



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THOMSON'S

MOXON'S POPULAR POETS



EDITED BY W. M. ROSSETTI

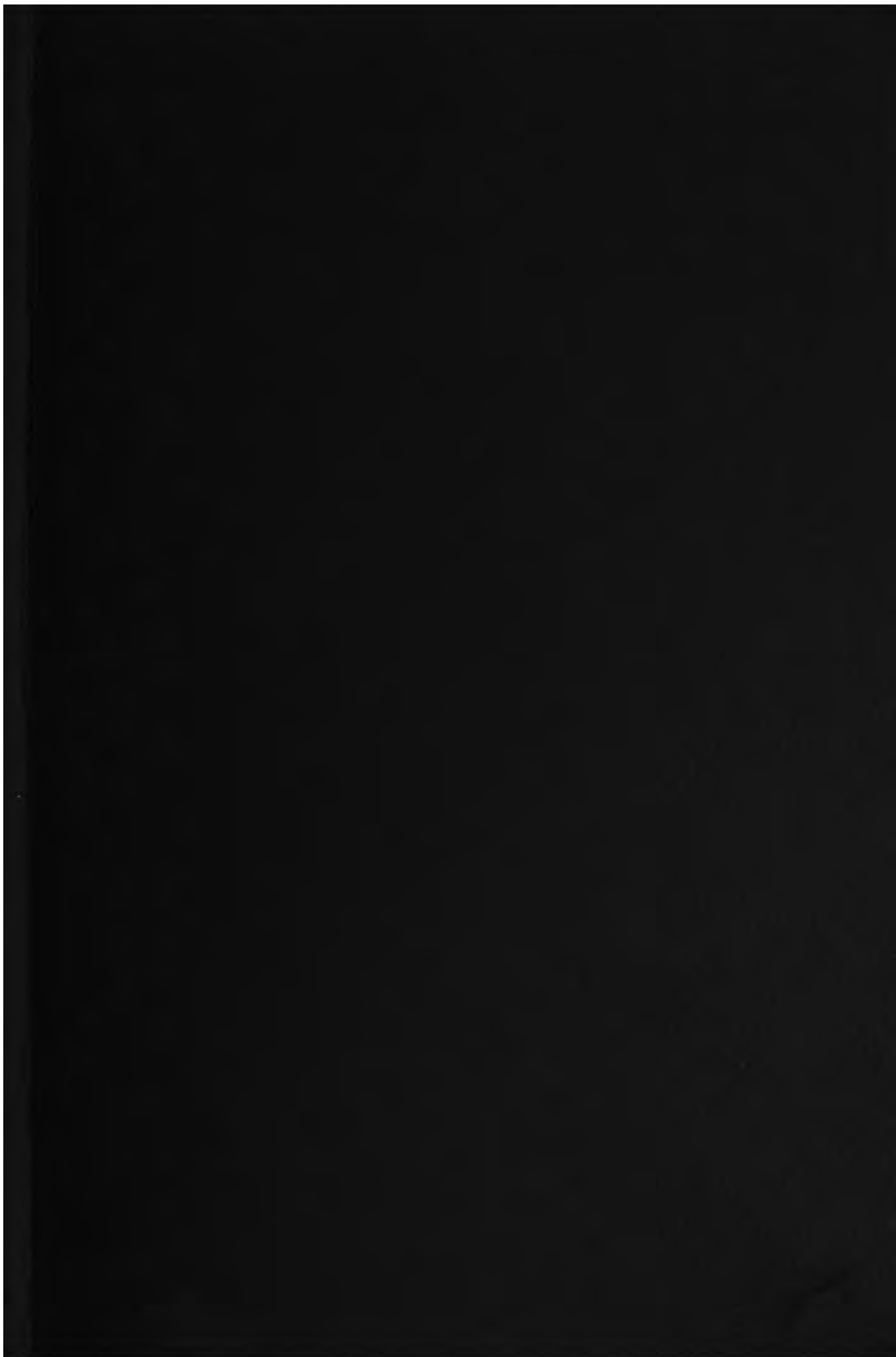
ILLUSTRATED

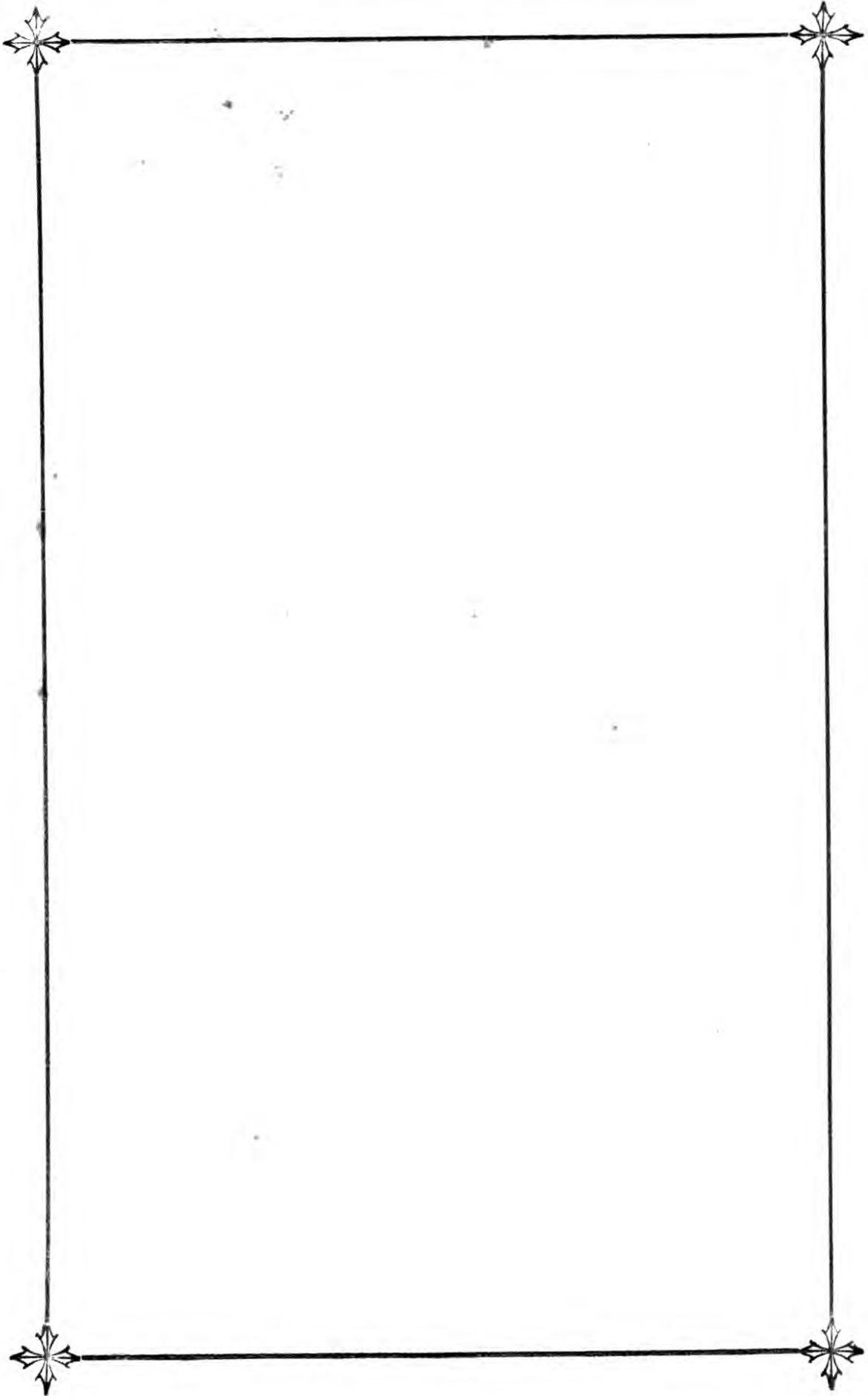
POETICAL WORKS



600087311Q











MOXON'S POPULAR POETS.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JAMES THOMSON.

*EDITED, WITH A CRITICAL MEMOIR,*

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

ILLUSTRATED BY

THOMAS SEYMOUR BE.  
BIBLIOPOLYCA



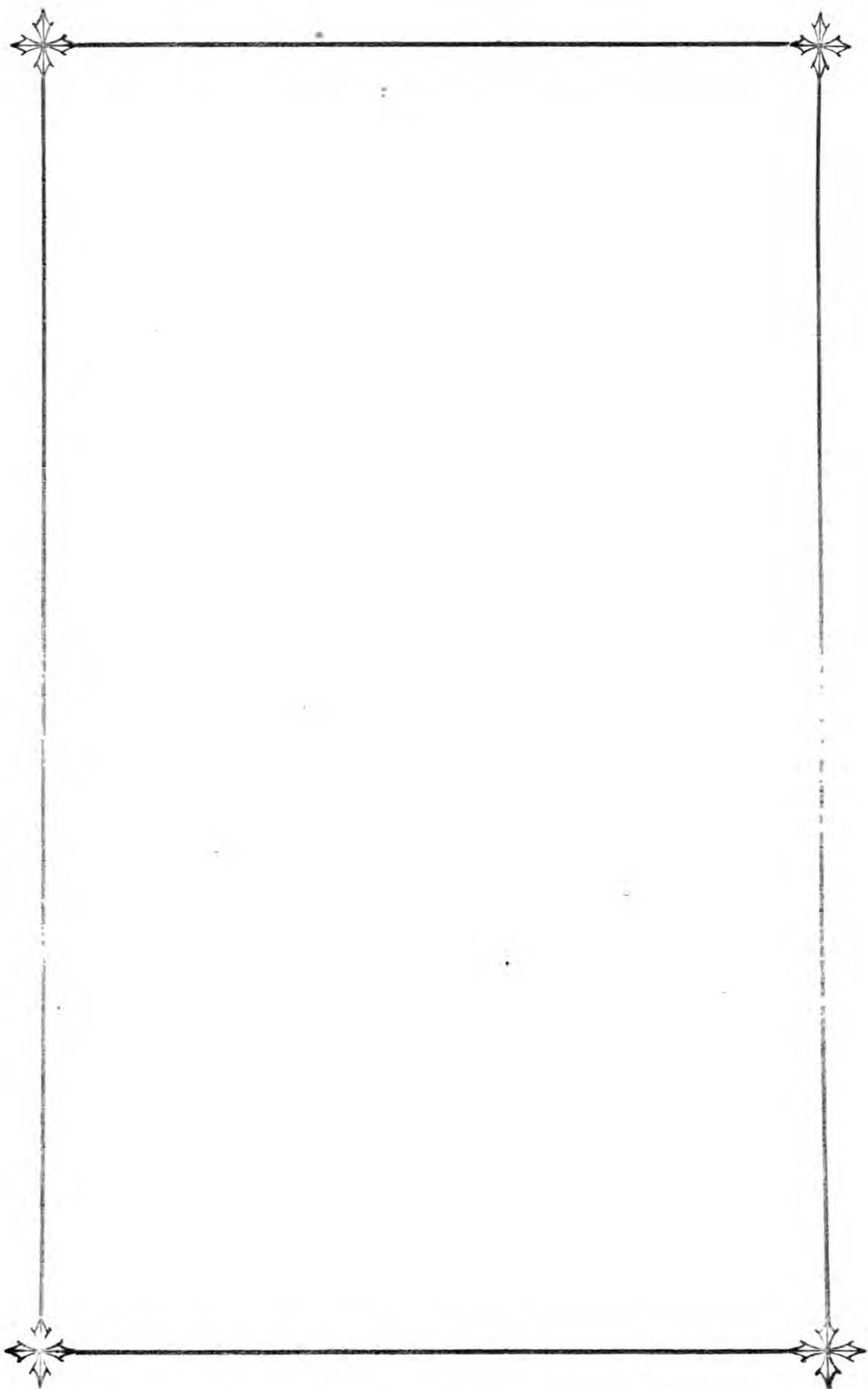
LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, & CO., WARWICK HOUSE,

DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

280. j. 717.







## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFATORY NOTICE, BY W. M. ROSSETTI . . . . .	ix
<b>THE SEASONS—</b>	
Spring . . . . .	I
Summer . . . . .	43
Autumn . . . . .	107
Winter . . . . .	155
<b>LIBERTY—</b>	
Ancient and Modern Italy compared . . . . .	206
Greece . . . . .	222
Rome . . . . .	241
Britain . . . . .	263
The Prospect . . . . .	309
<b>CASTLE OF INDOLENCE . . . . .</b>	<b>335</b>
<b>MISCELLANEOUS—</b>	
A Poetical Epistle to Sir Wm. Bennet, Bart., of Grubbat . . . . .	397
Psalm CIV. paraphrased . . . . .	400
On a Country Life . . . . .	404
On Happiness . . . . .	408
Verses on receiving a Flower from his Mistress . . . . .	413

	PAGE
<i>MISCELLANEOUS, continued—</i>	
An Elegy on Parting . . . . .	414
To Seraphina . . . . .	415
On the Hoop . . . . .	416
On May . . . . .	416
The Morning in the Country . . . . .	417
Lines on Marlèfield . . . . .	418
On Beauty . . . . .	419
An Elegy upon James Therburn . . . . .	422
On the Death of his Mother . . . . .	424
To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton . . . . .	427
A Paraphrase on the latter part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew . . . . .	434
The Happy Man . . . . .	436
The Incomparable Soporific Doctor . . . . .	437
Hymn on Solitude . . . . .	438
Britannia . . . . .	440
On the Death of Mr. Aikman . . . . .	451
On Mrs. Mendez' Birthday . . . . .	453
On the Report that a Wooden Bridge was to be built at Westminster . . . . .	453
To his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales . . . . .	454
To the Memory of the Right Hon. Lord Talbot . . . . .	455
On Æolus's Harp . . . . .	468
Hymn to God's Power . . . . .	469
A Complaint on the Miseries of Life . . . . .	470
To the Rev. Patrick Murdoch . . . . .	471
Epitaph on Miss Stanley . . . . .	472
Stanzas . . . . .	474

*CONTENTS.*

vii

PAGE

PASTORALS—

A Pastoral betwixt David, Thirsis, and the Angel Gabriel, upon the Birth of our Saviour . . . . .	477
A Pastoral between Thirsis and Corydon, upon the Death of Damon, by whom is meant Mr. W. Riddell	479
A Pastoral Entertainment . . . . .	481

SONGS—

A Nuptial Song . . . . .	484
To Her I Love . . . . .	485
To the God of Fond Desire . . . . .	486
The Lover's Fate . . . . .	487
To the Nightingale . . . . .	488
To Myra . . . . .	488
Song . . . . .	489

AMANDA—

To Love . . . . .	490
To Amanda . . . . .	491
Verses addressed to Amanda . . . . .	492
To the Same . . . . .	492
To Fortune . . . . .	493
Come, Gentle God . . . . .	494

SONGS IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED—

To Peace . . . . .	495
To Alfred . . . . .	495
Sweet Valley, Say . . . . .	496
From those Eternal Regions . . . . .	497
Contentment . . . . .	497
Rule, Britannia . . . . .	498

	PAGE
PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES—	
Epilogue to "Agamemnon" . . .	503
Prologue to Mallet's "Mustapha" . . .	504
Prologue to "Tancred and Sigismunda" . . .	505
Epilogue to "Tancred and Sigismunda" . . .	506





## PREFATORY NOTICE.

---

THE Poet of the Seasons deserved to be born, if not in some scene of natural majesty or magnificence, at least in a spot of rural amenity, away from the dense turmoil of great cities. This boon was accorded him ; the place of his birth being Ednam near Kelso, and the date 11 September<sup>1</sup> 1700. His father was the minister of Ednam, a man distinguished for piety. James received his earliest teaching at Jedburgh Grammar-school. Here, and even at a prior date, he attracted, by his taste for poetry, the attention of a neighbouring minister, the Rev. Mr. Riccaltoun, who encouraged his boyish attempts. On leaving this school, he went to the University of Edinburgh, and in 1719 became a student of divinity there—not, probably, a particularly diligent student whether in this or in other branches of the scholastic course. His chief care seems still to have been given to the cultiva-

<sup>1</sup> In some accounts I find 7 September ; but it is not correct.

tion of his poetical talents. He used (so the story goes) on every New-year's day, to burn the verses of the previous twelvemonth, writing at the same time some lines to set forth the reasons—and doubtless of these there was no lack—that warranted the immolation. It was principally by the advice of friends that he had been swayed towards theological studies, with the prospect of afterwards entering the Scottish Church; his father having died in 1720, during the second session of Thomson's University attendance, deeply mourned by him, and his mother with her large family—there had been nine children of the union—having in consequence removed into Edinburgh. This mother, Beatrix Trotter, is described as a woman of no little elevation of character and mind. By birth she was allied to the Hume race, coheiress of a small estate; an enthusiastic devotee, imaginative, and altogether such a person as, according to the fitness of things, might well give birth to a poet. She lived to see her son a man of celebrity.

A small but significant incident is said to have determined Thomson to abandon the ministerial career, and to trust to that of a man of letters, more especially in poetry. In his probation for the Scottish Church he was called on by Dr. Hamilton, the Professor of Divinity, to expound a portion of the 119th Psalm relative to the glory of God. This he did with so much richness and loftiness of language as to entail censure no less than praise. The audience were astonished, and Dr. Hamilton complimented his diction; but reproved it as not being generally intelligible, and so not befitting one whose office it would be to preach the gospel to the poor, and do practical work in an undis-

tinguished sphere. The youth now paid enhanced attention to poetry, but received from his circle of acquaintance at least as much discouragement as support. One of the persons who showed the most faith in his poetical vocation was Lady Grisel Bailie, who was at this time, 1725, sojourning in London. This fact, combining with general and well-weighed considerations as to the true sphere for a poet, as yet unknown, to come forward in and secure recognition, determined Thomson to leave without further delay the Scottish, and come up to the English, capital; for even Scotchmen had not, at that early date, discovered Edinburgh to be "the modern Athens." It does not seem to be quite clear whether Thomson had any definite employment so long as he remained in Scotland: he may perhaps have been domestic tutor in the family of Lord Binning, and he continued these duties upon his first arrival in London. He travelled by sea; and, on coming to London, looked up his college-acquaintance David Mallet (or more properly Malloch) who was then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose. Lady Grisel, it would appear, did not act up to the more or less definite promises which she had given of promoting the young adventurer's interests; and letters of introduction to some other influential persons, which he had brought with him from Scotland, were stolen from him in the street. Mallet, under these untoward circumstances, was the person to whom Thomson chiefly had recourse for friendly offices; and he gave him, on one important practical point, advice which rapidly set the aspirant on the road to fame.

Thomson showed Mallet the MS. of the poem which was



afterwards developed into the *Winter*, concluding *The Seasons*. At present it consisted merely of various detached descriptive pieces : these Mallet advised him to connect into a continuous composition, and so to publish it. This counsel proved eminently judicious. The poem was published by a Mr. Millar in 1726, he having bought the MS. from Thomson at a small price : it was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton. At first it produced little impression ; but two persons of critical repute, Mr. Whateley and Mr. Spence, admired it, and gave it vogue. Still more influential in the same cause was Aaron Hill the poet, a man of considerable position in the world : the adulation with which Thomson requited him, in various letters dated about this time, is beyond all credence and all toleration. At last the hitherto passive dedicatee presented Thomson with a sum of £21, and he obtained introductions to Pope, who conceived a sincere regard for him, and to other magnates of literature and society. Many editions of the *Winter* succeeded one another. In 1727 the author published also the *Summer*, and his *Britannia*, and the poems *To the Memory of Newton*, and *On Death*. The *Britannia* identified Thomson with the interests of the opposition : it was aimed against the ministry, on account of their not checking the Spanish aggressions in America. In his encomium of Newton, Thomson obtained some guidance from the scientific knowledge of Mr. John Gray, afterwards Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1728 the section of *Spring* followed ; and the entire poem of *The Seasons* was completed in 1730 by the addition of the *Autumn*. Meanwhile, in 1728, the tragedy of *Sophonisba* had been brought out, and played at Drury Lane : Mrs. Oldfield

acted the heroine. The drama had excited great expectations, but secured scanty success. We have all read the anecdote of the singularly unfortunate line,

Oh Sophonisba, Sophonisba ! oh !

which was ridiculed by the tempting parody,

Oh Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson ! oh !

*Agamemnon* ensued after *Sophonisba*; then *Edward and Eleonora*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and finally *Coriolanus*: Thomson's works in a dramatic form are completed by the masque of *Alfred*. *Edward and Eleonora* was offered for acting, but prohibited: the reason being that it contains various allusions applicable to the then Prince of Wales, and his attitude as head of the opposition. One of the ministerial writers remarked that, in this play, Thomson "had taken a *Liberty* which was not agreeable to *Britannia* in any *Season*." As to the dramas generally, it may be said that a Quixotically-minded reader who might make the attempt of reading these long-extinct performances would assuredly not find his enterprise in any degree repaid: any words of critical comment would therefore be equally wasted. The *Agamemnon* was produced on the stage in 1738, Quin acting the Grecian king: it is said that Thomson attended on the first night, seated in the upper gallery, and was so interested in his own production as unconsciously to follow the actors with audible recitation of the lines, until he was checked by the bystanders. In the masque of *Alfred* he had the coöperation of Mallet. This composition contains the celebrated lyric of "Rule Britannia," of which it would appear that the authorship should be ascribed to Mallet

rather than to Thomson himself. *Tancred and Sigismunda* (founded on a story in *Gil Blas*) was the most successful of Thomson's pieces on the stage : Garrick and Mrs. Cibber appeared in it, and it continued as an acting-piece up to 1788, if not later. *Coriolanus* was not produced during the author's lifetime ; but, shortly after his death, it was played for the benefit of his sisters.

These brief details concerning the dramatic pieces have diverted us from the consecutive narrative of Thomson's life—which indeed presents the fewest incidents for record. The only occupation he ever took up, not immediately proper to his own work as a poet, was that, after ceasing to be domestic tutor in Lord Binning's family, he served in the like capacity to a young gentleman in Little Tower Street : this was relinquished not later than early in 1727. In 1729 he went abroad, as the travelling companion of the Honourable Charles Talbot, eldest son of the Lord Chancellor, and thus visited most of the countries and courts of Europe. On his return, the poem of *Liberty* formed his chief occupation for two years. Thomson, whose patriotic feelings were lively, regarded this as his finest work : an opinion in which—as has been the case with more poets than one—the author differed from the reading public, with whom this performance never became popular.<sup>1</sup> It was issued in separate parts : the *Italy, Greece, and Rome*, successively in 1735, and *Britain and The Prospect* in 1736. Lord Lyttel-

<sup>1</sup> Aaron Hill, however, professed a huge admiration of the poem. He said in a letter to Thomson : " I look upon this mighty work as the last stretched blaze of our expiring genius. It is the dying effort of despairing and indignant virtue, and will stand like one of those immortal pyramids which carry their magnificence through times that wonder to see nothing round them but uncomfortable desert."

ton undertook the not wholly unbecoming, yet somewhat thankless and unremunerative, task of shortening this poem ; and it has since then been mostly republished in its abridged form. About this time (perhaps in 1734) Thomson received an appointment to an office that was little more than a sinecure, that of Secretary of Briefs. His tenure, however, was of no long continuance. Lord Chancellor Talbot died in 1737, and Hardwicke succeeded him : Thomson—whether through modesty, mere inertness, or whatever other cause—failed to solicit a renewal of the nomination, and thus he lost it. After no very long interval, Frederick Prince of Wales bestowed a pension of £100 per annum on our author, who had already dedicated to him the poem of *Liberty*: he had meanwhile been somewhat straitened in means, and found it expedient to intimate to the Prince that his affairs were “in a more poetical posture than formerly.” The pension was revoked towards 1748, in consequence probably of some pique which the Prince felt against Thomson’s chief patron, Sir George (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton. Towards 1745 he obtained another post, being appointed by Lyttelton to the office of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands : this berth brought him in a clear annual income of £300, after deducting the pay of his deputy—for it need hardly be said that the Leeward Islands remained to Thomson a *terra incognita*.

There is only one other incident to be named in his career—the publication in 1746 of his *Castle of Indolence*, after many years’ working and polishing—an amount of labour greater than he appears to have bestowed on any other of his poems, which were generally subjected to but

little revision. The *Castle of Indolence* had at first been begun merely as a slight personal raillery upon himself and some of his friends. His death followed not very long afterwards. Returning one evening by water from London to his residence in Kew Lane, he caught cold, which led on to a fever, and he expired on the 27th of August 1748. He lies buried in Richmond Church. A monument was moreover erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey in 1762, out of the profits—which even in his lifetime were not inconsiderable—accruing from his works. Indeed he died in what might be termed a condition of affluence, though not wholly free from debts.

Thomson was above the middle size, of a fat and bulky form ; with a face that might almost be called dull, and an uninviting heavy look, although in his early youth he had even been counted handsome, and his eyes were expressive. He was mostly taciturn, save in the company of his familiar friends : with them he was cheerful and pleasant, and he secured their attachment in an eminent degree : the poet Gray held a distinguished place among them, though he was Thomson's junior by sixteen years. In acts of beneficence he was open-handed to the utmost extent of his means : but to intercede with others for any such purpose was a labour insupportable to his retiring, sluggish temperament. Unaffected and simple, he was also to some extent self-indulgent : he liked his ease, and his pleasure, and would take of these whatever Fortune was so propitious as to allow him. Richard Savage, who was much in Thomson's company, has mentioned that a lady of his own acquaintance, but to whom Thomson was personally un-

known, once guessed, from an admiring perusal of his works, that he must be an ardent devoted lover, a great swimmer, and markedly abstinent. Savage, however, had to correct the inferences of enthusiasm; and to inform the fair one that the bard of the *Seasons* and of *Liberty* knew no love beyond the universal appetite of sex, had perhaps never been in cold water in his life, and cherished bodily comforts as far as his means permitted. In some other respects the testimony of Savage was wholly in favour of Thomson: he praised his social qualities, and the steadiness of his friendship, especially for old acquaintances whom he had outstripped in the career of worldly prosperity. He was besides free from all literary jealousy or malignity; and preserved an unruffled temper, unless his indignation were excited by evidences of cruelty or hard-heartedness in others. Thomson lived unmarried. At one period of his life, however, towards 1743, he had a great desire to change his single condition, and courted the lady whom he has celebrated as "Amanda." This was Miss Young, daughter of Captain Gilbert Young, of Gulyhill, Dumfriesshire. The poet's pecuniary position was not considered sufficiently firm, and Miss Young married Vice-Admiral John Campbell. It may be added that a letter belonging to the last year of Thomson's lifetime (4 October 1747) has been preserved, addressed to one of his sisters, in which he says that he had not married in his earlier days on account of uncertainty in his means of subsistence, and that he now felt himself to be past the matrimonial age, yet might perhaps, at no distant date, seek a wife in his native Scotland,

Although the anecdote of the loftiness of his diction in his student time might have led to a contrary surmise, and his voice was naturally effective, it is said that Thomson was a very slovenly elocutionist when he had to pronounce anything of a dignified kind : he was once perusing some of his lines to Bubb Doddington, who was reputed to excel as a reader, and who was so annoyed at the poet's deficiency as to snatch the MS. from his hands, observing that Thomson did not understand his own verses. He was fond of the fine arts, and especially of music ; and would listen for an hour together to the singing of nightingales. His general mode of living was marked by simplicity, not uncombined with elegance. He is reported to have written better in autumn than at other seasons of the year, and at night than in the day.

Thomson was not a Christian in religious belief : this is plainly shown by a letter which Lord Lyttelton addressed to him in 1747 ; indeed, his lordship had written his *Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul*, partly with a view to proselytizing the poet. After the death of the latter, Lyttelton wrote : " Thomson, I hope and believe, died a Christian : had he lived longer, I don't doubt but he would have openly professed his faith." The foundation for any such confidence seems to be very scanty. It should be understood nevertheless that Thomson was a firm believer in Providence and in the immortality of the soul, which he believed to be destined for progressively augmenting bliss.

Lord Lyttelton said of Thomson that he had written

" Not  
One line which dying he could wish to blot."

Johnson—who, speaking of the poet as a contemporary, was more likely to be struck by this point, and to estimate it rightly, than a reader of the present day—considered him very original ; original both in the turn of thought, and in the form and execution of his poems. At this date, the time for criticizing Thomson is long past : his place is well fixed, and he will retain it for so long as good poetical work of the secondary or tertiary order continues a living thing. Already, indeed, the general mass of his performance is defunct : *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*—certainly not his own favourite composition *Liberty*—survive with other than a galvanic life. *The Castle of Indolence* is generally regarded as the more finished and excellent production of the two : *The Seasons*, however, are very greatly more important, and this not only in respect of length. To have selected a subject so vast and universal, and so open to the sympathies and perceptions, and amenable to the personal experience and judgment, of all sorts and conditions of readers in all times, was no small achievement, nor deserving of scanty grateful recognition. It may be even regarded as one of the privileges and distinctions of English poesy that the poet of the seasons should have been British in birth and tongue. Such a subject was free of access to every language under heaven : in any nation a poet *might* have arisen to mould this theme into song, and give it the hues of his own nationality, but it was in British soil that he *did* arise. And certainly Thomson is one of the men to whom has been given that almost impossible prerogative—

“ To add a sweetness to the violet.”

For generations past, as the magic of Nature unrolls its



annual recurrences and vicissitudes, some beauty or some majesty has here and there, by this person and by that, been more keenly perceived, more deeply loved, or acknowledged with a more fully realized sense of awe, because of something written by Thomson. He has been one of the concentrators and intensifiers—one of the fixing and fashioning spirits—of that characteristically modern passion, the love of scenery. A shabby copy of *The Seasons* was once observed by some one laid on the window-seat of a country ale-house: "That's true fame," remarked the man. And perhaps a similar incident might even at the present day be likely enough, and bring the same words to one's lips: certainly, within living memory, it would have been altogether likely. Our progenitors, to the fourth and fifth step of ascent from our own time, have delighted in Thomson; and, notwithstanding the shifting of literary models, and of the tenor of public taste, our successors, to as remote or a remoter term, may probably do the same.

W. M. ROSSETTI.





## THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.

---

### THE SEASONS.

---

#### SPRING.

##### DEDICATION.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

MADAM,—I have always observed that, in addresses of this nature, the general taste of the world demands ingenious turns of wit, and disguised artful periods, instead of an open sincerity of sentiment flowing in a plain expression. From what secret impatience of the justest praise, when bestowed on others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended delicacy, is beyond my purpose here to inquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the disposition of a soul sincerely pleased with the contemplation of what is beautiful, and excellent, than wit and turn; I have too much respect for your ladyship's character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling manner, or venture on a particular detail of those truly amiable qualities of which it is composed. A mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a heart overflowing with humanity, and the whole train of virtues thence derived, that give a pleasing spirit to con-

<sup>1</sup> The prose dedications were afterwards suppressed, and poetical addresses substituted, as in the text.

versation, an engaging simplicity to the manners, and form the life to harmony, are rather to be felt, and silently admired, than expressed. I have attempted, in the following poem, to paint some of the most tender beauties and delicate appearances of Nature; how much in vain, your ladyship's taste will, I am afraid, but too soon discover: yet would it still be a much easier task to find expression for all that variety of colour, form, and fragrance, which enrich the Season I describe, than to speak the many nameless graces and native riches of a mind capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society. To whom then could these sheets be more properly inscribed than to you, madam, whose influence in the world can give them the protection they want, while your fine imagination, and intimate acquaintance with rural nature, will recommend them with the greatest advantage to your favourable notice? Happy! if I have hit any of those images, and correspondent sentiments, your calm evening walks, in the most delightful retirement, have oft inspired. I could add, too, that as this poem grew up under your encouragement, it has therefore a natural claim to your patronage. Should you read it with approbation, its music shall not droop; and should it have the good fortune to deserve your smiles, its roses shall not wither. But where the subject is so tempting, lest I begin my poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break short, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with the highest respect, madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ARGUMENT.—The subject proposed—Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford—The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with digressions arising from the subject—Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and last on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower

Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford,<sup>1</sup> fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation joined  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale ;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulphed  
To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold ;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
Fleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Duchess of Somerset. She died in 1754.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,  
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers  
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough  
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.  
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.  
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share  
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White, through the neighbouring fields the sower  
stalks,

With measured step ; and, liberal, throws the grain  
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !  
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !  
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :  
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung  
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.  
In ancient times, the sacred plough employed  
The kings and awful fathers of mankind :  
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm  
Of mighty war, then with victorious hand,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seized  
The plough, and greatly independent scorned  
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough !  
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales  
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
Luxuriant and unbounded ! As the sea,  
Far through his azure turbulent domain,  
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,  
So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,  
And be the exhaustless granary of a world !

Nor only through the lenient air this change,  
Delicious, breathes : the penetrative sun,  
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power  
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,  
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green !  
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !  
United light and shade ! where the sight dwells  
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.  
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves

Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed  
In all the colours of the flushing year  
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavished fragrance ; while the promised fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;  
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta,<sup>1</sup> in thy plains,  
And see the country, far diffused around,  
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms : where the raptured eye  
Hurries from joy to joy ; and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brushed from Russian wilds, a cutting gale  
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
Untimely frost—before whose baleful blast

<sup>1</sup> London.

The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,  
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.  
For oft, engendered by the hazy north,  
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp  
Keen in the poisoned breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
Through buds and bark, into the blackened core  
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft  
The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course  
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.  
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
And blazing straw before his orchard burns—  
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls :  
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe ;  
Or, when the envenomed leaf begins to curl,  
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :  
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

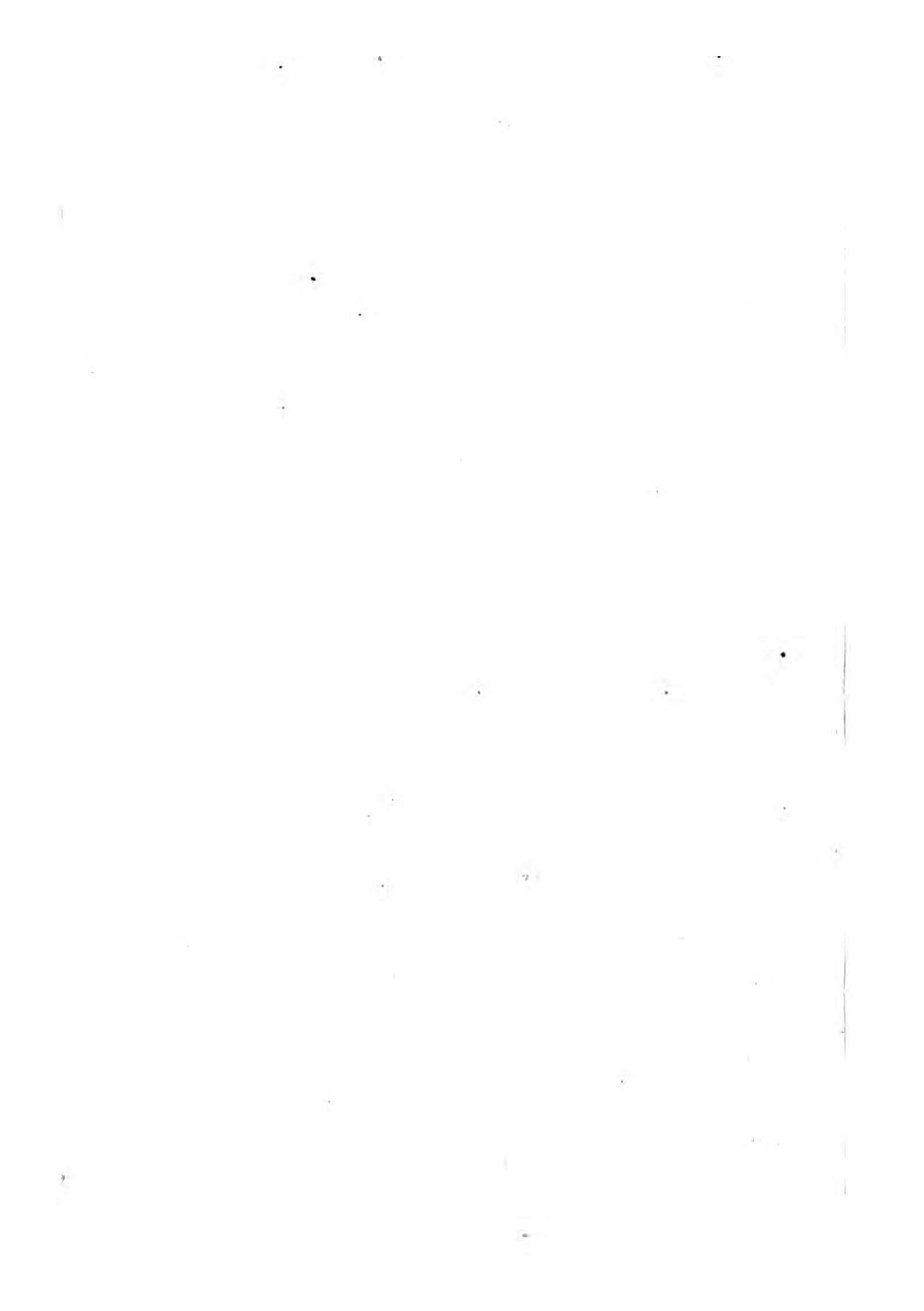
Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds  
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repressed,  
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with  
rain,

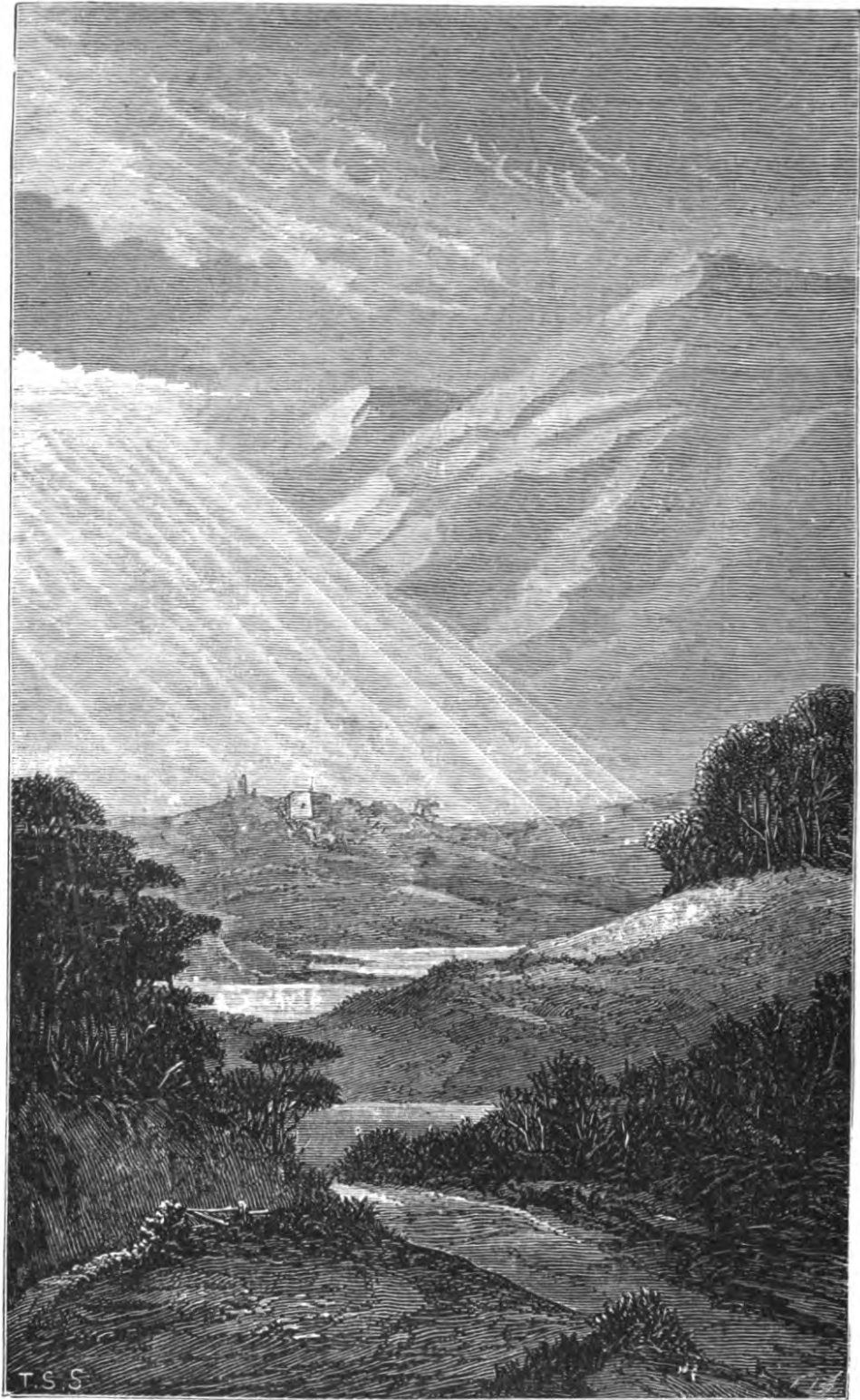
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,  
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,  
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage, he now shut up  
Within his iron cave—the effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.



At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether ; but by fast degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,  
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom :  
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye  
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;  
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.





*"The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes the illumined mountain."*

*Page 9.*

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?  
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth ;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered earth  
Is deep enriched with vegetable life ;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
The illumined mountain ; through the forest streams ;  
Shakes on the floods ; and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems,  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,  
Mixed in wild concert, with the warbling brooks  
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.  
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red

To where the violet fades into the sky.  
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain.  
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory ; but amazed  
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
A softened shade ; and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,  
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanist to number up their tribes :  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search ; or through the forest, rank  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
Innumerable mixed them with the nursing mould,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,

While yet he lived in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years, unfleshed in blood ;  
A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease—  
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened race  
Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;  
For their light slumbers gentle fumed away,  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole  
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale  
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
Was known among those happy sons of heaven ;  
For reason and benevolence were law.  
Harmonious Nature too looked smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
Dropped fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,  
The herds and flocks, commixing, played secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy ;

For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
Soft sighed the flute ; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
Applied their quire ; and winds and waters flowed  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemished minutes, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distempered mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
The foul disorder. Senseless and deformed,  
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,  
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;  
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
That noble wish, that never cloyed desire,  
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone  
To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,  
Of life impatient, into madness swells,  
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,  
From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
Formed infinitely various, vex the mind  
With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling, grows  
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;  
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.

At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
And joyless inhumanity pervades  
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturbed  
Is deemed, vindictive, to have changed her course

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :  
When the deep-cleft departing orb, that arched  
The central waters round, impetuous rushed,  
With universal burst, into the gulph,  
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth  
Wide-dashed the waves, in undulation vast ;  
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
Oppressed a broken world : the Winter keen  
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot  
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
Greened all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blushed,  
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.  
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm  
Perpetual reigned, save what the zephyrs bland  
Breathed o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms  
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;



Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms  
Swelled in the sky, and sent the lightning forth :  
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy tossed, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
Their period finished ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;  
Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravin fired, ensanguined man  
Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
E'er ploughed for him. They too are tempered high,  
With hunger stung and wild necessity ;  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But man, whom Nature formed of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep—while from her lap  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth—shall he, fair form !  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,

And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,  
Blood-stained, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,  
What have ye done? ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death? you, who have given us milk  
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,  
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest—shall he bleed,  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hand  
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,  
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart  
Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,  
In this late age, adventurous, to have touched  
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.<sup>1</sup>  
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
Whose wisest will has fixed us in a state  
That must not yet to pure perfection rise:  
Besides, who knows, how raised to higher life,  
From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends?

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away—  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream  
Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,

<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras.

The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.  
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,  
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;  
Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,  
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent sun  
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race  
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;  
Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;  
The next, pursue their rocky-channelled maze.  
Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbèd hook ;  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,

And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,  
With various hand proportioned to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line ;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The caverned bank, his old secure abode ;  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;  
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore  
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours : but when the sun  
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,

Even shooting listless languor through the deeps,  
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,  
Where scattered wild the lily of the vale  
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
With all the lowly children of the shade ;  
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash  
Hung o'er the steep, whence borne on liquid wing  
The sounding culver<sup>1</sup> shoots ; or where the hawk  
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds.  
There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain  
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;  
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift  
Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;  
Or, by the vocal woods and waters lulled,  
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,  
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix  
Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace—  
All but the swellings of the softened heart,  
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the muse  
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,

<sup>1</sup> The old name of the pigeon, still applied to the house dove in Devon.

And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows? If fancy, then,  
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words  
Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,  
To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.  
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths whose hearts  
Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!  
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul—  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,  
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart:  
O come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossomed beans. Arabia cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence

Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumbered flowers,  
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild ;  
Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,  
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finished garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
Snatched through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
Distracted wanders : now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps ;  
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace :  
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,

And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes ;  
The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown ;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round ;  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemones ; auriculas, enriched  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays  
Her idle freaks : from family diffused  
To family, as flies the father-dust,  
The varied colours run ; and, while they break  
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :  
Nor haycinths, of purest virgin white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,  
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
Nor broad carnations ; nor gay-spotted pinks ;  
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask-rose.  
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.  
Hail ! Source of Being ! Universal Soul  
Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !  
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts,  
Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,  
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.  
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,



Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.  
By Thee disposed into congenial soils,  
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells  
The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.  
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes  
The torpid sap, detruded to the root  
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,  
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
All this innumeros-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
My panting muse ; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,  
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;  
And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,  
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn :

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove ;  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Poured out profusely, silent : joined to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert ; while the stockdove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,

Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance  
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,  
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspired,  
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,  
Retire disordered ; then again approach ;  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;  
That Nature's great command may be obeyed,  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,

And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,  
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,  
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,  
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows.  
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away ; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time  
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,  
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light ;  
A helpless family, demanding food  
With constant clamour. Oh, what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly,  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young ;  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould.

And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
In some lone cot, amid the distant woods,  
Sustained alone by providential Heaven,  
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,  
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,  
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,  
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarmed, deceive  
The unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head,  
Of wandering swain, the white-winged plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence.  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead  
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confined, and boundless air.  
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear !

If on your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruined care, too delicately framed  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls ;  
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,  
Where all abandoned to despair she sings  
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough  
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feathered youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,  
Demand the free possession of the sky :  
'This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown :  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.  
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,  
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
On nature's common, far as they can see  
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge

Their resolution fails—their pinions still,  
In loose libration stretched, to trust the void  
Trembling refuse—till down before them fly  
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging air receives  
The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings  
Winnow the waving element. On ground  
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;  
Till, vanished every fear, and every power  
Roused into life and action, light in air  
The acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race  
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young ;  
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.  
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace,  
Unstained he holds, while many a league to sea  
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,  
In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive—there, well-pleased,  
I might the various polity survey

Of the mixed household kind. The careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;  
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks  
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
The finely-chequered duck, before her train  
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out her snowy plumage to the gale ;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads  
His every-coloured glory to the sun,  
And swims in radiant majesty along.  
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame  
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels.  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud  
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,  
He seeks the fight ; and idly-butting, feigns



His rival gored in every knotty trunk.  
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:  
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollowed earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
And groaning deep the impetuous battle mix;  
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed  
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,  
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;  
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,  
And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes  
The exciting gale; then, deep-descending, cleaves  
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
Even where the madness of the straitened stream  
Turns in black eddies round—such is the force  
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,  
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
The cruel raptures of the savage kind;  
How, by this flame their native wrath sublimed,  
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme  
I sing, enraptured, to the British fair,

Forbids ; and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,  
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
Of various cadence, and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,  
They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
When disunited Britain ever bled,  
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads ;  
And, o'er our labours, liberty and law  
Impartial watch—the wonder of the world !

What is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,  
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,  
Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and through their breast  
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?  
Inspiring God ! who, boundless spirit all,  
And unremitting energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone  
Seems not to work ; with such perfection framed  
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.  
But, though concealed, to every purer eye  
The informing Author in his works appears :  
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,

The smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,  
And air attest his bounty—which exalts  
The brute creation to this finer thought,  
And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
And sing the infusive force of Spring on man ;  
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove  
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks  
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth.  
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,  
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !  
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
Of all his works, Creative Bounty burns  
With warmest beam ; and on your open front  
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat  
Inviting modest want. Nor till invoked  
Can restless goodness wait : your active search  
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;  
Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft  
The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
For you the roving spirit of the wind  
Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds  
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;  
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Reviving sickness lifts her languid head ;  
Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed health exalts  
The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
Induces thought, and contemplation still.  
By swift degrees the love of nature works,  
And warms the bosom ; till at last, sublimed  
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
We feel the present Deity, and taste  
The joy of God to see a happy world !

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
Thy heart informed by reason's purer ray,  
O Lyttleton, the friend ! thy passions thus  
And meditations vary, as at large,  
Courting the muse, through Hagley-park you stray ;  
Thy British Tempè ! There along the dale,  
With woods o'er-hung, and shagged with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,  
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of ruling peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake

On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,  
You wander through the philosophic world ;  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time :  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
And honest zeal unwarped by party-rage,  
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulph  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The muses charm ; while, with sure taste refined,  
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song,  
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,  
With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Tossed by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
The tender heart is animated peace ;  
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
In varied converse, softening every theme,  
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured drink  
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Inimitable happiness ! which love  
Alone bestows, and on a favoured few.  
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;

And snatched o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
And villages embosomed soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns marked  
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams ;  
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt  
The hospitable genius lingers still,  
To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills—  
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;  
The shining moisture swells into her eyes  
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves  
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :  
Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submission dressed,  
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,  
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,  
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,

Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love,  
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.  
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,  
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
Still paints the illusive form, the kindling grace,  
The enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :  
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid—while music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—  
Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears  
Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still,  
And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !  
Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin fall his scorned affairs.  
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darkened sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosomed Spring  
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,

Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All nature fades extinct ; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue  
The unfinished period falls : while, borne away  
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fixed  
In melancholy site, with head declined,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs ; there through the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love ; or on the bank  
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day ;  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his ; or, while the world  
And all the sons of care lie hushed in sleep,



Associates with the midnight shadows drear :  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-tortured heart into the page  
Meant for the moving messenger of love—  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed  
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds; till the grey morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps  
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks;  
Sometimes in crowds distressed; or if retired  
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatched from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Through forests huge, and long untravelled heaths  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks, aghast,  
Back from the bending precipice; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore, where succourless and sad  
She with extended arms his aid implores,  
But strives in vain: borne by the outrageous flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelmed beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah! then, instead of love-enlivened cheeks  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poisoned soul malignant sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought;  
Her first endearments, twining round the soul,

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew ;  
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins ;  
While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart :  
For even the sad assurance of his fears  
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;  
His brightest flames extinguished all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;

Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven  
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possessed  
Of a mere lifeless, violated form :  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face—  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear  
Surprises often, while you look around,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
All various Nature pressing on the heart ;  
An elegant sufficiency, content,

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.





## S U M M E R.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. DODINGTON, ONE OF THE  
LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, ETC.

SIR,—It is not my purpose, in this address, to run into the common tract of dedicators, and attempt a panegyric which would prove ungrateful to you, too arduous for me, and superfluous with regard to the world. To you it would prove ungrateful, since there is a certain generous delicacy in men of the most distinguished merit, disposing them to avoid those praises they so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a character, in which the Virtues, the Graces, and the Muses join their influence, as much exceeds the expression of the most elegant and judicious pen, as the finished beauty does the representation of the pencil, I have the best reasons for declining an arduous undertaking. As, indeed, it would be superfluous in itself; for what reader need be told of those great abilities in the management of public affairs, and those amiable accomplishments in private life, which you so eminently possess. The general voice is loud in the praise of so many virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice. But may you, sir, live long to illustrate your own fame by your own actions, and by them be transmitted to future times as the British Mæcenas!

Your example has recommended poetry, with the greatest grace, to the admiration of those who are engaged in the highest and most active scenes of life: and this, though confessedly the least considerable of those exalted qualities that dignify your character,

must be particularly pleasing to one, whose only hope of being introduced to your regard is through the recommendation of an art in which you are a master. But I forget what I have been declaring above, and must therefore turn my eyes to the following sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your perusal, they are put into the hands of one of the finest, and consequently the most indulgent judges of the age : but as there is no mediocrity in poetry, so should there be no limit to its ambition. I venture directly on the trial of my fame. If what I here present you has any merit to gain your approbation, I am not afraid of its success ; and if it fails of your notice, I give it up to its just fate. This advantage at least I secure to myself, an occasion of thus publicly declaring that I am, with the profoundest veneration, sir, your most devoted, humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

**ARGUMENT.**—The subject proposed—Invocation—Address to Mr. Dodington—An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies ; whence the succession of the Seasons—As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day—The dawn—Sunrising—Hymn to the sun—Forenoon—Summer insects described—Hay-making—Sheep-shearing—Noon day—A woodland retreat—Group of herds and flocks—A solemn grove : how it affects a contemplative mind—A cataract, and rude scene—View of Summer in the torrid zone—Storm of thunder and lightning—A tale—The storm over, a serene afternoon—Bathing—Hour of walking—Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain—Sunset—Evening—Night—Summer meteors—A comet—The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
 Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :  
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,

And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushing face ; and earth, and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;  
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, inspiration ! from thy hermit seat,  
By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,  
From thy fixed serious eye, and raptured glance  
Shot out surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite ;  
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;  
Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,  
By decency chastised ; goodness and wit,  
In seldom-meeting harmony combined ;  
Unblemished honour, and an active zeal  
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man :  
O Dodington ! attend my rural song,  
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power  
Were first the unwieldy planets launched along  
The illimitable void ! thus to remain,



Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft has swept the toiling race of men  
And all their laboured monuments away,  
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;  
To the kind-tempered change of night and day,  
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,  
Minutely faithful : such the All-perfect Hand  
That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the alternate Twins are fired,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east—  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And, from before the lustre of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,  
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dust, the smoking currents shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes,  
The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;

And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ;  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song ?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
Total extinction of the enlightened soul !  
Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams !  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than Nature craves ; when every muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,  
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light !  
Of all material beings first, and best !  
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In unessential gloom ; and thou, O sun !  
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourn  
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk  
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !  
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life—  
How many forms of being wait on thee !  
Inhaling spirit ; from the unfettered mind,  
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
Meantime, the expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn ; while, round thy beaming car,  
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered hours,  
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,  
And softened into joy the surly storms.  
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
From land to land is flushed the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enlivened earth,  
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined—  
But, to the bowelled cavern darting deep,  
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;  
Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnished war  
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of peace  
Hence bless mankind ; and generous commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected light, compact ; that, polished bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,  
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns ;  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,

When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the green emerald shows. But, all com-  
bined,  
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;  
Or, flying several from its surface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the sight varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,  
In brighter mazes the relucient stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
And all the much-transported muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far ; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,  
Who, Light Himself ! in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Filled, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
That beam for ever through the boundless sky :  
But, should he hide his face, the astonished sun,

And all the extinguished stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice ;  
Even in the depth of solitary woods,  
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power ;  
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad-displayed ;  
And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptured to translate,  
My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms  
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,  
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills  
In party-coloured bands ; till wide unveiled  
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far-stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires,  
There on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;  
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,

Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,  
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,  
When fevers revel through their azure veins.  
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold:  
While the full-uddered mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence and health! The daw,  
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks  
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embowered,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The housedog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp,  
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer-race  
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,  
Not mean though simple: to the sun allied,  
From him they draw their animating fire.

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come winged abroad; by the light air upborne,

Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms—or rising from their tombs,  
To higher life—by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool  
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,  
Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed trout,  
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade  
Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed,  
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,  
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,  
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:  
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,  
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,  
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,  
Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap  
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.



Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
Passes ; as oft the ruffian shows his front.  
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,  
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
Strikes backward, grimly pleased : the fluttering wing,  
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,  
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground :  
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
To him who muses through the woods at noon ;  
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,  
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading even the microscopic eye !  
Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organised,  
Waiting the vital breath, when Parent-Heaven  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen  
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud  
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,  
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,  
That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze,  
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible  
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,  
Void of their unseen people. These, concealed  
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds  
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,  
From cates ambrosial, and the nectared bowl,  
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,  
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunned with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?  
As if upon a full proportioned dome,  
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art !  
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man whose universal eye  
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,  
Marked their dependence so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude

That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
From Infinite Perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns?  
'Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,  
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,  
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-winged,  
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass  
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the joyful mead:  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell ;  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet haycock rises thick behind,  
In order gay : while heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :  
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting labour to the farthest shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banished by the sordid stream,  
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill—and, tossed from rock to rock,

Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumeros pressed,  
Head above head ; and ranged in lusty rows  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;  
Others the unwilling wether drag along ;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !  
What softness in its melancholy face,  
What dumb complaining innocence appears !  
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;  
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
Who having now, to pay his annual care,  
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees  
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands  
The exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
The treasures of the sun without his rage ;  
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
Wide glows her land ; her dreadful thunder hence  
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;  
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all  
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.  
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
Stoops for relief ; thence hot-ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields  
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.  
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
Of sharpening scythe ; the mower, sinking, heaps  
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed ;  
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.  
The very streams look languid from afar ;  
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath !  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus

Bears down the opposing stream ; quenchless his  
thirst,

He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;  
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth ;  
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around

These are the haunts of meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retired,  
Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,  
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favoured soul  
For future trials fated to prepare  
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ;  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel  
A sacred terror, a severe delight,

Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear  
Of fancy strikes : “ Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we  
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew—  
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life  
Toiled, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
Amid these dim recesses, undisturbed  
By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature’s God.  
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon.  
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
And voices chanting from the wood-crowned hill,  
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade ;  
A privilege bestowed by us, alone,  
On contemplation, or the hallowed ear  
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

Art thou, Stanley,<sup>1</sup> of that sacred band ?  
Alas, for us too soon !—Though raised above  
The reach of human pain, above the flight  
Of human joy, yet, with a mingled ray  
Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel

<sup>1</sup> A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.



A mother's love, a mother's tender woe ;  
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene,  
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,  
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
Inspired—where moral wisdom mildly shone  
Without the toil of art, and virtue glowed  
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.  
But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;  
Or rather to Parental Nature pay  
The tears of grateful joy—who for a while  
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.  
Believe the muse : the wintry blast of death  
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread  
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,  
I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound  
Of a near fall of water every sense  
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back,  
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;  
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.





*"And falling fast from gradual slope to slope."*

*Page 65.*

Nor can the tortured wave here find repose :  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now  
Aslant, the hollowed channel rapid darts ;  
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
With upward pinions, through the flood of day ;  
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,  
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
Smit by afflictive noon, disordered droop,  
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stockdove only through the forest coos,  
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe ! again  
The sad idea of his murdered mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air :  
There on that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head  
By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm  
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
 While Nature lies around deep lulled in noon,  
 Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,  
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone—  
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,  
 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-lived 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,<sup>1</sup> to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crowned  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning suns and double seasons<sup>2</sup> 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 diffused,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.

<sup>1</sup> Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

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,  
Unnumbered 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 reclined  
Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,  
Fanned 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 cooled,  
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
And high palmettos lift their graceful shade.  
Oh ! stretched 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 scorned ;  
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race

Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
Witness, thou best ananas, thou the pride  
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
The poets imaged 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 stretched below, interminable meads,  
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
Unfixed, 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 embroidered robe to fiery brown,  
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.  
Along these lonely regions, where, retired  
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-concealed,  
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,  
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,  
Behemoth <sup>1</sup> rears his head. Glanced from his side,

<sup>1</sup> The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

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-raised in solemn theatre around,  
Leans the huge elephant ; wisest of brutes !  
O truly wise ! with gentle might endowed,  
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 the towery grandeur swell their state,  
The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
Astonished 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 decked  
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,  
Arrayed in all the beauteous beams of day,



Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.<sup>1</sup>  
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 Sennaar, 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 comest 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, mayst freely range  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,  
From jasmine grove to grove ; mayst 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,

<sup>1</sup> In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

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 cultured fields ;  
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw  
Ethereal soul, 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 disembowelled 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  
Enamoured, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene ! In blazing height of noon  
The sun, oppressed, is plunged in thickest gloom  
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
Of struggling night and day malignant mixed.  
For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,  
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heaped ;  
Or whirled tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,  
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.  
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed  
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow

And by conflicting winds together dashed,  
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;  
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;  
Till, in the furious elemental war  
Dissolved, 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 nursed, he sports away  
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles  
That with unfading verdure smile around.  
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;  
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellowed 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-formed maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretched through gorgeous Ind'  
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar ;

From Menam's<sup>1</sup> 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, refreshed,  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Orinoque  
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.  
Swelled by a thousand streams, impetuous hurled  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty Orellana.<sup>2</sup> 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 unenjoyed. Forsaking these,  
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,  
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,

<sup>1</sup> The river that runs through Siam ; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

<sup>2</sup> The river of the Amazons.

In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;  
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturbed  
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.  
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
Whose vanquished tide, recoiling from the shock,  
Yields to the 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 dispersed, and wafting winds,  
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool drafts,  
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 tempered breast ;  
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;  
Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
Command the 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 tyrannize ;  
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 diffused,  
He throws his folds ; and while, with threatening  
tongue

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst appalled,  
Or shivering flies, or checked 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. Formed to humble man,

This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublimed  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
Roam, licensed 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 doomed ;  
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 Libyan 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 awakened village starts ;  
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,  
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escaped,  
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again ;  
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
From Atlas eastward to the frightened 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-discovered, 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, even here, into these black abodes  
Of monsters, unappalled, from stooping Rome,  
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,  
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 those regions here.  
Commissioned demons oft, angels of wrath,  
Let loose the raging elements. Breathed 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 withered heart, the fiery blast.  
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,  
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play ;  
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;



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 dared 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 Carthagera quenched  
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 heard the  
groans

Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;  
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,  
The frequent corse—while on each other fixed,  
In sad presage, the blank assistants seemed,  
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 poisoned woods,  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields

With locust-armies putrefying<sup>1</sup> heaped,  
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
The brutes escape. Man is her destined 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 stained  
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,  
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 hushed the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;  
Into the worst of deserts sudden turned  
The cheerful haunt of men—unless escaped  
From the doomed 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,  
Savaged 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;

<sup>1</sup> These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquenched,  
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 shattered trunk ; and, stretched 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-raised. 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 Penmaen Maur heaped hideous to the sky,  
Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowdon'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 appalled, 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 formed, and equal grace,  
The same, distinguished by their sex alone :

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
And his the radiance of the risen day.  
They loved : but such their guileless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time informed the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,  
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
Beamed 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 lived  
The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,  
Or sighed and looked unutterable things.  
So passed 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 strayed,  
While, with each other blessed, creative love  
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heaved  
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.  
In vain assured love, and confidence  
In Heaven, repressed her fear ; it grew, and shook  
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived  
The unequal conflict ; and, as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumined 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 blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fixed 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 shattered clouds  
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,  
Shines out afresh ; and 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, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat

Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale.  
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,  
Most-favoured ; who with voice articulate  
Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?  
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
Extinguished feel that spark the tempest waked,  
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheered by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below ;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge ; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
While, from his polished sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer heats ;  
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
Thus life redoubles ; and is oft preserved,  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm

That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth,  
First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,  
Where winded into pleasing solitudes  
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat ;  
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.  
There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that played  
Among the bending willows, falsely he  
Of Musidora's cruelty complained.  
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return concealed—save when it stole  
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touched by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart ;  
And, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For, lo ! conducted by the laughing loves,  
This cool retreat his Musidora sought :  
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed ;  
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remained.

A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
A delicate refinement known to few,  
Perplexed his breast, and urged him to retire :  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah ! then, not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, Damon, thou ; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew ;  
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone ;  
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,  
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,  
Harmonious swelled by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn,  
And fair-exposed she stood—shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarmed, and starting like the fearful fawn ?  
Then to the flood she rushed : the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves received ;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed—



Attuned to happy unison of soul—  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms—whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light—  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
 Virtue the sons of interest deem romance,  
 Now called abroad enjoy the falling day :  
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,  
 To Nature's vast Lyceum forth they walk ;  
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the sire  
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.  
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?<sup>1</sup> Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape ; now the raptured eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,  
 Now to the sister-hills<sup>2</sup> that skirt her plain,

<sup>1</sup> The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendour*.

<sup>2</sup> Highgate and Hampstead.

To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,  
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;  
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods  
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,  
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,  
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,  
And polished Cornbury woos the willing muse,<sup>1</sup>  
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames—  
Fair-winding up to where the muses haunt  
In Twickenham's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
The healing god, to royal Hampton's pile,  
To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,  
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced  
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.<sup>2</sup>  
Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the muse  
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !  
O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !  
On which the power of cultivation lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,

<sup>1</sup> Henry, Lord Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. Henry Pelham, who, from 1721 to 1743, held the office of First Lord of the Treasury.

Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays !  
Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,  
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;  
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;  
Unmatched thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float  
With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless—while, roving round their sides,  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;  
And property assures it to the swain,  
Pleased, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
Mingling are heard : even drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hues  
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
By hardship sinewed, and by danger fired,

Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,  
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;  
In genius, and substantial learning, high ;  
For every virtue, every worth, renowned ;  
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked,  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,  
In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when governed well,  
Combine ; whose hallowed name the virtues saint,  
And his own muses love—the best of kings.  
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,  
Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impressed  
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou  
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—  
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death  
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
Then flamed thy spirit high : but who can speak  
The numerous worthies of the maiden-reign ?

In Raleigh mark their every glory mixed ;  
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burned.  
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward-reign  
The warrior fettered, and at last resigned,  
To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.  
Then, active still and unrestrained, his mind  
Explored the vast extent of ages past,  
And with his prison-hours enriched the world ;  
Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,  
In which he conquered, and in which he bled.  
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
The plume of war ! with early laurels crowned,  
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age  
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulged ;  
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye  
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
The grave where Russell lies : whose tempered  
    blood,  
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resigned,  
Stained the sad annals of a giddy reign—  
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
In loose inglorious luxury. With him

His friend, the British Cassius,<sup>1</sup> fearless bled ;  
Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,  
By ancient learning to the enlightened love  
Of ancient freedom warmed. Fair thy renown  
In awful sages and in noble bards ;  
Soon as the light of dawning science spread  
Her orient ray, and waked the muses' song.  
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice ;  
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade  
Kind Nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,  
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined.  
The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
Of cloistered monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long  
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
And definitions void : he led her forth,  
Daughter of heaven ! that slow-ascending still,  
Investigating sure the chain of things,  
With radiant finger points to heaven again.  
The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man ;  
Who scanned his nature with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.

<sup>1</sup> Algernon Sidney.

Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,  
Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,  
Who made the whole internal world his own?  
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works  
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?  
Is not each great, each amiable muse  
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?  
A genius universal as his theme,  
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.  
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,  
Who, like a copious river, poured his song  
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;  
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,  
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud  
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,  
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,  
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
Where the live crimson, through the native white

Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,  
Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew,  
Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul informed, when dressed in love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas  
That thunder round thy rocky coast, set up,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol : white peace, and social love ;  
The tender-looking charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;  
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind ;  
Courage composed, and keen ; sound temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look ; clear chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;  
Rough industry ; activity untired,  
With copious life informed, and all awake ;  
While in the radiant front, superior shines



That first paternal virtue, public zeal—  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs,  
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;  
Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild the impassioned soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch  
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure rolled,  
Himself an useless load, has squandered vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have  
cheered

A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew—

To him the long review of ordered life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,  
All ether softening, sober evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game and revelry to pass

The summer-night, as village-stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shunned ; whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem ; and through the dark,  
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
The world to night ; not in her winter robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained  
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise  
When daylight sickens, till it springs afresh,  
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.  
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink  
With cherished gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart  
In wondrous shapes—by fearful murmuring crowds  
Portentous deemed. Amid the radiant orbs  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,

The life-infusing suns of other worlds,  
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,  
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
Divinely great : they in their powers exult,  
That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns  
This dusky spot and measures all the sky,  
While from his far excursion through the wilds  
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
To work the will of all-sustaining Love ;  
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs  
Through which his long ellipsis winds—perhaps  
To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !  
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !  
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,  
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that

Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,  
New to the dawning of celestial day.  
Hence through her nourished powers, enlarged by thee,  
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires  
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-winged,  
The heights of science and of virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear : with nature round,  
Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,  
To reason's and to fancy's eye displayed :  
The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
The chain of causes and effects to Him,  
The world-producing Essence, who alone  
Possesses being ; while the last receives  
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutored by thee, hence poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind,  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee, what were unenlightened man ?  
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey ; and with the unfashioned fur  
Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,

Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,  
Mother severe of infinite delights !  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs  
The ruling helm ; or, like the liberal breath  
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail  
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
Poorly confined—the radiant tracts on high  
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
Creation through ; and, from that full complex  
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the word,  
And Nature moved complete. With inward view,  
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train ;

To reason then, deducing truth from truth,  
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfettered, and unmixed. But here the cloud,  
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
This infancy of being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of God,  
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom formed,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.





## AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.—The subject proposed—Addressed to Mr. Onslow—

A prospect of the fields ready for harvest—Reflections in praise of industry, raised by that view—Reaping—A tale relative to it—A harvest storm—Shooting and hunting; their barbarity—A ludicrous account of fox-hunting—A view of an orchard—Wall-fruit—A vineyard—A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers—Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation—The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland—Hence a view of the country—A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods—After a gentle dusky day, moonlight—Autumnal meteors—Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season—The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy—The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWNED with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,  
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost  
Nitrous prepared—the various-blossomed Spring  
Put in white promise forth—and Summer suns  
Concocted strong—rush boundless now to view,  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.



Onslow!<sup>1</sup> the muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for public virtue ; she,  
Though weak of power yet strong in ardent will,  
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,  
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
With golden light enlivened, wide invests  
The happy world. Attempered suns arise,  
Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds  
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below  
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale  
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain ;  
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air  
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Onslow, second son of Sir Charles Onslow. He was elected Speaker of the House of Commons in 1728.

Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;  
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun  
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,  
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
A gaily-chequered, heart-expanding view,  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, industry ! rough power !  
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life :  
Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
Implanted—and profusely poured around  
Materials infinite ; but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,  
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand  
Of bounty scattered o'er the savage year ;  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mixed  
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar. A shivering wretch !  
Aghast and comfortless when the bleak north,  
With Winter charged, let the mixed tempest fly,  
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost—  
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;  
And the wild season, sordid, pined away.  
For home he had not ; home is the resort

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polished friends,  
And dear relations, mingle into bliss.  
But this the rugged savage never felt,  
Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days  
Rolled heavy, dark, and unenjoyed, along :  
A waste of time ! till industry approached,  
And roused him from his miserable sloth ;  
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out  
Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
Of art demanded ; showed him how to raise  
His feeble force by the mechanic powers ;  
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
On what the torrent, and the gathered blast,  
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;  
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
Till by degrees the finished fabric rose ;  
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;  
With wholesome viands filled his table, poured  
The generous glass around, inspired to wake  
The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
Nor stopped at barren bare necessity ;  
But, still advancing bolder, led him on  
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;  
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combined,  
And formed a public ; to the general good  
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
For this the patriot-council met, the full,  
The free, and fairly represented whole ;  
For this they planned the holy guardian laws,  
Distinguished orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force oppression chaining, set  
Imperial justice at the helm—yet still  
To them accountable ; nor slavish dreamed  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspired,  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art! the city reared  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between

But more by bashful modesty, concealed.  
Together thus they shunned the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride ;  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstained and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,  
Thrilled in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,  
Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorned adorned the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,  
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compelled

By strong necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields.<sup>1</sup> The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient, uncorrupted times—  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
But free to follow nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.  
That very moment love and chaste desire  
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;  
And thus in secret to his soul he sighed :  
    “ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind

<sup>1</sup> The whole of this passage is by Pope.

Recals that patron of my happy life,  
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
Now to the dust gone down—his houses, lands,  
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.  
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
His aged widow and his daughter live,  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish, would this the daughter were !”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto—who can speak  
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
Then blazed his smothered flame, avowed and bold ;  
And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
Confused, and frightened at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
Poured out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
She whom my restless gratitude has sought  
So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,  
The softened image of my noble friend ;  
Alive, his every feature, every look,  
More elegantly touched. Sweeter than Spring !  
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
That nourished up my fortune, say, ah where.

In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;  
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years!  
Oh let me now, into a richer soil,  
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers  
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
And of my garden be the pride and joy!  
It ill befits thee, oh, it ill befits  
Acasto's daughter—his whose open stores,  
Though vast, were little to his ample heart,  
The father of a country, thus to pick  
The very refuse of those harvest-fields  
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
But ill applied to such a rugged task:  
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
If to the various blessings which thy house  
Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,  
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,  
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.  
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.  
The news immediate to her mother brought,  
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away



The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate—  
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam  
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :  
Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;  
Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn ;  
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,  
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,  
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force—  
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff  
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,  
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
In one continuous flood. Still over head

The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
The deluge deepens ; till the fields around  
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.  
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its bank  
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
Roll mingled down : all that the winds had spared,  
In one wild moment ruined ; the big hopes,  
And well-earned treasures, of the painful year.  
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,  
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck  
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scattered round,  
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,  
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,  
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride ;  
And, oh, be mindful of that sparing board  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game :

How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
Outstretched, and finely sensible, draws full,  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,  
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,  
O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and, again,  
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispersed,  
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mixed animal-creation round  
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
This falsely-cheerful, barbarous game of death ;  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;  
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,  
As if their conscious ravage shunned the light,  
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant man,  
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath

Of the worst monster that e'er roamed the waste,  
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.  
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;  
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty rolled,  
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !  
Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,  
Stretched o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapped ;  
The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;  
Of the same friendly hue, the withered fern ;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits  
Concealed, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,  
By Nature raised to take the horizon in ;  
And head couched close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,  
In scattered sullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once :  
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,  
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,

Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mixed in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,  
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight.

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :  
Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood—

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;  
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarmed,  
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;

And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous chequered sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence  
Must have the chase—behold, despising flight,  
The roused-up lion, resolute and slow,  
Advancing full on the protended spear,  
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
See the grim wolf—on him his shaggy foe  
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;  
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then  
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full—  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tossed ;

Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn  
In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase ;  
Has every maze evolved, and every guile  
Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack :  
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,  
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
Relentless torn : oh glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
With woodland honours graced ; the fox's fur,  
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuelled chimney blazes wide ;  
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretched immense  
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced  
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
Relating all the glories of the chase.  
Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst

Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,  
Swelled high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
A potent gale, delicious as the breath  
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,  
On violets diffused, while soft she hears  
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while  
Walks his grave round, beneath a cloud of smoke,  
Wreathed fragrant from the pipe ; or the quick dice,  
In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss  
Is hauled about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid  
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
Indulged apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls  
Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,  
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplexed.



Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
The impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart :  
That moment, touched is each congenial soul ;  
And, opening in a full-mouthed cry of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;  
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennelled hounds  
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vexed the deep  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls ;  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,  
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,  
Is heaped the social slaughter—where astride  
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drenched in potent sleep till morn,  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them !  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed—  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink,  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears—  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging man.  
Oh may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress !  
And, fashioned all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race  
To rear their graces into second life ;  
To give society its highest taste ;

Well-ordered home, man's best delight to make ;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
Even charm the pains to something more than joy,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life :  
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank ;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade ;  
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree ;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair :  
Melinda, formed with every grace complete,  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
Of Autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.



*“ The clustering nuts for you the lover finds amid the secret shade.”*

*Page 128.*



A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared,  
Of tempered sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever-changing composition mixed.  
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active points  
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :  
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
Phillips, Pomona's bard,<sup>1</sup> the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfettered verse,  
With British freedom sing the British song ;  
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods—some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind,  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day,  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, Dodington ! thy seat, serene, and plain ;  
Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect—yonder shagged with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !

<sup>1</sup> John Phillips, the author of *The Splendid Shilling*. The work specially alluded to above is his poem entitled *Cider*, written in imitation of the *Georgics*, and published in 1706.

Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravished eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;  
New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all ! the muses' seat ;  
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
For virtuous Young <sup>1</sup> and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
The inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book  
Of Nature, ever open—aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
And, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :  
Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum,  
With a fine bluish mist of animals  
Clouded ; the ruddy nectarine ; and, dark  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;

<sup>1</sup> When this panegyric was published, Young had not yet written the *Night Thoughts*, but his poetical reputation was already fully established by the *Satires*.

Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touched into flavour by the mingling ray,  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;  
That by degrees fermented, and refined,  
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy :  
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,  
Descend the copious exhalations, checked  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety ; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,



Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.  
Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the sun  
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
See through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear—and, wildered, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic ; till at last  
Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, sits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world—and, mingling thick,  
A formless grey confusion covers all :  
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)  
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged  
Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoke along the hilly country, these,  
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks ;  
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.  
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;

Amid whose angles infinitely strained,  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs ;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
That leads its darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent main, it boils again  
Fresh into day—and all the glittering hill  
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?  
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop  
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
The attractive sand that charmed their course so long ?  
Besides the hard agglomerating salts,  
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke  
Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
Old ocean too, sucked through the porous globe,  
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like creating Nature, lie concealed  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?

Oh thou prevading genius, given to man,  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
 Oh lay the mountains bare ; and wide display  
 Their hidden structure to the astonished view !  
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load  
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretched  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds ;  
 Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !  
 Oh, from the sounding summits of the north,  
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia rolled  
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;  
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;  
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ  
 Believes the stony girdle<sup>1</sup> of the world ;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods —  
 Oh sweep the eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread ; unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenyveys*, that is, *the great stony girdle*: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

<sup>2</sup> A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,  
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line  
Stretched to the stormy seas that thunder round  
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !  
Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose :  
I see the rivers in their infant beds ;  
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free.  
I see the leaning strata, artful ranged ;  
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.  
Strewed bibulous above I see the sands,  
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
The guttered rocks and mazy-running clefts ;  
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,  
I see the rocky siphons stretched immense,  
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,  
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious formed.  
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
Through the stirred sands a bubbling passage burst ;  
And welling out, around the middle steep,  
Or from the bottoms of the bosomed hills,  
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
The exhaling sun, the vapour-burdened air,  
The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed  
These vapours in continual current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,

O'er Orca's<sup>1</sup> or Berubium's<sup>2</sup> highest peak :  
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school  
Trained up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
By learning, when before the Gothic rage  
She took her western flight. A manly race,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;  
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard  
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
To hold a generous undiminished state—  
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
O'er every land, for every land their life  
Has flowed profuse, their piercing genius planned,  
And swelled the pomp of peace their faithful toil :  
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.

Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power  
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,  
To cheer dejected industry, to give  
A double harvest to the pining swain,  
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?  
How, by the finest art, the native robe  
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar

<sup>1</sup> The Orkneys.

<sup>2</sup> A promontory in Scotland, called the Cape of St. Andrew.

How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,  
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;  
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe ;  
And thus, in soul united as in name,  
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,<sup>1</sup>  
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
Thy fond-imploring country turns her eye ;  
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on Taisniere's dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :  
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
While mixed in thee combine the charm of youth,  
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
Thee, Forbès,<sup>2</sup> too, whom every worth attends,

<sup>1</sup> John, Duke of Argyle, raised to the British peerage by Queen Anne, and created Duke of Greenwich by George I., was born in 1678. He served under Marlborough in Flanders, and was present at all the great battles.

<sup>2</sup> Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, the personal friend of Thomson. He

As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind—  
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,  
Planned by thy wisdom, by thy soul informed ;  
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue from wan declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks ;  
And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The gentle current : while, illumined wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And through their lucid veil his softened force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time  
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things ;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,  
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,

was born, in 1685, and in 1737 advanced to the dignity of Lord  
President of the Court of Session.

And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard  
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock !  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
Oh let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !  
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove—  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained  
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree ;



And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power  
Of philosophic melancholy comes !

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ;  
Inflames imagination ; through the breast  
Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
As varied, and as high : devotion raised  
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;  
The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief,  
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth,  
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn  
Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;  
The awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ;  
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;  
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales,

To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms !  
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep, along ;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear.

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers  
That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land  
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees,  
Oh lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !<sup>1</sup>  
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art  
By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed  
By cool judicious art—that, in the strife,  
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
And there, O Pitt ! thy country's early boast,  
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,  
Or in that temple<sup>2</sup> where, in future times,  
Thou well shalt merit a distinguished name ;  
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,  
The regulated wild, gay fancy then  
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;  
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

<sup>2</sup> The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-gardens.

The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
The appearance throws : armies in meet array,  
Thronged with aërial spears, and steeds of fire ;  
Till, the long lines of full-extended war  
In bleeding fight commixed, the sanguine flood  
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle ; cities overturned,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;  
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;  
Empires subversed, when ruling fate has struck  
The unalterable hour : even Nature's self  
Is deemed to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfixed,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void :  
Distinction lost ; and gay variety  
One universal blot : such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,

Who then, bewildered, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss—  
Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost and now renewed, he sinks absorbed,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph ;  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the better genius of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path,  
That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dewdrops twinkle round.

Ah see where robbed, and murdered, in that pit  
Lies the still-heaving hive ! at evening snatched,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fixed o'er sulphur ; while, not dreaming ill,

The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor—rejoiced  
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
And, used to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,  
Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roamed the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toiled  
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?  
For this in Autumn searched the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?  
O man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation ? When obliged,  
Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ;  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day ?  
See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruined state  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized  
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurled,

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,  
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,  
Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.

How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply tinged  
With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch

How swelled immense ! amid whose azure throned  
The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below,

The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all  
Now gathered in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;

And instant Winter's utmost rage defied :

While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,  
By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.

Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not unmeaning looks ; and where her eye  
Points an approving smile, with double force  
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts  
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think  
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh ! knew he but his happiness, of men

The happiest he, who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life !  
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ?  
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purveyed,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury, and death ? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope ;  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring  
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough  
When Summer reddens and when Autumn beams,  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Concealed, and fattens with the richest sap—  
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,

Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;  
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;  
Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;  
Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;  
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
Let some, far distant from their native soil,  
Urged or by want or hardened avarice,  
Find other lands beneath another sun.  
Let this through cities work his eager way,  
By legal outrage and established guile,  
The social sense extinct ; and that ferment  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race ! and those of fairer front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,



Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;  
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapped close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year ;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,  
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;  
Or what she dictates writes ; and oft, an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams

Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
O'er land and sea imagination roams ;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !  
O Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !  
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !  
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,

Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,  
Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;  
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift—  
These ever open to my ravished eye ;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !  
But if to that unequal—if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That best ambition—under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,  
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song ;  
And let me never, never stray from thee !





## WINTER.

### DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

SIR,—The author of the following poem begs leave to inscribe this, his first performance, to your name and patronage: unknown himself, and only introduced by the muse, he yet ventures to approach you with a modest cheerfulness; for whoever attempts to excel in any generous art, though he comes alone, and unregarded by the world, may hope for your notice and esteem. Happy if I can, in any degree, merit this good fortune: as every ornament and grace of polite learning is yours, your single approbation will be my fame.

I dare not indulge my heart by dwelling on your public character; on that exalted honour and integrity which distinguish you in that august assembly where you preside, that unshaken loyalty to your sovereign, that disinterested concern for his people which shine out, united, in all your behaviour, and finish the patriot. I am conscious of my want of strength and skill for so delicate an undertaking; and yet, as the shepherd in his cottage may feel and acknowledge the influence of the sun with as lively a gratitude as the great man in his palace, even I may be allowed to publish my sense of those blessings, which, from so many powerful virtues, are derived to the nation they adorn.

I conclude with saying that your fine discernment and humanity, in your private capacity, are so conspicuous that, if this address is

not received with some indulgence, it will be a severe conviction that what I have written has not the least share of merit.—I am, with the profoundest respect, sir, your most devoted and most faithful humble servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

#### PREFACE

I am neither ignorant nor concerned how much one may suffer in the opinion of several persons of great gravity and character by the study and pursuit of poetry.

Although there may seem to be some appearance of reason for the present contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern writers, yet that any man should, seriously, declare against that divine art is really amazing. It is declaring against the most charming power of imagination, the most exalting force of thought, the most affecting touch of sentiment; in a word, against the very soul of all learning and politeness. It is affronting the universal taste of mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening world from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is even declaring against the sublimest passages of the inspired writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar language of heaven.

The truth of the case is this; these weak-sighted gentlemen cannot bear the strong light of poetry, and the finer and more amusing scene of things it displays; but must those, therefore, whom heaven has blessed with the discerning eye, shut it to keep them company?

It is pleasant enough, however, to observe, frequently, in these enemies of poetry, an awkward imitation of it. They sometimes have their little brightnesses, when the opening glooms will permit. Nay, I have seen their heaviness, on some occasions, deign to turn friskish and witty, in which they make just such another figure as *Æsop's* ass, when he began to fawn. To complete the absurdity they would, even in their efforts against poetry, fain be poetical; like those gentlemen that reason with a great deal of zeal and severity against reason.

That there are frequent and notorious abuses of poetry is as true as that the best things are liable to that misfortune; but is there no end of that clamorous argument against the use of things from

the abuse of them? And yet I hope that no man, who has the least sense of shame in him, will fall into it after the present sulphureous attacker of the stage.

To insist no further on this head, let poetry once more be restored to her ancient truth and purity; let her be inspired from heaven; and, in return, her incense ascend thither; let her exchange her low, venal, trifling subjects for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and let her execute these so as at once to please, instruct, surprise, and astonish; and then, of necessity, the most inveterate ignorance and prejudice shall be struck dumb, and poets may yet become the delight and wonder of mankind.

But this happy period is not to be expected till some long-wished illustrious man, of equal power and beneficence, rise on the wintry world of letters; one of a genuine and unbounded greatness and generosity of mind; who, far above all the pomp and pride of fortune, scorns the little, addressful flatterer, pierces through the disguised, designing villain, discountenances all the reigning fopperies of a tasteless age, and who, stretching his views into late futurity, has the true interest of virtue, learning, and mankind entirely at heart. A character so nobly desirable, that, to an honest heart, it is almost incredible so few should have the ambition to deserve it.

Nothing can have a better influence towards the revival of poetry than the choosing of great and serious subjects, such as at once amuse the fancy, enlighten the head, and warm the heart. These give a weight and dignity to the poem, nor is the pleasure, I should say rapture, both the writer and reader feel, unwarranted by reason, or followed by repentant disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren theme, is looked upon by some as the sign of a happy, fruitful genius—fruitful indeed! like one of the pendent gardens of Cheapside, watered every morning by the hand of the alderman himself. And what are we commonly entertained with on these occasions, save forced, unaffecting fancies, little glittering prettinesses, mixed turns of wit and expression, which are as widely different from native poetry as buffoonery is from the perfection of human thinking. A genius fired with the charms of truth and Nature is tuned to a sublimer pitch, and scorns to associate with such subjects.

I cannot more emphatically recommend this poetical ambition than by the four following lines from Mr. Hill's poem, called *The Judgment Day*, which is a singular instance of it :—

For me, suffice it to have taught my muse  
 The tuneful triflings of her tribe to shun ;  
 And raised her warmth such heavenly themes to choose,  
 As, in past ages, the best garlands won.

I know no subject more elevating, more amusing, more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment than the works of Nature. Where can we meet with such variety, such beauty, such magnificence? All that enlarges and transports the soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide survey of them? In every dress Nature is greatly charming! whether she puts on the crimson robes of morning! the strong effulgence of noon! the sober suit of evening! or the deep sables of blackness and tempest! How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter!—But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry, which is, by-the-by, a plain and undeniable argument of their superior excellence.

For this reason the best, both ancient and modern, poets have been passionately fond of retirement and solitude. The wild romantic country was their delight. And they seem never to have been more happy than when, lost in unfrequented fields, far from the little busy world, they were at leisure to meditate, and sing the works of Nature.

The Book of Job, that noble and ancient poem, which even strikes so forcibly through a mangling translation, is crowned with a description of the grand works of Nature, and that, too, from the mouth of their Almighty Author.

It was this devotion to the works of Nature, that, in his *Georgics*, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this declaration of his, which has been the rapture of ages?

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ,  
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
 Accipiant; Cœlique vias et sidera monstrent,

Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores ;  
 Unde tremor terris : qua vi maria alta tumescant  
 Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant :  
 Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles  
 Hyberni : vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.  
 Sin has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,  
 Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis ;  
 Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes  
 Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.

Which may be Englished thus :—

Me may the muses, my supreme delight !  
 Whose priest I am, smit with immense desire,  
 Snatch to their care ; the starry tracts disclose,  
 The sun's distress, the labour of the moon ;  
 Whence the earth quakes ; and by what force the deeps  
 Heave at the rocks, then on themselves reflow.  
 Why winter-suns to plunge in ocean speed ;  
 And what retards the lazy summer-night.  
 But, lest I should these mystic truths attain,  
 If the cold current freezes round my heart,  
 The country me, the brooky vales may please,  
 'Mid woods and streams unknown.

I cannot put an end to this preface without taking the freedom to offer my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to all those gentlemen who have given my first performance so favourable a reception.

It is with the best pleasure, and a rising ambition, that I reflect on the honour Mr. Hill has done me in recommending my poem to the world after a manner so peculiar to himself, than whom none approves and obliges with a nobler and more unreserving promptitude of soul. His favours are the very smiles of humanity, graceful and easy, flowing from and to the heart. This agreeable train of thought awakens naturally in my mind all the other parts of his great and amiable character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

Every reader, who has a heart to be moved, must feel the most



gentle power of poetry in the lines with which Mira has graced my poem.

It might perhaps be reckoned vanity in me, to say how richly I value the approbation of a gentleman of Mr. Mallock's fine and exact taste, so justly dear and valuable to all those that have the happiness of knowing him ; and who, to say no more of him, will abundantly make good to the world the early promise his admired piece of *William and Margaret* has given.

I only wish my description of the various appearance of Nature in Winter, and, as I purpose, in the other Seasons, may have the good fortune to give the reader some of that true pleasure which they, in their agreeable succession, are always sure to inspire into my heart.

ARGUMENT.—The subject proposed—Address to the Earl of Wilmington—First approach of Winter—According to the natural course of the season, various storms described—Rain—Wind—Snow—The driving of the snows : a man perishing among them ; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life—The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines—A winter evening described : as spent by philosophers ; by the country people ; in the city—Frost—A view of Winter within the polar circle—A thaw—The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;  
 Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme ;  
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !  
 Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,  
 Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
 When nursed by careless solitude I lived,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain ;

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;  
 Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed  
 In the grim evening sky. Thus passed the time ;  
 Till through the lucid chambers of the south  
 Looked out the joyous Spring—looked out and smiled.

To thee, the patron of this first essay,  
 The muse, O Wilmington !<sup>1</sup> renews her song.  
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :  
 Skimmed the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne,  
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;  
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
 And now among the wintry clouds again,  
 Rolled in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ;  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear  
 With bold description, and with manly thought.  
 Nor art thou skilled in awful schemes alone,  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal—  
 A steady spirit, regularly free :  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light

<sup>1</sup> Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards Earl of Wilmington. He was Speaker of the House of Commons during a part of the ministry of Walpole.

Into the patriot ; these, the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse  
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year—  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;  
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwished ; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Through Nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.  
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land,  
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discoloured flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm ;

And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure  
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul,  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods  
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain  
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,  
Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
The cattle from the untasted fields return,  
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminant in the contiguous shade.  
Thither the household feathery people crowd—  
The crested cock, with all his female train,  
Pensive and dripping; while the cottage hind  
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,  
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
At last the roused-up river pours along:  
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;  
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,  
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrained  
Between two meeting hills, it burst away,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream—  
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
That sees astonished, and astonished sings !  
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserved,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm .  
In what far-distant region of the sky,  
Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stained—red fiery streaks  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey ; while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-coloured east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray ;

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf ;  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broadened nostrils to the sky upturned,  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They picked their scanty fare, a blackening train  
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.  
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
Loud shrieks the soaring heron ; and with wild wing  
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean, unequal pressed, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,  
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And huris the whole precipitated air  
Down in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.

Through the black night that sits immense around,  
Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.  
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchored navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
Of mighty waters : now the inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.  
Emerging thence again, before the breath  
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,  
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.  
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,  
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds  
What of its tarnished honours yet remain ;  
Dashed down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's  
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;  
And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,

Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,  
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
Then too, they say, through all the burdened air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, uttered by the demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed  
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.  
All nature reels : till Nature's King, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;  
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hushed at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious night,  
And contemplation her sedate compeer ;  
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !  
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train !  
Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,  
With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !



O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ; and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure—  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener tempests come : and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,

In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind ;  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urged,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce  
All Winter drives along the darkened air,

In his own loose-revolving fields the swain  
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid,  
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray—  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of  
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned  
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throned the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;  
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,  
Smoothed up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,

Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mixed with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm,  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse—  
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel this very moment death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms;  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,

How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.  
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,  
How many, racked with honest passions, droop  
In deep retired distress. How many stand  
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Nice in his high career would stand appalled,  
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;  
The conscious heart of charity would warm,  
And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band,<sup>1</sup>  
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?  
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;  
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

<sup>1</sup> The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

While in the land of liberty, the land  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants raged :  
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed ;  
Even robbed them of the last of comforts, sleep ;  
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,  
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes ;  
And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toiled, or bled.  
O great design ! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-tempered zeal.  
Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouched remains ; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.  
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,  
And every man within the reach of right !

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,  
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands—  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !  
Burning for blood ! bony, and gaunt, and grim !

All human passions. Following him, I see,  
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
The firm devoted chief, who proved by deeds  
The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;  
Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice  
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
In pure majestic poverty revered ;  
Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
Submitting, swelled a haughty rival's fame.<sup>1</sup>  
Reared by his care, of softer ray, appears  
Cimon sweet-souled ; whose genius, rising strong,  
Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad  
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
Of every worth and every splendid art—  
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.  
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
Late-called to glory, in unequal times,  
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
Timoleon, tempered happy, mild and firm,  
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.<sup>2</sup>  
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,  
Whose virtues, in heroic concord joined,  
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.<sup>3</sup>  
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,

<sup>1</sup> Themistocles.

<sup>2</sup> Timophanes, the tyrant of Corinth, slain by his brother Timoleon, who conspired against him to release the country from his rule.

<sup>3</sup> Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

And left a mass of sordid lees behind,  
 Phocion the Good ; in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smoothed his brow,  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.  
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.  
 The two Achæan heroes close the train :  
 Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul  
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece ;  
 And he her darling as her latest hope,  
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms  
 Turned the luxurious pomp he could not cure ;  
 Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come !  
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame  
 Their dearest country they too fondly loved.  
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,  
 Numa, who softened her rapacious sons.  
 Servius, the king who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 The public father who the private quelled  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Marcus Junius Brutus.



He whom his thankless country could not lose.  
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.  
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;  
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose  
From all that pleading Nature could oppose ;  
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
Imperious called, and honour's dire command.<sup>1</sup>  
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran ;  
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
With friendship and philosophy retired.  
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile  
Restrained the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
Unconquered Cato, virtuous in extreme.  
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,  
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,  
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.  
Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse  
Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?  
Who sing their influence on this lower world ?  
Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state,  
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :  
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain !  
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
Parent of song ! and equal by his side,  
The British muse ; joined hand in hand they walk,  
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

<sup>1</sup> Regulus.

Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch  
Pathetic drew the impassioned heart, and charmed  
Transported Athens with the moral scene :  
Nor those who, tuneful, waked the enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !  
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,  
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;  
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,  
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,  
Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.  
Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend,  
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,  
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !  
Ah ! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
Why wert thou ravished from our hope so soon ?  
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasured store  
Of knowledge early gained ? that eager zeal  
To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?  
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the muse,  
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
Which bade with softest light thy virtue smile?  
Ah! only showed, to check our fond pursuits,  
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!<sup>1</sup>

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired:  
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
Was called, late-rising from the void of night,  
Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind;  
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;  
And each diffusive harmony unite,  
In full perfection, to the astonished eye.  
Then would we try to scan the moral world;  
Which, though to us it seems embroiled, moves on  
In higher order—fitted, and impelled,  
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general good. The sage historic muse  
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:  
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,  
In scattered states; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talked,  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale

<sup>1</sup> Hammond died at the early age of thirty-two, in the year 1742.

That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doomed,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul—  
Then, even superior to ambition, we  
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide  
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life ; or snatched away by hope,  
Through the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness, and wonder—where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foiled,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
Of frolic fancy : and incessant form  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
Of fleet ideas, never joined before,  
Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise—  
Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,  
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire :  
While, well attested, and as well believed,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round :  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;

The kiss, snatched hasty from the sidelong maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep ;  
The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes  
Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,  
Full of each theme, and warm with mixed discourse,  
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mixed, and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.  
The glittering court effuses every pomp ;  
The circle deepens ; beamed from gaudy robes,  
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :  
While, a gay insect in his summer shine,  
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;  
Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;  
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear  
Steals o'er the cheek : or else the comic muse  
Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.  
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
Of beauteous life : whate'er can deck mankind,

Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil<sup>1</sup> showed.

O thou whose wisdom, solid yet refined,  
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill  
To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
Joined to whate'er the Graces can bestow,  
And all Apollo's animating fire,  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polished life—permit the rural muse,  
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every muse has in thy train a place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplished mind :  
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,  
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power ;  
That elegant politeness, which excels,  
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
The boasted manners of her shining court ;  
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,  
And kind well-tempered satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd  
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.

<sup>1</sup> A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Then dressed by thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
Thou to assenting reason givest again  
Her own enlightened thoughts ; called from the heart,  
The obedient passions on thy voice attend ;  
And even reluctant party feels awhile  
Thy gracious power—as through the varied maze  
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy loved haunt return, my happy muse :  
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,  
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies—  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.  
Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds  
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,  
Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;  
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,  
In swifter sallies darting to the brain—  
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
All Nature feels the renovating force  
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire : and luculent along  
The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,  
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?  
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped  
Like double wedges, and diffused immense  
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,  
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,  
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,  
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone—  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,  
The whole imprisoned river growls below.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall  
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.



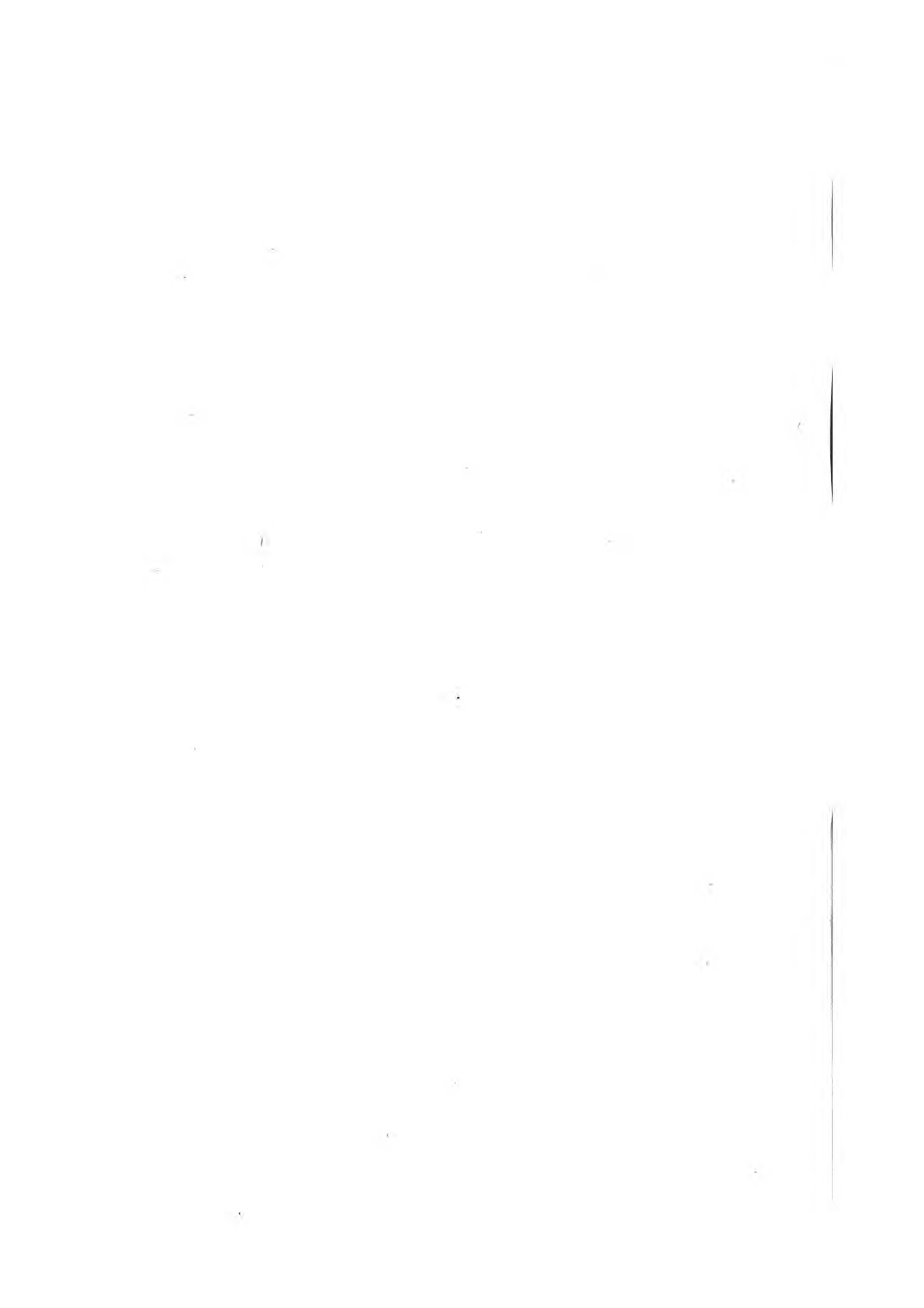
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night :  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues, and fancied figures, rise ;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;  
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;  
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
While every work of man is laid at rest,  
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport  
And revelry dissolved ; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train ! the raptured boy  
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine  
Branched out in many a long canal extends,  
From every province swarming, void of care,  
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.



*“ And as they sweep, on sounding skates, a thousand different ways.”*

*Page 186.*



Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise  
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
Flushed by the Season, Scandinavia's dames,  
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;  
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun,  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon ;  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.

His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents awhile to the reflected ray ;  
Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone ;  
Where, for relentless months, continual night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barred by the hand of Nature from escape,  
Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around

Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;  
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;  
And cheerless towns far-distant, never blessed,  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,  
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows,  
Yet cherished there, beneath the shining waste,  
The furry nations harbour : tipped with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;  
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrowned,  
Or beauteous freaked with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer  
Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head  
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
Lie slumbering sullen in the white abyss.  
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,  
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,  
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,  
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,  
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,

And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,  
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus<sup>1</sup> pierced,  
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame  
Of lost mankind in polished slavery sunk,  
Drove martial horde on horde,<sup>2</sup> with dreadful sweep  
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,  
And gave the vanquished world another form.  
Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they  
Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war ;  
They ask no more than simple Nature gives ;  
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;  
And, through the restless ever-tortured maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.  
Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,  
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.  
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
O'er hill and dale, heaped into one expanse  
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep  
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.  
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake

<sup>1</sup> The north-west wind.

<sup>2</sup> The wandering Scythian clans.

A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,  
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,  
Even in the depth of polar night, they find  
A wondrous day—enough to light the chase,  
Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs.  
Wished Spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;  
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
Still, round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb  
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
Where pure Niemi's<sup>1</sup> fairy mountains rise,  
And fringed with roses Tenglio<sup>2</sup> rolls his stream,  
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;  
Where, all day long in useful cares employed,

<sup>1</sup> M. de Maupertuis, in his book on *The Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

<sup>2</sup> The same author observes: "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

Their kind unblemished wives the fire prepare.  
Thrice happy race ! by poverty secured  
From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
The seeds of vice ; whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
Injurious deed ; nor, blasted by the breath  
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornèa's lake,<sup>1</sup>  
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
The muse expands her solitary flight ;  
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.<sup>2</sup>  
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,  
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;  
And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;  
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;  
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;  
Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky—

<sup>1</sup> In Finland, situated at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia.

<sup>2</sup> The other hemisphere.



Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toiled  
Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done ! behold the matchless prince !  
Who left his native throne, where reigned till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power ;  
Who greatly spurned the slothful pomp of courts ;  
And roaming every land—in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool—  
Gathered the seeds of trade, of useful arts,  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes !  
Then cities rise amid the illumined waste ;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;  
Far-distant flood to flood is social joined ;  
The astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foamed  
With daring keel before ; and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files—repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north,  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,  
Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,  
Taught by the royal hand that roused the whole,  
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade—  
For what his wisdom planned, and power enforced,  
More potent still, his great example showed.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,

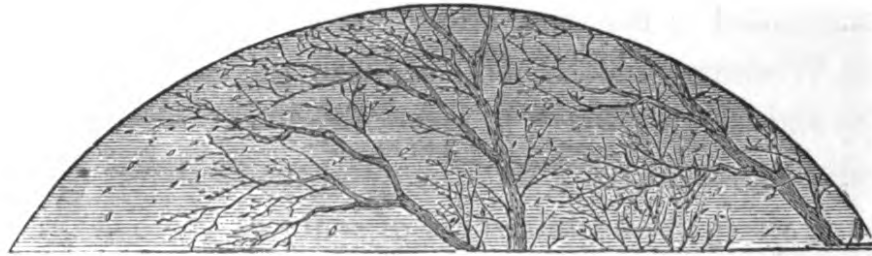
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.  
Spotted, the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave—  
And, hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,  
That, tossed amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan  
And his unwieldly train, in dreadful sport.  
Tempest the loosened brine, while through the gloom,  
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famished monsters, there awaiting wrecks.

Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done—dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years—  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,  
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?  
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high.—And see!  
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears  
The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heightened form, from pain and death  
For ever free. The great eternal scheme  
Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power  
And Wisdom oft arraigned : see now the cause  
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,  
And died, neglected ; why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined  
In starving solitude—while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought  
To form unreal wants ; why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of superstition's scourge ; why licensed pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,  
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed !  
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile ;  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deemed evil is no more :  
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.





### A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.  
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwinds wing  
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :  
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms !  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven  
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise—whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him—whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world ;  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,  
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me :  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full ;  
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,

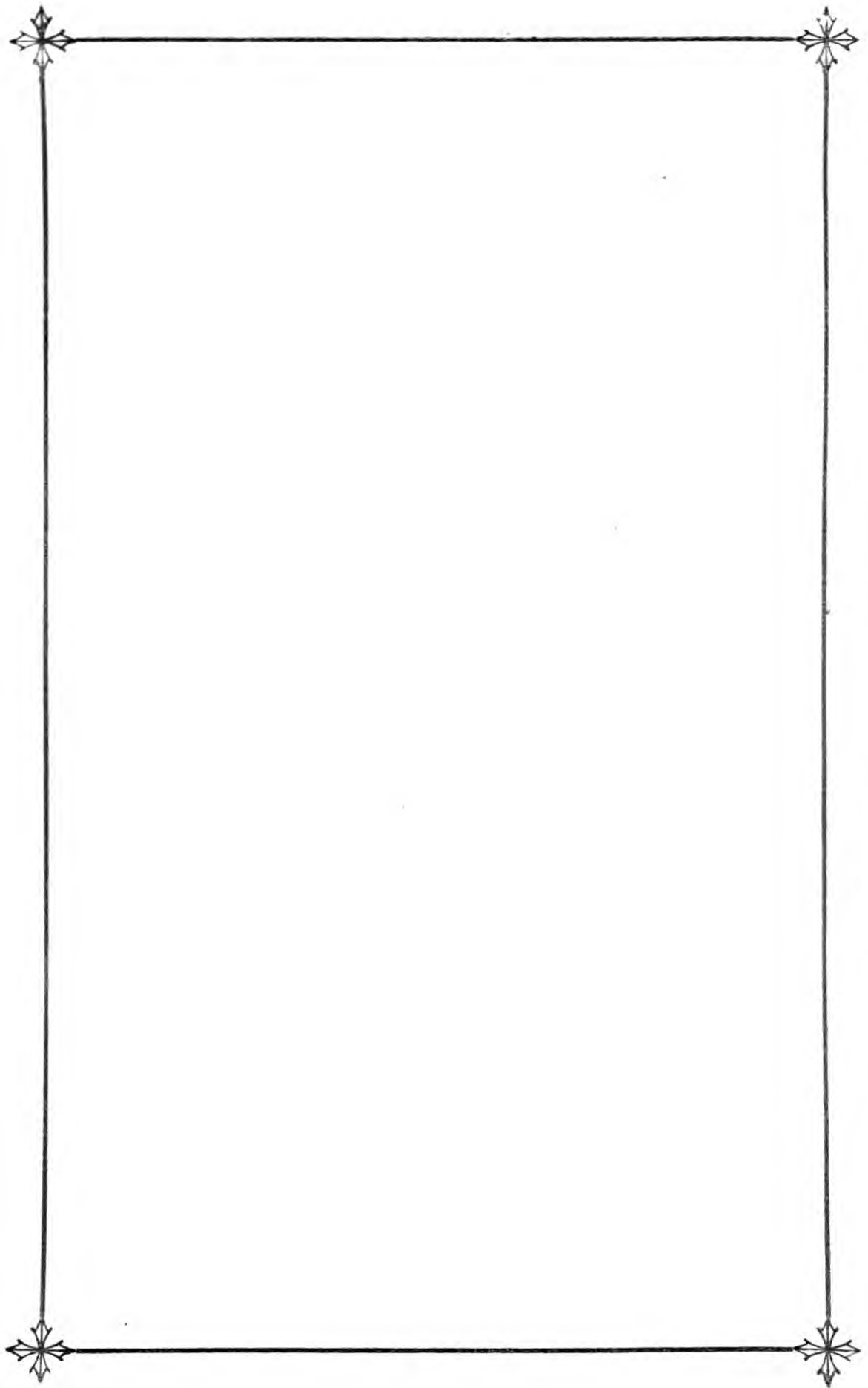


Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.—But I lose  
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !  
Come then, expressive silence. muse His praise.





LIBERTY.





## LIBERTY.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,—When I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection ; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author ; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate ? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united : an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people : to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness ; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it ; I have my best reward : particularly as it affords me an opportunity of

declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect, Sir, your  
Royal Highness's most obedient and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

CONTENTS.—The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision—Its scene, the ruins of ancient Rome—The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as British Liberty—Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory—This contrasted by modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome—The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture—The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples—That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed—This desolation of Italy applied to Britain—Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem—She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks—An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words—Invocation.

O MY lamented Talbot!<sup>1</sup> while with thee  
The Muse gay roved the glad Hesperian round,  
And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts;  
Ah! little thought she her returning verse

<sup>1</sup> Charles Richard Talbot, Esq., died in his twenty-fifth year, on the 27th September, 1733, two months before his father was appointed Lord Chancellor.

Should sing our darling subject to thy Shade.  
 And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,  
 Involve those eyes where every virtue smiled,  
 And all thy Father's candid spirit shone?  
 The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;  
 Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;  
 Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,  
 And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.  
 But to the death of mighty nations turn  
 My strain; be there absorbed the private tear.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the first draught of this tribute to the memory of Mr. Talbot, the subject was extended by general reflections on death and a future state, which Thomson finally rejected. The original lines have been preserved in a letter from Thomson to his friend Dr. Cranston, dated 20th October, 1733. They are thus introduced: "I will conclude these thoughts by giving you some lines of a copy of verses I wrote on my friend Mr. Talbot's death, and designed at first to be prefixed to *Liberty*, but afterwards reduced to those you see stand there. Perhaps some time or other I may publish the whole:—

' Be then the starting tear,  
 Or selfish, or mistaken, wiped away.  
 By death the good, from reptile matter raised,  
 And upward soaring to superior day,  
 With pity hear our plaints, with pity see  
 Our ignorance of tears; if e'er, indeed,  
 Amid the woes of life, they quench our joys.  
 Why should we cloud a friend's exalted state  
 With idle grief, tenaciously prolonged  
 Beyond the lonely drops that frailty sheds  
 Surprised? No; rather thence less fond of life,  
 Yet still the lot enjoying heaven allows,  
 Attend we, cheerful, the rejoining hour.  
 Children of nature! let us not reject,  
 Forward, the good we have for what we want.

Musing, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks,  
 Where at each step imagination burns :  
 While scattered wide around, awful, and hoar,  
 Lies, a vast monument, once glorious Rome,  
 The tomb of empire ! Ruins ! that efface  
 Whate'er, of finished, modern pomp can boast.

Snatched by these wonders to that world where thought  
 Unfettered ranges, Fancy's magic hand  
 Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,  
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dressed :  
 When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power  
 Of Liberty appeared. Not, as of old,  
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,  
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :<sup>2</sup>

Since all by turns must spread the sable sail,  
 Driven to the coast that never makes return,  
 But where we happy hope to meet again ;  
 Sooner or later, a few anxious years,  
 Still fluttering on the wing, not much imports.  
 Eternal Goodness reigns : be this our stay ;  
 A subject, for the past, of grateful song,  
 And, for the future, of undrooping hope.'"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The ceremony of enfranchising a slave is thus described by Dr. Smith, *Rom. Antiq.* :—"The lictor of the magistratus laid a rod (*festuca*) on the head of the slave, accompanied with certain formal words, in which he declared that he was a free man, *ex jure Quiritium* ; that is, *vindicavit in libertatem*. The master in the meantime held the slave, and after he had pronounced the words *hunc hominem liberum volo*, he turned him round (*momento turbinis exit Marcus Dama*, PERSIUS, *Sat.* v. 78) and let him go (*emisit ex manu*), whence the general name of the act of manumission." The cap alluded to in the text was the Phrygian cap, which the manumitted slave put on as the symbol of his freedom.

But her bright temples bound with British oak,  
And naval honours nodded on her brow.  
Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flowed  
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.  
An island-goddess now ; and her high care  
The Queen of Isles, the mistress of the main.  
My heart beat filial transport at the sight ;  
And, as she moved to speak, the awakened muse  
Listened intense. Awhile she looked around,  
With mournful eye the well-known ruins marked,  
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began :

“ Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is mine ;  
But ah, how changed ! the falling, poor remains  
Of what exalted once the Ausonian shore.  
Look back through time : and, rising from the gloom,  
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

“ The great Republic see ! that glowed, sublime,  
With the mixed freedom of a thousand states ;  
Raised on the thrones of kings her curule chair,  
And by her fasces awed the subject world.  
See busy millions quickening all the land,  
With cities thronged, and teeming culture high :  
For nature then smiled on her free-born sons,  
And poured the plenty that belongs to men.  
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,  
In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse  
Of brooks now lost, and streams renowned in song ;  
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow  
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale ;  
On Baiæ's viny coast, where peaceful seas,



Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims  
Soared far above the little selfish sphere  
Of doubting modern life ; who but inflamed  
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes  
Of men and deeds to trace ; unhappy land,  
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway ?

“ Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states  
In their warm bosom fed ? The mountains these,  
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,  
I bred to glory ? These dejected towns,  
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,  
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp ?

“ Come ! by whatever sacred name disguised,  
Oppression, come ! and in thy works rejoice !  
See natures richest plains to putrid fens  
Turned by thy fury.<sup>1</sup> From their cheerful bounds,  
See razed the enlivening village, farm, and seat.  
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand  
Robbed of his poor reward, resigned the plough ;  
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.  
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,  
Who loves at large along the grassy downs  
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.  
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,  
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey,  
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone ;  
And, where the rank uncultivated growth  
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,

<sup>1</sup> The Pontine marshes, and the marshes of Manturnæ.

Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,  
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns ;  
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,  
Rolled in rude mazes o'er the abandoned waste ;  
While ancient ways, ingulphed, are seen no more.

“Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer ! foe  
To humankind ! thy mountains too, profuse,  
Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint  
To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states  
And famous cities, once, to the pleased sun,  
Far other scenes of rising culture spread,  
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,  
Each harvest pines ; the livid, lean produce  
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,  
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.

Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,  
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.  
Hence, drooping art almost to nature leaves  
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts  
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush  
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth  
(Such as dictators fed)<sup>1</sup> the garden pours.  
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;  
Nor juice Cæcubian, or Falernian, more,  
Streams life and joy, save in the muse's bowl.

<sup>1</sup> Quintus Cincinnatus Dictator est factus, qui agrum quatuor jugerum possidens, manibus colebat.

Unseconded by art, the spinning race  
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.  
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;  
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.  
Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines :  
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,  
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

“ Nor half thy triumph this ; cast, from brute fields,  
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.  
There, buxom Plenty never turns her horn ;  
The grace and virtue of exterior life,  
No clean convenience reigns ; e'en sleep itself,  
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,  
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.  
Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorned,  
See streets whose echoes never know the voice  
Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongued,  
And art mechanic at his various task,  
Fervent, employed. Mark the desponding race,  
Of occupation void, as void of hope ;  
Hope, the glad ray, glanced from Eternal Good,  
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,  
With views of fortune—madness all to them !  
By thee relentless seized their better joys,  
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,  
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,  
And love and music melt their souls away.  
From feeble Justice, see how rash Revenge,  
Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,  
Fearful himself, to venial ruffians gives.

See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,  
With the red touch of dark assassins stained.

“ But chief let Rome, the mighty city ! speak  
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.  
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,  
Expiring nature all corrupted round ;  
While the lone Tiber, through the desert plain,  
Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.  
Patched from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,  
Mark how the temple glares ; and artful dressed,  
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.  
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,  
Concealing often, in magnificent jail,  
Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !  
And oft adjoining to the drear abode  
Of misery, whose melancholy walls  
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.  
Within the city bounds the desert see ;  
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,  
Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold  
It once, exulting, flowed. The people mark,  
Matchless, while fired by me ; to public good  
Inexorably firm, just, generous, and brave,  
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,  
Elate with glory, an heroic soul  
Known to the vulgar breast :—behold them now  
A thin despairing number, all-subdued,  
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fooled,  
By vice unmanned and a licentious rule ;  
In guile ingenious. and in murder brave.

Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,  
Thy sons, Oppression, are ; and such were mine.

“ E'en with thy laboured Pomp, for whose vain show  
Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrimed,  
Torn, robbed, and scattered in unnumbered sacks,  
And by the tempest of two thousand years  
Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.

These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,  
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;  
These fractured arches, that the chiding stream  
No more delighted hear ; these rich remains  
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbibed  
Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hewed  
From Afric's farthest shore ; one granite all,  
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,  
Mysterious marked with dark Egyptian lore ;  
These endless wonders that this sacred way  
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;  
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charged  
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece.  
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast :  
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios mine ;  
And mine the fair designs, which Raphael's soul  
O'er the live canvas, emanating, breathed.

“ What would you say, ye conquerors of earth !  
Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurelled head ;  
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,  
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;  
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight !  
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,

You rushed with rapture down the gulf of fate,  
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,  
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,  
The queen of nations rose, possessed of all  
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow ;  
What would you say, deep in the last abyss  
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,  
Thus to behold her sunk ? your crowded plains,  
Void of their cities ; unadorned your hills ;  
Ungraced your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;  
Your lawless floods, and your abandoned streams ;  
These could you know—these could you love again ?  
Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire,  
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,  
Soon bursting into song ; while through the groves  
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,  
In many a tortured stream, you mused along ? -  
Yon wild retreat,<sup>1</sup> where superstition dreams,  
Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe ?  
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,  
Famed in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,<sup>2</sup>  
Your Formian shore ? Once the delight of earth,  
Where art and nature, ever smiling, joined  
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.  
How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,  
Would now your Naples seem ! disastered less

<sup>1</sup> Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

<sup>2</sup> The bay of Mola (anciently Formiæ) into which Homer brings Ulysses and his companions. Near Formiæ Cicero had a villa.

By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast  
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,  
Than by despotic rage,<sup>1</sup> that inward gnaws  
A native foe ; a foreign, tears without.  
First from your flattered Cæsars this began :  
Till, doomed to tyrants an eternal prey,  
Thin peopled spreads, at last, the siren plain,<sup>2</sup>  
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarmed ;  
And wrapped in weeds the shore<sup>3</sup> of Venus lies.  
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng,  
Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome ;  
No generous vines now bask along the hills,  
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main ;  
With baths and temples mixed, no villas rise ;  
Nor, art-sustained amid reluctant waves,  
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep ;  
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend ;  
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,  
From the calm station, roll resounding back.  
An almost total desolation sits,  
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast ;  
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,  
Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace ;  
Where citted hill to hill reflected blazed ;  
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold

<sup>1</sup> Naples, then under the Austrian government.

<sup>2</sup> Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

<sup>3</sup> The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines ; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,  
E'en Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent ;  
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt  
Swallowed at once, or vile in rubbish laid,  
A nest for serpents ; from the red abyss  
New hills, explosive, thrown ; the Lucrine lake  
A reedy pool ; and all to Cuma's point,  
The sea recovering his usurped domain,  
And poured triumphant o'er the buried dome.

“ Hence, Britain, learn ; my best established, last,  
And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign ;  
The land where, King and People equal bound  
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;  
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,  
The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast ;  
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate  
Of an heroic race, the masters once  
Of human-kind, what, when deprived of ME,  
How grievous must be thine ? in spite of climes,  
Whose sun-enlivened ether wakes the soul  
To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,  
That, but by labour's slightest aid impelled,  
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown ;  
If there desponding fail the common arts,  
And sustenance of life, could life itself,  
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,  
Subsist with thee ? against depressing skies,  
Joined to full-spread Oppression's cloudy brow,  
How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find,  
Forced fruits to tear from their unnative soil ?



Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,  
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave ?

Here paused the Goddess. By the cause assured,  
In trembling accents thus I moved my prayer :

“ Oh first, and most benevolent of powers !  
Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,  
Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,  
To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert  
The native rights and honour of their race ;  
Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal  
Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,  
And with a strain from THEE enrich the Muse.  
As thee alone she serves, her patron, THOU,  
And great inspirer be ! then will she joy,  
Though narrow life her lot, and private shade ;  
And when her venal voice she barter's vile,  
Or to thy open, or thy secret, foes,  
May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,  
By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song  
Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !  
Vermin of state ! to thy o'erflowing light  
That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the heavenly Power  
Returned :—“ What here, suggested by the scene,  
I slight unfold, record and sing at home,  
In that blessed isle, where (so we spirits move)  
With one quick effort of my will I am.  
There Truth, unlicensed, walks ; and dares accost  
E'en kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !  
Fixed on my rock, there, an indulgent race  
O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice ;

And there, to finish what his sires began,  
A Prince<sup>1</sup> behold ! for me who burns sincere,  
E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great work  
Will parent-like sustain ; and added give  
The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.  
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast ;  
And ancient arts he emulous revolves ;  
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,  
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;  
To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;  
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."

Hail, glorious theme ! but how, alas ! shall verse,  
From the crude stories of mortal language drawn,  
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,  
The Goddess flashed at once upon my soul.  
For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods  
Is harmony itself ; to every ear  
Familiar known, like light to every eye.  
Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,  
In long succession poured their empires forth ;  
Scene after scene, the human drama spread ;  
And still the embodied picture rose to sight.

Oh THOU ! to whom the Muses owe their flame ;  
Who bidd'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,  
And Hippocrenè flow ; with thy bold ease,  
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,  
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear ;  
Oh, gracious Goddess ! reinspire my song ;  
While I, to nobler than poetic fame  
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, Prince of Wales.



## PART II.

### G R E E C E .

CONTENTS.—Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government—The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece—Geographical description of Greece—Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described—Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states ; with regard to their Government, their Politeness, their Virtues, their Arts, and Sciences—The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopyæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand—Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens—Liberty the source of free Philosophy—The various schools which took their rise from Socrates—Enumeration of Fine Arts: Eloquence, Poetry, Music, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to the utmost perfection there—Transition to the modern state of Greece—Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks—Concluding Reflection.

THUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye ;  
And at her voice, renewed, the Vision rose :

“ First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,  
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I lived ;

While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,  
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.  
These, as increasing families disclosed  
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.  
Few were offences, properties, and laws.  
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread,  
The father senate met. There Justice dealt,  
With reason then and equity the same,  
Free as the common air, her prompt decree ;  
Nor yet had stained her sword with subjects' blood.  
The simpler arts were all their simple wants  
Had urged to light. But instant, these supplied,  
Another set of fonder wants arose,  
And other arts with them of finer aim ;  
Till, from refining want to want impelled,  
The mind by thinking pushed her latent powers,  
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

“ At first, on brutes alone the rustic war  
Launched the rude spear ; swift, as he glared along,  
On the grim lion, or the robber wolf :  
For then young sportive life was void of toil,  
Demanding little, and with little pleased.  
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,  
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fired ;  
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,  
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,  
From the lone pilgrim, and the wandering swain,  
Seized what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood  
First, horrid, smoked on the polluted skies.  
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,

Led by their tempered sires, on lawless men,  
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,  
Turned the keen arrow, and the sharpened spear.  
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;  
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,  
Toiled for their ease, and for their safety bled.  
West, with the living day, to Greece I came :  
Earth smiled beneath my beam ; the Muse before  
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods  
Had tuned the reed, and sighed the shepherd's pain ;  
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swelled  
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

“ For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook ;  
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss  
Of fabling ages loved to lose their source,  
And with their river traced it from the skies.  
While there my laws alone despotic reigned,  
And king, as well as people, proud obeyed ;  
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;  
By poets, sages, legislators sought ,  
The school of polished life, and human kind.  
But when mysterious Superstition came,  
And, with her Civil Sister <sup>1</sup> leagued, involved  
In studied darkness the desponding mind ;  
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloosed :  
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.  
Instead of useful works, like nature's,—great,  
Enormous, cruel wonders crushed the land ;

<sup>1</sup> Civil tyranny.

And round a tyrant's tomb,<sup>1</sup> who none deserved,  
For one vile carcass perished countless lives.  
Then the great Dragon,<sup>2</sup> couched amid his floods,  
Swelled his fierce heart, and cried, "This flood is mine  
'Tis I that bid it flow." But, undeceived,  
His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt ;  
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,  
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflowed in vain.  
Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state  
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,  
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence reversed  
Into luxurious waste ; nor yet the ports  
Of old Phœnicia, first for letters famed,  
That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight ;  
Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,  
First tempted out into the lonely deep ;  
To whom I first disclosed mechanic arts,  
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,  
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;  
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retained ;  
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore  
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay  
The promised Land of Arts, and urged my flight.

"Hail, Nature's utmost boast ! unrivalled Greece !  
My fairest reign ! where every power benign  
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,  
And lavished all that genius can inspire.  
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,

<sup>1</sup> The Pyramids.

<sup>2</sup> The tyrants of Egypt.

Ionian or Ægean, tempered kind ;  
Light, airy soils ; a country rich, and gay ;  
Broke into hills with balmy odours crowned,  
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales ;  
Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous  
    flowed ;

Whence deemed by wondering men the seat of gods,  
And still the mountains and the streams of song.  
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour  
Of high materials, and my restless Arts  
Frame into finished life. How many states,  
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,  
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds—  
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat  
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves ;  
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles  
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore  
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

“O'er all two rival cities reared the brow,  
And balanced all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,  
Amid a circle of soft rising hills,  
The patient Sparta one ; the sober, hard,  
And man-subduing city ; which no shape  
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.  
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base  
Of equal life, so well a tempered state ;  
Where mixed each government, in such just poise ;  
Each power so checking, and supporting each ;  
That firm for ages, and unmoved, it stood,  
The fort of Greece ! without one giddy hour,

One shock of faction, or of party rage.  
For, drained the springs of wealth, Corruption there  
Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land !  
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice  
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts  
Loved not the soil ; yet there the calm abode  
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,  
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase  
Confined, and pressed into Laconic force.  
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,  
The Public and the Private grew the same. —  
The children of the nursing Public all,  
And at its table fed ; for that they toiled,  
For that they lived entire, and even for that  
The tender mother urged her son to die.

“ Of softer genius, but not less intent  
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose.  
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,  
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,  
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,  
And to botanic hand the stores of health ;  
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,  
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glowed  
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,  
Of active arts, and animated arms.  
There, passionate for me, an easy-moved,  
A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,  
Enlightened people reigned. Oft on the brink  
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,  
Inforcing hasty counsel immature,



Tottered the rash Democracy ; unpoised,  
 And by the rage devoured, that ever tears  
 A populace unequal ; part too rich,  
 And part or fierce with want, or abject grown.  
 Solon at last, their mild restorer, rose ;  
 Allayed the tempest ; to the calm of laws  
 Reduced the settling whole ; and, with the weight  
 Which the two senates<sup>1</sup> to the public lent,  
 As with an anchor, fixed the driving state.

“ Nor was my forming care to these confined.  
 For emulation through the whole I poured,  
 Noble contention ! who should most excel  
 In government well poised, adjusted best  
 To public weal ; in countries cultured high ;  
 In ornamented towns, where order reigns,  
 Free social life, and polished manners fair ;  
 In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn  
 For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride ;  
 In moral science, and in graceful arts.  
 Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,  
 The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.  
 By contest brightened, hence the radiant youth,  
 Poured every beam ; by generous pride inflamed,  
 Felt every ardour burn : their great reward  
 The verdant wreath,<sup>2</sup> which sounding Pisa<sup>3</sup> gave.

<sup>1</sup> The Areopagus, or Supreme Court of Judicature, which Solon reformed and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

<sup>2</sup> The prize at the Olympic games was a wreath of wild olive.

<sup>3</sup> Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

“ Hence flourished Greece ; and hence a race of men,  
As gods by conscious future times adored :  
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,  
Each science shed o’er life a friendly light,  
Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,  
At the famed pass,<sup>1</sup> firm as an isthmus stood ;  
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far  
As eye could dart its vision, nobly checked.  
While in extended battle, at the field  
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove  
Before their ardent band a host of slaves.

“ Hence through the continent ten thousand Greeks  
Urged a retreat, whose glory not the prime  
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,  
Opposed their course ; and hostile lands, unknown ;  
And deep rapacious floods, dire banked with death ;  
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinned ;  
Hunger, and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;  
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.  
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouched,  
Their steady column pierced their scattering herds,  
Which a whole empire poured ; and held its way  
Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief  
Fired and sustained. Oh light and force of mind,  
Almost almighty in severe extremes !  
The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,  
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw  
The soldiers’ fond embrace ; o’erflowed their eyes

<sup>1</sup> The Straits of Thermopylæ.

With tender floods, and loosed the general voice  
To cries resounding loud—‘ The sea ! The sea ! ’

“ In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,  
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece !  
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,  
All the soft modes of elegance, and ease ;  
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch  
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.

“ My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,  
The unfettered thought with energy inspires,  
Invincible in arts, in the bright field  
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.  
Athenians thus not less intrepid burst  
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurned  
The Persian chains ; while through the city full  
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,  
Incessant struggled taste, refining taste,  
And friendly free discussion, calling forth  
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.  
O’er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,<sup>1</sup>  
And Father of Philosophy : the sun,  
From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect  
Took various tints, but with diminished beam.  
Tutor of Athens ! he, in every street,  
Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,  
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.  
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,  
His simple question stole ; as into truth,

<sup>1</sup> Socrates.

And serious deeds, he smiled the laughing race ;  
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,  
Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.  
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke  
In different Schools : in bold poetic phrase  
Of figured Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain,  
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;  
Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's keen eye ;  
The exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;  
The slow-consenting Academic doubt ;<sup>1</sup>  
And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease  
Of Epicurus, seldom understood.

They, ever candid, reason still opposed  
To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,  
Each by sure practice tried to prove his way  
The best. Then stood untouched the solid base  
Of Liberty, the liberty of mind ;  
For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,  
Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.  
From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening arts  
Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

“ O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts !  
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore ;  
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,  
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,  
Crowned with the laurel of assenting Time.

“ In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;

<sup>1</sup> The *Academia* of Athens was the Gymnasium in the suburbs where Plato taught ; hence his disciples were called *Academici*.

Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused  
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on  
Through all the winding harmony of sound :  
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,  
Breathed the persuasive or pathetic soul,  
Stilled by degrees the democratic storm,  
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,  
Flushed at the head of their victorious troops ;  
In it the Muse, her fury never quenched,  
By mean unyielding phrase ; or jarring sound,  
Her unconfined divinity displayed ;  
And, still harmonious, formed it to her will,  
Or soft depressed it to the shepherd's moan,  
Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.

“ Heroic song was thine ; the Fountain Bard,<sup>1</sup>  
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.  
Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight  
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,  
When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart  
Or plained, or stormed ; and in the impassioned man,  
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.  
This potent school of manners, but when left  
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,  
Was not unworthy deemed of public care,  
And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,  
E'en last mechanic, the true taste possessed  
Of what had flavour to the nourished soul.

“ The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,

<sup>1</sup> Homer.

Thine was the meaning music of the heart.  
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs  
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;  
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,  
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

“ Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,  
By Love imagined, by the Graces touched,  
The boast of well-pleased Nature ! Sculpture seized,  
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.  
Selecting Beauty’s choice, and that again  
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,  
Thy workmen left e’en Nature’s self behind.  
From those far different, whose prolific hand  
Peoples a nation ; they for years on years,  
By the cool touches of judicious toil,  
Their rapid genius curbing, poured it all  
Through the live features of one breathing stone.  
There, beaming full, it shone ; expressing gods :  
Jove’s awful brow, Apollo’s air divine,  
The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,  
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen ;  
Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,  
And every muscle swelled, as nature taught.  
In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved ;  
Flowed in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ;  
Sprung into motion ; softened into flesh ;  
Was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

“ Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,  
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,  
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mixed.

Courted by kings, and by contending states  
Assumed the boasted honour of their birth.

“In Architecture too thy rank supreme !  
That art where most magnificent appears  
The little builder man ; by thee refined,  
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.  
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,  
Who scorned their aid, have only loaded earth  
With laboured, heavy monuments of shame.  
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore  
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorned,  
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;  
The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,  
Her airy pillar heaved ; luxuriant last,  
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.  
The whole so measured true, so lessened off  
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,  
Formed to repel the still or stormy waste  
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics looked  
That from the magic wand aërial rise.

“These were the wonders that illumined Greece  
From end to end”--Here interrupting warm,  
“Where are they now ?” I cried, “say, goddess, where ?  
And what the land, thy darling thus of old ?”

“Sunk !” she resumed, “deep in the kindred gloom  
Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk !  
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumbed  
By loose dejected sloth and servile fear ;  
No science pierce the darkness of their minds ;  
No nobler art the quick ambitious soul

Of imitation in their breast awake.  
E'en to supply the needful arts of life,  
Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.  
Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,  
Or nodding column, on the desert shore,  
To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.  
A faithless land of violence, and death !  
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore ;  
And his wild impulse curious search restrains,  
Afraid to trust the inhospitable clime.  
Neglected nature fails ; in sordid want  
Sunk, and debased, their beauty beams no more.  
The sun himself seems, angry, to regard,  
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;  
And fires them oft with pestilential rays ;  
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,  
Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.  
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,  
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,  
So states must die, and Liberty go round.

“ Fierce was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,  
And the soul fired by me (that often, stung  
With thoughts of better times and old renown,  
From hydra-tyrants tried to clear the land)  
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effaced,  
And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.  
Sooner I moved my much reluctant flight,  
Poised on the doubtful wing ; when Greece with Greece  
Embroided in foul contention fought no more  
For common glory, and for common weal,



But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the free ;  
Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,  
That lent the whole irrefragable force ;  
And, as around the partial trophy blushed,  
Prepared the way for total overthrow.  
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorned,  
When Xerxes poured his millions o'er the land,  
Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued ;  
Sued to be venal parricides, to spill  
Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves  
To turn their matchless mercenary arms.  
Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the Great King ;<sup>1</sup>  
And by the trick of treaties, the still waste  
Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,  
Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.  
Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,  
Inflaming all the land ; unbalanced wide  
Their tottering states ; their wild assemblies ruled,  
As the winds turn at every blast the seas ;  
And by their listed orators, whose breath  
Still with a factious storm infested Greece,  
Roused them to civil war, or dashed them down  
To sordid peace—Peace !<sup>2</sup> that, when Sparta shook  
Astonished Artaxerxes on his throne,  
Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,

<sup>1</sup> So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

<sup>2</sup> The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians ; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia, to the dominion of the King of Persia.

Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.  
What could so base, so infamous a thought  
In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw  
Respiring Athens,<sup>1</sup> rear again her walls;  
And the pale fury fired them, once again  
To crush this rival city to the dust.  
For now no more the noble social soul  
Of Liberty my families combined;  
But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,  
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,  
They mixed severe, and waged eternal war;  
Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;  
Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,  
Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.  
Long years rolled on,<sup>2</sup> by many a battle stained,  
The blush and boast of Fame! where courage, art,  
And military glory shone supreme:  
But let detesting ages, from the scene  
Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.  
At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,  
She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust  
Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,  
Agesilaus, and the Theban friends;<sup>3</sup>  
The Macedonian vulture marked his time,  
By the dire scent of Cheronæa<sup>4</sup> lured,

<sup>1</sup> Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedæmonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendour.

<sup>2</sup> The Peloponnesian war.                      <sup>3</sup> Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

<sup>4</sup> The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

And, fierce descending, seized his hapless prey.

“ Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke  
Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;  
For every grace, and muse, and science born ;  
With arts of War, of Government, elate ;  
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best ;  
Whom I myself could scarcely rule : and thus  
The Persian fetters, that inthralled the mind,  
Were turned to formal and apparent chains.

“ Unless Corruption first deject the pride,  
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,  
All crude attempts of Violence are vain ;  
For firm within, and while at heart untouched,  
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.  
But soon as Independence stoops the head,  
To Vice enslaved, and vice-created wants ;  
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste  
These heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds,  
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,  
Till the whole state unnerved in Slavery sinks.”





### PART III.

### ROME.

CONTENTS.—As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian Colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients—With these colonies, the Spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy—Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities—Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty—Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins—How differing from that in Greece—Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem : to mark its Rise and Fall the peculiar purport of this—During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted—The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans—Enumeration of these Virtues—Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire abroad—Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described—The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence—The loss of Liberty in Rome—Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus—Rome under the emperors—From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations ; where, by infusing into them her Spirit and general principles, she lays the groundwork of her

future establishments ; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved ; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages—The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mixed with air the ideal forms  
 That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.  
 Then I, impatient.—“ From extinguished Greece,  
 To what new region streamed the Human Day ? ”  
 She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,  
 Resigned to Boreas, the declining year,  
 Resumed.—“ Indignant, these last scenes I fled ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,  
 And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,  
 All Latium stood aroused. Ages before,  
 Great mother of republics ! Greece had poured,  
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.  
 On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stooped,  
 But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore ;  
 Where, from Lacinium<sup>2</sup> to Etrurian vales,  
 They rolled increasing colonies along,  
 And lent materials for my Roman reign.  
 With them my spirit spread ; and numerous states,  
 And cities rose, on Grecian models formed ;  
 As its parental policy and arts  
 Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assigned,  
 A guardian Genius o'er the public weal,  
 Kept an unclosing eye ; tried to sustain,

<sup>1</sup> The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.

<sup>2</sup> A promontory in Calabria.

Or more sublime, the soul infused by me :  
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,  
Against the tyrant demons of the land.  
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;  
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,  
But almost all below the proud regard  
Of story vowed to Rome, on deeds intent  
That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

“ Not so the Samian sage ;<sup>1</sup> to him belongs  
The brightest witness of recording Fame.  
For these free states his native isle<sup>2</sup> forsook,  
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,  
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air ;  
And through Great Greece<sup>3</sup> his gentle wisdom taught ;  
Wisdom that calmed for listening years<sup>4</sup> the mind,  
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.  
His mental eye first launched into the deeps  
Of boundless ether ; where unnumbered orbs,  
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky  
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.  
There he the full consenting choir beheld ;  
There first discerned the secret band of love,  
The kind attraction, that to central suns  
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.  
Instructed thence, he great ideas formed

<sup>1</sup> Pythagoras.

<sup>2</sup> Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

<sup>3</sup> The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

<sup>4</sup> His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,  
The Sun of beings ! beaming unconfined  
Light, life, and love, and ever active power ;  
Whom nought can image, and who best approves  
The silent worship of the moral heart,  
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the  
joy.

Nor scorned the soaring sage to stoop to life,  
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.  
He gave the four yet reigning virtues<sup>1</sup> name ;  
Inspired the study of the finer arts,  
That civilize mankind, and laws devised  
Where with enlightened justice mercy mixed.  
He e'en, into his tender system, took  
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :  
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,  
From brute to man, and man to brute again,  
For ever shifting, runs the eternal round ;  
Thence tried against the blood-polluted meal,  
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,  
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !  
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,  
And not a circling form, but rising whole.

“ Amid these small republics one arose  
On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome,  
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warmed  
Her sons ; and, roused by tyrants, nobler still  
It burned in Brutus ; the proud Tarquins chased,

<sup>1</sup> The four cardinal virtues.

With all their crimes ; bade radiant eras rise,  
And the long honours of the Consul-line.

“ Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan  
Of Greece I varied ; whose unmixing states,  
By the keen soul of emulation pierced,  
Long waged alone the bloodless war of arts,  
And their best empire gained. But to diffuse  
O'er men an empire was my purpose now :  
To let my martial majesty abroad ;  
Into the vortex of one state to draw  
The whole mixed force, and liberty, on earth ;  
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

“ Already have I given, with flying touch,  
A broken view of this my amplest reign.  
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,  
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.

“ When Rome in noon-tide empire grasped the  
world,  
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,  
The nations stooped around ; though then appeared  
Her grandeur most ; yet in her dawn of power,  
By many a jealous equal people pressed,  
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;  
Then for each Roman I a hero told ;  
And every passing sun, and Latian scene,  
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,  
That or surpass the faith of modern times,  
Or, if believed, with sacred horror strike.

“ For then, to prove my most exalted power,  
I to the point of full perfection pushed,



To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,  
The great, the reigning passion of the free.  
That godlike passion ! which, the bounds of self  
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes  
Into the heart, enlarged, and burning high  
With the mixed ardour of unnumbered selves ;  
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws  
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.  
From this kind sun of moral nature flowed  
Virtues, that shine the light of humankind,  
And, rayed through story, warm remotest time.  
These virtues too, reflected to their source,  
Increased its flame. The social charm went round,  
The fair idea, more attractive still,  
As more by virtue marked ; till Romans, all  
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

“ Hence, when their country raised her plaintive  
voice,

The voice of pleading Nature was not heard ;  
And in their hearts the fathers throbbed no more ;  
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.  
Hence sweetened Pain, the luxury of toil ;  
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage ;  
High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,  
When Brennus conquered, and when Cannæ bled,  
The bravest impulse felt, and scorned despair.  
Hence Moderation a new conquest gained ;  
As on the vanquished, like descending heaven,  
Their dewy mercy dropped, the bounty beamed,  
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestowed.

Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,  
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.  
Hence, Independence, with his little pleased,  
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god ;  
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,  
While he his honest roots to gold preferred ;  
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,  
The man maintained, the Roman's splendour all  
Was in the public wealth and glory placed ;  
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough ;  
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,  
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,  
With Wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel,  
To drive the steady battle on the foe.  
Hence every passion, e'en the proudest, stooped  
To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;  
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence,  
Consuls, Dictators, still resigned their rule,  
The very moment that the laws ordained.  
Though Conquest o'er them clapped her eagle wings,  
Her laurels wreathed, and yoked her snowy steeds  
To the triumphal car ; soon as expired  
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,  
(A harder lesson than to command)  
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.  
If Rome was served, and glorious, careless they  
By whom. Their country's fame they deemed their  
    own ;  
And above envy, in a rival's train,  
Sung the loud Iös by themselves deserved.

Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,  
Hence fell the Fabii;<sup>1</sup> hence the Decii died;  
And Curtius plunged into the flaming gulph.  
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firmed,  
By dreadful counsel never given before;  
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.  
Hence he sustained to dare a death prepared  
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look  
Relentless fixed, he from a last embrace,  
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,  
His little children climbing for a kiss;  
Then dumb through rows of weeping, wondering friends,  
A new illustrious exile! pressed along.  
Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds  
Opposing his return, than if, escaped  
From long litigious suits, he glad forsook  
The noisy town a while, and city cloud,  
To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air.  
Need I these high particulars recount?  
The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;  
Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.  
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,  
When Rome and glory called. But, in one view,  
Mark the rare boast of these unequalled times.  
Ages revolved unsullied by a crime;

<sup>1</sup> Caio Flavio et Lucio Virginio Coss. trecenti nobiles homines, qui ex Fabiâ familiâ erant, contra Veientes bellum soli susceperunt, promittentes senatui et populo per se omne certamen implendum. Itaque profecti omnes nobiles, et qui singuli magnorum exercituum duces esse deberent, in prælio conciderunt.—EUTROP. lib. i.

Astrea reigned, and scarcely needed laws  
To bind a race elated with the pride  
Of virtue, and disdaining to descend  
To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.  
While war around them raged, in happy Rome  
All peaceful smiled, all save the passing clouds  
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow ;  
And fair unblemished centuries elapsed,  
When not a Roman bled but in the field.  
Their virtue such, that an unbalanced state,  
Still between Noble and Plebeian tost,  
As flowed the wave of fluctuating power,  
Was then kept firm, and with triumphant prow  
Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,  
That from the first their constitution shook,  
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew,)  
Stood on the threatening point of civil war  
Ready to rush : yet could the lenient voice  
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,  
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts  
Unpetrified by self, so naked lay  
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage  
Of giddy faction, by oppression swelled,  
Prevailed a simple fable,<sup>1</sup> and at once  
To peace recovered the divided state.  
But if their often cheated hopes refused  
The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,

<sup>1</sup> The fable of *The Belly and the Members*, applied by Menenius Agrippa to the Roman State.

The dread Dictator found a sure resource.  
Was she assaulted? was her glory stained?  
One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.  
Foes in the forum in the field were friends.  
By social danger bound; each bound for each,  
And for their dearest country all, to die.

“ Thus up the hill of empire slow they toiled;  
Till, the bold summit gained, the thousand states  
Of proud Italia blended into one;  
Then o'er the nations they resistless rushed,  
And touched the limits of the failing world.

“ Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.  
See that which borders wild the western main,  
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense;  
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,  
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodged  
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,  
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.  
Mark that opposed, where first the springing  
morn

Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:  
From the dire deserts by the Caspian laved,  
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, joined,  
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;  
And blessed Arabia aromatic breathes.  
See that dividing far the watery north,  
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,  
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouthed,  
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;  
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs

The dead Mæotic pool or the long Rha,<sup>1</sup>  
In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws.  
Last, that beneath the burning zone behold :  
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains  
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,  
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste  
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh ;  
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,  
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,  
His never-drained ethereal urn, descends.  
In this vast space what various tongues, and states !  
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas !  
What purple tyrants quelled, and nations freed !  
“ O'er Greece, descended chief, with stealth divine,  
The Roman bounty in a flood of day ;  
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !  
Her full assembled youth innumerable swarmed.  
On a tribunal raised, Flaminius sat :  
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced  
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back  
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repelled.  
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,  
While sport alone their unambitious hearts  
Possessed, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse  
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign ;  
Then thus a herald :—‘ To the states of Greece  
The Roman people, unconfined, restore  
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws ;

<sup>1</sup> The ancient name of the Volga.

Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.  
The crowd astonished half, and half informed,  
Stared dubious round ; some questioned, some ex-  
claimed,  
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,  
Is lost in anxious joy,) ' Be that again,  
Be that again proclaimed, distinct, and loud.'  
Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaimed ;  
And still as midnight in the rural shade,  
When the gale slumbers, they the words devoured.  
A while severe amazement held them mute,  
Then bursting broad, the boundless shout to Heaven  
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.  
On every hand rebellowed to their joy  
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills ;  
Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook ;  
And, from the void above of shattered air,  
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.  
What piercing bliss, how keen a sense of fame,  
Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul !  
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then  
Escape the fondness of transported Greece !  
Mixed in a tempest of superior joy,  
They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,  
Each other straining in a strict embrace,  
Nor strained a slave ; and loud acclaims till night  
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.  
Then, crowned with garlands, came the festive hours ;  
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,  
Their raptures waked anew. ' Ye gods ! ' they cried,

'Ye guardian gods of Greece! and are we free?  
Was it not madness deemed the very thought?  
And is it true? How did we purchase chains?  
At what a dire expense of kindred blood?  
And are they now dissolved? and scarce one drop  
For the fair first of blessings have we paid?  
Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,  
When rages wide the storm of mingling war,  
Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends  
To turn success, and conquest, rarer still:  
That the great gods and Romans only know.  
Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,  
A people so magnanimous, to quit  
Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,  
And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,  
Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!  
There does! there does! Oh saviour, Titus! Rome!  
Thus through the happy night they poured their souls,  
And in my last reflected beams rejoiced.  
As when the shepherd, on the mountain-brow,  
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids;  
Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,  
Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam;  
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,  
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;  
To western worlds irrevocable rolled,  
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray."

Here interposing I—"Oh, Queen of men!  
Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights  
Equal they live; though placed for common good,



Who, heaping horror round, no more deserved  
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurned?  
 No :—Sad o'er all profound dejection sat ;  
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs ;  
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back  
 Turns weak to slaughter ; or partaken guilt.  
 In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew  
 An unexampled deed. The power resigned,  
 And all unhop'd the commonwealth restored,  
 Amazed the public, and effaced his crimes.  
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand  
 Unarmed he strayed, unguarded, unassailed,  
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid ;  
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.  
 But with him died not the despotic soul.  
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear  
 A master, nor had virtue to be free.  
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign  
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.  
 Destruction gathered round. Still the black soul,  
 Or of a Catiline, or Rullus,<sup>1</sup> swelled  
 With fell designs ; and all the watchful art  
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,  
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue ;  
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.  
 With these I lingered ; till the flame anew  
 Burst out, in blaze immense, and wrapped the world.

<sup>1</sup> Publius Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an agrarian law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty ; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.

The shameful contest sprung—to whom mankind  
 Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who concealed  
 A rage impatient of an equal name ;  
 Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow  
 O'er daring vice deluding virtue smiled,  
 And who no less a vain superior scorned.  
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.  
 The venal will be bought, the base have lords.  
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ;  
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust  
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus ! lay,  
 Spread to the north untamed a rapid wing.

“ What though the first smooth Cæsars arts caressed,  
 Merit, and virtue, simulating me ?  
 Severely tender ! cruelly humane !  
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer sit  
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.  
 From the dark Third,<sup>1</sup> succeeding, I beheld  
 The imperial monsters all.—A race on earth  
 Vindictive, sent the scourge of humankind !  
 Whose blind profusion drained a bankrupt world ;  
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;  
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop  
 Of ancient blood, that yet retained my flame,  
 To that of Pætus,<sup>2</sup> in the peaceful bath,

<sup>1</sup> Tiberius.

<sup>2</sup> Thræsea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death, thus :—“ After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thræsea,” &c.

Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.  
 But almost just the meanly patient death,  
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.  
 Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam ;  
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread  
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men !  
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand  
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost ;  
 Trajan and he, with the mild sire<sup>1</sup> and son,  
 His son of virtue ! eased awhile mankind ;  
 And arts revived beneath their gentle beam.  
 Then was their last effort : what sculpture raised  
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole ;  
 And mixed with Gothic forms, (the chisel's shame)  
 On that triumphal arch,<sup>2</sup> the forms of Greece.

“ Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales  
 Of gelid Hæmus, I pursued my flight ;  
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept  
 Sarmatia,<sup>3</sup> traversed by a thousand streams.  
 A sullen land of lakes and fens immense,  
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,  
 And cruel deserts black with sounding pine ;  
 Where nature frowns ; though sometimes into smiles  
 She softens ; and immediate, at the touch

<sup>1</sup> Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

<sup>2</sup> Constantine's arch, to build which that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

<sup>3</sup> The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast track of country running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe  
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.  
But, cold-compressed, when the whole loaded heaven  
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,  
Lies undistinguished earth ; and, seized by frost,  
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.  
Yet there life glows ; the furry millions there  
Deep dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows,  
And there a race of men prolific swarms,  
To various pain, to little pleasure used ;  
On whom, keen-parching, beat Riphæan winds ;<sup>1</sup>  
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,  
The nursery of nations !—These I roused,  
Drove land on land, on people people poured ;  
Till from almost perpetual night they broke,  
As if in search of day ; and o'er the banks  
Of yielding empire, only slave-sustained,  
Resistless raged ; in vengeance urged by me.

“Long in the barbarous heart the buried seeds  
Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age ;  
And though my spirit worked, by slow degrees,  
Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appeared.  
Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.  
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes  
Aërial, warned of rising winter, ride  
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne ;  
So, arts and each good genius in my train,

<sup>1</sup> So called, as coming from the northern extremity of Sarmatia, inhabited by the Riphæi.

I cut the closing gloom, and soared to heaven.  
“ In the bright regions there of purest day,  
Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,  
Adorned profuse with other arts divine.  
All beauty here below, to them compared,  
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,  
Shrink up its blossom ; like a bubble break  
The passing poor magnificence of kings.  
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,  
Calls every splendour forth ; and there his court,  
Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds :  
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,  
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.  
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds  
A light too keen for mortals ; wraps a view  
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust  
Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.  
A sense of higher life would only damp  
The schoolboy’s task, and spoil his playful hours.  
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble man,  
With vigour through this infant-being drudge ,  
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss  
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.”





#### PART IV.

### BRITAIN.

CONTENTS.—Difference betwixt the Ancients and Moderns slightly touched upon—Description of the dark ages—The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science—She first descends on Italy—Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts, by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy—The revival of these arts marked out—That sometimes arts may flourish for awhile under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them—Learning begins to dawn—The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities—These enumerated—Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said—She resumes her narration—The Genius of the Deep appears, and addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion—Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the island—These described—Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations—Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing Demons—Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amazed :

“ Ah, Goddess, what a change ! is earth the same ?  
Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?  
And does the same fair sun and ether spread  
Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ?  
Lo ! beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms  
Of little pomp, magnificence no more  
Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile ;  
While to rapacious interest Glory leaves  
Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.”

To this the Power, whose vital radiance calls  
From the brute mass of man an ordered world :

“ Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth  
Of Gothic darkness springs another day.  
True, Genius droops ; the tender ancient taste  
Of Beauty, then fresh blooming in her prime,  
But faintly trembles through the callous soul ;  
And Grandeur, or of morals, or of life,  
Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.  
E'en cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,  
And aged life to deem the generous deeds  
Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought  
Well reasoned, in researches piercing deep  
Through nature's works, in profitable arts,  
And all that calm Experience can disclose,  
(Slow guide, but sure), behold the world anew  
Exalted rise, with other honours crowned ;  
And, where my Spirit wakes the finer powers,  
Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.

“ Oblivious ages passed ; while earth, forsook

By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,  
And unchained Furies, an abandoned prey.  
Contention led the van ; first small of size,  
But soon dilating to the skies she towers ;  
Then, wide as air, the livid Fury spread,  
And high her head above the stormy clouds,  
She blazed in omens, swelled the groaning winds  
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war ;  
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,  
And poured her venom through the heart of man.  
Shook to the pole, the North obeyed her call.  
Forth rushed the bloody power of Gothic war,  
War against human kind : Rapine, that led  
Millions of raging robbers in his train ;  
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword  
Is reason, honour, law ; the foe of arts  
By monsters followed, hideous to behold,  
That claimed their place. Outrageous mixed with  
these

Another species of tyrannic<sup>1</sup> rule,  
Unknown before, whose cankerous shackles seized  
The envenomed soul ; a wilder Fury, she  
Even o'er her Elder Sister<sup>2</sup> tyrannized ;  
Or, if perchance agreed, inflamed her rage.  
Dire was her train, and loud ; the sable band,  
Thundering :—" Submit, ye Laity ! ye profane !  
Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours ; let kings  
Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;

<sup>1</sup> Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.      <sup>2</sup> Civil tyranny.



If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies !”  
Scholastic Discord, with a hundred tongues,  
For science uttering jangling words obscure,  
Where frightened reason never yet could dwell ;  
Of peremptory feature, cleric Pride,  
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;  
And holy Slander, his associate firm,  
On whom the lying Spirit still descends ;  
Mother of tortures ! persecuting Zeal,  
High flashing in her hand the ready torch,  
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving blood ;  
Hell’s fiercest fiend ! of saintly brow demure,  
Assuming a celestial seraph’s name,  
While she beneath the blasphemous pretence  
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love !  
Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,  
Than all the rest combined. Led on by her,  
And wild of head to work her fell designs,  
Came idiot Superstition ; round with ears  
Innumerable strowed, ten thousand monkish forms  
With legends plied them, and with tenets, meant  
To charm or scare the simple into slaves,  
And poison reason , gross, she swallows all,  
The most absurd believing ever most.  
Broad o’er the whole her universal night,  
The gloom still doubling, Ignorance diffused.

“Nought to be seen, but visionary monks  
To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds ;  
Banditti Saints, disturbing distant lands ;  
And unknown nations, wandering for a home.

All lay reversed ; the sacred arts of rule  
 Turned to flagitious leagues against mankind,  
 And arts of plunder more and more avowed ;  
 Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce ;  
 To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,  
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths ;  
 Brave ancient Freedom to the rage of slaves,  
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains ;  
 Dishonoured Courage to the bravo's trade,<sup>2</sup>  
 To civil broil ; and Glory to romance.  
 Thus human life, unhinged, to ruin reeled,  
 And giddy Reason tottered on her throne.

“ At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,  
 Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.  
 The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,  
 And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread  
 A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixed  
 With indignation, urged her downward flight.  
 On Latium first we stooped, for doubtful life  
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumbered woes.  
 Ah, poor Italia ! what a bitter cup  
 Of vengeance hast thou drained ? Goths, Vandals,  
       Huns,  
 Lombards, barbarians proke from every land,  
 How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld ?  
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone  
 Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend ?

<sup>1</sup> Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

<sup>2</sup> Duelling.

A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.  
On Flora moved ; her full proportioned limbs  
Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.  
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep  
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.  
Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside  
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix  
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense  
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.  
The gazer grows enamoured, and the stone,  
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
So turned each limb, so swelled with softening art,  
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.  
At last her utmost masterpiece she found,  
That Maro fired ; the miserable sire,  
Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp ;  
The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds  
Inextricable tie. Such passion here,  
Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,  
Seem so to tremble through the tortured stone,  
That the touched heart engrosses all the view  
Almost unmarked the best proportions pass,  
That ever Greece beheld ; and, seen alone,  
On the wrapt eye the imperious passions seize  
The father's double pangs, both for himself  
And sons convulsed ; to Heaven his rueful look,  
Imploring aid, and half accusing, cast ;  
His fell despair with indignation mixed,  
As the strong curling monsters from his side  
His full extended fury cannot tear.

More tender touched, with varied art, his sons  
All the soft rage of younger passions show.  
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppressed ;  
While, yet unpierced, the frightened other tries  
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

“ She bore no more, but straight from Gothic rust  
Her chisel cleared, and dust and fragments drove  
Impetuous round. Successive as it went  
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,  
From the brute rock it called the breathing form ;  
Till, in a legislator's awful grace  
Dressed, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,  
And, looking love immense, a Saviour God.

“ Of these observant, Painting felt the fire  
Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffused  
The canvas, seized the pallet, with quick hand  
The colours brewed ; and on the void expanse  
Her gay creation poured, her mimic world.  
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,  
Barren, and dry ; just struggling from the taste  
That had for ages scared, in cloisters dim,  
The superstitious herd ; yet glorious then  
Were deemed their works ; where undeveloped lay  
The future wonders that enriched mankind,  
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.  
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this,  
To each his portion of her various gifts  
The goddess dealt, to none indulging all ;  
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still  
Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt

Which Nature left in her destroying rage,<sup>1</sup>  
Made their own fields, nor sighed for other lands.  
There, in white prospect from the rocky hill  
Gradual descending to the sheltered shore,  
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.  
And while my genuine spirit warmed her sons,  
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she  
Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,  
Ere Britain yet had opened all the main.

“Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;<sup>2</sup>  
Where,<sup>3</sup> pushed from plundered earth, a remnant still  
Inspired by me, through the dark ages kept  
Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive :  
The seeming god-built city ! which my hand  
Deep in the bosom fixed of wondering seas.  
Astonished mortals sailed, with pleasing awe,  
Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced,  
And down the briny street ; where on each hand,  
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,  
The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,  
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.  
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,  
The mart of nations ! long, obedient seas

<sup>1</sup> According to Dr. Burnet's system of the Deluge.

<sup>2</sup> Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope and America was discovered.

<sup>3</sup> Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

Rolled all the treasure of the radiant East.  
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse  
 (Whose shared oppression lightens, as diffused,)  
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.  
 The least the proudest. Joined in dark cabal,  
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,  
 Cast o'er the indissoluble chains ;  
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease  
 They likewise added, to secure their sway.  
 Thus Venice fainter shines ; and Commerce thus,  
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.  
 Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took  
 A larger circle ;<sup>1</sup> found another seat,<sup>2</sup>  
 Opening a thousand ports, and, charmed with toil,  
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

“ The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,  
 Confessed my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,  
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,  
 I planted there a league of friendly states,<sup>3</sup>  
 And bade plain Freedom there ambition be.  
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,  
 From lakes, and meads, and furrowed fields, her horn,  
 Chief,<sup>4</sup> where the Lemman pure emits the Rhone,  
 Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,  
 Cities of brothers formed : while equal life,  
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,

<sup>1</sup>The Main Ocean.      <sup>2</sup>Great Britain.      <sup>3</sup>Swiss Cantons.

<sup>4</sup>Geneva, situated on Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,  
Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.  
For valour, faith, and innocence of life  
Renowned, a rough laborious people, there,  
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,  
And press their culture on retiring snows ;  
But, to firm order trained and patient war,  
They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss  
Of mercenary force, how to defend  
The tasteful little their hard toil has earned,  
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

“ E'en, cheered by me, their shaggy mountains  
charm,

More than or Gallic or Italian plains ;  
And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,  
Pines<sup>1</sup> to behold their Alpine views again ;  
The hollow-winding stream ; the vale, fair spread  
Amid an amphitheatre of hills ;  
Whence, vapour-winged, the sudden tempest springs ;  
From steep to steep ascending, the grey train  
Of fogs, thick-rolled into romantic shapes :  
The fitting cloud, against the summit dashed ;  
And, by the sun illumined, pouring bright  
A gemmy shower ; hung o'er amazing rocks,  
The mountain ash, and solemn sounding pine ;  
The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,

<sup>1</sup> The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss-sickness.

Down to the clear ethereal lake below ;  
And, high o'ertopping all the broken scene,  
The mountain fading into sky ; where shines  
On winter, winter shivering, and whose top  
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snow.

“ From these descending, as I waded my course  
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse  
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,  
I gave some favoured cities,<sup>1</sup> there to lift  
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,  
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,  
In each contented face to look my soul.

“ Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,  
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound ;  
There, I the manly race, the parent hive  
Of the mixed kingdoms, formed into a state  
More regularly free. By keener air  
Their genius purged, and tempered hard by frost,  
Tempest and toil, their nerves, the sons of those  
Whose only terror was a bloodless death ;  
They, wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.  
Yet there I fixed not. Turning to the south,  
The whispering zephyrs sighed at my delay.”

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy :—  
“ O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !  
See Britain's empire ! lo ! the watery vast  
Wide waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.

<sup>1</sup> The Hanse Towns.

<sup>2</sup> The Swedes.



And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,  
Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn  
My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,  
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.  
Goddess, forgive !—My heart, surprised, o'erflows  
With filial fondness for the land you bless.”  
As parents to a child complacent deign  
Approvance, the celestial Brightness smiled ;  
Then thus :—“ As o'er the wave resounding deep,  
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steered  
With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge,  
Stalked the tremendous Genius of the Deep.  
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;  
Thick flashing meteors crowned his starry head ;  
And ready thunder reddened in his hand,  
Or from it streamed compressed the gloomy cloud.  
Where'er he looked, the trembling waves recoiled.  
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook  
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,  
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice  
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,  
Mixed with the murmurs of the falling main,)  
Addressed began—‘ By Fate commissioned, go,  
My Sister-Goddess now, to yon blessed isle,  
Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.  
All my dread walks to Britons open lie.  
Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,  
Or yellow evening, flame ; those that, profuse,  
Drunk by equator's suns, severely shine ;  
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise

In billows rolling into Alps of ice.  
E'en, yet untouched by daring keel, be theirs  
The vast Pacific ; that on other worlds,  
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.  
Long I maintained inviolate my reign ;  
Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæsars braved,  
Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail  
Till now low crept ; and peddling commerce plied  
Between near joining lands. For Britons, chief,  
It was reserved, with star-directed prow,  
To dare the middle deep, and drive assured  
To distant nations through the pathless main.  
Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,  
Long months from land, while the black stormy night  
Around them rages, on the groaning mast  
With unshook knee to know their giddy way ;  
To sing, unquelled, amid the lashing wave ;  
To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,  
By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,  
The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,  
Each conquered ocean staining with their blood,  
Instead of treasure robbed by ruffian war,  
Round social earth to circle fair exchange,  
And bind the nations in a golden chain.  
To these I honoured stoop. Rushing to light  
A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds  
Will in renown exalt my nameless plains  
O'er those of fabling earth, as hers to mine  
In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart  
Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul

Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb,  
And might in spite of me my kingdom force.'  
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power  
Eased the dark sky, and to the deep returned ;  
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,  
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore.

“ Of this encounter glad, my way to land  
I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea  
Received me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard ;  
And music, more than mortal, warbling, filled  
With pleased astonishment the labouring hind,  
Who for a while the unfinished furrow left,  
And let the listening steer forget his toil.  
Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breathed,  
And her aërial train these sounds of joy.  
For of old time, since first the rushing flood,  
Urged by almighty power, this favoured isle  
Turned flashing from the continent aside,  
Indented shore to shore responsive still,  
Its guardian she—the Goddess, whose staid eye  
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.  
Her tresses, like a flood of softened light  
Through clouds imbrowned, in waving circles play.  
Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose,  
Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace  
With every motion. Full her rising chest ;  
And new ideas from her finished shape  
Charmed Sculpture taking, might improve her art.  
Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,  
Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.

High shining on the promontory's brow,  
Awaiting me, she stood ; with hope inflamed,  
By my mixed spirit burning in her sons,  
To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

“ The native Genii, round her, radiant smiled.  
Courage, of soft deportment, aspect calm,  
Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provoked,  
As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;  
But, on just reason, once his fury roused,  
No lion springs more eager to his prey ;  
Blood is a pastime ; and his heart, elate,  
Knows no depressing fear. That virtue, known  
By the relenting look, whose equal heart  
For others feels, as for another self ;  
Of various name, as various objects wake,  
Warm into action, the kind sense within ;  
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maimed,  
The lost to reason, the declined in life,  
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,  
And the grey second infancy of age,  
She gives in public families to live,  
A sight to gladden heaven ! whether she stands  
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,  
And bids the stranger take repose and joy ;  
Whether, to solace honest labour, she  
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice ;  
Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,  
(At once the basis and the finished pride  
Of government and life) she spreads her hand ;  
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,

Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.  
Justice to these her awful presence joined,  
The mother of the state ! no low revenge,  
No turbid passions in her breast ferment :  
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,  
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,  
She punishment awards ; yet of the good  
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,  
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,  
That, in his judging peers, each on himself  
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land !  
Where reigns alone this justice of the free !  
Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,  
Effusive, reared ; his pure untroubled eye  
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,  
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fixed regard,  
Now, touched celestial, launched it on the sky.  
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,  
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.  
He, too, the fire of fancy feeds intense,  
With all the train of passions thence derived ;  
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,  
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.  
Near him, Retirement, pointing to the shade,  
And Independence stood ; the generous pair,  
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,  
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,  
To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earned,  
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,  
And to the heart-embittered joys of slaves.

Or should the latter to the public scene  
Demanded, quit his sylvan friend awhile ;  
Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce  
His zeal, still active for the commonweal ;  
Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,  
Foul ministers, dark-working by the force  
Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,  
Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,  
He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray  
His plundered country, or his power resign,  
A moment's parley were eternal shame :  
Illustrious into private life again,  
From dirty levees he unstained ascends,  
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,  
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.  
Aloof the bashful virtue hovered coy,  
Proving, by sweet distrust, distrusted worth.  
Rough Labour closed the train : and in his hand,  
Rude, callous, sinew-swelled, and black with toil,  
Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,  
And more than seems, by lawless pride assailed ;  
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous there  
No vengeance lurks, no pale, insidious gall ;  
Even in the very luxury of rage,  
He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;  
The nerve, support, and glory of the land !  
Nor be Religion, rational and free,  
Here passed in silence ; whose enraptured eye  
Sees Heaven with earth connected, human things  
Linked to divine : who not from servile fear,

By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,  
The God of Love adores, but from a heart  
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe  
That now astonished swells, now in a calm  
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;  
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,  
And then most grateful, when Heaven's bounty most  
Is right enjoyed. This ever cheerful Power  
O'er the raised circle rayed superior day.

“ I joyed to join the Virtues, whence my reign  
O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each,  
And, like the circling planets from the sun,  
All borrowing beams from me, a heightened zeal  
Impatient fired us to commence our toils,  
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time  
Passed not in mutual hails ; but, through the land  
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

“ The Virtues conquer with a single look.  
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,  
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,  
That the soul won, enamoured, and refined,  
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.  
Hence, the foul Demons, that oppose our reign,  
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap ;  
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray ;  
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix  
Falsehood and truth confounded, foil the sense  
With vain refracted images of bliss.  
But chief around the court of flattered kings  
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall

Of darkest pile, and with their thickest shade  
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den  
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things ob-  
scene,

That vex the swain, and waste the country round,  
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud ;  
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray,  
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,  
The prowling race retire ; so, pierced severe,  
Before our potent blaze these Demons fly,  
And all their works dissolve—the whispered tale,  
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows ;  
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye  
Ne'er looks direct ; the tongue that licks the dust,  
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting ;  
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears  
Ensnare ; the Janus-face of courtly Pride :—  
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,  
On hapless work the other scowls disdain :  
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,  
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush ;—the laugh  
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,  
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools ;  
Determined to be broke, the plighted faith ;  
Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties ;  
Soft-buzzing Slander ; silky moths, that eat  
An honest name ; the harpy hand, and maw,  
Of avaricious Luxury, who makes  
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort  
And, his [best] service who betrays his king.



“ Now, turn your view, and mark from Celtic<sup>1</sup> nīght  
To present grandeur how my Britain rose.

“ Bold were those Britons, who the careless sons  
Of Nature, roamed the forest-bounds, at once  
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,  
And the gay circle of their woodland wars :  
For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts  
The vital scene, they that prime fear despised ;  
And, prone to rush on steel, disdained to spare  
An ill saved life that must again return.  
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant force,  
And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued,  
Man knows no master save creating Heaven,  
Or such as choice and common good ordain.  
This general sense, with which the nations I  
Promiscuous fire, in Britons burned intense,  
Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,  
Who sawest thy Cæsar, from the naked land,  
Whose only fort was British hearts, repelled,  
To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,  
The blood of ages, bootless to secure,  
Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle,  
Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.  
The North remained untouched, where those who  
scorned  
To stoop retired ; and, to their keen effort  
Yielding at last, recoiled the Roman power.  
In vain, unable to sustain the shock,

<sup>1</sup> Great Britain was peopled by the Celtæ or Gauls.

From sea to sea desponding legions raised  
The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,  
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.  
Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,  
As often checked, receded ; threatening hoarse  
A swift return. But the devouring flood  
No more endured control, when, to support  
The last remains of empire, was recalled  
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay  
Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.  
Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.  
The sword<sup>1</sup> behind him flashed ; before him roared,  
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around  
He rolled his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,  
As when Caractacus<sup>2</sup> to battle led  
Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught  
Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

“ Then, sad relief, from the bleak coast, that hears  
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came.

<sup>1</sup> The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition : “ We know not which way to turn us. The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the barbarians ; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword.”

<sup>2</sup> King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons ; they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet  
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore  
The miserable coast. Before them stalked,  
Far seen, the Demon of devouring Flame ;  
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmeared,  
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ;  
While close behind them marched the sallow Power  
Of desolating Famine, who delights  
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields ;  
And purple-spotted Pestilence, by whom  
E'en friendship scared, in sickening horror sinks  
Each social sense and tenderness of life.  
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race  
Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore  
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,  
And with superior arm the Saxon awed.  
But Superstition first, and monkish dreams,  
And monk-directed, cloister-seeking kings,  
Had eat away his vigour, eat away  
His edge of Courage, and depressed the soul  
Of conquering Freedom, which he once respired.  
Thus cruel ages passed ; and rare appeared  
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,  
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came  
To policed cities and protected plains.  
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,  
Then set entire in Hastings' bloody field.  
" Compendious war ! (on Britain's glory bent,  
So fate ordained) in that decisive day,  
The haughty Norman seized at once an isle,

For which, through many a century, in vain,  
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toiled and bled.  
Of Gothic nations this the final burst :  
And, mixed the genius of these people all,  
Their virtues mixed in one exalted stream,  
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

“ Awhile my Spirit slept ; the land awhile,  
Affrighted, drooped beneath despotic rage.  
Instead of Edward’s <sup>1</sup> equal, gentle laws,  
The furious victor’s partial will prevailed.  
All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret shade,  
Deep stung but fearful Indignation gnashed  
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoiled,  
And of their bulwark, arms ; with castles crushed,  
With ruffians quartered o’er the bridled land ;  
The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,  
Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,  
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times  
Mused sad, or dreamt of better. E’en to feed  
A tyrant’s idle sport, the peasant starved :  
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,  
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was given,  
And the brown forest <sup>2</sup> roughened wide around.

“ But this so dead, so vile submission, long

<sup>1</sup> Edward the Confessor, who reduced the West Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body ; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of “ The Laws of Edward.”

<sup>2</sup> The New Forest in Hampshire ; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Endured not. Gathering force, my gradual flame  
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.  
Unused to bend, impatient of control,  
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant checked.  
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,  
Denied her portion of the plundered state,  
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,  
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.  
The Barons next a nobler league began,  
Both those of English and of Norman race,  
In one fraternal nation blended now,  
The nation of the Free! pressed by a band  
Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon  
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!  
Mark! how with feigned alacrity he bears  
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,  
And gives the Charter, by which life indeed  
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

“Through this, and through succeeding reigns  
affirmed

These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds  
Of Opposition hence began to blow,  
And often since have lent the country life.  
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,  
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;  
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,  
A pestilential ministry, they purge,  
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

“Though with the tempered Monarchy here mixed  
Aristocratic sway, the People still,

Flattered by this or that, as interest leaned,  
No full protection knew. For me reserved,  
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.  
They crowned my first attempt, in senates<sup>1</sup> rose  
The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,  
Had worked that general liberty, that soul  
Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left  
By me to bondage, was corrupted Rome,  
I through the northern nations wide diffused.  
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rushed  
From the rude iron regions of the North,  
To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,  
And poured new spirit through a slavish world.  
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the King and Chiefs  
Retained the high prerogative of war,  
And with enormous property engrossed  
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore  
Now present, I to raise my reign began  
By raising the Democracy, the third  
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.  
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclosed

<sup>1</sup> The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold !  
A cautious tyrant<sup>1</sup> lend it oil anew.

“ Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o’er his gold,  
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast  
His crafty views around ; pierced with a ray,  
Which on his timid mind I darted full,  
He marked the barons of excessive sway,  
At pleasure making and unmaking kings ;  
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, planned  
A law,<sup>2</sup> that let them, by the silent waste  
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,  
And with that wealth their implicated power.  
By soft degrees a mighty change ensued,  
E’en working to this day. With streams, deduced  
From these diminished floods, the country smiled.  
As when impetuous from the snow-heaped Alps,  
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine ;  
While, undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,  
He foams along ; but through Batavian meads.  
Branched into fair canals, indulgent flows ;  
Waters a thousand fields ; and culture, trade,  
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mixed,  
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.  
His furious son the soul-enslaving chain,  
Which many a doting venerable age  
Had link by link strong twisted round the land,  
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,

<sup>1</sup> Henry VII.

<sup>2</sup> Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void  
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,  
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;  
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea  
Of blood and horror. The returning light,  
That first through Wickliff streaked the priestly gloom,  
Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,  
Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawled  
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all ;  
And, wide dispersed, their useless fetid wealth  
In graceful labour bloomed, and fruits of peace.

“ Trade, joined to these, on every sea displayed  
A daring canvas, poured with every tide  
A golden flood. From other worlds <sup>1</sup> were rolled  
The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,  
By the plain Indian happily despised,  
Yet worked his woe ; and to the blissful groves,  
Where Nature lived herself among her sons,  
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,  
Drew rage unknown to pagan climes before,  
The worst the zeal-inflamed barbarian drew.  
Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine !  
But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

“ The Commons thus enriched, and powerful grown,  
Against the Barons weighed. Eliza then,  
Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave  
The beam to fix. She ! like the secret Eye,  
That never closes on a guarded world,

<sup>1</sup> The Spanish West Indies.



So sought, so marked, so seized the public good,  
That self-supported, without one ally,  
She awed her inward, quelled her circling foes.  
Inspired by me, beneath her sheltering arm,  
In spite of raging universal sway<sup>1</sup>  
And raging seas repressed, the Belgic states,  
My bulwark on the continent, arose.  
Matchless in all the spirit of her days!  
With confidence unbounded, fearless love  
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,  
Cheerful demanded the long threatened fleet,<sup>2</sup>  
And dashed the pride of Spain around their isle.  
Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage;  
The deep, reclaimed, obeyed its awful call;  
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,  
The trembling foe even to the centre shook  
Of their new conquered world, and, skulking, stole  
By veering winds their Indian treasure home.  
Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,  
With softer laurels crowned her happy reign.  
As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,  
And wild and vague prerogative remained;  
A wide voracious gulf, where swallowed oft  
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce  
To the just limit was my great effort.

“By means that evil seem to narrow man,

<sup>1</sup> The dominion of the house of Austria.

<sup>2</sup> The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Superior Beings work their mystic will :  
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,  
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smiled.

“The gathering tempest, Heaven-commissioned, came,  
Came in the prince,<sup>1</sup> who, drunk with flattery, dreamt  
His vain pacific counsels ruled the world ;  
Though scorned abroad, bewildered in a maze  
Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslaved,  
And by a worthless crew insatiate drained,  
He lost his people's confidence and love :  
Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become  
An anxious burden. Years inglorious passed :  
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoyed ;  
Abandoned Frederick <sup>2</sup> pined, and Raleigh bled.  
But nothing that to these internal broils,  
That rancour, he began ; while lawless sway  
He, with his slavish Doctors, tried to rear  
On metaphysic,<sup>3</sup> on enchanted ground,  
And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :  
As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,  
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.  
Vain the pretence ! not to the dire effect,  
The fierce, the foolish discord <sup>4</sup> thence derived,

<sup>1</sup> James I.

<sup>2</sup> Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen King of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the first, his father-in-law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

<sup>3</sup> The monstrous and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

<sup>4</sup> The parties of Whig and Tory.

That tears the country still, by party rage  
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.  
 In action weak, and for the wordy war  
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim ;  
 Content to teach the subject herd, how great,  
 How sacred he ! how despicable they !

“ But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,  
 With all a bigot's rage ; (who never damps  
 By reasoning his fire) ; and what they taught,  
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice pushed.  
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint applied ;  
 The more they struggled to support the laws,  
 His justice-dreading ministers the more  
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tired with the check  
 Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleased  
 Of false designing Guilt, the fountain<sup>1</sup> he  
 Of Public Wisdom and of Justice shut.  
 Wide mourned the land. Straight to the voted aid  
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,  
 The illegal imposition followed harsh,  
 With execration given, or ruthless squeezed  
 From an insulted people, by a band  
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.  
 Oppression walked at large, and poured abroad  
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies,  
 Bloodhounds that sturdy Freedom to the grave  
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,  
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Parliaments.<sup>2</sup> Ship-money

To sell the starving many to the few,<sup>1</sup>  
And drain a thousand ways the exhausted land.  
E'en from that place, whence healing Peace should  
flow,

And Gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed  
Their poison <sup>2</sup> round ; and on the venal bench,  
Instead of justice, party held the scale,  
And violence the sword. Afflicted years,  
Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

“Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear,  
And mingled rage, my Hampden raised his voice,  
And to the laws appealed ; the laws no more  
In judgment sat, behoved some other ear.  
When instant from the keen resentive North,  
By long oppression, by religion roused,  
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing  
Was called, though meant to furnish hostile aid,  
The more than Roman senate. There a flame  
Broke out, that cleared, consumed, renewed the land.  
In deep emotion hurled, nor Greece, nor Rome,  
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,  
While, full of me, each agitated soul  
Strung every nerve and flamed in every eye,  
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combined !  
Such heads and hearts ! such dreadful zeal, led on  
By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course

<sup>1</sup> Monopolies.

<sup>2</sup> The raging high-church sermons of these times, inspiring a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

What nuisance to devour ; such wisdom fired  
 With unabating zeal, and aimed sincere  
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,  
 And for the future to secure their sway.

“ This then the purpose of my mildest sons.  
 But man is blind. A nation once inflamed  
 (Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,  
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swelled)  
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,  
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix  
 In heightened blaze ; and, ever wise and just,  
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.  
 Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,  
 And by Confusion’s lawless sons despoiled,  
 King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,  
 Successive, rushed—Lo ! from their ashes rose,  
 Gay beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix State.<sup>1</sup>

“ The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke  
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved ;  
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,  
 Was purchased<sup>2</sup> that which taught the young to bend.  
 Stronger restored, the Commons taxed the whole,  
 And built on that eternal rock their power.  
 The Crown, of its hereditary wealth  
 Despoiled, on senates more dependent grew,  
 And they more frequent, more assured. Yet lived,  
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root,  
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first

<sup>1</sup> At the Restoration.

<sup>2</sup> Court of Wards.

Opposed ferocious when they touch themselves.

“ This wild delusive cant ; the rash cabal  
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey ;  
The bigot, restless in a double chain  
To bind anew the land ; the constant need  
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,  
And flattering senates, to supply his waste ;  
These tore some moments from the careless prince,  
And in his breast awaked the kindred plan.  
By dangerous softness long he mined his way ;  
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;  
By sharing what corruption showered, profuse ;  
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,  
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

“ At last subsided the delirious joy,  
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,  
The nation drove too far. A pensioned king,  
Against his country bribed by Gallic gold ;  
The port<sup>1</sup> pernicious sold, the Scylla since  
And fell Charybdis of the British seas ;  
Freedom attacked abroad,<sup>2</sup> with surer blow  
To cut it off at home ; the saviour league<sup>3</sup>  
Of Europe broke ; the progress e'en advanced  
Of universal sway, which to reduce  
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost ;  
The millions, by a generous people given,

<sup>1</sup> Dunkirk.

<sup>2</sup> The war in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

<sup>3</sup> The Triple Alliance.

Or squandered vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,  
 And awe the land with forces<sup>1</sup> not their own  
 Employed ; the darling church herself betrayed ;  
 All these, broad glaring, oped the general eye,  
 And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.

“ Mild was, at first, and half ashamed, the check  
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream  
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile !  
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which reduced  
 To practice, always honest nature shock.  
 Not e'en the mask removed, and the fierce front  
 Of tyranny disclosed ; nor trampled laws ;  
 Nor seized each badge of freedom<sup>2</sup> through the land ;  
 Nor Sidney bleeding for the unpublished page ;  
 Nor on the bench avowed corruption placed,  
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form ;  
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,  
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm,  
 Distrustful, scattered, of combining chiefs  
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,  
 The patient public turns not, till impelled  
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused  
 The bigot king, and hurried fated on  
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,  
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scared  
 The troubled nation : Mary's horrid days  
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare

<sup>1</sup> A standing army, raised without the consent of Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> The charters of corporations.

Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew.  
 Yet silence reigned. Each on another scowled  
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage :  
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,  
 Awfully still, waiting the high command  
 To spring. Straight from his country Europe saved,  
 To save Britannia, lo ! my darling son,  
 Than hero more ! the patriot of mankind !  
 Immortal Nassau came. I hushed the deep  
 By demons roused, and bade the listed winds,<sup>1</sup>  
 Still shifting as behoved, with various breath,  
 Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.  
 See ! wide alive, the foaming channel <sup>2</sup> bright  
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,  
 Delightful view ! when justice draws the sword ;  
 And mark ! diffusing ardent soul around,  
 And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

<sup>2</sup> Rapin, in his *History of England*.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

<sup>3</sup> The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England :"



E'en adverse navies<sup>1</sup> blessed the binding gale,  
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joyed.  
 Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste, of arms  
 His progress marked. The faint opposing host  
 For once, in yielding their best victory found,  
 And by desertion proved exalted faith ;  
 While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,  
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

“ Then dawned the period destined to confine  
 The surge of wild prerogative, to raise  
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,  
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.  
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallowed state  
 Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,  
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often saved  
 By more than human hand, the public saw,  
 And seized the white-winged moment. Pleased<sup>2</sup> to  
 yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince  
 E'en lent his aid—Thrice happy ! did they know  
 Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings.  
 What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,  
 To plunge bold freedom ; or, to cheerless wilds,  
 To drive him from the cordial face of friend ;  
 Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,  
 By mandate blind, not justice, that delights

and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, “*Je maintiendrai.*”

<sup>1</sup>The English fleet.

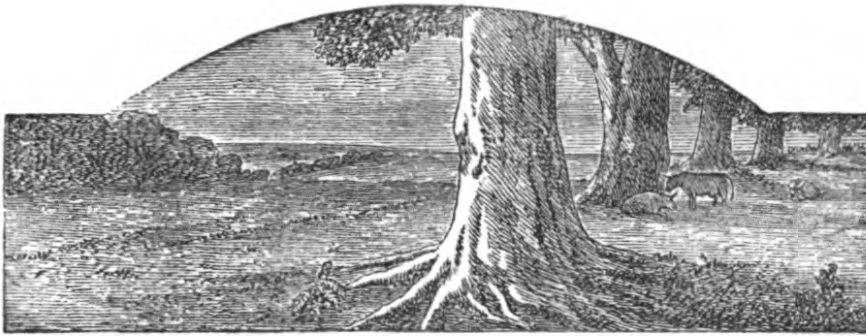
<sup>2</sup>By the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession.

To dare the keenest eye of open day.  
What though no glory to control the laws,  
And make injurious will their only rule,  
They deem it. What though, tools of wanton power,  
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call.  
What though they give not a relentless crew  
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs !  
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,  
With starving labour pampering idle waste.  
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe  
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye ;  
To raise hid merit, set the alluring light  
Of virtue high to view ; to nourish arts,  
Direct the thunder of an injured state,  
Make a glorious people sing for joy,  
Bless human-kind, and through the downward depth  
Of future times to spread that better sun  
Which lights up British soul : for deeds like these,  
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;  
While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt  
Is kindly barred, the precipice of ill.  
O luxury divine ! O poor to this  
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones !  
By this, by this indeed, is imaged Heaven,  
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

“ And now behold ! exalted as the cope  
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,  
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,  
The palace of the laws. To the four heavens  
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,

With kings themselves the hearty peasant mixed,  
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks  
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads  
The sheltering roof o'er all ; while plenty flows,  
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.  
Ye floods, descend ! Ye winds, confirming, blow !  
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,  
Nought but the felon undermining hand  
Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,  
And lay the toil of ages in the dust."





PART V.

THE PROSPECT.

CONTENTS—The author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence—She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief Virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there—Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works—The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government—The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the Goddess paused :—

“ O blessed Britannia ! in thy presence blessed,  
Thou guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,  
All human grandeur, happiness, and fame ;  
For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain ;  
The poor man’s lot with milk and honey flows ;  
And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.  
Let other lands the potent blessings boast  
Of more exalting suns. Let Asia’s woods,  
Untended, yield the vegetable fleece ;

And let the little insect-artist form,  
On higher life intent, its silken tomb.  
Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose  
The various tintured children of the sun.  
From the prone beam let more delicious fruits,  
A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste  
Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst  
With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice  
The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe  
Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.  
Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow ;  
And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.  
Let Afric vaunt her treasures ; let Peru  
Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,  
The yellow traitor that her bliss betrayed,—  
Unequalled bliss—and to unequalled rage  
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,  
Nor, in full prime, that new discovered world,  
Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,  
Shall with Britannia vie ; while, Goddess, she  
Derives her praise from thee, her matchless charms.  
Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own ;  
And warm with culture, her thick clustering fields  
Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns  
Her meads ; her gardens smile eternal spring.  
She gives the hunter-horse, unquelled by toil,  
Ardent to rush into the rapid chase ;  
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours  
Unnumbered flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,  
That wraps the nations : she, to lusty droves,

The richest pasture spreads ; and, hers, deep-wave  
Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.  
These her delights ; and by no baneful herb,  
No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,  
No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent rolled  
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,  
Disturbed. Enlivening these, add cities, full  
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds ;  
Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,  
Innumerable sowed along the lively vale,  
Where bold unrivalled peasants happy dwell ;  
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks  
Embosomed high, while kindred floods below  
Wind through the mead ; and those of modern hand,  
More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.  
Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,  
Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O Thames !  
On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,  
Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ?  
And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,  
And waves resounding, imitate the main ?  
Why need I name her deep capacious ports,  
That point around the world ? and why her seas ?  
All ocean is her own, and every land  
To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.  
She too the mineral feeds : the obedient lead,  
The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,  
Forming of life art-civilized the bond ;  
And that <sup>1</sup> the Tyrian merchant sought of old,

<sup>1</sup> Tin.

Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.  
 She rears to freedom an undaunted race :  
 Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,  
 Hers the warm Cambrian ; hers the lofty Scot,  
 To hardship tamed, active in arts and arms,  
 Fired with a restless, an impatient flame,  
 That leads him raptured where ambition calls ;  
 And English merit hers, where meet, combined,  
 Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,  
 An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,  
 And firm tenacious valour can bestow.  
 Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she !  
 Great nurse of men ! by thee, O Goddess, taught,  
 Her old renown I trace, disclose her source  
 Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing  
 A strain the Muses never touched before.

“ But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand?  
 On what unyielding base ? how finished shine ? ”

At this her eye, collecting all its fire,  
 Beamed more than human ; and her awful voice,  
 Majestic thus she raised. “ To Britons bear  
 This closing strain, and with intenser note  
 Loud let it sound in their awakened ear :

“ On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,  
 On public virtue, every virtue joined.  
 For, lost this social cement of mankind,  
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,  
 Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,  
 They, prone at last, to total ruin rush.  
 Unblessed by virtue, government a league

Becomes, a circling junto of the great,  
To rob by law ; religion mild, a yoke  
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state  
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.  
What are, without it, senates ; save a face  
Of consultation deep and reason free,  
While the determined voice and heart are sold ?  
What boasted freedom, save a sounding name ?  
And what election, but a market vile  
Of slaves self-bartered ? Virtue ! without thee,  
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ;  
War has no vigour, and no safety peace ;  
E'en justice warps to party, laws oppress,  
Wide through the land their weak protection fails,  
First broke the balance, and then scorned the sword.  
Thus nations sink, society dissolves ;  
Rapine and guile and violence break loose,  
Everting life, and turning love to gall ;  
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods  
And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.

“ By those three virtues be the frame sustained  
Of British freedom : independent life ;  
Integrity in office ; and, o'er all  
Supreme, a passion for the commonweal.

“ Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best  
gift,  
To that of life and an immortal soul !  
The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
And sober meal gives taste ; to the bowed roof  
Fair-dreamed repose, and to the cottage charms.



Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !  
Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form  
My better Nile, that nurses human life.  
By rills from thee deduced, irriguous, fed,  
The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth  
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight  
That nature craves. Its happy master there,  
The only freeman, walks his pleasing round :  
Sweet-featured peace attending ; fearless truth ;  
Firm resolution ; goodness, blessing all  
That can rejoice ; contentment, surest friend ;  
And, still fresh stores from nature's book derived,  
Philosophy, companion ever new.  
These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,  
When into action called, his busy hours.  
Meantime true-judging moderate desires,  
Economy and taste, combined, direct  
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends  
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those  
Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues reach  
That truce with pain, that animated ease,  
That self-enjoyment springing from within,  
That independence, active or retired,  
Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
And drained by wants to nature all unknown,  
A wandering, tasteless, gaily wretched train,  
Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.  
" Lo ! damned to wealth, at what a gross expense  
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.

Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,  
See ! how the hell with brutal riot flows ;  
While in the foaming flood fermenting, steeped,  
The country maddens into party rage.  
Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;  
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimmed,  
And nature by presumptuous art oppressed,  
The woodland genius mourns. See ! the full board  
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy ;  
No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;  
Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.  
Hark ! how the dome with insolence resounds,  
With those retained by vanity to scare  
Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion, mark !  
The costly worship paid ; to the broad gaze  
Of fools. From still-delusive day to day,  
Led an eternal round of lying hope,  
See ! self-abandoned, how they roam adrift,  
Dashed o'er the town, a miserable wreck !  
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turned,  
With Midas' ears they crowd ; or to the buzz  
Of masquerade unblushing ; or, to show  
Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene  
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.  
But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,  
The civil robbers ranged ; and e'en the fair,  
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,  
As fierce for plunder as ill-licensed troops  
In some sacked city Thus dissolved their wealth,  
Without one generous luxury dissolved,

Or quartered on it many a needless want,  
 At the thronged levee bends the venal tribe ;  
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnished o'er,  
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,  
 And for their falsehood each despising each ;  
 Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,  
 Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him bare.  
 O far superior Afric's sable sons,  
 By merchant pilfered, to these willing slaves !  
 And rich, as unsqueezed favourite, to them,  
 Is he who can his virtue boast alone !

“ Britons ! be firm !—nor let corruption sly  
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !  
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds  
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remained  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold  
 Your independence ; for, that once destroyed,  
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,  
 That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

“ Forbid it, Heaven ! that ever I need urge  
 Integrity in office on my sons !  
 Inculcate common honour——not to rob——  
 And whom ?—the gracious, the confiding hand,  
 That lavishly rewards ? the toiling poor,  
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixed ;  
 The guardian public ; every face they see,  
 And every friend ; nay, in effect themselves.  
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate  
 Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age

At this arrives, I the devoted race  
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

“ But, ah too little known to modern times !  
Be not the noblest passion past unsung ;  
That ray peculiar, from unbounded love  
Effused, which kindles the heroic soul ;  
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame !  
Celestial ardour ! in what unknown worlds,  
Profusely scattered through the blue immense,  
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,  
Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names  
From thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by thee,  
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,  
Pain grew luxurious, and e'en death delight ?  
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,  
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat ?

“ 'Tis not enough, from self, right understood,  
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :  
Though virtue not disdains appeals to self,  
Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,  
Nor is there any real joy save hers.  
Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,  
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,  
Or those whom private passions, for a while,  
Beneath my standard list ; can they suffice  
To raise and fix the glory of my reign ?

“ An active flood of universal love  
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide.  
The restless spirit roves creation round,  
And seizes every being ; stronger then

“ Should then the time arrive (which Heaven avert !)  
That Britons bend unnerved, not by the force  
Of arms, more generous and more manly, quelled,  
But by corruption’s soul-dejecting arts,  
Arts impudent ! and gross ! by their own gold,  
In part bestowed, to bribe them to give all.  
With party raging, or immersed in sloth,  
Should they Britannia’s well-fought laurels yield  
To slyly conquering Gaul ; e’en from her brow  
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,  
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,  
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoiced ;  
Or (darker prospect ! scarce one gleam behind  
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague  
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,  
That sits serene within the forest shade ;  
The fevered people fire, inflame their wants,  
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,  
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepared  
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught ;  
Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead,  
The hired assassins of the commonweal !  
Deemed the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,  
Should public virtue grow the public scoff,  
Till private, failing, staggers through the land ;  
Till round the city loose mechanic want,  
Dire prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts  
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,  
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace,  
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound ;

Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;  
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ;  
And those, on whom the vernal showers of Heaven  
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,  
A power to live to nature and themselves,  
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,  
With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.  
Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around,  
The waste of war, without the works of peace ;  
No mark of millions in the gulf absorbed  
Of uncreating vice, none but the rage  
Of roused corruption still demanding more.  
That every portion, which (by faithful skill  
Employed) might make the smiling public rear  
Her ornamented head, drilled through the hands  
Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse  
A locust band within, and in the bud  
Leaves starved each work of dignity and use.

“ I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,  
If any nobler passion yet remain,  
Let all my sons all parties fling aside,  
Despise their nonsense, and together join ;  
Let worth and virtue, scorning low despair,  
Exerted full, from every quarter shine,  
Commixed in heightened blaze. Light flashed to light.  
Moral, or intellectual, more intense  
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,  
Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,  
They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,  
In thick profusion poured, shine out immense,

Each casting vivid influence on each,  
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,  
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

“ But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—  
Good-nature, honest truth e'en somewhat blunt,  
Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,  
A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,  
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—  
Nor only wont—wide o'er the land diffused,  
In many a blessed retirement still they dwell.

“ To softer prospect turn we now the view,  
To laurelled science, arts, and public works,  
That lend my finished fabric comely pride,  
Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!  
Cursed by the Muses! by the Graces loathed!  
Who deems beneath the public's high regard  
These last enlivening touches of my reign.  
However puffed with power, and gorged with wealth,  
A nation be; let trade enormous rise,  
Let East and South their mingled treasures pour,  
Till, swelled impetuous, the corrupting flood  
Burst o'er the city and devour the land;  
Yet these neglected, these recording arts,  
Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,  
That nation must another Carthage lie.  
If not by them, on monumental brass,  
On sculptured marble, on the deathless page,  
Impressed, renown had left no trace behind;  
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,  
The legislator planned, the hero found

A beauteous death, the patriot toiled in vain.  
 The awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath,  
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,  
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,  
 Delight the general eye, and, dressed by them,  
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.

“Science, my close associate, still attends  
 Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,  
 She walks the furrow with the consul-swain,  
 Whispering unlettered wisdom to the heart,  
 Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe  
 Of fancy dressed, she charms Athenian wits,  
 And a whole sapient city round her burns.  
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod ;  
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,  
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat <sup>1</sup>  
 Unequaled glory : with the Theban sage,  
 Epaminondas, first and best of men !  
 Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,  
 Above the vulgar reached, resistless formed,  
 March to sure conquest—never gained before ! <sup>2</sup>  
 Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state

<sup>1</sup> The famous retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

<sup>2</sup> Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories.—  
 PLUTARCH in *Agesilaus*.



Unskilful she : when the triumphant tide  
Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,  
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,  
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,  
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,  
Where, but the Aonian maids, no sirens sing ;  
Or should the deep-brewed tempest muttering rise,  
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,  
With Tully she her wide-reviving light  
To senates holds ; a Catiline confounds,  
And saves awhile from Cæsar sinking Rome.  
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves  
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free ;  
For me inspiring an enlightened zeal,  
The more tenacious as the more convinced  
How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.  
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full  
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul  
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts  
To them the treasures of a balanced world.  
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung,  
In daring flight, above all modern wing,)  
Neglected droop the head ; and public works,  
Broke by corruption into private gain,  
Nor ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy.

“ Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom ruled  
Beneath one Royal Head, whose vital power  
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole ;  
In finer arts, and public works, shall they  
To Gallia yield ? yield to a land that bends

Depressed, and broke, beneath the will of one ?  
Of one who, should the unkingly thirst of gold,  
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,  
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land ;  
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,  
His own insatiate reservoir to fill ;  
To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,  
Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,  
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works  
All other licence scorn but Truth's and mine ?  
O shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field  
Unconquered still, the better laurel lose ?  
E'en in that monarch's reign,<sup>1</sup> who vainly dreamt,  
By giddy power, betrayed, and flattered pride,  
To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,  
His armies dared all Europe to the field ;  
To hostile hands while treasures flowed profuse,  
And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,  
Inhuman squandered, sickened every land ;  
From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,  
In vengeance rushing, dashed his idle hopes,  
And bade his agonizing heart be low :  
E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace,  
What public works, at home, what arts arose !  
What various science shone ! what genius glowed !  
    " 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot  
O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;  
The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Lewis XIV.<sup>2</sup>The Canal of Languedoc.

Through mountains piercing and uniting seas ;  
 The dome <sup>1</sup> resounding sweet with infant joy,  
 From famine saved, or cruel-handed shame ;  
 And that <sup>1</sup> where valour counts his noble scars ;  
 The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,  
 Of the fierce Demon, Gothic duel, freed ;  
 The robber from his farthest forest chased ;  
 The turbid city cleared, and, by degrees,  
 Into sure peace, the best police, refined,  
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.  
 Let Gallic bards record, how honoured arts,  
 And science, by despotic bounty blessed,  
 At distance flourished from my parent-eye :  
 Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose ;  
 How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,  
 The trembling stage ; in elegant Racine,  
 How the more powerful, though more humble voice  
 Of nature-painting Greece, resistless, breathed  
 The whole awakened heart ; how Moliere's scene,  
 Chastised and regular, with well-judged wit,  
 Not scattered wild, and native humour, graced,  
 Was life itself ; to public honours raised,  
 How learning in warm seminaries <sup>2</sup> spread ;  
 And, more for glory than the small reward,  
 How emulation strove ; how their pure tongue

<sup>1</sup> The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

<sup>2</sup> The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Almost obtained what was denied their arms ;  
From Rome, awhile, how Painting, courted long,  
With Poussin came ; ancient design, that lifts  
A fairer front, and looks another soul ;  
How the kind art,<sup>1</sup> that, of unvalued price,  
The famed and only picture, easy gives,  
Refined her touch, and, through the shadowed piece,  
All the live spirit of the painter poured ;  
Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deigned  
A look, and bade her Girardon arise ;  
How lavish grandeur blazed ; the barren waste,  
Astonished, saw the sudden palace swell,  
And fountains spout amid its arid shades.  
For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,  
How forest in majestic gardens smiled ;<sup>2</sup>  
How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,  
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage trained  
In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,  
The palace cheered, illumed the storied wall,  
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.<sup>3</sup>

“ These laurels, Lewis, by the droppings raised  
Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,  
And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow ;  
While the vain honours of perfidious war  
Whither abhorred, or in oblivion lost.  
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,  
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide

<sup>1</sup> Engraving.

<sup>2</sup> The Palace of Versailles.

<sup>3</sup> The tapestry of the Gobelins.

Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,  
How had they branched luxuriant to the skies,  
In Britain planted, by the potent juice  
Of Freedom swelled? Forced is the bloom of arts,  
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives,  
Weak without me, a transitory gleam.  
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies  
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;  
Till arts, betrayed, trust to the flattering air  
Their tender blossom ; then malignant rise  
The blights of Envy, of those insect clouds,  
That, blasting merit, often cover courts ;  
Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenas aid  
The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,  
His wavering ardour fix, and unconfined  
Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;  
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,  
Each sprig of genius killing at the root.  
But when with me imperial Bounty joins,  
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring ;  
While mingled Autumn every harvest pours  
Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,  
Creating Toil, and Nature can produce."

Here ceased the Goddess ; and her ardent wings,  
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,  
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight  
Prepared, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer :  
" Oh forming light of life ! Oh better sun !  
Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,  
Sublimed, not envies Languedocian skies,

That, unstained ether all, diffusive smile :  
When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?  
And when thy work complete ?" Straight with her  
hand,

Celestial red, she touched my darkened eyes.  
As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,  
So quick, methought, the misty circle cleared,  
That dims the dawn of being here below :  
The future shone disclosed, and, in long view,  
Bright rising eras instant rushed to light.

"They come ! great Goddess ! I the times behold !  
The times our fathers, in the bloody field,  
Have earned so dear, and, not with less renown,  
In the warm struggles of the senate fight.  
The times I see ! whose glory to supply,  
For toiling ages, Commerce round the world  
Has winged unnumbered sails, and from each land  
Materials heaped, that, well employed with Rome  
Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.

"Lo ! Princes I behold ! contriving still,  
And still conducting firm some brave design ;  
Kings ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,  
Burst the blockade of false designing men  
Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,  
And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :  
Their court rejoicing millions ; Worth, alone,  
And Virtue dear to them ; their best delight,  
In just proportion, to give general joy ;  
Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain ;  
The public glory theirs ; unsparing love

Their endless treasure ; and their deeds their praise.  
With thee they work. Nought can resist your force ;  
Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats ;  
Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art ;  
His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks ;  
And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows  
Expansive o'er the land. Another race  
Of generous youth, of patriot sires, I see !  
Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze  
Of court, and ball, and play ; those venal souls,  
Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,  
That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.

“ I see the fountains purged ! whence life derives  
A clear or turbid flow ; see the young mind  
Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fooled,  
Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,  
But filled and nourished by the light of truth.  
Then, beamed through fancy the refining ray  
And pouring on the heart, the passions feel  
At once informing light and moving flame ;  
Till moral, public, graceful action crowns  
The whole. Behold ! the fair contention glows,  
In all that mind or body can adorn,  
And form to life. Instead of barren heads,  
Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,  
And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,  
Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are formed.

“ Lo ! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,  
Unpurchased shines on all ; and from her beam  
Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,

That prowl amid the darkness they themselves  
Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves ;  
See ! how her legal furies bite the lip.

While Yorkes and Talbots their deep snares detect,  
And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.

“ See ! social Labour lifts his guarded head,  
And men not yield to government in vain.  
From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,  
And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste ;  
Lo ! raised their haunts, down dashed their maddening  
bowl,

A nation's poison ! beauteous order reigns !  
Manly submission, unimposing toil,  
Trade without guile, civility that marks  
From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,  
And fearless peace. Or should affronting war  
To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,  
Unfailing fields of freemen I behold !  
That know, with their own proper arm, to guard  
Their own blessed isle against a leaguings world  
Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,  
Dissolved her dream of universal sway ;  
The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain ;  
And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.

“ Lo ! swarming southward, on rejoicing suns,  
Gay colonies extend ; the calm retreat  
Of undeserved distress, the better home  
Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.  
Nor built on rapine, servitude, and woe,  
And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey ;



But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise ;  
 Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has formed,  
 And, crowding round, the charmed Savannah sees.

“ Horrid with want and misery, no more  
 Our streets the tender passenger afflict.  
 Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,  
 Or home, or bed to bear his burning load ;  
 Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earned  
 Its guiltless pangs ; I see ! the stores, profuse,  
 Which British bounty has to these assigned,  
 No more the sacrilegious riot swell  
 Of cannibal devourers ! right applied,  
 No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :  
 If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,  
 If sick, if maimed, his miserable due ;  
 And will, if young, repay the fondest care.  
 Sweet sets the sun of stormy life ; and sweet  
 The morning shines, in Mercy's dews arrayed.  
 Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !  
 That ! chief,<sup>1</sup> (but why—ye bigots !—why so late ?)  
 Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age ;  
 What smiles of praise ! and, while their song ascends,  
 The listening seraph lays his lute aside.

“ Hark, the gay muses raise a nobler strain,  
 With active nature, warm impassioned truth,  
 Engaging fable, lucid order, notes  
 Of various string, and heart-felt image filled.  
 Behold ! I see the dread delightful school

<sup>1</sup> The Foundling Hospital.

Of tempered passions, and of polished life,  
Restored : behold ! the well dissembled scene  
Calls from embellished eyes the lovely tear,  
Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.  
Lo ! vanished monster-land. Lo ! driven away  
Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane ;  
Their wild creation scattered, where a world  
Unknown to nature, Chaos more confused,  
O'er the brute scene its Orang-Outangs pours ;  
Detested forms ! that, on the mind impressed,  
Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold ! all thine again the Sister-Arts,  
Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.  
Nursed by the treasure from a nation drained  
Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse  
Their untamed genius, their unfettered thought ;  
Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,  
The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

“ Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington confess :  
For kings and senates fit, the palace see !  
The temple breathing a religious awe ;  
E'en framed with elegance the plain retreat,  
The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,  
Taste, never idly working, saves expense.

“ See ! sylvan scenes, where Art alone pretends  
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms ;  
Such as a Pope in miniature has shown ;<sup>1</sup>  
A Bathurst o'er the widening forest <sup>2</sup> spreads ;

<sup>1</sup> At his Twickenham Villa.

<sup>2</sup> Okely woods, near Cirencester.

And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick, Stowe.

“ August, around, what public works I see !

Lo ! stately streets, lo ! squares that court the breeze,

In spite of those to whom pertains the care,

Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways.

Lo ! rayed from cities o'er the brightened land,

Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.

Lo ! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)

With easy sweep bestrides the chasing flood.

See ! long canals, and deepened rivers join

Each part with each, and with the circling main

The whole enlivened isle. Lo ! ports expand,

Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.

Lo ! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,

On every pointed coast the lighthouse towers ;

And, by the broad imperious mole repelled,

Hark ! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

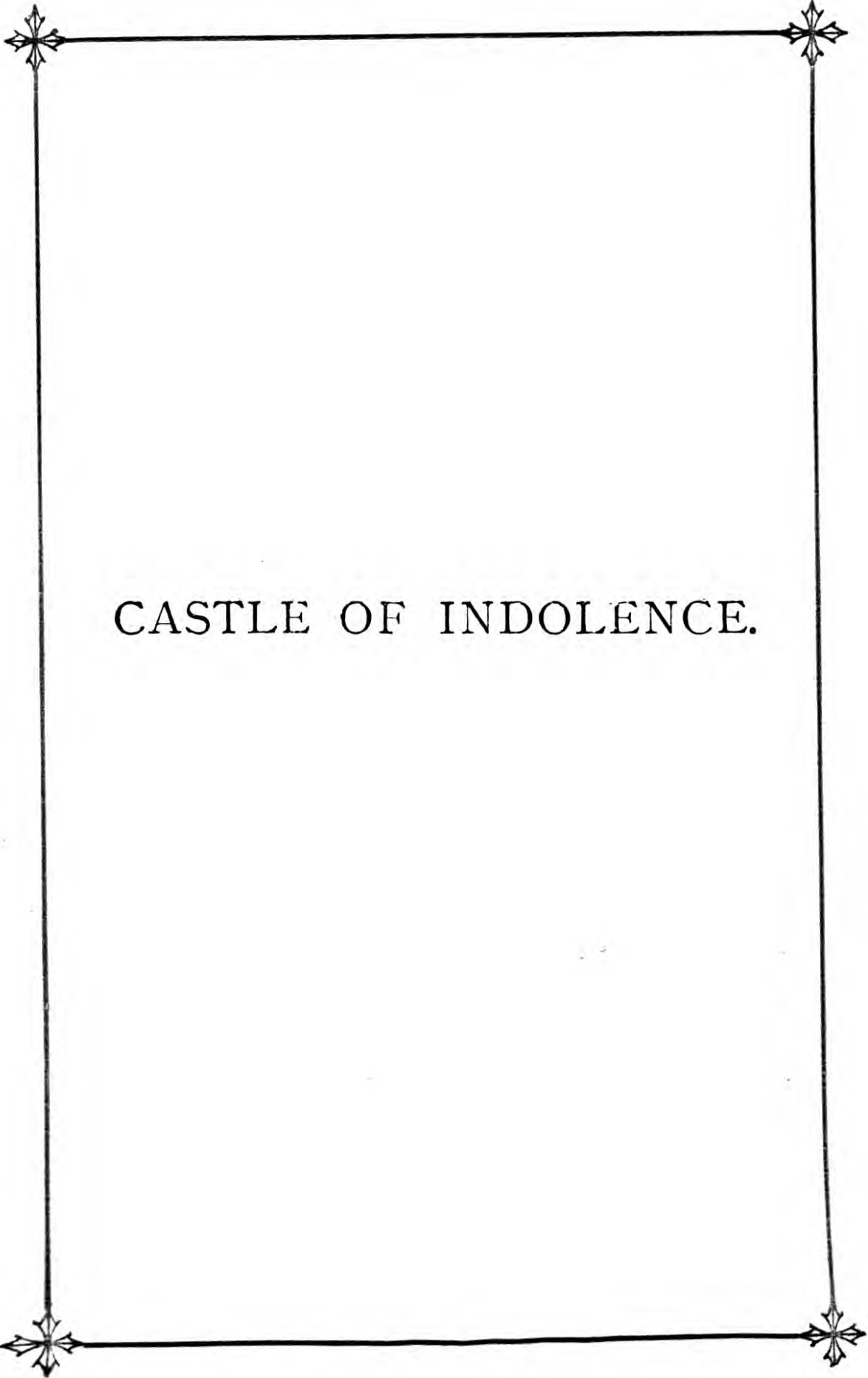
As thick to view these varied wonders rose,

Shook all my soul with transport, unassured,

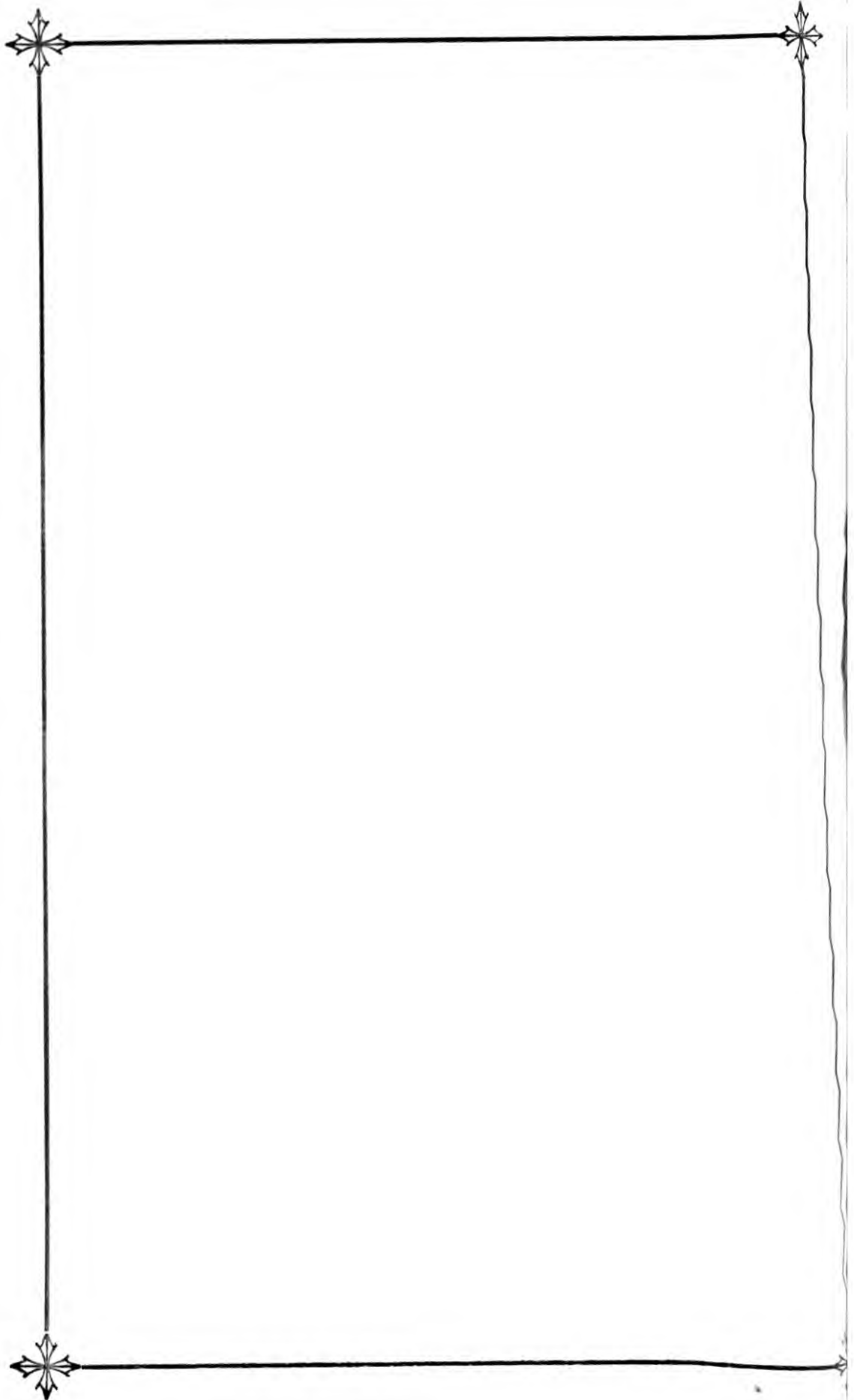
The vision broke ; and, on my waking eye,

Rushed the still ruins of dejected Rome.





CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.





## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom, to all allegorical poems writ in our language ; just as in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Francis the First, has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

---

### CANTO I.

The castle hight of Indolence,  
And its false luxury ;  
Where for a little time, alas !  
We lived right jollily.

#### I.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;  
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,

Withouten that would come a heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

## 2.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer half im  
    browned,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

## 3.

Was nought around but images of rest :  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;  
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,  
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,  
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen ;  
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

## 4.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;  
And, now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,

*THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.*

Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

5.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood ;  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to  
flow.

6.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer-sky :  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast ;  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;  
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

7.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,



*THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.*

That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
And made a kind of chequered day and night :  
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate  
And labour harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

8.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by :  
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,  
Ymolten with his siren melody ;  
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung :

9.

“ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !  
See all, but man, with unearned pleasure gay ;  
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !  
What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

10.

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,

Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flowering thorn,  
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :  
They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,  
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove ;  
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

11.

“ Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall  
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,  
And of the vices, an inhuman train,  
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :  
For when hard-hearted interest first began  
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;  
Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,  
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

12

“ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life  
Push hard up hill ; but as the furthest steep  
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
For ever vain : come, and withouten fee,  
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea  
Of full delight ; O come, ye weary wights, to me !

13.

“ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,  
To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;

Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;  
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,  
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,  
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;  
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

14.

“ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
 From village on to village sounding clear ;  
 To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall ;  
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;  
 No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear,  
 Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,  
 With sounds that are a misery to hear :  
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

15.

“ Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,  
 Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down.  
 They who are pleased themselves must always please ;  
 On others' ways they never squint a frown,  
 Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.  
 Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,  
 With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
 Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense ;  
 For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished hence.

16.

“ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;

Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
Above those passions that this world deform,  
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?  
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
A quicker sense of joy : as breezes stray  
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more  
gay.

17.

“ The best of men have ever loved repose :  
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;  
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.  
E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,  
From a base world at last have stolen away :  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

18.

“ But if a little exercise you choose,  
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here :  
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,  
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;  
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,  
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear  
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,  
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

19.

“O grievous folly! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you have won  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto’s reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :  
But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

20.

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained  
The deep vibrations of his witching song ;  
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained  
To enter in, pell mell, the listening throng.  
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped along,  
In silent ease : as when beneath the beam  
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,  
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,  
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream.

21.

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,  
And here his baneful bounty first began :  
Though some there were who would not further pass,  
And his alluring baits suspected han.  
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man ;  
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :  
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;  
For do their very best they cannot fly,  
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

22.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leaped upon them straight ;  
And soon as touched by his unhallowed paw,  
They found themselves within the cursèd gate ;  
Full hard to be repassèd, like that of fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;  
Though feeble wretch he seemed, of sallow hue,  
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

23.

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;  
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,  
And of their vanished force remains no trace :  
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
Is seizèd in some losel's hot embrace,  
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,  
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious charms.

24.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose  
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep ;  
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose ;  
And in sweet torpor he was plungèd deep,  
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,  
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep ;  
Then, taking his black staff, he called his man,  
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

## 25.

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call :  
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all,  
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.  
This boy he kept each band to disengage,  
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
But ill becoming his grave personage,  
And which his portly paunch would not permit ;  
So this same limber page to all performèd it.

## 26.

Meantime, the master porter wide displayed  
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;  
Wherewith he those who entered in arrayed  
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns :  
O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,  
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,  
Sir porter sat him down, and turned to sleep again.

## 27.

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped  
That in the middle of the court up-threw  
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
And falling back again in drizzly dew ;  
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew ;  
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare ;  
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance grew,  
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;

Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more  
fair.

28.

This rite performed, all inly pleased and still,  
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made :  
“ Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will ;  
And wander where you list, through hall or glade ;  
Be no man’s pleasure for another staid ;  
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour’s trade !  
Here dwells kind ease and unrepoving joy ;  
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.”

29.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,  
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,  
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,  
But every man strolled off his own glad way ;  
Wide o’er this ample court’s blank area,  
With all the lodges that thereto pertained,  
No living creature could be seen to stray ;  
While solitude, and perfect silence reigned ;  
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrained.

30.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main,  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;  
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign  
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)  
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,



The whilst in ocean Phæbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro :  
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

## 31.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !  
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,  
And all the widely silent places round,  
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
But how shall I attempt such arduous string ?  
I who have spent my nights, and nightly days,  
In this soul-deadening place loose-loitering :  
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

## 32.

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,  
Thou imp of Jove touched by celestial fire !  
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,  
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;  
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;  
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,  
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

## 33.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,  
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell  
What elegance and grandeur wide expand ;  
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
And couches stretched around in seemly band ;  
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;  
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed ;

34.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,  
With wines high-flavoured and rich viands crowned ;  
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old ocean 'genders in his round,  
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,  
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;  
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,  
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

35.

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy ;  
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,  
And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.  
For why? there was but one great rule for all ;  
To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

36.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung  
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,  
Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale ;

Reclining lovers in the lonely dale,  
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart ;  
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,  
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart ;  
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace  
impart.

## 37.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;  
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,  
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.  
Toil was not then ; of nothing took they heed,  
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,  
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :  
Blessed sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

## 38.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls ;  
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes ;  
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;  
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;  
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,  
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learnèd Poussin drew.

## 39

Each sound too here to languishment inclined  
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease ;

Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the tree  
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving air,  
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :  
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

40.

A certain music, never known before,  
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind ;  
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,  
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,  
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined ;  
From which, with airy flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :  
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

41.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul !  
Now rising love they fanned ; now pleasing dole  
They breathed, in tender musings through the heart ;  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :  
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

42.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore

In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,  
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :  
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,  
Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;  
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

43.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began  
(So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
As heaven and earth they would together mell ;  
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call  
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
Yet the least entrance found they none at all :  
Whence sweeter grew our sleep secure in massy hall.

44.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;  
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,  
That played, in waving lights, from place to place ;  
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.  
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;  
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

45.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !  
My muse will not attempt your fairy land :

She has no colours that like you can glow :  
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
And blest them oft besides with more refined delights

46.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite  
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;  
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
Down down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep ;  
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;  
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to  
keep.

47.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :  
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :  
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
And let them virtue with a look impart :  
But chief, a while, O ! lend us from the tomb  
Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixed woe the heart.

48.

Or are you sportive——Bid the morn of youth  
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;  
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.  
What transport to retrace our boyish plays,  
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;  
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
Of the wild brooks !—but, fondly wandering wide,  
My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

49.

One great amusement of our household was,  
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly  
Of idly busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which, obtained, the caitiffs dare not taste :—  
When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater waste ?

50.

“Of vanity the mirror,” this was called :  
Here, you a muckworm of the town may see,  
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stalled,  
Eat up with carking care and penury ;  
Most like to carcase parched on gallow-tree.  
“A penny savèd is a penny got :”  
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,

Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
Till he has quenched his fire, and banishèd his pot.

51.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !  
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
All glossy gay, enamelled all with gold,  
The silly tenant of the summer air ;  
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;  
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
And thieving tradesmen him among them share ;  
His father's ghost from limbo lake, the while,  
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

52.

This globe portrayed the race of learnèd men,  
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,  
Backwards and forwards ; oft they snatch the pen,  
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage ;  
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage .  
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?  
To lose the present, gain the future age,  
Praisèd to be when you can hear no more,  
And much enriched with fame, when useless worldly  
store.

53.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all ;  
Wide-poured abroad behold the giddy crew ;  
See how they dash along from wall to wall ;



At every door, hark how they thundering call !  
Good Lord ! what can this giddy route excite ?  
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;  
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

54.

The puzzling sons of party next appeared,  
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ;  
And now they whispered close, now shrugging reared  
The important shoulder ; then, as if to get  
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs  
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;  
When lo ! pushed up to power, and crowned their  
cares,  
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

55.

But what most showed the vanity of life  
Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife ;  
Most Christian kings, inflamed by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour ;  
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
Then sit them down just where they were before,  
Till, for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force restore.

56.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
A useless were, and eke an endless task ;

From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask  
For place or pension laid in decent row ;  
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

## 57.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
There was a man of special grave remark ;  
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involved, not dark ;  
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,  
And teach the noblest morals of the heart :  
But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

## 58.

To noontide shades incontinent ne ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound :  
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found ;  
There would he linger, till the latest ray  
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;  
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,  
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

## 59.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :  
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed  
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
And all its native light anew revealed :  
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,  
And marked the clouds that drove before the wind,  
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind ;  
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.<sup>1</sup>

## 60.

With him was sometimes joined, in silent walk,  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
One shyer still, who quite detested talk :  
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,  
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,  
Ne ever uttered word, save when first shone  
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day  
is done."<sup>2</sup>

## 61.

Here lurked a wretch, who had not crept abroad  
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;  
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad ;

<sup>1</sup> Among the speculations hazarded respecting these portraits, no clue appears to have been traced to the original of this sketch.

<sup>2</sup> This character was designed for Dr. Armstrong, the author of *The Art of Preserving Health*.

And sure his linen was not very clean.  
Through secret loop-holes, that had practised been.  
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien.  
Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,  
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

62.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light ;  
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day, and day to night :  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If, in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

63.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :  
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low :  
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still the exulting billows flow,  
The further back again they flagging go,  
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore :  
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so,  
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar  
Our maddened castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

64.

As when in prime of June a burnished fly,  
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,

Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :  
 And oft he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drowned,  
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
 And scares their tender sleep with trump profound ;  
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.<sup>1</sup>

## 65.

Another guest there was, of sense refined,  
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,  
 As little touched as any man's with bad :  
 Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,  
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;  
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,  
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

## 66.

“ Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !  
 But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade  
 To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
 Ne never more to quit our quiet glade ;  
 Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid  
 Shall dead thy fire and damp its heavenly spark,  
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
 There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :  
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John Forbes, the son of Duncan Forbes, of Culloden.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Lyttleton.

67.

Here whilom liggèd the Esopus of the age ;  
But called by fame, in soul yprickèd deep,  
A noble pride restored him to the stage,  
And roused him like a giant from his sleep.  
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :  
With double force the enlivened scene he wakes,  
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,  
And now with well urged sense the enlightened judgment takes.<sup>1</sup>

68.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;  
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain ;  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat ;  
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train,  
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet  
He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.<sup>2</sup>

69.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.  
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,  
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry :

<sup>1</sup> Quin, the actor.

<sup>2</sup> This portrait of Thomson was contributed by Lord Lyttleton, with the exception of the first line.

He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;  
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,  
And straight would recollect his piety anew.<sup>1</sup>

70.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought  
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :  
They looked, perdie, as if they deeply thought,  
And on their brow sat every nation's cares ;  
The world by them is parcelled out in shares,  
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,  
And the sage berry, sun-burnt Mocha bears,  
Has cleared their inward eye : then, smoke enrolled,  
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

71.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court :  
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,  
From every quarter hither made resort ;  
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,  
They lay, poured out in ease and luxury ;  
Or should they a vain show of work assume,  
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?  
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;  
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

72.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;  
And labour dire it is, and weary woe)

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Murdoch.

They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,  
And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the wind.

## 73.

One nymph there was, methought, in bloom of May,  
On whom the idle fiend glanced many a look,  
In hopes to lead her down the slippery way  
To taste of Pleasure's deep deceitful brook ;  
No virtues yet her gentle mind forsook ;  
No idle whims, no vapours filled her brain,  
But prudence for her youthful guide she took,  
And goodness, which no earthly vice could stain,  
Dwelt in her mind ; she was ne proud I ween or  
vain.

## 74.

Now must I mark the villany we found,  
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.  
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;  
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,  
Diseased and loathsome, privily were thrown :  
Far from the light of heaven, they languished there,  
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan ;  
For of these wretches taken was no care :  
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.



## 75.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,  
To this dark den, where sickness tossed alway:  
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,  
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,  
Heaving his sides, and snorèd night and day ;  
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway ;  
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

## 76.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :  
Unwieldly man ; with belly monstrous round,  
For ever fed with watery supply :  
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,  
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,  
Who vexèd was full oft with ugly fit ;  
And some her frantic deemed, and some her deemed a  
wit.

## 77.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :  
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,  
All the diseases which the spittles know,  
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,  
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,  
Her humour ever wavering to and fro :

For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
Then sudden waxèd wroth, and all she knew not why.

78.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,  
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;  
Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,  
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.  
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;  
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,  
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;  
Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks  
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

---

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
And his achievements fair ;  
That, by this castle's overthrow,  
Secured, and crownèd were.

I.

ESCAPED the castle of the sire of sin,  
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?  
For all around, without, and all within,  
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,  
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,  
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :  
I now must sing of pleasure turned to pain,  
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

## 2.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,  
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?  
To every labour its reward accrues,  
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;  
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,  
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:  
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
Ne for the muses other meed decree,  
They praised her alone, and starve right merrily.

## 3.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face:  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

## 4.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song;  
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:  
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,  
To sweep away this human lumber came,  
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

5.

In Fairy Land there lived a knight of old,  
Of feature stern, Salvaggio well ycleped,  
A rough unpolished man, robust and bold,  
But wondrous poor : he neither sowed nor reaped.  
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heaped ;  
In hunting all his days away he wore ;  
Now scorched by June, now in November steeped,  
Now pinched by biting January sore,  
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

6.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
Pricked through the forest to dislodge his prey,  
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
With wood wild fringed, he marked a taper's ray,  
That from the beating rain and wintry fray,  
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;  
There, up to earn the needments of the day  
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy :  
Her he compressed, and filled her with a lusty boy.

7.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,  
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,  
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name :  
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;  
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;  
His tasteful well earned food the silvan game,

Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem :  
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

## 8.

So passed his youthly morning, void of care,  
Wild as the colts that through the commons run :  
For him no tender parents troubled were,  
He of the forest seemed to be the son,  
And, certes, had been utterly undone ;  
But that Minerva pity of him took,  
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,<sup>2</sup>  
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;  
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

## 9.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,  
In every science, and in every art,  
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,  
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart ;  
Ne were the goodly exercises spared,  
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,  
And mix elastic force with firmness hard :  
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-  
pared.

## 10.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;  
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,

<sup>1</sup> Fierce, furious.<sup>2</sup> Or *woning*—dwelling.

Yclad in steel, and bright with burnished mail,  
He strained the bow, or tossed the sounding spear,  
Or darting on the goal, outstripped the gale,  
Or wheeled the chariot in its mid career,  
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

11.

At other times he pried through nature's store,  
Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,  
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
Or else he scanned the globe, those small domains  
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
But more he searched the mind, and roused from  
sleep  
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

12.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught :  
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits !  
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;  
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,  
Or reared the fabric from the finest draught ;  
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,  
Fighting with winds and waves on the vexed ocean pool.

13.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried  
To touch the kindling canvas into life ;

With nature his creating pencil vied,  
With nature joyous at the mimic strife :  
Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife  
He hewed the marble ; or, with varied fire,  
He roused the trumpet, and the martial fife,  
Or bad the lute sweet tenderness inspire,  
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

14.

Accomplished thus, he from the woods issued,  
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
The work, which long he in his breast had brewed,  
Now to perform he ardent did devise ;  
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;  
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies ;  
No cities nourished arts, no culture smiled,  
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

15.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;  
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, preyed ;  
The strongest still the weakest overran ;  
In every country mighty robbers swayed,  
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;  
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

16.

It would exceed the purport of my song  
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,

Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.  
Still as he passed, the nations he sublimed,  
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :  
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,  
Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey  
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

17.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.  
A sylvan life till then the natives led,  
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,  
All careless rambling where it liked them most ;  
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the  
glade ;  
They lodged at large, and lived at nature's cost,  
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid ;  
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismayed.

18.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains :  
" Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,  
" This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,  
This queen of ocean all assault disdains."  
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
Tempered by forming Heaven with kindest firmest  
hand,



## 19.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
Whatever arts and industry can frame;  
Whatever finished agriculture knows,  
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,  
When Eden flourished in unspotted fame;  
And still with her sweet innocence we find,  
And tender peace, and joys without a name,  
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:  
Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.

## 20.

Then towns he quickened by mechanic arts,  
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;  
Bade social commerce raise renownèd marts,  
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;  
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;  
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,  
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder  
roars.

## 21.

The drooping muses then he westward called,  
From the famed city by Propontic sea,  
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;  
Thence from their cloistered walks he set them free,  
And brought them to another Castalie,  
Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds;

Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea  
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,  
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

22.

Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.  
For why? They are the quintessence of all,  
The growth of labouring time, and slow increased ;  
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall  
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call  
Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease,  
Where no rude care the mounting thought may  
    thrall,  
And where they nothing have to do but please :  
Ah ! gracious God ! thou knowest they ask no other  
    fees.

23.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :  
Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,  
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme ;  
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,  
Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.  
Unbroken spirits, cheer ! still, still remains  
The eternal patron, Liberty ; whose flame,  
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains :  
The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

24.

When as the knight had framed, in Britain-land,  
A matchless form of glorious government,  
In which the sovereign laws alone command,

Laws, 'stablished by the public free consent,  
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent ;  
When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the  
heart.

25.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
Where his long alleys peeped upon the main :  
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
Here mixed the chief, the patriot, and the swain.  
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,  
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
He walked his rounds, and cheered his blest do-  
main :  
His days, the days of unstained nature, rolled  
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs, of old.

26.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk ;  
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far  
Exceeded soft India's cotton, or her silk ;  
Witness, with Autumn charged the nodding car,  
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,  
Or of September-moons the radiance mild.  
O hide thy head, abominable war !  
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child !  
From Heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories  
viled !

27.

Nor from his deep retirement banished was  
The amusing care of rural industry.  
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
And all the enlivened country beautify ;  
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly ;  
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store.  
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

28.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
He polished Nature with a finer hand ;  
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach ;  
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.  
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,  
Pan, Panes, Flora, and Pomona played ;  
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fanned,  
A happy place ; where free, and unafraid,  
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature strayed.

29.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye ?  
That soul-enfeebling wizzard Indolence,  
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay.  
Spread far and wide was his cursed influence ;  
Of public virtue much he dulled the sense,  
E'en much of private ; eat our spirit out,  
And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence

The land was overlaid with many a lout ;  
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

30.

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast ;  
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran ;  
To his licentious wish each must be blessed,  
With joy be fevered, snatch it as he can.  
Thus vice the standard reared ; her arrier-ban  
Corruption called, and loud she gave the word,  
“ Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar man,  
The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?  
Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford.”

31

The tidings reached to where, in quiet hall,  
The good old knight enjoyed well earned repose ;  
“ Come, come, sir knight ! thy children on thee call ;  
Come, save us yet, e'er ruin round us close !  
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.”  
On this the noble colour stained his cheeks,  
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
Of venerable eld ; his eye full speaks  
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

32.

“ I will,” he cried, “ so help me, God ! destroy  
That villain Archimage.” His page then straight  
He to him called ; a fiery-footed boy,  
Benempt Despatch :—“ My steed be at the gate ;  
My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate.”

This net was twisted by the sisters three ;  
Which, when once cast o'er hardened wretch, too late  
Repentance comes ; replevy cannot be  
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

## 33.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,  
Of withered aspect ; but his eye was keen,  
With sweetness mixed. In russet brown bedight,  
As is his sister of the copses green,  
He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen !  
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
Dwells in the mind : all else is vanity and glare.

## 34.

“Come,” quoth the knight, “a voice has reached  
mine ear :  
The demon Indolence threatens overflow  
To all that to mankind is good and dear :  
Come, Philomelus ; let us instant go,  
O’return his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
Those men, those wretched men ! who will be slaves,  
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe :  
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,  
Shall raise.” Thrice happy he ! who without rigour  
saves.

## 35.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,  
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star

Shone blazing bright ; sprung from the generous breed  
That whirl of active day the rapid car,  
He pranced along, disdainng gate or bar.  
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;  
An honest sober beast, that did not mar  
His meditations, but full softly trode :  
And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

## 36.

They talked of virtue, and of human bliss.  
What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
And still their long researches met in this,  
This Truth of Truths, which nothing can refel :  
“ From virtue’s fount the purest joys outwell,  
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul ;  
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
The which, howe’er disguised, at last with dole  
Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll.”

## 37.

At length it dawned, that fatal valley gay,  
O’er which high wood-crowned hills their summits  
rear :  
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer ;  
Then to the wizard’s wonne their steps they steer.  
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,  
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seemed glad.



*"At length it dawned, that fatal valley gay."*

*Page 378.*





38.

“As God shall judge me, knight! we must forgive,”  
The half-enraptured Philomelus cried,  
“The frail good man deluded here to live,  
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
Ah nought is pure. It cannot be denied,  
That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
But that our charity be not too nice?  
Come, let us those we can, to real bliss entice.”

39.

“Ay, sicker,” quoth the knight, “All flesh is frail,  
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;  
But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
And think to 'scape deservèd punishment.  
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;  
From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:  
Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;  
But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,  
Who must in floods of ire his gross foul spirit lave.”

40.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where  
The cursèd carl was at his wonted trade;  
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
In witching wise, as I before have said.  
But when he saw, in goodly geer arrayed,  
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,  
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,

His countenance fell ; yet oft his anxious eye  
Marked them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

## 41.

Nathless, with feigned respect, he bade give back  
The rabble rout, and welcomed them full kind ;  
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack  
His orders to obey, and fall behind.

Then he resumed his song ; and, unconfined,  
Poured all his music, ran through all his strings :  
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
What pity base his song who so divinely sings !

## 42.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
They listened so intent with fixed delight :  
But they instead, as if transmewed to stone,  
Marvelled he could with such sweet art unite  
The lights and shades of manners, wrong or right.  
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,  
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight  
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
Who backening shunned his touch, for well he knew its  
power.

## 43.

As in thronged amphitheatre, of old,  
The wary Retiarius trapped his foe ;  
E'en so the knight, returning on him bold,  
At once involved him in the Net of Woe,  
Whereof I mention made not long ago.

Inraged at first, he scorned so weak a jail,  
And leaped, and flew, and flouncèd to and fro ;  
But when he found that nothing could avail,  
He sat him felly down, and gnawed his bitter nail.

44.

Alarmed, the inferior demons of the place  
Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;  
Black stormy clouds deformed the welkin's face,  
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,  
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;  
A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
And lightnings flashed, and horror rocked the ground ;  
Huge crowds on crowds outpoured with blemished  
look,  
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had  
shook

45.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,  
Steamed from the jaws of vexed Avernus' hole,  
And hushed the hubbub of the rabblement,  
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole :  
"There must," he cried, "amid so vast a shoal,  
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
Not poisoned quite by this same villain's bowl :  
Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;  
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'

46.

The bard obeyed ; and taking from his side  
Where it in seemly sort depending hung.

His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,  
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.  
 Then, as he felt the muses come along,  
 Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,  
 And played a prelude to his rising song :  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round  
 him throng

47.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—“ Ye hapless race,  
 Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,  
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestioned sway,  
 What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say?—  
 What, but eternal ever-resting soul,  
 Almighty Power, and all-directing day ;  
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;  
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

48.

“ Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !  
 Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,  
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,  
 To seraphs burning round the Almighty's throne,  
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
 In universal nature this clear shown,  
 Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,  
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute  
 abyss.

49.

“Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?  
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass  
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?  
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,  
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?  
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

50.

“It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art;  
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,  
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
In all supreme! complete in every part!  
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:  
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;  
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

51.

“Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
But in loose joy their time to wear away;  
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,  
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;  
No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had raised,  
No arts had made us opulent and gay;

With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;  
 None e'er had soared to fame, none honoured been,  
 none praised.

52.

“ Great Homer's song had never fired the breast  
 To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;  
 Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds ;  
 The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
 And monkish legends been their only strains ;  
 Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,  
 Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed with Warwick  
 swains,  
 Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulla's plains.

53

“ Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,  
 And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;  
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
 Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
 Who then had scorned his ease for others' good ?  
 Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?  
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
 And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood r

54.

“ But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
 If right I read, you pleasure all require ;  
 Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,  
 How best enjoyed this nature's wide desire.

Toil and be glad ! let industry inspire  
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath !  
Who does not act is dead ; absorbed entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath .  
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

55.

“ Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given ?  
Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,  
Soon swallowed in disease’s sad abyss ;  
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,  
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as  
day.

56.

“ O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind :  
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find :  
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;  
Rampant with life their joy all joy exceeds :  
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce  
breeds ?

57.

“ But here, instead, is fostered every ill,  
Which or distempered minds or bodies know.



Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill  
Your talents here : this place is but a show,  
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.  
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,  
Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,  
And you will bless the day that brought him to your  
sight.

58.

“ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;  
To senates some, and public sage debates,  
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,  
The world is poised, and managed mighty states ;  
To high discovery some, that new creates  
The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;  
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates ;  
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart .  
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art !

59.

“ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair :  
“ All may be done,” methinks I hear them say,  
“ E'en death despised by generous actions fair ;  
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
Their every power dissolved in luxury,  
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free :  
'Tis rising from the dead—Alas !—it cannot be !”

60.

“Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
Of the huge threatening difficulties dire,  
That in the weak man’s way like lions stand,  
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
Exert that noblest privilege, alone  
Here to mankind indulged; control desire;  
Let Godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,  
Speak the commanding word “I will!” and it is done.

61.

“Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful  
wise,  
Your few important days of trial here?  
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise  
Through endless states of being, still more near  
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;  
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
Such glorious hopes your backward steps to steer,  
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?  
No! No!—Your heaven-touched hearts disdain the  
sordid crime!”

62.

“Enough! enough!” they cried—straight, from the  
crowd,  
The better sort on wings of transport fly:  
As when amid the lifeless summits proud  
Of Alpine cliffs where to the gelid sky  
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,

The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play ;  
The awakened heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
Roused into action, lively leap away,  
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being  
gay.

63.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
That lighted up these new created men,  
Than that which wings the exulting spirit clean  
When, just delivered from this fleshy den,  
It soaring seeks its native skies agen :  
How light its essence ! how unclogged its powers,  
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !  
E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,  
E'en such enraptured life, such energy was ours.

64.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,  
Dire-muttered curses, and blasphemed high Jove .  
“ Ye sons of hate ! ” they bitterly exclaimed,  
“ What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?  
While with kind nature, here amid the grove,  
We passed the harmless sabbath of our time,  
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
Your barbarous hearts ? Is happiness a crime ?  
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime.”

65.

“ Ye impious wretches,” quoth the knight in wrath,  
“ Your happiness behold ! ”—Then straight a wand  
He waved, an anti-magic power that hath,

Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand ;  
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;  
On baleful heaths the groves all blackened stand ;  
And o'er the weedy foul abhorrèd ground,  
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls  
around.

66.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,  
Unhappy wights who loathèd life yhung ;  
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,  
They weltering lay ; or else, infuriate flung  
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rolled :  
These, by distempered blood to madness stung,  
Had doomed themselves ; whence oft, when night  
controlled  
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howled.

67.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid ;  
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay  
Depainted have, its horrors deep displayed,  
And gave unnumbered wretches to the day,  
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile  
Poured on these living catacombs its ray,  
Through the drear caverns, stretching many a mile,  
The sick upraised their heads, and dropped their woes  
awhile.

68.

“O heaven!” they cried, “and do we once more see  
Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?  
Are we from noisome damp of pesthouse free?  
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?  
O thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there  
That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!  
But what for us, the children of despair,  
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?  
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.”

69.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,  
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.  
“Certes,” quoth he, “it is not e’en in grace,  
To undo the past, and eke your broken years:  
Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,  
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given  
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;  
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;  
She more than merely softens, she rejoices heaven.

70.

“Then patient bear the sufferings you have earned,  
And by these sufferings purify the mind;  
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learned;  
Or pious die, with penitence resigned,  
And to a life more happy and refined,  
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
Till then, you may expect in me to find

One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the  
skies."

71.

They silent heard, and poured their thanks in tears :  
" For you," resumed the knight with sterner tone,  
" Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon sears,  
That villain's gifts will cause you many a groan ;  
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;  
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,  
You feel a perfect change : then, who can say  
What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal day?"

72.

This said, his powerful wand he waved anew :  
Instant, a glorious angel train descends,  
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue ;  
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :  
When lo ! a goodly hospital ascends ;  
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

73.

It was a worthy edifying sight,  
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
To see kind hands attending day and night,  
With tender ministry, from place to place.  
Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face

Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;  
 Some reach the healing draught ; the whilst, to chase  
 The fear supreme, around their softened beds,  
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreeds.

74.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,  
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,  
 Then turned the knight ; and, to his hall again  
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remained,  
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;  
 Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stained,  
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance  
 feigned.

75.

But ah ! their scornèd day of grace was past :  
 For, horrible to tell ! a desert wild  
 Before them stretched, bare, comfortless, and vast ;  
 With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defiled.  
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smiled ;  
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;  
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,  
 Through which they floundering toiled with painful  
 care,  
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloudless  
 air.

76.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
 The saddened country a grey waste appeared ;

Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs  
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;  
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus seared,  
Was jagged with frost, or heaped with glazed snow ;  
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they  
steered,  
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,  
Gaunt beggary, and scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

## 77.

The first was with oase dunghill rags yclad,  
Tainting the gale, in which they fluttered light ;  
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad ;  
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;  
And o'er his lank jawbone, in piteous plight,  
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;  
Direful to see ! a heart-appalling sight !  
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile ;  
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

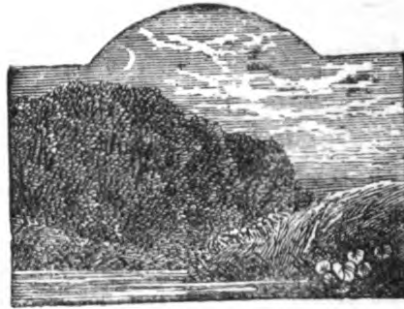
## 78.

The other was a fell spiteful fiend ;  
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below ;  
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keened ;  
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe ;  
With nose upturned, he always made a show  
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye  
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;  
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that offdrove this ungodly fry.



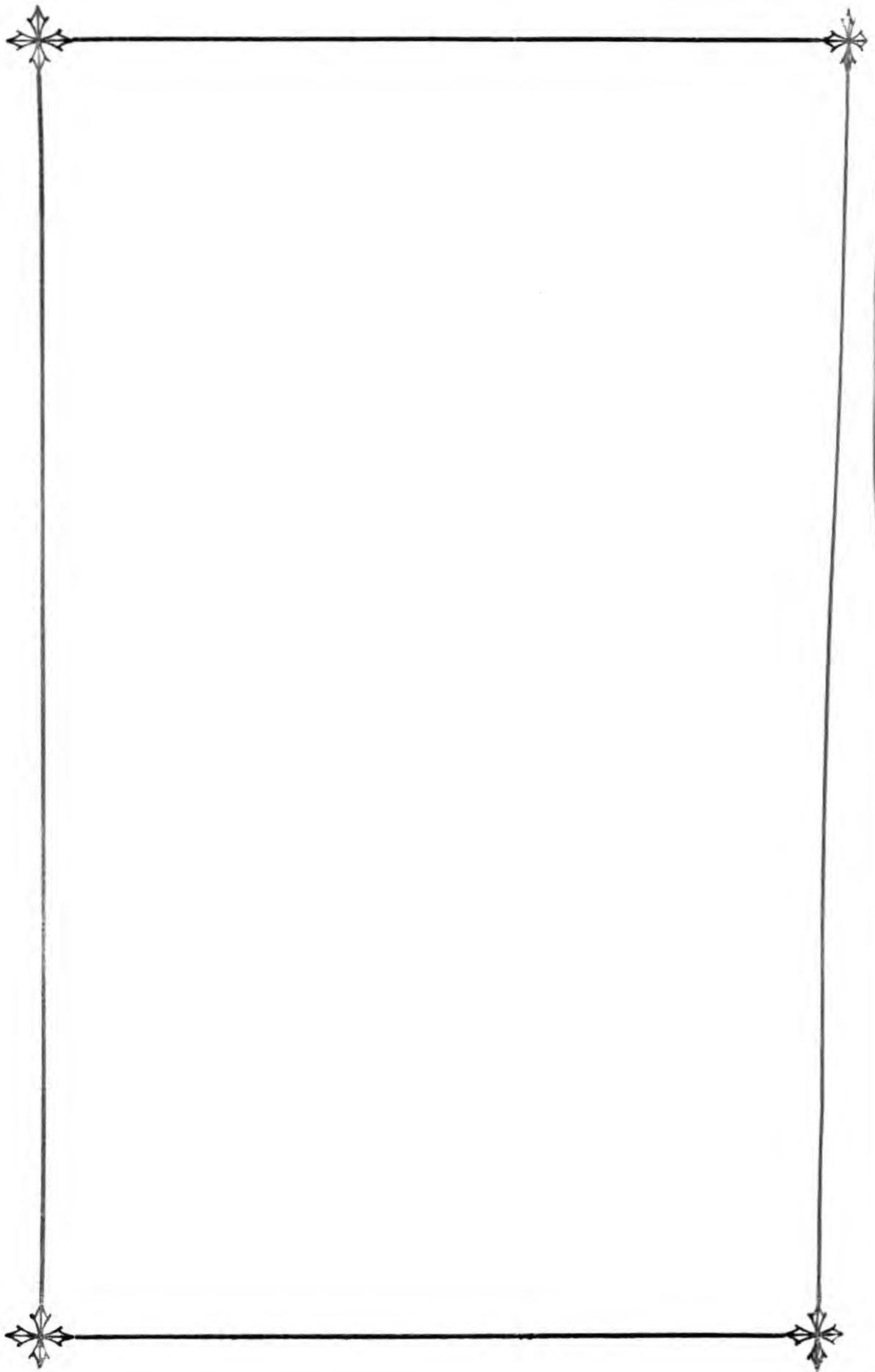
79.

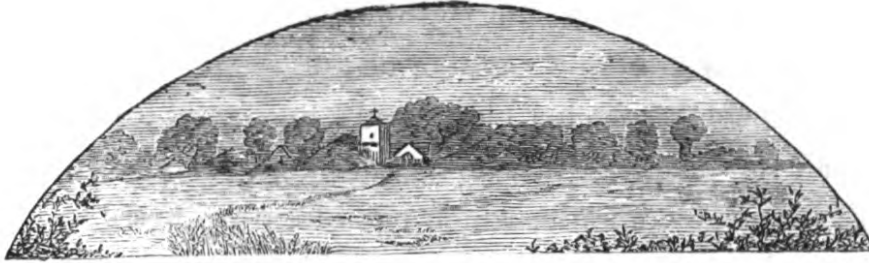
E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is pricked along ;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :  
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious mean ;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.





MISCELLANEOUS.





## MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### A POETICAL EPISTLE TO SIR WM. BENNET, BART., OF GRUBBAT.<sup>1</sup>

My trembling muse your honour does address,  
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess ;  
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,  
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.  
If little things with great may be compared,  
In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared ;  
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,  
Made his great genius flash poetic fire ;  
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,  
The muse folds up her wings, and dying—justice owns.

---

### LISY'S PARTING WITH HER CAT.<sup>2</sup>

THE dreadful hour with leaden pace approached,  
Lashed fiercely on by unrelenting fate,

<sup>1</sup> This little piece is presumed to be the earliest of Thomson's poems that has been preserved ; probably written before he was fifteen.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, the heroine of these juvenile lines, was Thomson's second and favourite sister.

When Lisy and her bosom Cat must part :  
For now to school and pensive needle doomed,  
She's banished from her childhood's undashed joy,  
And all the pleasing intercourse she kept  
With her grey comrade, which has often soothed  
Her tender moments, while the world around  
Glowed with ambition, business, and vice,  
Or lay dissolved in sleep's delicious arms ;  
And from their dewy orbs the conscious stars  
Shed on their friendship influence benign.

But see where mournful Puss, advancing stood  
With outstretched tail, casts looks of anxious woe  
On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear  
Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said,  
If nature had not tied her struggling tongue :  
" Unkind, O ! who shall now with fattening milk,  
With flesh, with bread, and fish beloved, and meat,  
Regale my taste ? and at the cheerful fire,  
Ah ! who shall bask me in their downy lap ?  
Who shall invite me to the bed, and throw  
The bedclothes o'er me in the winter night,  
When Eurus roars ? Beneath whose soothing hand  
Soft shall I purr ? But now, when Lisy's gone,  
What is the dull officious world to me ?  
I loathe the thoughts of life : " thus plained the Cat,  
While Lisy felt, by sympathetic touch,  
These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved,  
And casting on her a desponding look,  
She snatched her in her arms with eager grief,  
And mewing, thus began :—" O Cat beloved !

Thou dear companion of my tender years !  
Joy of my youth ! that oft hast licked my hands  
With velvet tongue ne'er stained by mouse's blood ;  
Oh, gentle Cat ! how shall I part with thee ?  
How dead and heavy will the moments pass  
When you are not in my delighted eye,  
With Cubi playing, or your flying tail !  
How harshly will the softest muslin feel,  
And all the silk of schools, while I no more  
Have your sleek skin to soothe my softened sense !  
How shall I eat while you are not beside  
To share the bit ? How shall I ever sleep  
While I no more your lulling murmurs hear ?  
Yet we must part—so rigid fate decrees—  
But never shall your loved idea, dear,  
Part from my soul, and when I first can mark  
The embroidered figure on the snowy lawn,  
Your image shall my needle keen employ.  
Hark ! now I'm called away ! O direful sound !  
I come—I come, but first I charge you all—  
You—you—and you, particularly you,  
O, Mary, Mary,<sup>1</sup> feed her with the best,  
Repose her nightly in the warmest couch,  
And be a Lisy to her !”—Having said,  
She sat her down, and with her head across,  
Rushed to the evil which she could not shun,  
While a sad mew went knelling to her heart !

---

<sup>1</sup> Thomson's youngest sister.

PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.<sup>1</sup>

To praise thy Author, Soul, do not forget ;  
Canst thou, in gratitude, deny the debt ?  
Lord, thou art great, how great we cannot know ;  
Honour and majesty do round thee flow.  
The purest rays of primogenial light  
Compose thy robes, and make them dazzling bright ;  
The heavens and all the wide spread orbs on high  
Thou like a curtain stretched of curious dye ;  
On the devouring flood thy chambers are  
Established ; a lofty cloud's thy car ;  
Which quick through the ethereal road doth fly,  
On swift winged winds, that shake the troubled sky.  
Of spiritual substance angels thou didst frame,  
Active and bright, piercing and quick as flame.  
Thou'st firmly founded this unwieldy earth ;  
Stand fast for aye, thou saidst, at nature's birth.  
The swelling flood thou o'er the earth madest creep,  
And coveredst it with the vast hoary deep :  
Then hills and vales did no distinction know,  
But levelled nature lay oppressed below.  
With speed they, at thy awful thunder's roar,  
Shrinkèd within the limits of their shore.  
Through secret tracts they up the mountains creep,  
And rocky caverns fruitful moisture weep,  
Which sweetly through the verdant vales doth glide,

<sup>1</sup> Written while Thomson was at the University, probably in 1718 or 1719. This is the production the reception of which may be said to have determined the future course of the poet.

Till 'tis devourèd by the greedy tide.  
The feeble sands thou'st made the ocean's mounds,  
Its foaming waves shall ne'er repass these bounds,  
Again to triumph over the dry grounds.  
Between the hills grazed by the bleating kind,  
Soft warbling rills their mazy way do find ;  
By him appointed fully to supply,  
When the hot dogstar fires the realms on high,  
The raging thirst of every sickening beast,  
Of the wild ass that roams the dreary waste :  
The feathered nation, by their smiling sides,  
In lowly brambles, or in trees abide ;  
By nature taught, on them they rear their nests,  
That with inimitable art are dressed.  
They for the shade and safety of the wood  
With natural music cheer the neighbourhood.  
He doth the clouds with genial moisture fill,  
Which on the [shr]ivelled ground they bountecusly  
distil,  
And nature's lap with various blessings crowd :  
The giver, God ! all creatures cry aloud.  
With freshest green he clothes the fragrant mead,  
Whereon the grazing herds wanton and feed.  
With vital juice he makes the plants abound,  
And herbs securely spring above the ground,  
That man may be sustained beneath the toil  
Of manuring the ill producing soil ;  
Which with a plenteous harvest does at last  
Cancel the memory of labours past ;  
Yields him the product of the generous vine,



And balmy oil that makes his face to shine :  
Fills all his granaries with a loaden crop,  
Against the bare barren winter his great prop.  
The trees of God with kindly sap do swell,  
E'en cedars tall in Lebanon that dwell,  
Upon whose lofty tops the birds erect  
Their nests, as careful nature does direct.  
'The long necked storks unto the fir trees fly,  
And with their cackling cries disturb the sky.  
To unfrequented hills wild goats resort,  
And on bleak rocks the nimble conies sport.  
The changing moon thou cladst with silver light,  
To check the black dominion of the night :  
High through the skies in silent state she rides,  
And by her rounds the fleeting time divides.  
The circling sun doth in due time decline,  
And unto shades the murmuring world resign.  
Dark night thou makest succeed the cheerful day,  
Which forest beasts from their lone caves survey :  
They rouse themselves, creep out, and search their prey.  
Young hungry lions from their dens come out,  
And, mad on blood, stalk fearfully about :  
They break night's silence with their hideous roar,  
And from kind heaven their nightly prey implore.  
Just as the lark begins to stretch her wing,  
And, flickering on her nest, makes short essays to sing,  
And the sweet dawn, with a faint glimmering light,  
Unveils the face of nature to the sight,  
To their dark dens they take their hasty flight.  
Not so the husbandman,—for with the sun

He does his pleasant course of labours run :  
Home with content in the cool e'en returns,  
And his sweet toils until the morn adjourns.  
How many are thy wondrous works, O Lord !  
They of thy wisdom solid proofs afford :  
Out of thy boundless goodness thou didst fill,  
With riches and delights, both vale and hill :  
E'en the broad ocean, wherein do abide  
Monsters that flounce upon the boiling tide,  
And swarms of lesser beasts and fish beside :  
'Tis there that daring ships before the wind  
Do scud amain, and make the port assigned .  
'Tis there that Leviathan sports and plays,  
And spurts his water in the face of day ;  
For food with gaping mouth they wait on thee  
If thou withholdst, they pine, they faint, they die  
Thou bountifully opest thy liberal hand,  
And scatterest plenty both on sea and land.  
Thy vital spirit makes all things live below,  
The face of nature with new beauties glow.  
God's awful glory ne'er will have an end,  
To vast eternity it will extend.  
When he surveys his works, at the wide sight  
He doth rejoice, and take divine delight.  
His look the earth into its centre shakes ;  
A touch of his to smoke the mountains makes.  
I'll to God's honour consecrate my lays,  
And when I cease to be I'll cease to praise.  
Upon the Lord, a sublime lofty theme,  
My meditations sweet, my joys supreme.

Let daring sinners feel thy vengeful rod,  
May they no more be known by their abode.  
My soul and all my powers, O bless the Lord,  
And the whole race of men with one accord.

---

ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

I HATE the clamour of the smoky towns,  
But much admire the bliss of rural clowns ;  
Where some remains of innocence appear,  
Where no rude noise insults the listening ear ;  
Nought but soft zephyrs whispering through the trees,  
Or the still humming of the painful bees ;  
The gentle murmurs of the purling rill,  
Or the unwearied chirping of the drill ;  
The charming harmony of warbling birds,  
Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds ;  
The murmuring stockdoves' melancholy coo,  
When they their lovèd mates lament or woo,  
The pleasing bleatings of the tender lambs,  
Or the indistinct mumbling of their dams ;  
The musical discord of chiding hounds,  
Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds ;  
The rural mournful songs of lovesick swains,  
Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains ;  
The whistling music of the lagging plough,

<sup>1</sup> This piece, and the two that immediately follow, were written at the University.

Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.

And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,  
So with delightful prospects it abounds :  
Through every season of the sliding year,  
Unto the ravished sight new scenes appear.

In the sweet Spring the sun's prolific ray  
Does painted flowers to the mild air display ;  
Then opening buds, then tender herbs are seen,  
And the bare fields are all arrayed in green.

In ripening Summer, the full laden vales  
Give prospect of employment for the flails ;  
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,  
Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.

In Autumn, that repays the labourer's pains,  
Reapers sweep down the honours of the plains,

Anon black Winter, from the frozen north,  
Its treasures of snow and hail pours forth ;  
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,  
In desolation nature seems to lie ;  
The unstained snow from the full clouds descends,  
Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.  
In maiden white the glittering fields do shine ;  
Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,  
With withered eyes they see all snow around,  
And with their fore feet paw and scrape the ground :  
They cheerfully do crop the insipid grass,  
The shepherds sighing, cry, Alas ! alas !  
Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame ;  
Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game ;  
Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,

Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.

How sweet and innocent are country sports,  
And, as men's tempers, various are their sorts.

You, on the banks of soft meandering Tweed,  
May in your toils ensnare the watery breed,  
And nicely lead the artificial flee,<sup>1</sup>  
Which, when the nimble, watchful trout does see,  
He at the bearded hook will briskly spring ;  
Then in that instant twitch your hairy string,  
And, when he's hooked, you, with a constant hand,  
May draw him struggling to the fatal land.

Then at fit seasons you may clothe your hook,  
With a sweet bait, dressed by a faithless cook ;  
The greedy pike darts to't with eager haste,  
And, being struck, in vain he flies at last ;  
He rages, storms, and flounces through the stream,  
But all, alas ! his life cannot redeem.

At other times you may pursue the chase,  
And hunt the nimble hare from place to place.  
See, when the dog is just upon the grip,  
Out at a side she'll make a handsome skip,  
And ere he can divert his furious course,  
She, far before him, scours with all her force :  
She'll shift, and many times run the same ground :  
At last, outwearied by the stronger hound,  
She falls a sacrifice unto his hate,  
And with sad piteous screams laments her fate.

See how the hawk doth take his towering flight,  
And in his course outflies our very sight.

<sup>1</sup> A Scotticism for fly.

Bears down the fluttering fowl with all his might.  
See how the wary gunner casts about,  
Watching the fittest posture when to shoot :  
Quick as the fatal lightning blasts the oak,  
He gives the springing fowl a sudden stroke ;  
He pours upon't a shower of mortal lead,  
And ere the noise is heard the fowl is dead.

Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtile snare,  
Of which the entangled fowl was not aware ;  
Through pathless wastes he doth pursue his sport,  
Where nought but moor-fowl and wild beasts resort.

When the noon sun directly darts his beams  
Upon your giddy heads, with fiery gleams,  
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams ;  
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,  
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire  
To form a graceful shade ;—there rural swains  
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains ;  
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,  
And in soft charming notes do imitate their lays.  
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,  
And lulled with music, to kind slumbers pass :  
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,  
And on that scene no tragic fears will act ;  
Save the dear image of a charming she,  
Nought will the object of your vision be.

Away the vicious pleasures of the town ;  
Let empty partial fortune on me frown ;  
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot  
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.

## ON HAPPINESS.

WARMED by the summer sun's meridian ray,  
As underneath a spreading oak I lay  
Contemplating the mighty load of woe,  
In search of bliss that mortals undergo,  
Who while they think they happiness enjoy,  
Embrace a curse wrapt in delusive joy,  
I reasoned thus : Since the Creator, God,  
Who in eternal love has his abode,  
Hath blended with the essence of the soul  
An appetite as fixèd as the pole,  
That's always eager in pursuit of bliss,  
And always veering till it point to this,  
There is some object adequate to fill  
This boundless wish of our extended will.  
Now, while my thought round nature's circle runs  
(A bolder journey than the furious sun's)  
This chief and satiating good to find  
The attracting centre of the human mind,  
My ears they deafened, to my swimming eyes  
His magic wand the drowsy God applies,  
Bound all my senses in a silken sleep,  
While mimic fancy did her vigils keep ;  
Yet still methinks some condescending power  
Ranged the ideas in my mind that hour.

Methought I wandering was, with thousands more,  
Beneath a high prodigious hill, before,  
Above the clouds whose towering summit rose,

With utmost labour only gained by those  
Who grovelling prejudices throw away,  
And with incessant straining climbed their way ;  
Where all who stood their failing breath to gain,  
With headlong ruin tumbled down amain.  
This mountain is through every nation famed,  
And, as I learnèd, Contemplation named.  
O happy me ! when I had reached its top  
Unto my sight a boundless scene did ope.

First, sadly I surveyed with downward eye,  
Of restless men below the busy fry,  
Who hunted trifles in an endless maze,  
Like foolish boys on sunny summer days,  
Pursuing butterflies with all their might,  
Who can't their troubles in the chase requite.  
The painted insect, he who most admires,  
Grieves most when it in his rude hand expires ;  
Or should it live, with endless fears is tossed,  
Lest it take wing and be for ever lost.

Some men I saw their utmost art employ  
How to attain a false deceitful joy,  
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,  
And at a distance fixed their ravished gaze,  
But nigh at hand it mocked their fond embrace ;  
When lo ! again it flashèd in their eyes,  
But still, as they drew near, the fond illusion dies.  
Just so I've seen a water-dog pursue  
An unflown duck within his greedy view,  
When he has, panting, at his prey arrived,  
The coxcomb fooling—suddenly it dived ;



He, gripping, is almost with water choked,  
And grief, that all his towering hopes are mocked ;  
Then it emerges, he renews his toil,  
And o'er and o'er again he gets the foil.  
Yea, all the joys beneath the conscious sun,  
And softer ones that his inspection shun,  
Much of their pleasures in fruition fade ;  
Enjoyment o'er them throws a sullen shade.  
The reason is, we promise vaster things  
And sweeter joys than from their nature springs ;  
When they are lost, weep the apparent bliss,  
And not what really in fruition is ;  
So that our griefs are greater than our joys,  
And real pain springs from fantastic toys.

Though all terrene delights of men below  
Are almost nothing but a glaring show ;  
Yet if there always were a virgin joy  
When t'other fades to soothe the wanton boy,  
He somewhat might excuse his heedless course,  
Some show of reason for the same enforce ;  
But frugal nature wisely does deny  
To mankind such profuse variety ;  
Has only what is needful to us given,  
To feed and cheer us in the way to heaven ;  
And more would but the traveller delay,  
Impede and clog him in his upward way.

I from the mount all mortal pleasures saw  
Themselves within a narrow compass draw :  
The libertine a nauseous circle run,  
And dully acted what he'd often done.

Just so when Luna darts her silver ray,  
And pours on silent earth a paler day :  
From Stygian caves the flitting fairies scud,  
And on the margent of some limpid flood,  
Which by reflected moonlight darts a glance,  
In midnight circles range themselves and dance.

To-morrow, cries he, will us entertain :  
Pray what's to-morrow but to-day again ?  
Deluded youth, no more the chase pursue,  
So oft deceived, no more the toil renew.  
Though in a constant and a fixed design  
Of acting well there is a lasting mine  
Of solid satisfaction, purest joy,—  
For virtue's pleasures never, never cloy,—  
Yet hither come, climb up the steep ascent,  
Your painful labour you will ne'er repent.  
From heaven itself here you're but one remove ;  
Here's the præludium of the joys above ;  
Here you'll behold the awful Godhead shine,  
And all perfections in the same combine ;  
You'll see that God, who, by his powerful call,  
From empty nothing drew this spacious ball,  
Made beauteous order the rude mass control,  
And every part subservient to the whole ;  
Here you'll behold upon the fatal tree  
The God of nature bleed, expire, and die,  
For such as 'gainst his holy laws rebel,  
And such as bid defiance to his hell.  
Through the dark gulf, here you may clearly pry  
'Twixt narrow Time and vast Eternity ,

Behold the Godhead just, as well as good,  
And vengeance poured on trampers on his blood :  
But all the tears wiped from his people's eyes,  
And, for their entrance, cleave the parting skies.  
Then sure you will with holy ardours burn,  
And to seraphic heats your passion turn ;  
Then in your eyes all mortal fair will fade,  
And leave of mortal beauties but the shade ;  
Yourself to him you'll solemnly devote,  
To him, without whose providence you're not ;  
You'll of his service relish the delight,  
And to his praises all your powers excite ;  
You'll celebrate his name in heavenly sound,  
Which well pleased skies in echoes will rebound ;  
This is the greatest happiness that can  
Possessèd be in this short life by man.

But darkly here the Godhead we survey,  
Confined and cramped in this cage of clay.  
What cruel band is this to earth that ties  
Our souls from soaring to their native skies ?  
Upon the bright eternal face to gaze,  
And there drink in the beatific rays :  
There to behold the good one and the fair,  
A ray from whom all mortal beauties are ?  
In beauteous nature all the harmony  
Is but the echo of the Deity,  
Of all perfection who the centre is,  
And boundless ocean of untainted bliss ;  
For ever open to the ravished view,  
And full enjoyment of the radiant crew

Who live in raptures of eternal joy,  
Whose flaming love their tuneful harps employ  
In solemn hymns Jehovah's praise to sing,  
And make all heaven with hallelujahs ring.

These realms of light no further I'll explore,  
And in these heights I will no longer soar :  
Not like our grosser atmosphere beneath,  
The ether here's too thin for me to breathe.  
The region is insufferably bright,  
And flashes on me with too strong a light.  
Then from the mountain, lo ! I now descend,  
And to my vision put a hasty end.

---

VERSES ON RECEIVING A FLOWER FROM HIS  
MISTRESS.

MADAM, the flower that I received from you,  
Ere I came home, had lost its lovely hue :  
As flowers deprivèd of the genial day,  
Its sprightly bloom did wither and decay.  
Dear, fading flower, I know full well, said I,  
The reason that you shed your sweets and die ;  
You want the influence of her enlivening eye.  
Your case is mine—Absence, that plague of love  
With heavy pace makes every minute move :  
It of my being is an empty blank,  
And hinders me myself with men to rank ;  
Your cheering presence quickens me again,  
And new-sprung life exults in every vein.

## AN ELEGY ON PARTING.

It was a sad, ay 'twas a sad farewell ;  
I still afresh the pangs of parting feel !  
Against my breast my heart impatient beat,  
And in deep sighs bemoaned its cruel fate ;  
Thus with the object of my love to part,  
My life ! my joy ! 'twould rend a rocky heart.

Where'er I turn myself, where'er I go,  
I meet the image of my lovely foe ;  
With witching charms the phantom still appears,  
And with her wanton smiles insults my tears ;  
Still haunts the places where we used to walk,  
And where with raptures oft I heard her talk ;  
Those scenes I now with deepest sorrow view,  
And sighing bid to all delight adieu.

While I my head upon this turf recline,  
Officious sun, in vain on me you shine ;  
In vain unto the smiling fields I hie ;  
In vain the flowery meads salute my eye ;  
In vain the cheerful birds and shepherds sing,  
And with their carols make the valleys ring ;  
Yea, all the pleasure that the country yield  
Can't me from sorrow for her absence shield ;  
With divine pleasure books which one inspire,  
Yea, books themselves I do not now admire.  
But hark ! methinks some pitying power I hear  
This welcome message whisper in my ear :  
“ Forget thy groundless griefs, dejected swain,

You and the nymph you love shall meet again ;  
No more your muse shall sing such mournful lays,  
But bounteous heaven and your kind mistress praise."

---

TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,  
Are like the false illusive light  
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze  
To precipices oft betrays :  
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,  
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,  
Is like the sacred queen of night,  
Who pours a lovely gentle light  
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,  
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,  
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly joined ;  
But Seraphina's eyes dispense  
A mild and gracious influence ;  
Such as in visions angels shed  
Around the heaven-illuminated head.  
To love thee, Seraphina, sure  
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;  
'Tis from low passions to escape,  
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;  
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom joined ;  
And heaven infused into the mind.

## ON THE HOOP.

THE hoop, the darling justly of the fair,  
Of every generous swain deserves the care.  
It is unmanly to desert the weak,  
'Twould urge a stone, if possible, to speak ;  
To hear stanch hypocrites bawl out and cry,  
“ This hoop’s a whorish garb, fie ! ladies, fie ! ”  
O cruel and audacious men, to blast  
’The fame of ladies more than vestals chaste ;  
Should you go search the globe throughout,  
None will you find so pious and devout ;  
So modest, chaste, so handsome, and so fair,  
As our dear Caledonian ladies are.  
When awful beauty puts on all her charms,  
Nought gives our sex such terrible alarms,  
As when the hoop and tartan both combine  
To make a virgin like a goddess shine.  
Let quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,  
And with severities themselves afflict ;  
But may the hoop adorn Edina’s street,  
Till the south pole shall with the northern meet.

—  
ON MAY.

AMONG the changing months, May stands confest  
The sweetest, and in fairest colours dressed !  
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field ;

Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield ;  
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints  
On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints !—  
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,  
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud !  
The blooming belles and shallow beaux, strange sight,  
Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports delight.

---

THE MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN from the opening chambers of the east  
The morning springs, in thousand liveries drest,  
The early larks their morning tribute pay,  
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.  
Refreshèd fields with pearly dew do shine,  
And tender blades therewith their tops incline.  
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,  
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.  
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes  
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.  
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,  
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes  
Around the fold : he walks with careful pace,  
And fallen clods sets in their wonted place ;  
Then opes the door, unfolds his fleecy care,  
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare !  
Down upon easy moss he lays,  
And sings some charming shepherdess's praise.



## LINES ON MARLÈFIELD.

WHAT is the task that to the muse belongs ?  
What but to deck in her harmonious songs  
The beauteous works of nature and of art,  
Rural retreats that cheer the heavy heart ?  
Then Marlèfield begin, my muse and sing ;  
With Marlèfield the hills and vales shall ring.  
O ! what delight and pleasure 'tis to rove  
Through all the walks and alleys of this grove,  
Where spreading trees a checkered scene display,  
Partly admitting and excluding day ;  
Where cheerful green and odorous sweets conspire  
The drooping soul with pleasure to inspire ;  
Where little birds employ their narrow throats  
To sing its praises in unlaboured notes.  
To it adjoined a rising fabric stands,  
Which with its state our silent awe commands ;  
Its endless beauties mock the poet's pen,  
So to the garden I'll return again.  
Pomona makes the trees with fruit abound,  
And blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground.  
Here lavish nature does her stores disclose,  
Flowers of all hue, their queen the bashful rose,  
With their sweet breath the ambient air's perfumed,  
Nor is thereby their fragrant stores consumed.  
O'er the fair landscape sportive zephyrs scud,  
And by kind force display the infant bud.  
The vegetable kind here rear their head,

By kindly showers and heaven's indulgence fed :  
 Of fabled nymphs such were the sacred haunts,  
 But real nymphs this charming dwelling vaunts.  
 Now to the greenhouse let's awhile retire,  
 To shun the heat of Sol's infectious fire :  
 Immortal authors grace this cool retreat,  
 Of ancient times, and of a modern date.  
 Here would my praises and my fancy dwell ;  
 But it, alas, description does excel.  
 O may this sweet, this beautiful abode  
 Remain the charge of the eternal God.

---

 ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY deserves the homage of the muse :  
 Shall mine, rebellious, the dear theme refuse ?  
 No ; while my breast respire the vital air,  
 Wholly I am devoted to the fair.  
 Beauty I'll sing in my sublimest lays,  
 I burn to give her just immortal praise.  
 The heavenly maid with transport I'll pursue  
 To her abode, and all her graces view.

This happy place with all delights abounds,  
 And plenty broods upon the fertile grounds.  
 Here verdant grass their waving . . . . .  
 And hills and vales in sweet confusion lie ;  
 The nibbling flock strays o'er the rising hills,  
 And all around with bleating music fills ;

High on their fronts tall blooming forests nod,  
Of sylvan deities the blest abode ;  
The feathered minstrels hop from spray to spray,  
And chant their gladsome carols all the day ;  
Till dusky night, advancing in her car,  
Makes with declining light successful war.  
Then Philomel her mournful lay repeats,  
And through her throat breathes melancholy sweets.  
Still higher yet wild rugged rocks arise,  
That all ascent to human foot denies,  
And strike beholders with a dread surprise.  
This paradise these towering hills surround,  
That thither is one only passage found.  
Increasing brooks roll down the mountain's side,  
And as they pass the opposing pebbles chide.

But vernal showers refresh the blooming year.  
Their only season is eternal spring,  
Which hovers o'er them with a downy wing ;  
Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn  
With glowing blushes, like the rosy morn.

The way that to this stately palace goes,  
Of myrtle trees, lies 'twixt two even rows,  
Which, towering high, with outstretched arms displayed,  
Over our heads a living arch have made.  
To sing, my muse, the bold attempt begin,  
Of awful beauties you beheld within :  
The goddess sat upon a throne of gold,  
Embossed with figures charming to behold ;  
Here new-made Eve stood in her early bloom,

Not yet obscurèd with sin's sullen gloom ;  
Her naked beauties do the soul confound,  
From every part is given a fatal wound ;  
There other beauties of a meaner fame  
Oblige the sight, whom here I shall not name.  
In her right hand she did a sceptre sway,  
O'er all mankind ambitious to obey ;  
Her lovely forehead and her killing eye,  
Her blushing cheeks of a vermilion dye,  
Her lip's soft pulp, her heaving snowy breast,  
Her well turned arm, her handsome slender waist,  
And all below veiled from the curious eye ;  
Oh ! heavenly maid ! makes all beholders cry.

Her dress was plain, not pompous as a bride,  
Which would her sweeter native beauties hide.  
One thing I mind, a spreading hoop she wore,  
Than nothing which adorns a lady more ;  
With equal rage could I its beauties sing,  
I'd with the hoop make all Parnassus ring.  
Around her shoulders, dangling on her throne,  
A bright Tartana carelessly was thrown  
Which has already won immortal praise,  
Most sweetly sung in Allan Ramsay's lays ;  
The wanton Cupids did around her play,  
And smiling loves upon her bosom stray ;  
With purple wings they round about her flew,  
And her sweet lips tinged with ambrosial dew :  
Her air was easy, graceful was her mien,  
Her presence banished the ungrateful spleen ;  
In short, her divine influence refined

Our corrupt hearts, and polishèd mankind.

Of lovely mymphs she had a smiling train,  
Fairer than those e'er graced Arcadia's plain.  
The British ladies next to her took place,  
Who chiefly did the fair assembly grace.  
What blooming virgins can Britannia boast,  
Their praises would all eloquence exhaust !  
With ladies there my ravished eyes did meet,  
That oft I've seen grace fair Edina's street,  
With their broad hoops cut through the willing air,  
Pleased to give place unto the lovely fair.

Sure this is like those blissful seats above,  
Here [all] is peace, transporting joy, and love.

Should I be doomed by cruel angry fate  
In some lone isle my lingering end to wait,  
Yet happy I ! still happy should I be !  
While blessed with virtue and a charming she ;  
With full content I'd fortune's pride despise,  
And die still gazing on her lovely eyes.  
May all the blessings mortals need below,  
May all the blessings heaven can bestow,  
May everything that's pleasant, good, or rare,  
Be the eternal portion of the Fair.

---

AN ELEGY UPON JAMES THERBURN,<sup>1</sup>  
IN CHATTO.

Now, Chatto, you're a dreary place,  
Pale sorrow broods on ilka face ;

<sup>1</sup> This is the only instance of a poem in the Scotch dialect

Therburn has run his race.  
And now, and now, ah me, alas !  
The carl lies dead.

Having his paternoster said,  
He took a dram and went to bed ;  
He fell asleep, and death was glad  
That he had caughted him ;  
For Therburn was e'en ill bested,  
That none did watch him.

For had the carl but been aware,  
That meagre death, who none does spare,  
T' attempt sic things should ever dare,  
As stop his pipe ;  
He might have come to flee or scare :  
The greedy gipe.

How he'd had but a gill or twae,  
Death would nae got the victory sae,  
Nor put poor Therburn o'er the brae,  
Into the grave ;

. . . . .<sup>1</sup>

The fumbling fellow, some folks say,  
Should be jobbed on baith night and day ;  
She had without'en better play,  
Remained still,  
Barren for ever and for aye,  
Do what he will.

written by Thomson. He had, however, a very broad Scotch accent.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is imperfect in these places.



And lulled her many piercing cares to rest.  
No more the orphan train around her stands,  
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands !  
No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,  
The shock severe that modest want conceals,  
The oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,  
And poverty's unnumbered ills beside.  
For see ! attended by the angelic throng,  
Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,  
And claims the well earned raptures of the sky :  
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye ;  
She seeks the helpless orphans left behind ;  
So hardly left ! so bitterly resigned !  
Still, still ! is she my soul's diurnal theme,  
The waking vision, and the wailing dream :  
Amid the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze  
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,  
And in the dread dominion of the night  
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.  
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,  
And more than volumes every look imparts—  
Looks, soft, yet awful ; melting, yet serene ;  
Where both the mother and the saint are seen.  
But ah ! that night—that torturing night remains ;  
May darkness dye it with the deepest stains,  
May joy on it forsake her rosy bowers,  
And streaming sorrow blast its baleful hours,  
When on the margin of the briny flood,  
Chilled with a sad presaging damp I stood,  
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,



And mixed our murmurs with the wavy roar ;  
Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,  
Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,  
Which soon, too soon, conveyed me from her sight,  
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light !  
Why was I then, ye powers, reserved for this ?  
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss ?  
Devoured at once by the relentless wave,  
And whelmed for ever in a watery grave ?—  
Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe !—  
I see her with immortal beauty glow ;  
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,  
Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown ;  
The exalting voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,  
To soothe her soul in agonies of death.  
I see her through the mansions blessed above,  
And now she meets her dear expecting love.  
Heart-cheering sight ! but yet, alas ! o'erspread  
By the dark gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.  
Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,  
And let me trust the kind o'erruling Power,  
Who from the night commands the shining day,<sup>1</sup>  
The poor man's portion and the orphan's stay.

<sup>1</sup> In most previous editions this line is thus rendered—

“ Who from the *right* commands the shining day.”

Mr. Robert Bell introduced the reading “ night.”

---

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

His tibi me rebus quædam divina Voluptas  
Percepit, atque Horror ; quod sic Natura tuâ vi  
Tam manifesta patet ex omni parte resecta.

LUCRETIVS.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,<sup>1</sup>  
To mingle with his stars ; and every Muse,  
Astonished into silence, shun the weight

<sup>1</sup> These verses were inscribed to Sir Robert Walpole, and published immediately after the death of Sir Isaac Newton, which took place on the 20th of March, 1727. The dedication to Walpole ran as follows :—

“ TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, KNIGHT  
OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

“ SIR,—Since I have ventured to write a poem on a gentleman who is universally acknowledged to be the honour of our country as a philosopher, prompted by the same ambition, I address it to her most illustrious patriot.

“ Though, by the wise choice of the best of Kings, you are engaged in the highest and most active scenes of life, balancing the power of Europe, watching over our common welfare, informing the whole body of society and commerce, and even, like Heaven, dispensing happiness to the discontented and ungrateful ; though thus gloriously employed, yet you are not less attentive, in the hour of leisure, to the variety, beauty, and magnificence of nature ; nor less delighted and astonished at the discoveries of the incomparable Newton. The same comprehensive genius which way soever it looks must have a steady, clear, and unbounded prospect.

“ But not to encroach any further on your important moments, all devoted to the good of mankind, I once more plead the dignity of my subject for my excuse in this approach, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with the sincerest veneration, Sir, your most faithful,  
humble servant,  
“ JAMES THOMSON.”

Of honours due to his illustrious name ?  
But what can man ?—E'en now the sons of light,  
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
Yet am not I deterred, though high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
Ethereal flames ! ambitious, I aspire  
In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest !  
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil  
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,  
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,  
Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listened while he bound the suns  
And planets to their spheres ! the unequal task  
Of humankind till then. Oft had they rolled  
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgraced  
The pride of schools, before their course was known  
Full in its causes and effects to him.  
All-piercing sage ! Who sat not down and dreamed  
Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
Of specious words, and tyranny of names ;  
And, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
And with heroic patience years on years  
Deep-searching saw at last the system dawn,  
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then ! how pure ! how strong !  
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,  
By his diminished, but the pride of boys  
In some small fray victorious ! when instead

*TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON* 429

Of shattered parcels of this earth usurped  
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds  
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself  
Stood all subdued by him, and open laid  
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round  
First gazing through, he by the blended power  
Of gravitation and projection saw  
The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
To cheer remoter planets numerous formed,  
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.  
He also fixed our wandering Queen of Night,  
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
Her every motion clear-discerning, he  
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught  
Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning : till again  
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves  
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Through the blue infinite ; and every star  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,  
Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;  
Or such as further in successive skies  
To fancy shine alone, at his approach

Blazed into suns, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious system : all combined,  
And ruled unerring by that single power,  
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !  
O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things,  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
A universe complete ! And O, beloved  
Of Heaven ! whose well purged penetrative eye  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scanned  
The rising, moving, wide-established frame.  
He, first of men, with awful wing pursued  
The Comet through the long elliptic curve,  
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;  
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
Returned, the blazing wonder glares anew,  
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule  
Of whirling Vortices, and circling Spheres,  
To their first great simplicity restored.  
The schools astonished stood ; but found it vain  
To combat still with demonstration strong,  
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze  
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
With the gay shadows of the morning mixed,  
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun !

The ærial flow of Sound was known to him,  
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
Till the touched organ takes the message in.

Nor could the darting beam of speed immense  
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.  
E'en Light itself, which every thing displays,  
Shone undiscovered, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;  
And, from the whitening undistinguished blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind,  
To the charmed eye educed the gorgeous train  
Of parent colours. First the flaming Red  
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny Orange next ;  
And next delicious Yellow ; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green ;  
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies  
Ethereal played ; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerged the deepened Indigo, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost ;  
While the last gleamings of refracted light  
Died in the fainting Violet away.  
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.  
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
And myriads still remain ; infinite source  
Of beauty, ever blushing, ever new.

Did ever poet image aught so fair,  
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook ;  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends ?  
E'en now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare

How just, how beauteous the refractive law.  
The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down  
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemmed alone ; and to the source (involved  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised  
His lights at equal distances, to guide  
Historian, wildered on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ? who  
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew—in fancy's lighter thought,  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swelled  
Responsive to his knowledge ? For could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finished university of things,  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
Forbear incessant to adore that Power  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,  
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
The vast unborrowed treasures of his mind,  
Oh, speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,  
How greatly humble, how divinely good ;  
How firm established on eternal truth ;  
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
And panting for perfection : far above

Those little cares, and visionary joys,  
That so perplex the fond impassioned heart  
Of ever cheated, ever trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights  
That reach impatient at immortal life,  
Against the prime endearing privilege  
Of Being dare contend,—say, can a soul  
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,  
And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
Sound through the world—" 'Tis done!—The measure's  
full;

And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering stones,  
That build the towering pyramid, the proud  
Triumphal arch, the monument effaced  
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
The worshipped name of hoar antiquity,  
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast  
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,  
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,  
And elegiac song. But Newton calls  
For other notes of gratulation high,  
That now he wanders through those endless worlds



He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.  
 O Britain's boast ! whether with angels thou  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blessed,  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;  
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,  
 And grateful adoration, for that light  
 So plenteous rayed into thy mind below,  
 From Light himself ; oh, look with pity down  
 On humankind, a frail erroneous race !  
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world !  
 O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,  
 And be her genius called ! her studies raise,  
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.  
 For, though depraved and sunk, she brought thee forth,  
 And glories in thy name ; she points thee out  
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :  
 While in expectance of the second life,  
 When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

---

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LATTER PART OF THE  
 SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN my breast labours wth oppressive care,  
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;

<sup>1</sup> This Paraphrase, and the three pieces that immediately follow,  
 were published in 1729.

While all my warring passions are at strife,  
O, let me listen to the words of life !  
Raptures deep felt His doctrine did impart,  
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.

“ Think not when all your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While on the roof the howling tempest bears ;  
What further shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again !  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
And the fair body its investing weed ?

“ Behold ! and look away your low despair—  
See the light tenants of the barren air :  
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky,  
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,  
To him they cry, in Winter’s pinching reign ;  
Nor is their muse, nor their plaint in vain ;  
He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

“ Observe the rising lily’s snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race ;  
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !  
What regal vestments can with them compare !  
What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !  
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads :  
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?  
Is he unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

---

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE'S not the happy man, to whom is given  
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven ;  
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,  
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes ;  
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,  
And all the various bounty of the year ;  
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the  
spring,  
Whose curvèd mountains bleat, and forests sing ;  
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,  
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;  
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours  
A golden tide into his swelling stores ;  
Whose winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales  
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;  
Whom yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;  
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves.  
E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,  
Can make the happy man, without the mind ;  
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys  
The chain of reason with unerring gaze ;  
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,

Her fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;  
Where social love exerts her soft command,  
And lays the passions with a tender hand,  
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,  
And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington,<sup>1</sup> this truth decline :  
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

---

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.<sup>2</sup>

SWEET, sleeky Doctor ! dear pacific soul !  
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl !  
Still let the involving smoke around thee fly,  
And broad-looking dulness settle in thine eye.  
Ah ! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,  
And in the very lap of slumber doze ;  
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,  
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face ;  
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,  
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail,  
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,  
And lean on the lethargic book thy head ;  
Those eyes wipe often with the hallowed lawn,  
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn ;  
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,  
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue ;

<sup>1</sup> George Bub Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Patrick Murdoch.

If e'er the lingerers are within a call,  
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.  
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend ;  
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,  
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,  
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.  
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,  
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears ;  
But soon as ere the sage is heard to bray,  
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

---

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good ;  
But from whose holy, piercing eye,  
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whispered talk,  
Which innocence and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
And still in every shape you please :  
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
A lone philosopher you seem ;  
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain ;  
A lover now, with all the grace  
Of that sweet passion in your face ;  
Then, calmed to friendship, you assume  
The gentle looking Hertford's bloom,  
As, with her Musidora, she  
(Her Musidora fond of thee)  
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,  
Awakes the rivalled nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;  
And while meridian fervours beat,  
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;  
But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
And the faint landscape swims away,  
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,  
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;  
Plain Innocence in white arrayed  
Before thee lifts her fearless head ;  
Religion's beams around thee shine,  
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :  
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;  
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !  
And in thy deep recesses dwell,

---

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
 When meditation has her fill,  
 I just may cast my careless eyes,  
 Where London's spiry turrets rise ;  
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,—  
 'Then shield me in the woods again.

---

BRITANNIA.<sup>1</sup>

— Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?  
 Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.  
 Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.  
 Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :  
 Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,  
 Sed mihi sorte datum. VIRGIL.

As on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,  
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,

<sup>1</sup> The circumstances to which the poem refers are as follows :—  
 In the summer of 1726, Admiral Hosier had been sent to the Spanish West Indies to protect our commerce, with strict injunctions to avoid reprisals ; and soon afterwards the Spanish minister was abruptly recalled from the court of St. James's, leaving behind him a memorial which was described in the King's Speech, on opening the Parliament in January 1727, as very little short of a declaration of war. The Spaniards were the first to commence hostilities, by investing Gibraltar, and attacking the English flag in American waters. Early in 1728, however, preliminaries of peace were arranged and ratified at Madrid, to the undisguised delight of the English minister, who was thus enabled to close an arduous session amidst the acclamations of the people. But the exultation was brief ; for, notwithstanding that this peace was formally agreed to, and the preliminaries signed, the Spaniards con-

Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad :  
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,  
'That, hoarse and hollow, from the bleak surge blew ;  
Loose flowed her tresses ; rent her azure robe  
Hung o'er the deep ; from her majestic brow  
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay ;  
Nor ceased the copious grief to bathe her cheek,  
Nor ceased her sobs to murmur to the main.  
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretched  
Her dove-like wings : and War, though greatly roused,  
Yet mourns his fettered hands. While thus the queen  
Of nations spoke ; and what she said the muse  
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

“ E'en not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixed wave,  
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,<sup>1</sup>  
A freight of future glory to my shore ;  
E'en not the flattering view of golden days,  
And rising periods yet of bright renown,  
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line  
Through late revolving time, can soothe my rage ;  
While, unchastised, the insulting Spaniard dares  
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war

tinued to obstruct our trade, and make prizes of our merchant ships. When Parliament met in January 1729, it was besieged by petitions from the mercantile interest, demanding redress. A committee was appointed to investigate the subject ; Spain was declared by a unanimous resolution to have violated the treaty ; and an address was voted to his Majesty, praying that he would obtain satisfaction for the depredations committed on his subjects. It was at this juncture *Britannia* appeared.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick, Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.



Despise my navies, and my merchants seize,  
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam  
The world of waters wild ; made, by the toil,  
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine :  
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.  
Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?  
This tame beseeching of rejected peace ?  
This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,  
To generous Britons never known before ?  
And sailed my fleets for this ; on Indian tides  
To float, inactive, with the veering winds ?  
The mockery of war ! while hot disease,  
And sloth distempered, swept off burning crowds,  
For action ardent ; and amid the deep,  
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.  
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,  
Far from their friends, and country, unavenged ;  
And back the drooping warship comes again,  
Dispirited and thin ; her sons ashamed  
Thus idly to review their native shore,  
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,  
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,  
The violated merchant comes along ;  
That far sought wealth, for which the noxious gale  
He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,  
By lawless force detained ; a force that soon  
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,  
Were once the British lion heard to roar.  
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,  
In their own well asserted element,

Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main ?  
Who told him, that the big incumbent war  
Would not, ere this, have rolled his trembling ports  
In smoky ruin ? and his guilty stores,  
Won by the ravage of a butchered world,  
Yet unatoned, sunk in the swallowing deep,  
Or led, the glittering prize, into the Thames ?

“ There was a time (Oh, let my languid sons  
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)  
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,  
Swelled o'er the labouring surge ; like a whole heaven  
Of clouds, wide rolled before the boundless breeze.  
Gaily the splendid armament along  
Exultant ploughed, reflecting a red gleam,  
As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;  
'Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the dream  
Of easy conquest ; while their bloated war,  
Stretched out from sky to sky, the gathered force  
Of ages held in its capacious womb.  
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,  
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,  
With tempests black, the goodly scene deformed,  
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate  
Resistless thundered through their yielding sides ;  
Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame ;  
And seized in horrid grasp, or shattered wide,  
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.  
Then too from every promontory chill,  
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,  
I swept confederate winds, and swelled a storm.

Round the glad isle, snatched by the vengeful blast,  
 The scattered remnants drove ; on the blind shelve,  
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,  
 Relentless dashed, where loud the northern main,  
 Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.

“Such were the dawnings of my watery reign ;  
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,  
 E'en in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake  
 Awed angry nations with the British name,  
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,  
 Sustained, and balanced, by my naval arm.  
 Ah, what must those immortal spirits think  
 Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's good,  
 Who faced the blackest danger, knew no fear,  
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.  
 Ah, how with indignation must they burn !  
 (If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)  
 With shame ! with grief ! to see their feeble sons  
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquered seas,  
 For which their wisdom planned, their councils glowed,  
 And their veins bled through many a toiling age !<sup>1</sup>

“Oh, first of human blessings ! and supreme !  
 Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !  
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men  
 Like brothers live, in amity combined  
 And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil

<sup>1</sup> It is the ministry of Walpole, recently lauded to the skies for transcendent patriotism, in the dedication of the lines to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, that is here charged with having brought England to this condition of degradation.

Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.  
Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccursed by blood,  
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
Trickling distils into the verdant glebe ;  
Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,  
When the blithe sheaves lie scattered o'er the field ;  
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound ;  
When the land blushes with the rose alone,  
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine,  
Oh, Peace ! thou source and soul of social life,  
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,  
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;  
Blessed be the man divine who gives us thee !  
Who bids the trumpet hush its horrid clang,  
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;  
Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun  
Into the well-piled armoury returns ;  
And every vigour, from the work of death  
To grateful industry converting, makes  
The country flourish, and the city smile.  
Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;  
And him the smiling mother to her train ;  
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,  
Chants ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,  
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
Or team, he toils ; with him the sailor sooths,  
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;

And the full city, warm, from street to street,  
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.  
 Nor joys one land alone : his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

“ What would not, Peace ! the patriot bear for thee ?  
 What painful patience ? What incessant care ?  
 What mixed anxiety ? What sleepless toil ?  
 E'en from the rash protected what reproach ?  
 For he thy value knows ; thy friendship he  
 To human nature ! but the better thou,  
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
 Inevitable, war, when ruffian force  
 Awakes the fury of an injured state.  
 E'en the good patient man whom reason rules,  
 Roused by bold insult, and injurious rage,  
 With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons  
 Of violence confounds ; firm as his cause,  
 His bolder heart, in awful justice clad ;  
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire ;  
 And, as he charges through the prostrate war,  
 His keen arm teaches faithless men no more  
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

“ And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you  
 more  
 Than when your well-earned empire of the deep  
 The least beginning injury receives ?  
 What better cause can call your lightning forth ?  
 Your thunder wake ? your dearest life demand ?

What better cause, than when your country sees  
The sly destruction at her vitals aimed?  
For oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,  
To keep your trade entire, entire the force  
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,  
E'en with a hand severe, and jealous eye.  
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,  
By wisdom polished, and of manners fair;  
But on the sea be terrible, untamed,  
Unconquerable still: let none escape,  
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.  
Is there the man into the lion's den  
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?  
And is a Briton seized? and seized beneath  
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?  
Then ardent rise! Oh, great in vengeance rise!  
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:  
And as you ride sublimely round the world,  
Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
At once their welfare and their duty know.  
This is your glory: this your wisdom; this  
The native power for which you were designed  
By fate, when fate designed the firmest state  
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;  
A state, alone, where Liberty should live,  
In these late times, this evening of mankind,  
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,  
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolved.  
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;  
For this, your oaks, peculiar hardened, shoot

Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.  
Induced at last, by scarce perceived degrees,  
Sapping the very frame of government  
And life, a total dissolution comes ;  
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.  
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes ;  
The human being almost quite extinct ;  
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.  
Oh, shun that gulf : that gaping ruin shun !  
And countless ages roll it far away  
From you, ye heaven-beloved ! May liberty,  
The light of life ! the sun of humankind !  
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,  
E'en where the keen depressive north descends,  
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers,  
While slavish southern climates beam in vain :  
And may a public spirit from the throne,  
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,  
Live o'er the land ; the finer arts inspire ;  
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head ;  
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,  
And the rough sons of lowest labour smile :  
As when, profuse of Spring, the loosened West  
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes  
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

“ But haste we from these melancholy shores,  
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint  
Pour weak ; the country claims our active aid ;  
Then let us roam : and where we find a spark  
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

Lo! now, my sons, the sons of freedom! meet  
In awful senate; thither let us fly;  
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue  
In fearless truth; myself transformed, preside,  
And shed the spirit of Britannia round."

This said; her fleeting form and airy train  
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks  
Rushed on the broken eye; and nought was heard  
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

---

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.<sup>1</sup>

OH, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,  
Just as the living forms by thee designed;  
Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,  
Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.  
A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,  
From fervent truth where every virtue sprung;  
Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;  
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere.  
Viewed round and round, as lucid diamonds throw  
Still as you turn them a revolving glow,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Aikman was a native of Scotland, where he was born in 1682. He studied under Medina; afterwards visited London, travelled to Italy and Turkey, and returned to Scotland. He subsequently settled in London, but, falling into a languishing distemper, he died at his house in Leicester-fields in June 1731. Aikman painted the portraits of many of the nobility.



So did his mind reflect with secret ray,  
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day ;  
Whether in high discourse it soared sublime,  
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,  
Or wandering nature through with raptured eye,  
Adored the hand that turned yon azure sky ;  
Whether to social life he bent his thought,  
And the right poise of mingling passions sought  
Gay converse blessed ; or in the thoughtful grove  
Bid the heart open every source of love ;  
New varying lights still set before your eyes  
'The just, the good, the social, or the wise.  
For such a death who can, who would refuse  
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse ?  
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to heaven,  
Though snatched so soon, that Aikman e'er was given.  
A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,  
Hid in the lustre of eternal light ;  
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps  
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps  
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate  
Wings and attracts her to another state ;  
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,  
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.  
As those we love, decay, we die in part,  
String after string is severed from the heart ;  
'Till loosened life at last—but breathing clay,  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,

Dragged lingering on from partial death to death ;  
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

---

ON MRS. MENDEZ' BIRTHDAY,  
WHO WAS BORN ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

THINE is the gentle day of love,  
When youths and virgins try their fate ;  
When, deep retiring to the grove,  
Each feathered songster weds his mate.  
With tempered beams the skies are bright,  
Earth decks in smiles her pleasing face ;  
Such is the day that gave thee light,  
And speaks as such thy every grace.

---

ON THE REPORT THAT A WOODEN BRIDGE  
WAS TO BE BUILT AT WESTMINSTER.

By Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,  
Provoked, the Genius of the river rose,  
And thus exclaimed : " Have I, ye British swains,  
Have I for ages laved your fertile plains ?  
Given herds, and flocks, and villages increase,  
And fed a richer than a golden fleece ?  
Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,

Poured Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?  
 Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?  
 Made every climate yours, and every soil?  
 Yet, pilfered from the poor, by gaming base,  
 Yet must a wooden bridge my waves disgrace?  
 Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,  
 And be it published in no Gallic vale."  
 He said; and plunging to his crystal dome,  
 While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

---

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF  
 WALES.

WHILE secret-leaguings nations frown around,  
 Ready to pour the long-expected storm;  
 While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,  
 Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;  
 While on our vitals selfish parties prey,  
 And deep corruption eats our soul away;  
 Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears  
 A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,  
 As she the cordial voice of millions hears,  
 Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race:  
 Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,  
 The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.  
 But more enchanting than the Muse's song,  
 United Britons thy dear offspring hail;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The elder brother of George III.

The city triumphs through her glowing throng,  
The shepherd tells his transport to the dale ;  
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,  
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.  
Can aught from fair Augusta's<sup>1</sup> gentle blood,  
And thine, thou friend of liberty ! be born ;  
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good ;  
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn ?  
From thence, prophetic joy ! new Edwards eyes,  
New Henries, Annas, and Elizas rise.  
May fate my fond devoted days extend,  
To sing the promised glories of thy reign !  
What though, by years depressed, my muse might bend,  
My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :  
How, with recovered Britain, will she soar,  
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

---

TO THE  
MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD TALBOT,<sup>1</sup>  
LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE with the public, you, my Lord, lament  
A friend and father lost ; permit the muse,

<sup>1</sup> The Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, married to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Talbot received the great seal on the 29th November, 1733. He was born in 1684. He was seized with a spasm in the heart, and expired on the 14th February, 1737.

The muse assigned of old a double theme,  
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,  
Whose generous task begins where interest ends ;  
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay  
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspired,  
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.  
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—  
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin ?  
How from the diamond single out each ray,  
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,  
Effuse one dazzling undivided light ?

Let the low-minded of these narrow days  
No more presume to deem the lofty tale  
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,  
Romance. In Talbot we united saw  
The piercing eye, the quick enlightened soul,  
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,  
Joined to the virtues and the force of Rome.

Eternal wisdom, that all-quickenng sun,  
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws  
Directing light and actuating flame,  
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams  
Awakened mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,  
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,  
With instantaneous view, the truth of things ;  
Chief what to human life and human bliss  
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man :  
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glowed  
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,  
In consort foul, agree ; each heightening each ;

While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.  
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,  
What talent, or what virtue was not his ;  
What that can render man or great, or good,  
Give useful worth, or amiable grace ?  
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
In soft retirement, indolently pleased  
With selfish peace. The syren of the wise,  
(Who steals the Aonian song, and, in the shape  
Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless world)  
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt  
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,  
As silent night, yet active as the day.  
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more  
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
To check their combination. Shall low views  
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,  
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,  
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,  
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,  
With present honour and immortal fame,  
Involve the good of all ? An empty form  
Is the weak Virtue, that amid the shade  
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,  
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,  
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,  
Sprung ardent into action ; action, that disdained  
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,  
That might be saved ; disdained for coward ease,

And her insipid pleasures, to resign  
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,  
And those high joys that teach the truly great  
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold ! he breaks benign on life.  
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring  
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs ;  
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste  
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.  
In him Astrea, to this dim abode  
Of ever wandering men, returned again :  
To bless them his delight, to bring them back  
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,  
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,  
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,  
His virtues all, collected, sought the good  
Of humankind. For that he, fervent, felt  
The throb of patriots, when they model states ;  
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold  
His still-awakened soul ; nor friends had charms  
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour ;  
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.  
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,  
He gained the summit of that sacred hill,  
Where, raised above black Envy's darkening clouds,  
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.  
Be named, victorious ravagers, no more !  
Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze !  
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,  
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,

You scatter famine, pestilence, and war ;  
Vanish ! before this vernal sun of fame ;  
Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy.

How the heart listened while he, pleading, spoke !  
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,  
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,  
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own.  
Ah ! when, ye studious of the laws, again  
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear ?  
When shall again the darkest truths, perplexed,  
Be set in ample day ? when shall the harsh  
And arduous open into smiling ease ?  
The solid mix with elegant delight ?  
His was the talent, with the purest light  
At once to pour conviction on the soul,  
And warm with lawful flame the impassioned heart.  
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodged  
By heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause,  
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,  
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,  
Reserved the mighty charm. With equal brow,  
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,  
He all that noblest eloquence effused,  
Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes :  
Then spoke the man ; and, over barren art,  
Prevailed abundant nature. Freedom then  
His client was, humanity and truth.

Placed on the seat of justice, there he reigned,  
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,  
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,



No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,  
No passion e'er disturbed the clear serene  
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,  
The love of justice, like the steady sun,  
Its equal ardour lent ; and sometimes, raised  
Against the sons of violence, of pride,  
And bold deceit, his indignation gleamed,  
Yet still by sober dignity restrained.  
As intuition quick, he snatched the truth,  
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,  
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,  
He through the maze of falsehood traced it on,  
Till, at the last, evolved, it full appeared,  
And e'en the loser owned the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,  
Enlightened freedom, planned salubrious laws,  
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,  
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,  
Spontaneous seemed from simple sense to flow,  
And the plain patriot smoothed the brow of law.  
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words  
Fell on the cheated ear ; no studied maze  
Of declamation, to perplex the right,  
He darkening threw around ; safe in itself,  
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke ;  
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,  
He streamed decisive day, and showed it vain  
To lengthen further out the clear debate.  
Conviction breathes conviction ; to the heart,  
Poured ardent forth in eloquence unbid,

The heart attends : for let the venal try  
Their every hardening, stupifying art,  
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,  
And Nature, skilful touched, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.  
What faithful light he lends ! How rare, in courts,  
Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and joined  
To virtue so determined, public zeal,  
And honour of such adamant proof,  
As e'en corruption, hopeless, and o'erawed,  
Durst not have tempted ! yet of manners mild,  
And winning every heart, he knew to please,  
Nobly to please ; while equally he scorned  
Or adulation to receive, or give.

Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye  
Of such inspection keen, and general care !  
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,  
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,  
And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.  
Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !  
And many a patriot-counsel with him lost !  
Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,  
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate  
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,  
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge,  
Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veiled  
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,  
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,  
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.

When he conferred a grace, it seemed a debt  
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,  
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good !  
His sympathizing heart itself received  
The generous obligation he bestowed.  
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.  
Their kind protector him the Muses own,  
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid  
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.  
The gracious stream, that cheers the lettered world,  
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,  
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,  
Washes the little soil which yet remained,  
And only more dejects the blushing flowers :  
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,  
The silent treasures of the vernal year,  
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long ;  
Till, with returning morn, the freshened world,  
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light  
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,  
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.  
There, with that truest greatness he appeared,  
Which thinks not of appearing ; kindly veiled  
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,  
Inspiring social confidence and ease.  
As free the converse of the wise and good,  
As joyous, disentangling every power,  
And breathing mixed improvement with delight,  
As when amid the various-blossomed spring,

Or gentle beaming autumn's pensive shade,  
The philosophic mind with nature talks.  
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom  
The father laid superfluous state aside,  
Yet raised your filial duty thence the more,  
With friendship raised it, with esteem, with love,  
Beyond the ties of love, oh ! speak the joy,  
The pure serene, the cheerful vision mild,  
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,  
In semblance of amusement, through the breast,  
Infused. And thou, O Rundle !<sup>1</sup> lend thy strain,  
Thou darling friend ! thou brother of his soul !  
In whom the head and heart their stores unite ;  
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,  
Judgment digests, the well-tuned bosom feels,  
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,  
The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.  
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,  
With memory conversing, you will pour,  
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,  
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,  
And mid their ample round receive the waves,  
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,  
Impetuous. Though from native sunshine driven,  
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,  
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
Jealous of worth ; yet will you bless your lot,  
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,  
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, in Ireland.

Intrepid, warm ; of kindred tempers born ;  
Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem,  
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,  
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,  
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,  
Which round his table flowed. The serious there  
Mixed with the sportive, with the learned the plain ;  
Mirth softened wisdom, candour tempered mirth ;  
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.  
Not simple nature's unaffected sons,  
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,  
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,  
Hold more unspotted converse ; nor, of old,  
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator swains,  
As on the product of their Sabine farms  
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul ;  
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,  
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,  
More elegant humanity, more grace,  
Wit more refined, or deeper science reigned.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds  
Of family, or friends, or native land,  
By just degrees, and with proportioned flame,  
Extended his benevolence : a friend  
To humankind, to parent nature's works.  
Of free access, and of engaging grace,  
Such as a brother to a brother owes,  
He kept an open judging ear for all,  
And spread an open countenance, where smiled

The fair effulgence of an open heart ;  
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone :  
For nothing human foreign was to him.

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,  
And hard to be supported, you succeed :  
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gained,  
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,  
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,  
And with their authors in oblivion sunk  
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.  
True genuine honour its large patent holds  
Of all mankind, through every land and age,  
Of universal reason's various sons,  
And e'en of God himself, sole perfect Judge !  
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind  
On rigid terms descend : the high-placed heir,  
Scanned by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,  
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,  
Amid the nameless insects of a court,  
Unheeded steal : but, with his sire compared,  
He must be glorious, or he must be scorned.  
This truth to you, who merit well to bear  
A name to Britons dear, the officious Muse  
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear  
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,  
Our country robbed of her delight and strength,  
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy

That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,  
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise  
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds,  
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone  
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,  
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,  
And every pain its balm : a Talbot's light,  
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,  
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood ;  
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,  
Can they be quenched beneath the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed  
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,  
Its native country ; whence to bless mankind,  
Eternal goodness on this darksome spot  
Had rayed it down a while. Behold ! approved  
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,  
And to the Almighty Father's presence joined,  
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,  
Amid the human worthies. Glad around  
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,  
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.  
Ah ! who is he, that with a fonder eye  
Meets thine enraptured ?—'Tis the best of sons !  
The best of friends !—Too soon is realized  
That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow !  
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land.  
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days  
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,  
In one selected, never-jarring state,

Where God himself their only monarch reigns,  
Partake the joy ; yet, such the sense that still  
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,  
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.  
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive  
To quit this cloudy sphere, that binds thee down :  
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes—  
Scenes, that our gross ideas grovelling cast  
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

Forgive, immortal shade ! if aught from earth,  
From dust low warbled, to those groves can rise,  
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive  
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,  
On every heart impressed, thy deeds themselves  
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,  
And orphan's tears, embalm. The good, the bad,  
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,  
All who or freedom or who interest prize,  
A deep-divided nation's parties, all,  
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.  
Glad Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres  
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.  
How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !  
Yet nought is vain that gratitude inspires.  
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves  
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,  
'To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,  
As to her priestess, gives it her to hymn  
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

---



## ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,  
Who hymn your god amid the secret grove ;  
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,  
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !  
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,  
Who died for love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,  
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;  
Or he, the sacred Bard, who sat alone  
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,  
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint ;  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung  
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,  
Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem  
raise ;  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,  
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus joined,  
For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

HYMN TO GOD'S POWER.

HAIL ! Power Divine, who by thy sole command,  
From the dark empty space,  
Made the broad sea and solid land  
Smile with a heavenly grace.

Made the high mountain and firm rock,  
Where bleating cattle stray ;  
And the strong, stately, spreading oak,  
That intercepts the day.

The rolling planets thou madest move,  
By thy effective will ;  
And the revolving globes above  
Their destined course fulfil.

His mighty power, ye thunders, praise,  
As through the heavens ye roll ;  
And his great name, ye lightnings, blaze,  
Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas, in your eternal roar,  
His sacred praise proclaim ;  
While the inactive sluggish shore  
Re-echoes to the same.

Ye howling winds, howl out his praise,  
And make the forests bow ;  
While through the air, the earth, and seas,  
His solemn praise ye blow.

O yon high harmonious spheres,  
Your powerful mover sing ;  
To him your circling course that steers,  
Your tuneful praises bring.

Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,  
And in your numerous lays,  
To all the listening world around,  
The God of nature praise.

---

A COMPLAINT ON THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

I LOATHE, O Lord, this life below,  
And all its fading, fleeting joys ;  
'Tis a short space that's filled with woe,  
Which all our bliss by far outweighs.  
When will the everlasting morn  
With dawning light the skies adorn ?

Fitly this life's compared to night,  
When gloomy darkness shades the sky ;  
Just like the morn's our glimmering light,  
Reflected from the Deity.  
When will celestial morn dispel  
These dark surrounding shades of hell ?

I'm sick of this vexatious state,  
Where cares invade my peaceful hours ;  
Strike the last blow, O courteous fate,  
I'll smiling fall like mowèd flowers ;

TO THE REVEREND PATRICK MURDOCH. 471

I'll gladly spurn this clogging clay,  
And, sweetly singing, soar away.

What's money but refinèd dust?  
What's honour but an empty name?  
And what is soft-enticing lust,  
But a consuming idle flame?  
Yea, what is all beneath the sky  
But emptiness and vanity?

With thousand ills our life's oppressed,  
There's nothing here worth living for ;  
In the lone grave I long to rest,  
And [to] be harassed here no more,  
Where joy's fantastic, grief's sincere,  
And where there's nought for which I care.

Thy word, O Lord, shall be my guide,  
Heaven, where thou dwellest, is my goal ;  
Through corrupt life grant I may glide  
With an untainted upward soul.  
Then may this life, this dreary night,  
Dispellèd be by morning light.

---

TO THE REVEREND PATRICK MURDOCH,<sup>1</sup>

RECTOR OF STRADISHALL, IN SUFFOLK.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall :  
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;

<sup>1</sup> The friend and biographer of Thomson.

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;  
 Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
 Then keep each passion down, however dear ;  
 Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
 Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
 And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;  
 That bids defiance to the storms of fate :  
 High bliss is only for a higher state !

---

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY,  
 IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,  
 Such as God made it  
 When he pronounced every work of his to be good.  
 To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,  
 Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley ;  
 Who to all the beauty, modesty,  
 And gentleness of nature,  
 That ever adorned the most amiable woman,  
 Joined all the fortitude, elevation,  
 And vigour of mind,  
 That ever exalted the most heroical man ;  
 Who having lived the pride and delight of her  
 parents,  
 The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,  
 A mistress not only of the English and French,  
 But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman  
 learning,

Without vanity or pedantry,  
At the age of eighteen,  
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,  
Which, with a Roman spirit,  
And a Christian resignation,  
She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible  
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,  
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,  
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,  
The memory of her virtues for her greatest support ;  
Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,  
Were all that could be practised,  
And more than will be believed,  
Except by those who know what this inscription  
relates.

HERE, Stanley, rest ! escaped this mortal strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life,  
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,  
And sternly try thee with a year of pain ;  
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief ;  
With tender art to save her anxious groan,  
No more thy bosom presses down its own ;  
Now well-earned peace is thine, and bliss sincere :  
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !  
O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm ;  
To show us virtue in her fairest form ;  
To show us artless reason's moral reign,  
What boastful science arrogates in vain ;

---

The obedient passions knowing each their part ;  
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey ;  
When a few suns have rolled their cares away,  
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :  
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.  
Blessed be the bark that wafts us to the shore,  
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :  
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

---

S T A N Z A S

WRITTEN BY THOMSON ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS  
"SEASONS" SENT BY HIM TO MR. LYTTLETON, SOON AFTER  
THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

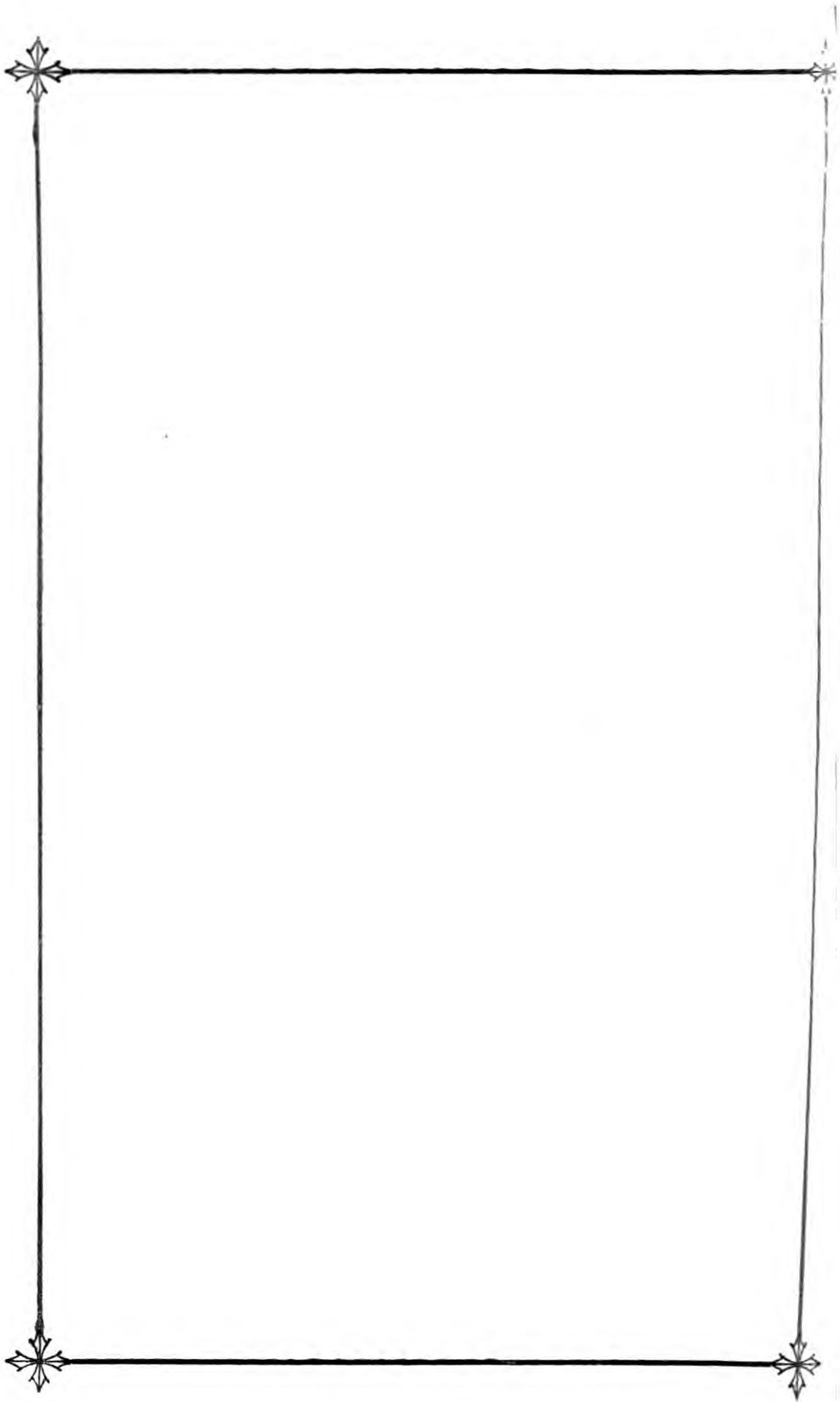
Go, little book, and find our Friend,  
Who Nature and the Muses loves,  
Whose cares the public virtues blend  
With all the softness of the groves.

A fitter time thou canst not choose,  
His fostering friendship to repay ;  
Go then, and try, my rural muse,  
To steal his widowed hours away.



PASTORALS.







## PASTORALS.

---

A PASTORAL BETWIXT DAVID, THIRSIS, AND THE  
ANGEL GABRIEL, UPON THE BIRTH OF OUR  
SAVIOUR.

DAVID.

WHAT means yon apparition in the sky,  
Thirsis, that dazzles every shepherd's eye?  
I slumbering was when from yon glorious cloud  
Came gliding music, heavenly, sweet, and loud,  
With sacred raptures which my bosom fires,  
And with celestial joy my soul inspires ;  
It soothes the native horrors of the night,  
And gladdens nature more than dawning light.

THIRSIS.

But hold, see nither through the ye.ning air,  
An angel comes : for mighty news prepare. -

ANGEL GABRIEL.

Rejoice, ye swains, anticipate the morn  
With songs of praise ; for lo ! a Saviour's born.

With joyful haste to Bethlehem repair,  
 And you will find the Almighty infant there ;  
 Wrapped in a swaddling-band you'll find your king,  
 And in a manger laid ; to him your praises bring.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

To God who in the highest dwells,  
 Immortal glory be ;  
 Let peace be in the humble cells  
 Of Adam's progeny.

## DAVID.

No more the year shall wintry horrors bring :  
 Fixed in the indulgence of eternal spring,  
 Immortal green shall clothe the hills and vales,  
 And odorous sweets shall load the balmy gales ;  
 The silver brooks shall in soft murmurs tell  
 The joy that shall their oozy channels swell.  
 Feed on, my flocks, and crop the tender grass,  
 Let blooming joy appear on every face ;  
 For lo ! this blessed, this propitious morn,  
 The Saviour of lost mankind is born.

## THIRSI8.

Thou fairest morn that ever sprang from night,  
 Or decked the opening skies with rosy light,  
 Well mayest thou shine with a distinguished ray,  
 Since here Emmanuel condescends to stay.  
 Our fears, our guilt, our darkness to dispel,  
 And save us from the horrid jaws of hell.  
 Who from his throne descended, matchless love !  
 To guide poor mortals to blessed seats above .

But come without delay, let us be gone,  
Shepherd, let's go, and humbly kiss the Son.

---

A PASTORAL BETWEEN THIRSI AND CORYDON,  
UPON THE DEATH OF DAMON, BY WHOM IS MEANT MR.  
W. RIDDELL.

THIRSI.

SAY, tell me true, what is the doleful cause  
That Corydon is not the man he was?  
Your cheerful presence used to lighten cares,  
And from the plains to banish gloomy fears.  
Whene'er unto the circling swains you sung,  
Our ravished souls upon the music hung ;  
The gazing, listening flocks forgot their meat,  
While vocal grottos did your lays repeat:  
But now your gravity our mirth rebukes,  
And in your downcast and desponding looks  
Appears some fatal and impending woe ;  
I fear to ask, and yet desire to know.

CORYDON.

The doleful news how shall I, Thirsi, tell !  
In blooming youth the hapless Damon fell :  
He's dead, he's dead, and with him all my joy ;  
The mournful thought does all gay forms destroy :  
This is the cause of my unusual grief,  
Which sullenly admits of no relief.

## THIRSIIS.

Begone all mirth ! begone all sports and play,  
To a deluge of grief and tears give way.  
Damon the just, the generous, and the young,  
Must Damon's worth and merit be unsung ?  
No, Corydon, the wondrous youth you knew,  
How as in years so he in virtue grew ;  
Embalm his fame in never-dying verse,  
As a just tribute to his doleful hearse.

## CORYDON.

Assist me, mighty grief, my breast inspire  
With generous heats, and with thy wildest fire,  
While in a solemn and a mournful strain,  
Of Damon gone for ever I complain.  
Ye muses, weep ; your mirth and songs forbear,  
And for him sigh and shed a friendly tear ;  
He was your favourite, and by your aid  
In charming verse his witty thoughts arrayed ;  
He had of knowledge, learning, wit, a store,  
'To it denied he still pressed after more.  
He was a pious and a virtuous soul,  
And still pressed forward to the heavenly goal ;  
He was a faithful, true, and constant friend,  
Faithful, and true, and constant to the end.  
Ye flowers, hang down and droop your heads,  
No more around your grateful odours spread ;  
Ye leafy trees, your blooming honours shed.  
Damon for ever from your shade is fled ;  
Fled to the mansions of eternal light,

Where endless wonders strike his happy sight.  
Ye birds, be mute, as through the trees you fly,  
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.  
Ye winds, breathe sighs as through the air ye rove,  
And in sad pomp the trembling branches move.  
Ye gliding brooks, O weep your channels dry,  
My flowing tears them fully shall supply ;  
You in soft murmurs may your grief express,  
And yours, you swains, in mournful songs confess ,  
I to some dark and gloomy shade will fly,  
Dark as the grave wherein my friend does lie ;  
And for his death to lonely rocks complain,  
In mournful accents and a dying strain,  
While pining echo answers me again.

---

*A PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENT.*

WHILE in heroic numbers some relate  
The amazing turns of wise eternal fate ;  
Exploits of heroes in the dusty field,  
That to her name immortal honour yield ;  
Grant me, ye powers, fast by the limpid spring  
The harmless revels of the plain to sing.  
At a rich feast, kept each revolving year,  
Their fleecy care when joyful shepherds shear,  
A wreath of flowers culled from the neighbouring lands  
Is all the prize my humble muse demands.  
Now blithesome shepherds, by the early dawn,



## SONGS.

---

### A NUPTIAL SONG.

COME, gentle Venus! and assuage  
A warring world, a bleeding age.  
For nature lives beneath thy ray,  
The wintry tempests haste away,  
A lucid calm invests the sea,  
Thy native deep is full of thee;  
The flowering earth where'er you fly,  
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky;  
A genial spirit warms the breeze,  
Unseen among the blooming trees,  
The feathered lovers tune their throat,  
The desert growls a softened note,  
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,  
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart  
You strike the dear delicious dart;  
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,

To languish in luxurious woe,  
To feel the generous passions rise,  
Grow good by gazing ; mild by sighs ;  
Each happy moment to improve,  
And fill the perfect year with love.

Come, thou delight of heaven and earth !  
To whom all creatures owe their birth ;  
Oh, come, sweet smiling ! tender, come !  
And yet prevent our final doom.  
For long the furious god of war  
Has crushed us with his iron car,  
Has raged along our ruined plains,  
Has soiled them with his cruel stains,  
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,  
And made the widowed virgin weep.  
Now let him feel thy wonted charms,  
Oh, take him to thy twining arms !  
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,  
While deep he prints the humid kiss,  
Ah, then ! his stormy heart control,  
And sigh thyself into his soul.

---

TO HER I LOVE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah ! tell me, whither art thou fled ;  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead ?



Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam  
And sometimes share thy lover's woe ;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas ! no comfort know ?  
Oh ! if thou hoverest round my walk,  
While, under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee ;  
Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
Visit thou my soothing dream !

---

## TO THE GOD OF FOND DESIRE.

One day the God of fond desire,  
On mischief bent, to Damon said,  
"Why not disclose your tender fire,  
Nor own it to the lovely maid ?"  
The shepherd marked his treacherous art,  
And, softly sighing, thus replied :  
"Tis true you have subdued my heart,  
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.  
"The slave, in private only bears  
Your bondage, who his love conceals  
But when his passion he declares,  
You drag him at your chariot-wheels."

THE LOVER'S FATE.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,  
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
But to the sympathetic groves,  
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,  
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen  
In flowery tracts along the mead,  
In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
To whom the tears of love are dear,  
From dying lilies waft a gale,  
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,  
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame  
Is, as her spotless soul, refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes  
With chaster tenderness his care,  
Not purer her own wishes rise,  
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear  
Should start at love's suspected name,  
With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
True love and friendship are the same.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,  
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,  
Blessed in the full possession of thy love :  
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn a wretched fate :  
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,  
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;  
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You happy birds ! by nature's simple laws  
Lead your soft lives, sustained by nature's fare ;  
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,  
And love and song is all your pleasing care :

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,  
Dare not be blessed, lest envious tongues should  
blame ;  
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride !  
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

## TO MYRA.

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes  
Expressive speak the mind I love ;  
The gentle azure of the skies,  
The pensive shadows of the grove ;

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,  
 And let us interchange our hearts ;  
 Let all their sweetness on me shine,  
 Poured through my soul be all their darts.  
 Ah ! 'tis too much ! I cannot bear  
 At once so soft, so keen a ray :  
 In pity then, my lovely fair,  
 O turn those killing eyes away !  
 But what avails it to conceal  
 One charm, where nought but charms I see ?  
 Their lustre then again reveal,  
 And let me, Myra, die of thee !

## SONG.

When blooming spring  
 Arrays the laughing fields in green,  
 Then flowers in open air are seen,  
 And warbling birds are heard to sing,  
 Almighty love  
 Doth sweetly move  
 All nature through ;  
 Then tell me, Chloe, why are you  
 Averse thereto ;  
 When blooming charms  
 Invite your lover's circling arms ?  
 O be no longer coy  
 . . . . . to love and share of joy.



A M A N D A .

---

T O L O V E .

SWEET tyrant Love,—but hear me now !  
And cure while young this pleasing smart ;  
Or rather aid my trembling vow,  
And teach me to reveal my heart.  
Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,  
Whose looks have smiled my peace away,  
Oh ! whisper how she gives me pain,  
Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.  
'Tis not for common charms I sigh,  
For what the vulgar beauty call ;  
'Tis not a cheek, a lip, an eye,  
But 'tis the soul that lights them all !  
For that I drop the tender tear,  
For that I make this artless moan ;  
Oh ! sigh it, Love ! into her ear,  
And make the bashful lover known.

---

TO AMANDA.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
And to the rural hamlets fly ;  
Behold ! the wintry storms are gone ;  
A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flowers appear,  
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;  
'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,  
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows ;  
Till Philomel begins to sing,  
And perfect May to swell the rose.

E'en so thy rising charms improve,  
As life's warm season grows more bright ;  
And, opening to the sighs of love,  
Thy beauties glow with full delight.

---

TO AMANDA.

UNLESS with my Amanda blessed,  
In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;  
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awakened by the genial year,  
 In vain the birds around me sing ;  
 In vain the freshening fields appear :—  
 Without my love there is no Spring.

---

VERSES ADDRESSED TO AMANDA.

AH, urged too late ! from beauty's bondage free,  
 Why did I trust my liberty with thee ?  
 And thou, why didst thou, with inhuman art,  
 If not resolved to take, seduce my heart ?  
 Yes, yes, you said, for lovers' eyes speak true ;  
 You must have seen how fast my passion grew :  
 And, when your glances chanced on me to shine,  
 How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine !  
 But mark me, fair one—what I now declare  
 Thy deep attention claims and serious care :  
 It is no common passion fires my breast ;  
 I must be wretched, or I must be blessed !  
 My woes all other remedy deny ;  
 Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die !

---

TO THE SAME,  
 WITH A COPY OF THE "SEASONS."

ACCEPT, loved Nymph, this tribute due  
 To tender friendship, love, and you :  
 But with it take what breathed the whole,

O take to thine the poet's soul.  
If Fancy here her power displays,  
And if a heart exalts these lays—  
You, fairest, in that fancy shine,  
And all that heart is fondly thine.

---

T O F O R T U N E .

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love,  
And when we meet a mutual heart  
Come in between, and bid us part ;  
Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish, and wish the soul away ;  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the love of life is gone ?  
But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless vow.  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.  
For pomp, and noise, and senseless show  
To make us Nature's joys forego,  
Beneath a gay dominion groan,  
And put the golden fetter on !  
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care ;  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.



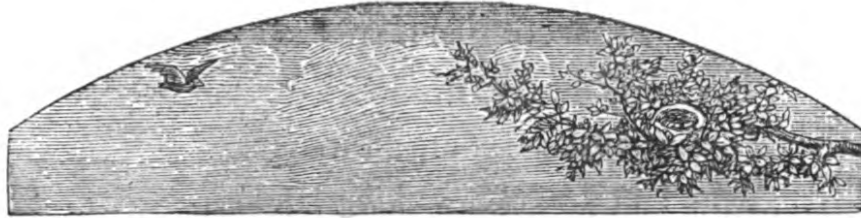
## COME, GENTLE GOD.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,  
Come and possess my happy breast,  
Not fury-like in flames and fire,  
Or frantic folly's wildness dressed ;

But come in friendship's angel-guise ;  
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,  
More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
More sweet emotions at thy heart.

O, come with goodness in thy train,  
With peace and pleasure void of storm,  
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,  
Put on Amanda's winning form.





SONGS IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED.<sup>1</sup>

---

TO PEACE.

O PEACE! the fairest child of heaven,  
To whom the sylvan reign was given,  
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,  
With every softer scene of love :  
Return, sweet Peace! and cheer the weeping swain!  
Return, with Ease and Pleasure in thy train.

---

TO ALFRED.

FIRST SPIRIT.

HEAR, Alfred, father of the state,  
Thy genius Heaven's high will declare!  
What proves the hero truly great,  
Is never, never to despair :  
Is never to despair.

<sup>1</sup> This masque was the joint production of Thomson and Mallet, and it is now impossible to determine their individual claims to the authorship of these songs.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Thy hope awake, thy heart expand,  
 With all its vigour, all its fires.  
 Arise! and save a sinking land!  
 Thy country calls, and heaven inspires.

## BOTH SPIRITS.

Earth calls, and Heaven inspires.

## SWEET VALLEY, SAY.

SWEET valley, say, where, pensive lying,  
 For me, our children, England, sighing,  
 The best of mortals leans his head.  
 Ye fountains, dimpled by my sorrow,  
 Ye brooks that my complainings borrow,  
 O lead me to his lonely bed;  
 Or if my lover,  
 Deep woods, you cover,  
 Ah whisper where your shadows o'er him spread.

'Tis not the loss of pomp and pleasure,  
 Of empire or of tinsel treasure,  
 That drops this tear, that swells this groan:  
 No; from a nobler cause proceeding,  
 A heart with love and fondness bleeding,  
 I breathe my sadly pleasing moan,  
 With other anguish  
 I scorn to languish,  
 For love will feel no sorrows but his own.

FROM THOSE ETERNAL REGIONS.

FROM those eternal regions bright,  
Where suns, that never set in night,  
Diffuse the golden day ;  
Where Spring, unfading, pours around,  
O'er all the dew-impearled ground,  
Her thousand colours gay ;  
O whether on the fountain's flowery side,  
Whence living waters glide,  
Or in the fragrant grove,  
Whose shade embosoms peace and love,  
New pleasures all our hours employ,  
And ravish every sense with every joy !  
Great heirs of empire ! yet unborn,  
Who shall this island late adorn ;  
A monarch's drooping thought to cheer,  
Appear ! appear ! appear !

---

CONTENTMENT.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,  
Press not the rich and stately bed ;  
The new-mown hay and breathing flower  
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
Soothe not their taste by wanton art ;  
They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;  
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
 Gay dancing on the daisied ground,  
 Have not the splendour of a court ;  
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

---

RULE, BRITANNIA !

WITH VARIATIONS.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain :  
 " Rule Britannia, rule the waves ;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blessed as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 " Rule," &c.

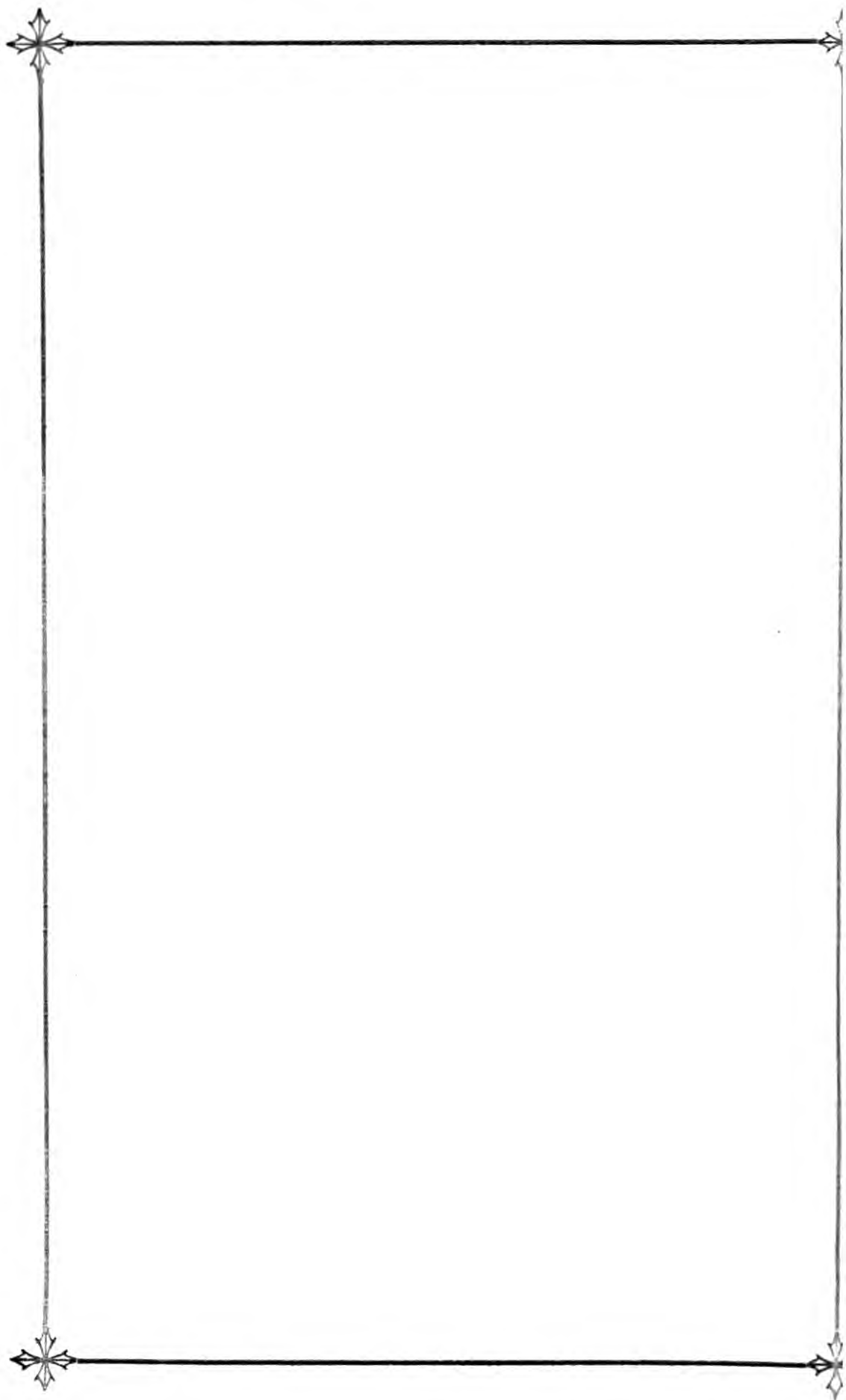
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 " Rule," &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
"Rule," &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main ;  
And every shore it circles thine.  
"Rule," &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blessed isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair :  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves."

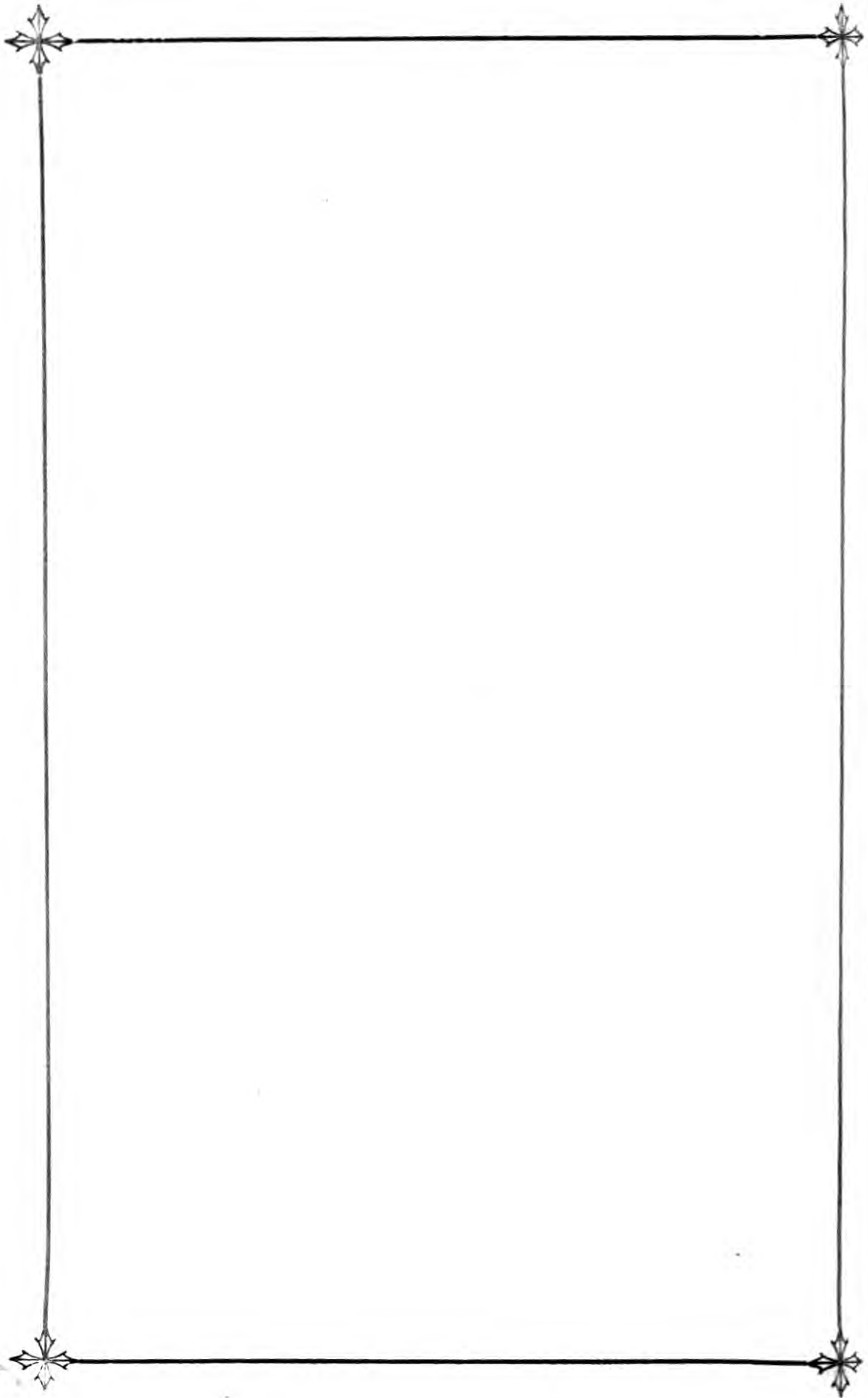




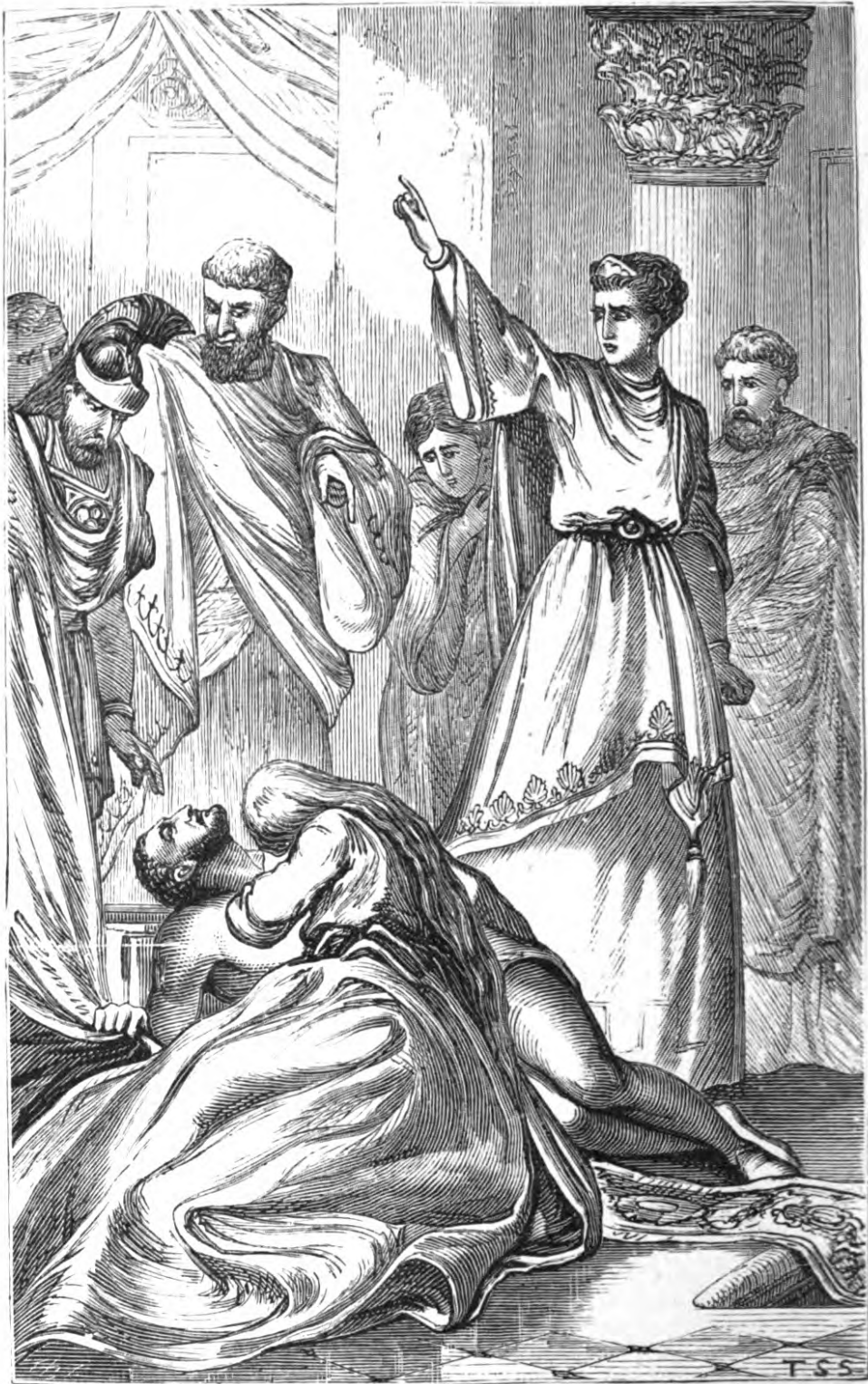


PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.











## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

---

### EPILOGUE TO "AGAMEMNON."

OUR bard, to modern epilogue a foe,  
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens generous woe ;  
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,  
And wipes the tender tear from Pity's eye :  
No more with social warmth the bosom burns ;  
But all the unfeeling selfish man returns.

Thus he began :—And you approved the strain ;  
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.  
You checked him there.—To you, to reason just,  
He owns he triumphed in your kind disgust.  
Charmed by your frown, by your displeasure graced,  
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.<sup>1</sup>  
Wide will its influence spread as soon as known ;  
Truth to be loved, needs only to be shown.  
Confirm it once, the fashion to be good,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Harris Nicholas concludes, from these lines, that the original epilogue was offensive from its indelicacy.

(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)  
 No petulance shall wound the public ear ;  
 No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear ;  
 No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain ;  
 The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.  
 Chastised to decency, the British stage  
 Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage :  
 Both shall attend well pleased, well pleased depart ;  
 Or if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

---

PROLOGUE TO MALLET'S "MUSTAPHA."<sup>1</sup>

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,  
 To picture life, and show the impassioned mind ;  
 The truly wise have ever deemed the stage  
 The moral school of each enlightened age.  
 There, in full pomp, the Tragic Muse appears  
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.  
 Faint is the lesson reason's rules impart ;  
 She pours it strong, and instant through the heart.  
 If virtue is her theme, we sudden glow  
 With generous flame ; and what we feel we grow.  
 If vice she paints, indignant passions rise ;  
 The villain sees himself with loathing eyes,  
 His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan,  
 And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

<sup>1</sup> Produced at Drury Lane, 13th February 1739.





To-night, our meaning scene attempts to show  
What fell events from dark suspicion flow ;  
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,  
To the false herd of flattering slaves confined.  
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state,  
E'en excellence but serves to feed its hate ;  
To hate remorseless cruelty succeeds,  
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,  
His modest hopes depressed by conscious fears.  
Faults he has many—but to balance those,  
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows.  
All slighter errors let indulgence spare,  
And be his equal trial full and fair.  
For this best British privilege we call,  
Then—as he merits, let him stand or fall.

---

PROLOGUE TO "TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA."

**BOLD** is the man ! who, in this nicer age,  
Presumes to tread the chaste corrected stage.  
Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no more  
Conceal the want of Nature's sterling ore.  
Our spells are vanished, broke our magic wand,  
That used to waft you over sea and land.  
Before your light the fairy people fade,  
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.  
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,



The mighty prompter thundering out to arms,  
 The playhouse posse clattering from afar,  
 The close-wedged battle, and the din of war.  
 Now, even the senate seldom we convene ;  
 The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.  
 Your taste rejects the glittering false sublime,  
 To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.  
 High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne ;  
 Description dreams—nay, similes are gone.

What shall we then ? to please you how devise,  
 Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?  
 Thrice happy ! could we catch great Shakespeare's art,  
 To trace the deep recesses of the heart ;  
 His simple plain sublime, to which is given  
 To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven ;  
 Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,  
 The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.

We to your hearts apply ; let them attend ;  
 Before their silent, candid bar we bend.  
 If warmed, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise ;  
 If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

---

EPILOGUE TO "TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA."

CRAMMED to the throat with wholesome moral stuff,  
 Alas ! poor audience ! you have had enough.  
 Was ever hapless heroine of a play

In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?  
Was ever woman so by love betrayed?  
Matched with two husbands, and yet—die a maid.  
But bless me!—hold—What sounds are these I  
hear!—

I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

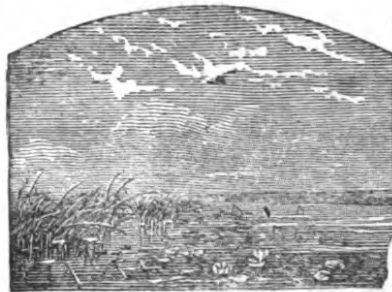
*[The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape; from which Mrs. Cibber, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:]*

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries  
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;  
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,  
With strains—at best, unsuited, light and vain.  
Hence from the pure unsullied beams that play  
In yon fair eyes where virtue shines—Away!

Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,  
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves!  
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,  
And court my aid to rise again to fame;  
To you I come, to Freedom's noblest seat,  
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.

In Greece and Rome, I watched the public weal,  
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;  
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,  
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.  
On France and you then rose my brightening star,  
With social ray—the arts are ne'er at war.  
O, as your fire and genius stronger blaze,

As yours are generous Freedom's bolder lays,  
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,  
In decent manners and in life refined ;  
Banish the motley mode to tag low verse,  
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearse.  
When through five acts your hearts have learnt to  
    glow,  
Touched with the sacred force of honest woe ;  
O keep the dear impression on your breast,  
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest.



*"The power of English Literature is in its Poets."*

## MOXON'S POPULAR POETS.

Edited, with Critical Memoir, by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

New and Enlarged Editions, Red Border Lines, and Eight Illustrations each.

*The press and the public, alike in Great Britain and her Colonies, and in the United States, unite in their testimony to the immense superiority of Messrs. Moxon's Popular Poets over any other similar collections published by any other house. Their possession of the Copyright works of Coleridge, Hood, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and other great National Poets, places this series above rivalry.*

1. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
2. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
3. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.
4. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
5. SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.
6. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
7. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.
8. KEATS' POETICAL WORKS.
9. COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.
10. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.
11. TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.
12. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
13. CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.
14. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.
15. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
16. HUMOROUS POEMS.
17. AMERICAN POEMS.
18. MRS. HEMANS' POETICAL WORKS.
19. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
20. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
21. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS (Second Series.)
22. WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS.
23. LOWELL'S POETICAL WORKS.
24. YOUNG'S POETICAL WORKS.
25. SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS.
26. KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Enlarged in size, and with Red Border Lines, Critical Memoir, and Eight Illustrations each, handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges.

PRICE 3s. 6d. PER VOLUME.

*Also to be had in the following varieties of binding — morocco, 7s. 6d.; morocco extra, 8s.; tree calf, 10s. 6d.; relief leather, 12s. 6d.*

London: WARD, LOCK, & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

**THE CHEAPEST ENCYCLOPÆDIA EVER PUBLISHED.**

Complete in Four Volumes, demy 8vo, half-roan, price 42s.

**BEETON'S ILLUSTRATED ENCYCLOPÆDIA**

OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION. Comprising GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ART, SCIENCE, and LITERATURE, and containing

4,000 Pages, 50,000 Articles, and 2,000 Engravings and Coloured Maps.

Including Physical and Political Geography, Population, Commerce, Productions, and principal Public Buildings of every Country and important Town: Biographies of Eminent Persons, from the most remote times; Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Oriental, and Scandinavian Mythology; the Moral, Mathematical, Physical and Natural Sciences; a plain description of the Arts; and an interesting Synopsis of Literary Knowledge.

**MRS. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD**

MANAGEMENT. Comprising every kind of practical information on Domestic Economy and Modern Cookery. New Edition, containing 4,000 RECIPES AND INSTRUCTIONS, 1,000 ENGRAVINGS, and ENTIRELY NEW COLOURED PLATES. With accurate descriptions as to Quantities, Time, Costs, and Seasons of the various dishes, directions for Carving, Hints on the Management of Children, the Arrangement and Economy of the Kitchen, Duties of the Servants, the Doctor, Legal Memoranda, and 250 Bills of Fare to suit the Seasons from January to December. Strongly bound, half-roan, 7s 6d; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8s 6d; half-calf, 10s 6d.

**HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.** Relating to

all Ages and Nations; for Universal Reference. Containing about 10,000 distinct Articles, and 80,000 Dates and Facts. Sixteenth Edition, Enlarged, Corrected, and Revised by BENJAMIN VINCENT, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In One thick Vol., demy 8vo, cloth, 1 rice 18s.; half-calf, 24s.; full or tree calf, 31s. 6d.

**WHISTON'S JOSEPHUS.** An entirely New Library

Edition of WILLIAM WHISTON'S translation of the Works of FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. Comprising "The Antiquities of the Jews," and "The Wars of the Jews." With Memoir of the Author, Marginal Notes giving the Essence of the Narrative, and 100 pages of Engravings, separately printed on tinted paper. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**HAYDN'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.** For the use of

all Readers and Students of the Old and New Testaments, and of the Apocrypha. Edited by the late Rev. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A. New Edition, brought down to the latest date. With 100 pages of Engravings, separately printed on tinted paper. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**HAYDN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE.** By the late

EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., assisted by distinguished Physicians and Surgeons. New Edition, including an Appendix on Sick Nursing and Mothers' Management. With 32 full pages of Engravings. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

London: WARD, LOCK, & CO., Salisbury Square, E. C.

A SELECTION  
FROM  
WARD, LOCK & CO.'S  
CATALOGUE  
OF  
New and Popular Books.

**BEETON'S GREAT BOOK OF POETRY:** From Cædmon and King Alfred's Boethius to Browning and Tennyson; with a separate Selection of American Poems. Containing nearly Two Thousand of the Best Pieces in the English Language. With Sketches of the History of the Poetry of our Country, and Biographical Notices of the Poets. In One handsome Volume, royal 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21s.; or in half-calf, 25s.

*Four Hundred English Poets are represented in this Volume. A separate collection of American Poems, with Biographies, is added to these. Thus, in one book, a view of the Growth and Changes of the English Language, as seen in its Highest Developments, is possible. Not less than a Thousand Volumes have been examined in order to form a selection worthy to receive respect and regard from all Lovers of the Divine Art of Poesy.*

**NOBLE THOUGHTS IN NOBLE LANGUAGE:** A Collection of Wise and Virtuous Utterances, in Prose and Verse, from the Writings of the Known Great and the Great Unknown. With an Index of Authors. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds," "Musings about Men," &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.; elegant morocco, bevelled boards, 21s.; half-calf, 15s.

*Contains Selections from the Works of 700 Authors, and will especially recommend itself to those who can appreciate and value the Best Thoughts of our Best Writers.*

**DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH.** Comprising "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "The Haunch of Venison," "The Captivity: an Oratorio," "Retaliation," Miscellaneous Poems, "The Good-Natured Man," "She Stoops to Conquer," and a Sketch of the Life of Oliver Goldsmith by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 100 Pictures, drawn by G. J. PINWELL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Beautifully bound, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.

**CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS.** A Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman Period to the Present Time. Embellished with 53 Tinted Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. With Initial Letters, Border Lines, and other Ornaments printed in Gold, and with Frontispiece in Colours. Elegantly bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21s.

**SABBATH BELLS CHIMED BY THE POETS.** With Coloured and other Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER and other Artists. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

*FINE ART BOOKS.*

**THE DORÉ GIFT BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING.** With Descriptive Letterpress and Quotations from Tennyson's Poems, by Permission. In One Magnificent royal 4to Volume, containing 37 Engravings on Steel, from the Original Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Cloth, richly gilt, gilt edges, price 42s.

*In GUSTAVE DORÉ, TENNYSON has met with an illustrator worthy of his poetic genius. Of all pictorial illustrators he is the most prolific; and none has excelled him, or perhaps approached him, in the peculiar power which is of inestimable value to the illustrator of a great writer—that of instinctively perceiving the prevailing sentiment or idea of a scene, and the relative proportion of incidents and accessories necessary to realize it to the mind. A greater proof of the versatility of Doré's genius could scarcely be found than in the remarkable success with which he has illustrated Tennyson's charming Idylls.*

**GUSTAVE DORÉ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE ARTHURIAN LEGENDS.** Royal 4to, handsomely bound, cloth, richly gilt, gilt edges, price 12s. each.

1. **The Story of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere.** From the Traditions of the Mythical period of British History, Welsh, Breton, Norman, and Italian Chroniclers and Romancists, and later Ballad and Idyllic Poetry. With Nine Engravings on Steel, from Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
2. **The Story of Merlin the Enchanter and Vivien,** as related by the old British and Breton Chroniclers and in later Poetry. With Nine Engravings on Steel, from Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
3. **The Story of Enid and Geraint.** From the old Welsh, French, German, and Scandinavian Legends. With Nine Engravings on Steel, from Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
4. **The Story of Elaine.** From the Arthurian Legends collected by Sir THOMAS MALORY and later Writers. With Nine Engravings on Steel, from Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

**THE TENNYSON-DORÉ GIFT BOOKS.**

Folio, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21s. each.

1. **Tennyson's Guinevere.** With Nine Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
2. **Tennyson's Vivien.** With Nine Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
3. **Tennyson's Enid.** With Nine Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.
4. **Tennyson's Elaine.** With Nine Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

**THOMAS HOOD, Illustrated by Gustave Doré.** With Nine Engravings on Steel, from Drawings by GUSTAVE DORÉ, and many Woodcuts. Folio, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

**THOMAS HOOD, Illustrated by Birket Foster.** With Twenty-two Drawings by BIRKET FOSTER, engraved on Steel. Large 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 21s.

**THOMAS HOOD, again Illustrated by Birket Foster.** With Twenty-two Drawings by BIRKET FOSTER, engraved on Steel. Large 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 21s.

**KEATS' POETIC ROMANCE, ENDYMION.** Illustrated by E. J. POYNTER, A.R.A. With Six Magnificent Engravings on Steel by F. JOUBERT, from Paintings by E. J. POYNTER. Folio, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 21s.

London **WARD, LOCK & CO.,** Salisbury Square, E.C.

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING BOOKS.

**DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS'**

ENTERTAINMENTS. With upwards of 200 Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., J. TENNIEL, J. D. WATSON, R. B. HOUGHTON, G. J. PINWELL, and T. DALZIEL, together with Initial Letters, Ornamental Borders, &c., engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. In One handsome Volume, cloth, richly gilt back, sides, and edges, price 21s.

**TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL.** By JOHN LATOUCHE. Third and Cheaper Edition, with Photograph and Map. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 6s.

"Mr. Latouche's Travels are delightfully written. . . . His book is as fair as it is pleasant; as full of information as it is sparkling with humour."—*Spectator*.

**THE STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE.** A Complete Annotated Edition of the Works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. In Six Vols., half-morocco, 45s.

**BEETON'S HOUSEHOLD AMUSEMENTS & ENJOYMENTS.** Acting Charades, Burlesques, Conundrums, Enigmas, Rebuses, and Puzzles. With Coloured Frontispiece and many other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

**THE HANDY BOOK OF GAMES.** By Captain CRAWLEY. Billiards, Bagatelle, Whist, Loo, Cribbage, Chess, Drafts, Backgammon, Ecarté, Picquet, All Fours, &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

**Mrs. BEETON'S Book of HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.**

Comprising every kind of practical information on Domestic Economy and Modern Cookery. Containing 3000 RECIPES AND INSTRUCTIONS, 600 ENGRAVINGS, and numerous COLOURED PLATES. With accurate descriptions as to Quantities, Time, Costs, and Seasons of the various dishes, directions for Carving, Hints on the Management of Children, the Arrangement and Economy of the Kitchen, Duties of Servants, the Doctor, Legal Memoranda, and 250 Bills of Fare to suit the Seasons from January to December. Strongly bound, half-roan, price 7s. 6d.; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

\* \* *As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation Volume at any period of the year, or upon any anniversary whatever, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" is entitled to the very first place. In half-calf binding, price half a guinea, the book will last a lifetime, and save money every day.*

**BEETON'S BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK.** Consisting of 670

Needlework Patterns, with full Descriptions and Instructions as to working them. Every stitch described and engraved with the utmost accuracy, and the quantity of material requisite for each pattern stated. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, with Coloured Frontispiece, price 7s. 6d.

\* \* *Just as THE BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT takes due precedence of every other Cookery Book, so this extraordinary Collection of Needlework Designs has become the book, par excellence, for Ladies to consult, both for Instruction in Stitches and all kinds of work, and Patterns of elegant style and irreproachable good taste.*

**LIVES OF FAMOUS POETS.** By WILLIAM MICHAEL

ROSSETTI. Containing Biographies of the following Poets:—BURNS, BUTLER, BYRON, CAMPBELL, CHAUCER, COLERIDGE, COWPER, DRYDEN, GOLDSMITH, GRAY, HEMANS, HOOD, KEATS, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, MOORE, POPE, SCOTT, SHAKESPEARE, SHELLEY, SPENSER, THOMSON, and WORDSWORTH. With brief Lists of Intermediate Poets, affording a sort of general glance at the sequence of dates in British Poetry. In One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d.

**HOUSEHOLD WORDS.** Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.

Complete in Nineteen Vols., cloth, half-bound, 66s. 6d.; or in Nine Double and One Single Vol., 62s.

London. WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E. C.



## POETICAL WORKS.

### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S WORKS.

*The only Complete Editions.*

**The Complete Prose Works of William Wordsworth.** Edited by Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSART. In 3 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 21s.

\* \* *Dedicated, by express permission, to HER MAJESTY, and along with the Dedication a Hitherto Unpublished Poem by WORDSWORTH, addressed to the QUEEN on sending a gift copy of his poems to the Royal Library, Windsor.*

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

**The Royal 8vo Edition, with Portrait.** In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 9s.

**The Centenary Edition, with Notes and Portrait.** 6 Vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 30s.

**The Pocket Edition.** In 6 Pocket Vols., cloth, price 15s.

**The Imperial 8vo Edition, with Portrait and Vignette Title.** In One Vol., cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 12s. 6d.

**The Illustrated Edition, with Portrait, Etchings by EDWIN EDWARDS, Notes and Memoir by W. M. ROSSETTI.** In One Vol., cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21s.

**Select Pieces from Wordsworth's Poems.** In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

**Wordsworth's Excursion.** In One Vol., cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

### SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE'S WORKS.

*The only Authorized and Complete Editions.—REDUCED PRICES.*

**Coleridge's Poems. A New Edition.** Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Coleridge's Poems. Pocket Edition.** Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Coleridge's Dramatic Works. A New Edition.** Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Coleridge's Aids to Reflection. 11th Edition.** Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Coleridge on the Constitution of Church and State. Fourth Edition.** Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Coleridge's Lay Sermons. Third Edition.** Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Coleridge's Friend. Fifth Edition.** Two Vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

\* \* A complete Set of the above, price 21s.

### POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Entirely New Edition. The Text thoroughly revised, with Notes and Memoir by W. MICHAEL ROSSETTI. 3 Vols. crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 31s. 6d.

*"This edition of the great poet's works must certainly rank as most trustworthy and complete in all respects. . . . We gladly predict for this edition a popularity which it so well deserves. We must also add that it possesses the merit of including many pieces of Shelley's not usually found in previous editions of his works, and some not hitherto printed."*—THE STANDARD

**Shelley's Poems, Essays, and Letters from Abroad.** Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With Portrait and Memoir. 8vo, cloth, price 12s.

**Shelley's Poetical Works.** With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

### POETICAL WORKS OF WM. MACKWORTH PRAED.

With Portrait and Memoir by the Rev. DERWENT COLERIDGE, M.A. In Two Vols. cloth, price 10s. 6d.

### THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. With a

Memoir by Lord HOUGHTON. In One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

### LIFE, LETTERS, and WRITINGS of CHARLES LAMB.

Edited by PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A. Containing the Memoir by TALFOURD, with Notes and Illustrations, embodying the most recent information on the subject. In Six Volumes, cloth, price 42s.

*This edition contains a large number of Unpublished Letters, which have been placed at the disposal of the Editor, as well as many hitherto uncollected. It also comprises many writings of LAMB, in the shape of Criticisms, Essays, and Poetical Pieces, not hitherto identified.*

**Charles Lamb's Elia and Eliana.** With Portraits. In One Vol. fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

## ILLUSTRATED POETICAL WORKS.

*"The power of English Literature is in its Poets."*

### MOXON'S POPULAR POETS.

Edited, with Critical Memoirs, by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

With Eight Illustrations Each.

*The press and the public, alike in Great Britain and her Colonies, and in the United States, unite in their testimony to the immense superiority of Messrs. Moxon's Popular Poets over any other similar collections published by any other house. Their possession of the Copyright works of Coleridge, Hood, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and other great national poets, places this series above rivalry.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.   | 12. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.                    |
| 2. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.  | 13. CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS.                  |
| 3. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.  | 14. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.                      |
| 4. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.   | 15. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.                    |
| 5. SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.   | 16. HUMOROUS POEMS.                             |
| 6. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.   | 17. AMERICAN POEMS.                             |
| 7. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.  | 18. MRS. HEMANS' POETICAL WORKS.                |
| 8. KEATS' POETICAL WORKS.  | 19. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.                   |
| 9. COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.   | 20. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.                        |
| 10. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.   | [In the Press.]                                 |
| 11. TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.<br>The Four Series complete for the<br>first time in One Vol., with Por-<br>trait. | 21. HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS. Second<br>Series.    |
|  | 22. WHITTIER'S POETICAL WORKS.<br>[Just added.] |

With Critical Memoir and Eight Illustrations each, handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges,

PRICE 3s. 6d. PER VOLUME.

*Also to be had in the following varieties of binding—Imitation vellum, gilt side, back and edges, 5s.; ditto, with leatherette covers, 6s.; ivory enamel, 6s. 6d.; morocco antique, 7s. 6d.; morocco extra (2nd quality), 8s.; morocco extra (1st quality) or tree calf, 10s. 6d.*

*The same can also be had in handsome Boxes, forming elegant CASKETS OF POETRY, most suitable for Wedding and other Presents, as follows:—Caskets containing 4 Volumes, 25s.; 5 Vols., 30s.; 6 Vols., 35s. These Caskets will be fitted with volumes selected from the following of Moxon's Popular Poets, to suit the taste of the purchaser—BYRON, LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT, MOORE, HOOD (1st and 2nd Series), BURNS, MILTON, COWPER, and HEMANS.*

### MOXON'S LIBRARY POETS.

*The complete and continuing success of "Moxon's Poets" in the popular Three and Sixpenny Series, has induced the publishers to issue a LIBRARY EDITION, printed on good paper, bound half-Roxburghe, or cloth gilt, gilt edges, and containing Memoir by ROSSETTI, and Eight Illustrations, price 5s. each. The following can be had—BYRON, LONGFELLOW, SCOTT, SHELLEY, HOOD, KEATS, BURNS, TUPPER, MILTON, CAMPBELL, COWPER, HUMOROUS, AMERICAN, HEMANS, THOMSON.*

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

POETICAL WORKS.

THOMAS HOOD'S WORKS.

THE COMPLETE EDITION.

**The Complete Works of Thomas Hood.** In 10 Vols. Containing all the Writings of the Author of the "Song of the Shirt" ("Hood's Own" First and Second Series included). With all the Original Cuts by CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, HOOD, &c. In 10 Vols., cloth, price 50s.; half-calf or half-morocco, price 70s.

COMPLETE EDITION OF HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS IN TWO VOLUMES.

1. **Hood's Serious Poems.** A New and Complete Edition, with a Preface by THOMAS HOOD the Younger, and full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

2. **Hood's Comic Poems.** A New and Complete Edition, with a Preface by THOMAS HOOD the Younger, and full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

*\*\* These two volumes contain the entire Poems of the late THOMAS HOOD, which are now collected and issued Complete for the first time.*

**Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. First Series.** Being former runnings of his Comic vein, with an effusion of new blood for general circulation. In One Vol. 8vo, Illustrated by 350 Woodcuts. Cloth gilt, 7s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

**Hood's Own. Second Series.** Being a further collection of his Wit and Humour. In One Vol., 8vo, Illustrated by about 540 Woodcuts. Cloth gilt, 7s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

**Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. First and Second Series in One Vol., Complete,** with all the original Illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, &c., numbering about 890. In handsome binding, royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 10s. 6d.

**Hood's Whimsicalities.** A Periodical Gathering; to which are added "York and Lancaster," "Lost and Found," "Epping Hunt," and "Eugene Aram." With all the original Illustrations by the Author, JOHN LEECH, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and W. HARVEY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 5s.

**Hood's Whims and Oddities, and Wit and Humour,** in One Volume. With 87 Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

**Hood's Poems of Wit and Humour.** Sixteenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**Hood's Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse.** With 87 Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. CHEAP EDITION, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.; picture boards, 2s.

**Hood's Wit and Humour.** Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1s.

**Hood's Whims.** Illustrated by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1s.

**Hoods Oddities.** Illustrated by the Author. Fcap. 8vo, fancy wrapper, 1s.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

*HANDSOME PRESENTATION VOLUMES.*

*Uniform with Ward, Lock & Co.'s Complete Edition of Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
An Entirely New Edition of*

**THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.** Specially Translated and Compiled from the Best Original Editions, by HENRY FRITH. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, with Coloured Plates and 200 Engravings, price 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 8s. 6d.

\* \* *The Publishers feel confident that this will be found to be one of the best editions of this delightful work yet offered to the public. No pains have been spared to make this issue of the "Swiss Family Robinson" one of the most charming of Present Books. The book is abundantly illustrated by New Coloured Plates (which have been prepared with great care) and upwards of Two Hundred Engravings in the Text.*

*Uniform with the above, Complete Edition of*

**ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.** By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. With Fourteen Coloured Pictures, 100 full-page and other Engravings, and Life of the Author. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, price 7s. 6d.; gilt edges, 8s. 6d.

**SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS.** With Life, Glossary, &c., and full-page and other Engravings. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, price 6s.; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; half-morocco, 10s. 6d. Cheap Edition on thin paper, cloth gilt, 5s. People's Edition, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

**THE FIELDS AND THE WOODLANDS:** Depicted by Painter and Poet. Consisting of Twenty-four Pictures, printed in Colours by LEIGHTON Brothers. With Verses of character and beauty appropriate to the Pictures. Printed on thick toned paper, and handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 21s.

**THE LAND OF THE BIBLE: Its Sacred Heroes and Wonderful Story.** By JOHN TILLOTSON. Amply Illustrated with Maps and more than 300 Wood Engravings. Handsomely bound, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

*The design of this work is to provide a Consecutive History of Palestine, from the time of Abraham to that of the final Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus. It also furnishes, in immediate association with the events recorded, a Topographical Description of the Land.*

**BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,** from this World to that which is to Come. With a Memoir of the Author by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph. D. With 100 page and other Illustrations by THOMAS DALZIEL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Presentation Edition, on thick toned paper, 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.; crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. Cheap Edition, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; wrapper, 1s.

*This volume is full of chaste and beautiful Engravings, contains the entire text, is printed in clear type, and is elegantly bound.*

**THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID ;** or, Three Years in the Holy City. Relating the Scenes in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, cloth gilt extra, gilt edges, price 5s.; cloth gilt, gilt edges, Coloured Plates, 3s. 6d. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, Coloured Frontispiece, 2s. 6d.; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; ornamental wrapper, 1s.

**THE CHRISTIAN YEAR:** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, plain edges, 1s.; cloth gilt, red burnished edges, 1s. 6d.; cloth gilt, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s.; morocco, gilt edges, 5s. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, plain edges, 2s. 6d.; with 8 full-page Illustrations, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 3s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 7s. 6d.; morocco extra, or tree-calf, 10s. 6d.

*London : WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E. C.*

## HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Messrs. WARD, LOCK & CO. have the pleasure to announce that the New, Enlarged, and Improved Edition of Mrs. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, of world-wide renown, is now ready, containing 150 pages of New Information on all matters of Cookery and Domestic Management. Entirely New Coloured Cookery Plates, and numerous new full-page Wood Engravings have likewise been added, thus farther improving a work already acknowledged to be the BEST COOKERY BOOK in THE WORLD. Of this Book over 300,000 Copies have been sold; this is the best test of its great utility over every other Cookery Book in the English market.

Just ready, IMPROVED AND ENLARGED EDITION, strongly bound, price 7s. 6d. ;  
cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. ; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

### MRS. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

*Comprising every kind of Information on Domestic Economy and Cookery,*  
AND CONTAINING

1,350 Pages, 4,000 Recipes and Instructions, 1,000 Engravings,  
and New Coloured Cookery Plates.

Mrs. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT has long been acknowledged the best of its kind, and is now in daily use in hundreds of thousands of homes, receiving thereby the greatest honour which in this country has ever been paid to a Cookery Book. The APPENDIX which is now added gives several Hundreds of New Recipes, and Hints without number in all departments of Cookery and the Service of the Table.

Mrs. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT is a Complete Cyclopædia for the Home, including, as it does, information for the Mistress, Housekeeper, Cook, Kitchen Maid, Butler, Footman, Coachman, Valet, Housemaid, Lady's Maid, Maid-of-all-Work, Laundry Maid, Nursemaid, Nurses, &c. &c.

Rules for the Management of Servants    Rules for the Rearing and  
Management of Children.    The Doctor.    Legal Memoranda.

250 Bills of Fare for Dinners for 6 to 18 Persons; also for Ball Suppers, Breakfasts, Luncheons, and Suppers, as well as for Plain Family Dinners, all arranged to suit the Seasons from January to December.

\* \* \* As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation Volume at any Period of the Year, or upon any Anniversary whatever, Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" is entitled to the very first place. In half-calf binding, price Half-a-Guinea, the book will last a life-time, and save money every day.

"Other household books may be regarded as treatises on special departments of the *menage*; this is a Cyclopædia of all things connected with home."—*Daily News*.

"A volume which will be, for many years to come, a TREASURE TO BE MADE MUCH OF IN EVERY ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD. It is an Encyclopædia of family matters, which will not often be referred to in vain, and the easy arrangement of which will at once win the hearts of all its female consulters. Mrs. Beeton has earned for herself, by this volume, a household reputation and a name."—*Standard*.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

HIGH CLASS BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE HAYDN SERIES OF MANUALS.

**HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.** Relating to all Ages and Nations ; for Universal Reference. Containing about 10,000 distinct Articles, and 80,000 Dates and Facts. Sixteenth Edition, Enlarged, Corrected and Revised by BENJAMIN VINCENT, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In One thick Vol., demy 8vo, cloth, price 18s. ; half-calf, 24s. ; full or tree-calf, 31s. 6d.

"The most universal book of reference in a moderate compass that we know of in the English language."—*The Times*.

UNIFORM WITH "HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES."

**VINCENT'S DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY,** Past and Present. Containing the Chief Events in the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Ages and Nations ; preceded by the Biographies and Genealogies of all the Chief Representatives of the Royal Houses in the World. By BENJAMIN VINCENT, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and Editor of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates." In One thick Vol., demy 8vo, cloth, price 18s. ; half-calf, 24s. ; full or tree-calf, 31s. 6d.

"It has the merit of condensing into the smallest possible compass the leading events in the career of every man and woman of eminence in literature, law, war, politics, art, or science, from the commencement of the world to the present day. . . . It is very carefully edited, and must evidently be the result of constant industry, combined with good judgment and taste."—*The Times*.

The CHEAPEST BOOK PUBLISHED on DOMESTIC MEDICINE, &c.

**HAYDN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE.** By the late EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., assisted by Distinguished Physicians and Surgeons. New Edition, including an Appendix on Sick Nursing and Mothers' Management. With 32 full pages of Engravings. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. ; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

"Very exhaustive, and embodies an enormous amount of medical information in an intelligible shape."—*The Scotsman*.

UNIFORM WITH "HAYDN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE."

**HAYDN'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.** For the use of all Readers and Students of the Old and New Testaments, and of the Apocrypha. Edited by the late Rev. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A. New Edition, brought down to the latest date. With 100 pages of Engravings, separately printed on tinted paper. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. ; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

"No better one than this is in the market. . . . Every local preacher should place this dictionary in his study, and every Sunday-school teacher should have it for reference."—*The Fountain*.

UNIFORM WITH "HAYDN'S BIBLE DICTIONARY."

**WHISTON'S JOSEPHUS.** An entirely New Library Edition of WILLIAM WHISTON'S translation of the Works of FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS. Comprising "The Antiquities of the Jews," and "The Wars of the Jews." With Memoir of the Author, Marginal Notes giving the Essence of the Narrative, and 100 pages of Engravings, separately printed on tinted paper. In One Vol., medium 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. ; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

"The present edition is cheap and good, being clearly printed, and, as already remarked, serviceably embellished with views and object drawings, not one of which is irrelevant to the matter."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E. C.

*THE PEOPLE'S STANDARD CYCLOPÆDIAS.*

**EVERYBODY'S LAWYER (Beeton's Law Book).** Entirely New Edition, Revised by a BARRISTER. A Practical Compendium of the General Principles of English Jurisprudence: comprising upwards of 14,600 Statements of the Law. With a full Index, 27,000 References, every numbered paragraph in its particular place, and under its general head. Crown 8vo, 1,680 pp., cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

*\* \* \* The sound practical information contained in this voluminous work is equal to that in a whole library of ordinary legal books, costing many guineas. Not only for every non-professional man in a difficulty are its contents valuable, but also for the ordinary reader, to whom a knowledge of the law is more important and interesting than is generally supposed.*

**BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHY: A Universal Gazetteer.** Illustrated by Maps—Ancient, Modern, and Biblical, and several Hundred Engravings in separate Plates on toned paper. Containing upwards of 12,000 distinct and complete Articles. Post 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY: Being the Lives of Eminent Persons of All Times.** Containing upwards of 10,000 distinct and complete Articles, profusely Illustrated by Portraits. With the Pronunciation of Every Name. Post 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF NATURAL HISTORY:** A Popular and Scientific Account of Animated Creation. Containing upwards of 2,000 distinct and complete Articles, and more than 400 Engravings. With the Pronunciation of Every Name. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**BEETON'S BOOK OF HOME PETS: How to Rear and Manage in Sickness and in Health.** With many Coloured Plates, and upwards of 200 Woodcuts from designs principally by HARRISON WEIR. With a Chapter on Ferns. Post 8vo, half-bound, 7s. 6d.

**THE TREASURY OF SCIENCE, Natural and Physical.** Comprising Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Zoology and Physiology. By F. SCHÖEDLER, Ph.D. Translated and Edited by HENRY MEDLOCK, Ph.D., &c. With more than 500 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

**A MILLION OF FACTS of Correct Data and Elementary Information concerning the entire Circle of the Sciences, and on all subjects of Speculation and Practice.** By Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS. Carefully Revised and Improved. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

**THE TEACHER'S PICTORIAL BIBLE AND BIBLE DICTIONARY.** With the most approved Marginal References, and Explanatory Oriental and Scriptural Notes, Original Comments, and Selections from the most esteemed Writers. Illustrated with numerous Engravings and Coloured Maps. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, red edges, 8s. 6d.; French morocco, 10s. 6d.; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

**THE SELF-AID CYCLOPÆDIA, for Self-Taught Students.** Comprising General Drawing; Architectural, Mechanical, and Engineering Drawing; Ornamental Drawing and Design; Mechanics and Mechanism; the Steam Engine. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN, F.S.A.E., &c. With upwards of 1,000 Engravings. Demy 8vo, half-leather, price 10s. 6d.

*London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.*

*STANDARD WORKS BY GREAT WRITERS.*

**THE WORLD LIBRARY OF STANDARD BOOKS**

*A Series of Standard Works, including many of the acknowledged Masterpieces of Historical and Critical Literature, made more accessible than hitherto to the general reader by publication in a cheap form and at a moderate price.*

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt.

1. **Hallam's Constitutional History of England.** From the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By HENRY HALLAM, LL.D., F.R.S. With Lord Macaulay's Essay on the same. 970 pp., 5s. ; Library Edition, demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.
2. **Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages.** By the Author of "The Constitutional History of England." 720 pp., 3s. 6d. ; Library Edition, demy 8vo, 894 pp., 6s.
3. **Hallam's Church and State: Being a View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.** By the Author of "The Constitutional History of England." 400 pp., 2s. 6d.
5. **The Wealth of Nations (An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of).** By ADAM SMITH. 782 pp., 3s. 6d. ; Library Edition, demy 8vo, 800 pp., 6s.
6. **Adam Smith's Essays.** Moral Sentiments, Astronomy, Physics, &c. By the Author of "The Wealth of Nations." 476 pp., 3s. 6d.
7. **Hume's History of England.** From the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in 1688. By DAVID HUME. In 3 Vols. 2,240 pp., 10s. 6d.
8. **Hume's Essays: Literary, Moral, and Political.** By DAVID HUME, the Historian. 558 pp., 3s. 6d.
9. **Montaigne's Essays.** All the Essays of Michael the Seigneur de Montaigne. Translated by CHARLES COTTON. 684 pp., 3s. 6d. ; Library Edition, demy 8vo, 920 pp., 6s.
10. **Warton's History of English Poetry.** From the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century. By THOMAS WARTON, B.D., Poet Laureate. 1,032 pp., 6s.
11. **The Court and Times of Queen Elizabeth.** By LUCY AIKEN. 530 pp., 3s. 6d.
12. **Edmund Burke's Choice Pieces.** Containing the Speech on the Law of Libel, Reflections on Revolution in France, on the Sublime and Beautiful, Abridgment of English History. 3s. 6d.
14. **Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England.** By HORACE WALPOLE. 538 pp., 3s. 6d.
15. **M'Culloch's Principles of Political Economy.** With Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Science. By J. R. M'CULLOCH. 360 pp., 3s. 6d.
16. **Locke's Letters on Toleration.** By JOHN LOCKE. 400 pp., 3s. 6d.
18. **Walton's Complete Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation.** 102 pp., 2s.
20. **Essays on Beauty and Taste: On Beauty,** by FRANCIS, Lord JEFFREY; **On Taste,** by ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. 324 pp., 3s. 6d.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.



## BOOKS FOR YOUNG MEN.

### THE WORLD LIBRARY—*continued.*

21. **Milton's Early Britain, under Trojan, Roman, and Saxon Rule.** By JOHN MILTON. With MORE's England under Richard III., and BACON's England under Henry VIII. 430 pp., 3s. 6d.
23. **Macaulay: Reviews, Essays, and Poems.** 650 pp., 3s. 6d.
24. **Sydney Smith's Essays, Social and Political.** 550 pp., 3s. 6d.
25. **Lord Bacon.** Containing the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, the New Atlantis, Historical Sketches and Essays. 530 pp., 3s. 6d.
26. **Essays by Thomas de Quincey.** Containing the Confessions of an Opium Eater, Bentley, Parr, Goethe, Letters to a Young Man, &c. 500 pp., 3s. 6d.
27. **Josephus (The Complete Works of).** Translated by WILLIAM WHISTON, A.M. With Life of the Author, and Marginal Notes giving the Essence of the Narrative. 810 pp., 3s. 6d.

### THE BOYS' ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF **HEROES, PATRIOTS, AND PIONEERS.**

The Story of their Daring Adventures and Heroic Deeds.

*The Biographies of Illustrious Men, whose courage, skill, and enterprise have been the foundation of Great States, and whose wisdom and patriotism have consolidated and strengthened national power, must be interesting to young minds which delight in records of Adventure and Bravery, and Great Deeds in Camp and Council. The name of WASHINGTON is revered, as that of a General and Statesman whose devoted patriotism and great abilities achieved independence for his country. With him is associated FRANKLIN, whose personal history is no less interesting than his political career. COLUMBUS, the Discoverer of the New World, and DE SOTO, a type of the restless, bold Explorers of strange and mysterious lands, were forerunners of the sagacious leaders and remarkable pioneers of a later time. In this series Biographies are narrated exhibiting the force of character of the men and the remarkable adventures they encountered, and these records can scarcely be perused without exciting a feeling of admiration for the Heroes and of wonder at the magnitude of their achievements.*

In picture boards, 2s. ; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. ; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

1. **Columbus, the Discoverer of the New World.**
2. **Franklin, Printer Boy, Statesman, and Philosopher.**
3. **Washington, Hero and Patriot.**
4. **The Puritan Captain ; or, The Story of Miles Standish.**
5. **Boone, the Backwoodsman, the Pioneer of Kentucky.**
6. **The Terror of the Indians ; or, Life in the Backwoods.**
7. **The Hero of the Prairies ; or, The Story of Kit Carson.**
8. **The Spanish Cavalier ; or, De Soto, the Discoverer.**
9. **Through Prairie and Forest ; or, De Salle, the Pathfinder.**
10. **The Shawnee Prophet ; or, The Story of Tecumseh.**
11. **The Buccaneer Chiefs ; or, Captain Kidd and the Pirates of America.**

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

CLASSICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

WARD AND LOCK'S  
BOOKS FOR ALL TIME.

*Literary Masterpieces, such as are included in this Series, take their place among our permanent institutions. They are not only certain to receive the admiration of future generations of readers, but they are rightfully the property of all living admirers of the works of genius, and should be within the reach of all. This is rendered possible by the present issue in a cheap form.*

- \*1. Macaulay. Reviews and Essays. 300 pp., 1s.
- \*2. Sydney Smith. Essays, Social and Political. 260 pp., 1s.
- \*3. De Quincey. Confessions of an Opium Eater, &c. 252 pp., 1s.
- \*4. Lord Bacon. Essays, Civil and Moral, &c. 300 pp., 1s.
5. Macaulay (Second Ser.). Reviews & Essays. 346 pp., 1s. 6d.
- \*6. Lord Bacon (Second Series). New Atlantis, &c. 220 pp., 1s.
- \*7. Sydney Smith (Second Series). Essays, Social and Political.  
300 pp., 1s.
- \*9. De Quincey (Second Series). 246 pp., 1s.
10. Longfellow's Poetical Works. 590 pp., 1s. 6d.
11. Scott's Poetical Works. 610 pp., 1s. 6d.
12. Wordsworth's Poetical Works. 510 pp., 1s. 6d.
13. Milton's Poetical Works. 470 pp., 1s. 6d.
14. Cowper's Poetical Works. 614 pp., 1s. 6d.
15. Keats' Poetical Works. 414 pp., 1s. 6d.
16. Hood's Poetical Works. 408 pp., 1s. 6d.
17. Byron's Poetical Works. 610 pp., 1s. 6d.
18. Josephus. Antiquities of the Jews. 532 pp., 1s. 6d.
- \*19. Josephus. Wars of the Jews. 290 pp., 1s.
20. Burns' Poetical Works. 520 pp., 1s. 6d.
21. Mrs. Hemans' Poetical Works. 604 pp., 1s. 6d.
22. Pope's Poetical Works. 610 pp., 1s. 6d.
23. Campbell's Poetical Works. 426 pp., 1s. 6d.
24. Coleridge's Poetical Works. 430 pp., 1s. 6d.
25. Moore's Poetical Works. 610 pp., 1s. 6d.
26. Shelley's Poetical Works. 624 pp., 1s. 6d.
27. Hood's Poetical Works (Second Series). 490 pp., 1s. 6d.
28. Thomson's Poetical Works. 16 pp., 1s. 6d.
29. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy (Complete). 450 pp., 1s. 6d.
30. Humorous Poems. 500 pp., 1s. 6d.
31. American Poems. 530 pp., 1s. 6d.

These books are also bound in cloth gilt; those marked thus (\*) price 1s. 6d., the rest price 2s. They are well printed and strongly bound, and are by far

THE CHEAPEST EDITIONS EVER PUBLISHED.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

*BOOKS FOR YOUNG MEN.*

**THE FRIENDLY COUNSEL SERIES.**

*In the Volumes of the FRIENDLY COUNSEL SERIES, the object has been kept in view to spread abroad for the reading public the good words of the present, and preserve for them the wisdom of the past. From first to last the effort has been, and will be, to make the FRIENDLY COUNSEL SERIES a practical illustration of the homely truth that "A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed."*

Crown 8vo, fancy wrapper, price 1s. each ; cloth gilt, price 2s.

(Those marked thus (\*) can also be had in cloth, extra gilt, side, back, and edges, price 2s. 6d. each.)

1. \***Timothy Titcomb's Letters addressed to Young People, Single and Married.**
2. \***Lectures to Young Men on various Important Subjects.** By HENRY WARD BEECHER, Author of "Life Thoughts."
3. \***Getting On in the World ; or, Hints on Success in Life.** By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. First Series.
4. **Cobbett's Advice to Young Men, and (incidentally) to Young Women, in the Middle and Higher Ranks of Life.** With Notes and Memoir of the Author.
5. **Christians in Council ; or, The Pastor and his Friends.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
6. **How to Make a Living : Suggestions upon the Art of Making, Saving, and Using Money.** By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.
7. **The Art of Prolonging Life.** Translated, completely Revised, and Adapted for all Readers, from the celebrated work by Dr. HUFELAND.
8. \***Foster's Decision of Character, and other Essays.** With Life of the Author, and Notes.
9. \***Getting On in the World ; or, Hints on Success in Life.** Second Series. By W. MATHEWS, LL.D.
10. \***How to Excel in Business ; or, The Clerk's Instructor.** A Complete Guide to Success in the World of Commerce. By JAMES MASON.
11. \***The Student's Manual.** Designed by specific Directions to Aid in Forming and Strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Character and Habits of the Student. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. New and Revised Edition, with Notes by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

**Getting On in the World ; or, Hints on Success in Life.** By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. First and Second Series Complete.

Crown 8vo, bevelled boards, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

**The Friendly Counsellor.** Containing "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People," "Cobbett's Advice to Young Men," and "Beecher's Lectures to Young Men."

London : WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C. 10



