !

And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted !
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day
 Turn'd from its door away,
 While, thro' its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
 I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
 Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
 When from the fount at evening I return,
 With the full water-urn !
 Nor will thy steep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
 As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
 And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee
 Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?
 Wilt thou not vainly spread
 Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
 To fold my neck ; and lift up, in thy fear,
 A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child ?—will HE not hear thee
 Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?
 Will HE not guard thy rest,
 And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
 Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

I give thee to thy God !—the God that gave thee,
 A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !
 And precious as thou art,
 And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
 My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !
 And thou shalt be HIS child !

Therefore, farewell !—I go ; my soul may fail me,
 As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
 Yearning for thy sweet looks !
 But thou, my First-born ! droop not, nor bewail me,
 Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
 The Rock of Strength—farewell !”

HEMANS.

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

NOBLE the mountain-stream,
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground ;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness ;—thunder in its deafening sound !

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sun-beams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies ;

Thence, in a Summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around :—Oh ! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be cloth'd in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet, flowing silently serene ;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives ;—itself unseen !

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse ;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'er-shade it with their boughs

Gently it murmurs by
The Village Churchyard :—its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small School-house, in the sunshine bright ;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allow'd to plead ?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life ?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd :
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd !

S T A N Z A S.

LIKE the young spring-buds sweet and bright,
 And like the lark, and like the light,
 And like the wind, and like the wave,
 E'en such is Hope: buds find a grave,
 The lark gives place unto the owl,
 The light must yield to darkness foul,
 The winds are fickle, waves betray,
 And Hope is falser far than they.

And like the dew upon the thorn,
 And like the blushful break of morn,
 And like a vessel harbour'd well,
 And like a song, and like a spell,
 E'en such is Man: the dew exhales,
 The morning's past, the vessel sails,
 The song is sweet, but swiftly flies,
 The spell is broken—Man he dies.

And like the azure skies of June,
 And like the sun, and like the moon,
 And like a bowl, and like a smile,
 And like a taper's burning pile,
 E'en such is Life: the chang'd sky rains,
 The sun goes down, the pale moon wanes,
 The bowl is drain'd, that smile's the last,
 The taper's spent, and Life is past.

NEELE.

 THE DEPARTED.

WHERE'S the snow—the summer snow—
 On the lovely lily flower?
 Where the hues the sunset shed
 O'er the rose's crimson hour?
 Where's gold—the pure bright gold—
 O'er the young laburnum flung;
 And the fragrant sighs that breathed
 Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Maiden, lovelier than the spring,
 Is thy bloom departed too ?
 Has thy cheek forgot its rose,
 Or thine eye its April blue ?
 Where are thy sweet bursts of song ?
 Where the wreaths that bound thy hair ?
 Where the thousand prisoner curls ?
 And thy sunny smiles are—Where ?—
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Youth, where is thine open brow ?
 What has quell'd thine eagle eye ?
 Where's the freshness of thy cheek ?
 And thy dark hair's raven dye ?
 Where's thy crimson banner now
 Where's thine eager step and sword ?
 Where's thine hour of dreamless sleep ?
 Where frank jest and careless word ?—
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Where's the lighted hall ; and where
 All that made its midnight gay ?
 Where's the music of the harp ?
 And the minstrel's knightly lay ?
 Where's the graceful saraband ?
 Where the lamps of starry light ?
 Where the vases of bright flowers ?
 Where the blushes yet more bright ?—
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Where are those fair dreams that made
 Life so beautiful at first ?
 Where the many fantasies
 That young Hope so fondly nurst ;
 Love with motto like a knight,
 Faithful even to the tomb ;
 Fortune following the wish ;
 Pleasure with a folded plume ?—
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

Oh ! mine own heart, where are they—
 Visions of thine earlier hour,
 When thy young hope's colours were
 Like those on the morning flower.
 Where's the trusting confidence

Of affection deep and true?
 And the spirits sunshine-like,
 Which o'er all their gladness threw?—
 Gone, gone—they all are gone.

LONDON.

 THEMISTOCLES IN EXILE.

Now I have all that earth can give
 Of pageantry and pride;
 Yes, all for which the mighty live,
 For which the brave have died;—
 A thousand slaves obsequious wait
 My nod, as 'twere the frown of fate—
 And what remains beside?
 The empty name is all I need
 To seem to be A KING indeed!

Yet am I happy? When my brow
 The bright tiara bears
 Is there no trace of latent woe,
 Of inly gnawing cares?—
 Oh! what is sadder than the smile
 Assumed and worn but to beguile?
 Yet still the mask it wears,
 Nor would I that the world should see,
 O Athens! how I pine for thee!

Still are thy towers before mine eye—
 Thine image on my heart;
 Thence never but with memory
 And life can they depart!
 By day they fill each waking thought,
 By night in dreams are backward brought—
 And then from sleep I start,
 To feel *he* is no longer free
 Who lived—and would have died for thee.

Who *would* have died? Why died I not
 On thy triumphant day!—
 Then had my name, without a blot,
 Thine annals graced for aye:—
 And now—but earth at length shall know
 I was not, could not be thy foe,
 Though thrust in scorn away
 E'en from the land mine arm had saved,
 To tyrant-lords, and realms enslaved.

Yet though my foes have been the free,
 The lord of slaves my friend,
 Still, Athens! is my heart with thee,
 And shall be to the end.
 The Persian calls—but calls in vain—
 One way remains to burst his chain,
 And e'en in death defend—
 How could I bear to work thine ill
 Despite my wrongs, who love thee still?

I loved thee, when my sun of fame
 In all its brightness shone ;
 And now 'tis veiled in scorn and shame,
 Yet love I madly on.
 'Twere vain to say I love thee more—
 I knew not how I loved before—
 Now know I—but 'tis done—
 Fate soon shall lay thy victim low—
 Then, Athens, then—THOU THOU SHALT KNOW.

DALE.

 A L A M E N T .

THERE *was* an eye whose partial glance
 Could ne'er my numerous failings see ;
 There *was* an ear that still *untired*
 Could listen to kind praise of me.

There was a heart *Time* only made
 For me with *fonder* feelings burn ;
 And which whene'er, alas, I roved,
 Still longed and pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
 E'en short farewells with tones of sadness ;
 There *was* a voice whose eager sound
 My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There *was* a mind, whose vigorous powers
 On mine its fostering influence threw ;
 And called my humble talents forth.
 Till *thence* its dearest joys it drew.

There *was* a love that oft for me
 With anxious *fears* would overflow ;
 And wept and pray for me, and sought
 From future ills to guard—but *now*

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
 That lip and voice are mute for ever !
 And cold that heart of faithful love,
 Which death alone from mine could sever !

And lost to me that ardent mind,
 Which loved my varied tasks to see ;
 And, Oh ! of all the praise I gained,
 This was the dearest *far* to me.

Now I, unloved, uncheered, alone,
 Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
 Till He who loves the broken heart
 In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, " Father of the fatherless,"
 O ! Thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
 And " dwellest with the contrite heart,"
 As well as in " Thy place on high."—

O Lord ! though like a faded leaf,
 That's severed from its parent tree,
 I struggle down life's stormy tide,
 That awful tide which leads to Thee ;—

Still Lord ! to thee the voice of praise
 Shall spring triumphant from my breast ;
 Since, though I tread a weary way,
 I trust that *he I mourn* is BLEST !

OPIE.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

KING of the dead ! how long shall sweep
 Thy wrath ! how long thy outcasts weep !
 Two thousand agonizing years
 Has Israel steeped her bread in tears ;
 The vial on her head been poured—
 Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword !

'Tis done! Has breathed thy trumpet blast,
 The TRIBES at length have wept their last!
 On rolls the host! From land and wave
 The earth sends up th' unransomed slave!
 There rides no glittering chivalry,
 No banner purples in the sky;
 The world within their hearts has died;
 Two thousand years have slain their pride!
 The look of pale remorse is there,
 The lip, involuntary prayer;
 The form still marked with many a stain—
 Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain;
 The serf of Afric's fiery ground;
 The slave, by Indian suns embrowned;
 The weary drudges of the oar,
 By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
 The gatherings of earth's wildest tract—
 On bursts the living cataract!
 What strength of man can check its speed?
 They come—the Nation of the Freed;
 Who leads their march? Beneath HIS wheel
 Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel!
 Before their tread HIS trump is blown,
 Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done!
 King of the dead! Oh, not in vain
 Was thy long pilgrimage of pain;
 Oh, not in vain arose thy prayer,
 When pressed the thorn thy temples bare;
 Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
 To spare thy maddened homicide!
 Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed!
 They come!—the Host of the Redeemed!

What flames upon the distant sky?
 'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye
 'Tis not the lightning's quivering spire,
 'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
 And now, as nearer speeds their march,
 Expands the rainbow's mighty arch;
 Though there has burst no thundercloud,
 No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
 And still ascends before their gaze,
 Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze;
 Still, as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
 Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.

Scenes ! that the patriarch's visioned eye
 Beheld, and then rejoiced to die ;—
 That, like the altar's burning coal,
 Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul ;—
 That the throned seraphs long to see,
 Now given, thou slave of slaves, to thee !
 Whose city this ? What potentate
 Sits there the King of Time and Fate ?
 Whom glory covers like a robe,
 Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
 Whom shapes of fire and splendour guard ?
 There sits the Man, " whose face was marred,"
 To whom archangels bow the knee—
 The weeper in Gethsemane !
 Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel ;
 For now thy withered heart can feel !
 Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
 There sits thy glory and thy shame !

CROLY.

THE MORNING WALK.

'Tis a bright summer morn, and the sunlight proud
 Gleams on the water, and sleeps on the cloud,
 Fitfully glitters the woodpaths between,
 And casts a broad glow on the shadowy green.

And a lovely lady is walking there,
 Placid, and gentle, and smiling, and fair,
 With the grace of a queen in her gay palace bowers,
 And a foot that seems born to tread only on flowers.

And beside that fair lady, so stately and mild,
 Mild, stately, and graceful—a tottering child,
 With her dimpled hand on her dimpled knee,
 Stands, like a model of infancy.

And fair as they seem in the morn's dewy light,
 The beautiful child and the lady so bright ;
 We feel as we viewed them a sympathy live
 Truer, purer, and deeper, than beauty can give.

For there harbours love, with its smiles and its tears,
 Its tender forebodings, its tenderer fears,
 And its hopes, the sweetest on earth that rest—
 The matchless love of a mother's breast.

'Tis that which lends life to her form's proud grace,
 Which awakens the charm of her sparkling face ;
 Her glance may be wandering around the wide land,
 But her thoughts on the treasure she holds by the hand.

MITFORD.

THE MISSIONARY.

My heart goes with thee, dauntless man,
 Freely as thou dost hie,
 To sojourn with some barbarous clan,
 For them to toil, or die.
 Fondly our spirits to our own
 Cling, nor to part allow ;
 Thine to some land forlorn has flown,—
 We turn,—and where art thou ?

Thou climb'st the vessel's lofty side,—
 Numbers are gathering there ;
 The youthful warrior in his pride,
 The merchant in his care :
 Hearts which for knowledge track the sea ;
 Spirits which lightly rove,
 Glad as the billows and the breeze—
 And thou—the child of love.

A savage shore receives thy tread ;
 Companion thou hast none ;
 The wild boughs wave above thy head,
 Yet still thou journeyest on ;
 Threading the tangled wild-wood drear,
 Piercing the mountain glen,
 Till wearily thou drawest near
 The haunts of lonely men.

Strange is thine aspect to their eyes ;
 Strange is thy foreign speech ;
 And wild and strong is their surprise
 At marvels thou dost teach.

Thy strength alone is in thy words ;
 Yet armies could not bow
 The spirit of those barbarous hordes
 So readily as thou.

But oh ! thy heart, thou home-sick man,
 With saddest thoughts runs o'er,
 Sitting, as fades the evening wan,
 Silently at thy door.
 Yet, that poor hut upon the wild,
 A stone beneath the tree,
 And souls to heaven's love reconciled—
 These are enough for thee.

HOWITT.

THE QUIET MIND.

Though low my lot, my wish is won,
 My hopes are few and staid ;
 All I thought life would do, is done,
 The last request is made :
 If I have foes, no foes I fear ;
 To fate I live resigned :
 I have a friend I value here—
 And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
 Flushed honour's sunny crown :
 I wish not I was fortune's heir ;
 She frowns, and let her frown :
 I have no taste for pomp and strife,
 Which others love to find :
 I only wish the bliss of life—
 A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,
 The great man's pedigree—
 What peace can all their honours yield,
 And what are they to me ?
 Tho' praise and pomp, to eke the strife,
 Rave like a mighty wind,
 What are they to the calm of life—
 A still and quiet mind ?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state ;
I sigh not that fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great :
I am content, for well I see,
What all at last shall find,
That life's worst lot the best shall be—
And that's a quiet mind.

I see the great pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower ;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power :
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,
Proud, too, that life gives all she can—
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mock'd at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies ;
No knighthood's fame, or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize :
And yet I found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love, and comfort's prize indeed—
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or woe,
As some must come to all,
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall :
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind,
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joy decay,
That leave us like the summer's dust
The whirlwind puffs away :
While life's allotted time I brave,
Tho' left the last behind,
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

D A R K N E S S.

STILL margined with gold are the clouds of the west,
 The last steps of day on the mountains are seen ;
 Haste, haste ye away, to the isles of the blest,
 Let darkness unmingled envelope the scene !

In me, lone and friendless, the fair eye of light
 But points out a laugh to a world of scorn ;
 Kind, kind to the wretched, the shadows of night ;
 But bitter and taunting the looks of the morn.

Come, daughter of night, gloomy darkness come forth !
 Why tarry so long in the place of thy sleep ?
 Dost thou dwell in the cold icy halls of the north,
 Or slumber the day in the caves of the deep ?

Deep muffle the moon in the garments of night,
 Roll back from the welkin the stars' twinkling sheen ;
 By fits, from thy clouds, send the red meteor's light,
 And let thy dread visage be awfully seen.

Sweet, sweet is thy brow, to a soul wed with grief !
 The broad, idle gaze of the world in vain
 Seeks for mirth in my face :—I ask not relief,
 Burst, my heart, when thou wilt, but never complain.

As watches the wand'rer for way-pointing fires,
 As the maid for her love by the moon's dewy light,
 As the sailor looks out for the land of his sires,
 So wait I the slow-coming footsteps of night.

The notes of thy minstrel, the grave-watching owl,
 The voice of the wind through the sad piny grove,
 The roar of the torrent, the waves' distant growl,
 When shrouded in gloom, make the music I love.

Oh, when wilt thou take me, dark night, to thy place,
 Where the sleep-frighting footsteps of day never tread,
 Where no cold eye of pride scowls on misery's face,
 Where death makes the weary and friendless a bed ?

POLLOCK.

THE JUDGMENT OF IDUMEA.

COME near, ye nations ! Around me gather
 And list to the words of your God and your Father,
 For my fury is forth on a city and nation,
 That are doomed to the slaughter and dire desolation.
 In Bozrah the Lord has his sacrifice fitted,
 His altar the land where the sins were committed,
 Let the dead and the living around him assemble,
 And time and eternity hear and tremble.

Oh, wail for Idumea, cast forth unforgiven !
 My sword is bathed red in the vengeance of heaven ;
 And down on the mountains unnerved and supine,
 They shall fall as the dead leaves descend from the vine,
 Where heaps upon heaps shall their corpses remain,
 And the mountains shall melt with the blood of the slain.

'Tis the day of the Lord ;—prepare thee ! prepare thee !
 And mark its approach that it may not ensnare thee ;
 Look well to the plain at its throes and its bending,
 Lest it swallow you up in the gulf of its rending ;
 Attend to the sea when to blood it is turning ;
 Attend to the mountains when clothed in mourning ;
 Observe the pale moon when her radiance is clouded ;
 And look to the sun when his glory is shrouded ;
 To the stars when appearing in dimness involving,
 In the breath of Jehovah annealed and dissolving ;
 Then to the blue heavens heaved hither and thither
 Then folded and rolled like a scroll up together ;
 Then, then, is approaching o'erwhelming and early,
 The day of the Lord ; prepare thee ! prepare thee !

It is past, it is over ! The earth's in amazement ;
 The people stand silent in dreadful debasement
 Before the dire wrath of the mighty Avenger
 Of Israel, thus wreaked on the land of the stranger.
 Idumea is fallen ! No arm to deliver !
 The contest of Zion is settled for ever.

The beauty of Edom no age shall restore it,
 The curse of the Lord is in it and o'er it.
 The rivers and springs into pitch are turning,
 The dust is brimstone, the breeze is burning,
 The city is shaken unto its foundations,
 The land is a waste unto all generations,

Her halls are of emptiness, grandeur's illusions ;
 And stretched out upon them the line of confusion ;
 In her palaces dark desolation is reigning,
 And the briars and the nettle their foliage entwining ;
 The owl calls his count with a whoop and a knell,
 And there shall the bittern and cormorant dwell,
 The lamia shall lie in her chambers of state,
 And open her bosom and cry for her mate ;
 The ostrich shall stand on her battlements proudly,
 And the vultures assemble, discordant and loudly ;
 The satyrs shall dance with their howlings and yellings,
 The spirits of darkness that haunt the low dwellings
 Of mortals cut off in their greenness of sinning,
 Ere grace had a spring or repentance beginning,
 The toad and the adder shall come from the forest,
 And dragons pant o'er it when thirst's at the sorest.
 The gloom of oblivion shall over it centre,
 Till time shall withdraw and eternity enter,
 To all who despise their God and Forgiver,
 A beacon of terror for ever and ever.

Hogg.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

YES: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose—
 In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
 Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
 With a haughty deance, to come to the war.
 No outrage is war to a creature like thee :
 The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
 As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
 In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death—
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
 In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
 In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more—
 Thy trust, 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign
 But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
 On the brink of the rock, lo ! he standeth at bay,
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day ;
 While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
 From the death that is spurned from his furious feet ;

And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new-wakened day-light, so bright and so still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded in mist, with which Nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurled,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern, his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him, that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aërial ocean,—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound,—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close,
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plum'd hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.

WILSON.

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE-BLOSSOM.

BEFORE thy leaves, thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou knowest the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
 O'er nature's silent shroud!
 But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
 High o'er the doomed untimely flowers,
 In beauty bowed!

Sweet violets in the budding grove
 Peep where the glad waves run;
 The wren below, the thrush above,
 Of bright to-morrow's joy and love,
 Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf ever bold,
 Hears bees chant hymns to God,
 The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
 Smiles on the well, in summer cold,
 And daisied so!

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
 And flowers in winter blow,
 To tell me that the worm makes room
 For me, her brother, in the tomb,
 And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn,
 Foretells an eve of tears;
 A sunbeam on the saddened lawn,
 I smile, and weep to be withdrawn,
 In early years.

Thy leaves will come!—but songful spring
 Will see no leaf of mine;
 Her bells will ring, her bridemaids sing,
 When my young leaves are withering,
 Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
 When June's sweet sabbath's chime!
 But thine before my time, O Death,
 I go where no flower blossometh,
 Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
 Vanish, and long ere noon
 The dewdrop dieth on the thorn,
 So fair I bloomed: and was I born
 To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die?—
 To perish in my bloom?—
 Is this my brief, sad history?
 A tear dropped from a mother's eye
 Into the tomb!

He lived and loved will sorrow say;
 By early sorrow tried;
 He smiled, he sighed, he passed away;
 His life was but an April day,—
 He loved and died!

My mother smiles—then turns away;
 But turns away to weep:
 They whisper round me,—what they say
 I need not hear; for in the clay
 I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow! sad it is
 To be both tried and true!
 I ever trembled in my bliss,
 Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
 They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when bluebells fade,
 Where Don reflects the skies;
 And many a youth in Shire cliffs' shade
 Will ramble where my boyhood played,
 Though Alfred dies!

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
 And bowers, as heretofore,
 Beneath their load of roses reel;
 But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
 No more, no more!

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
 Where late we stood and wept;
 For I was stricken when he died,—
 I felt the arrow as he sighed
 His last, and slept.

ELLIOTT

FINIS.

