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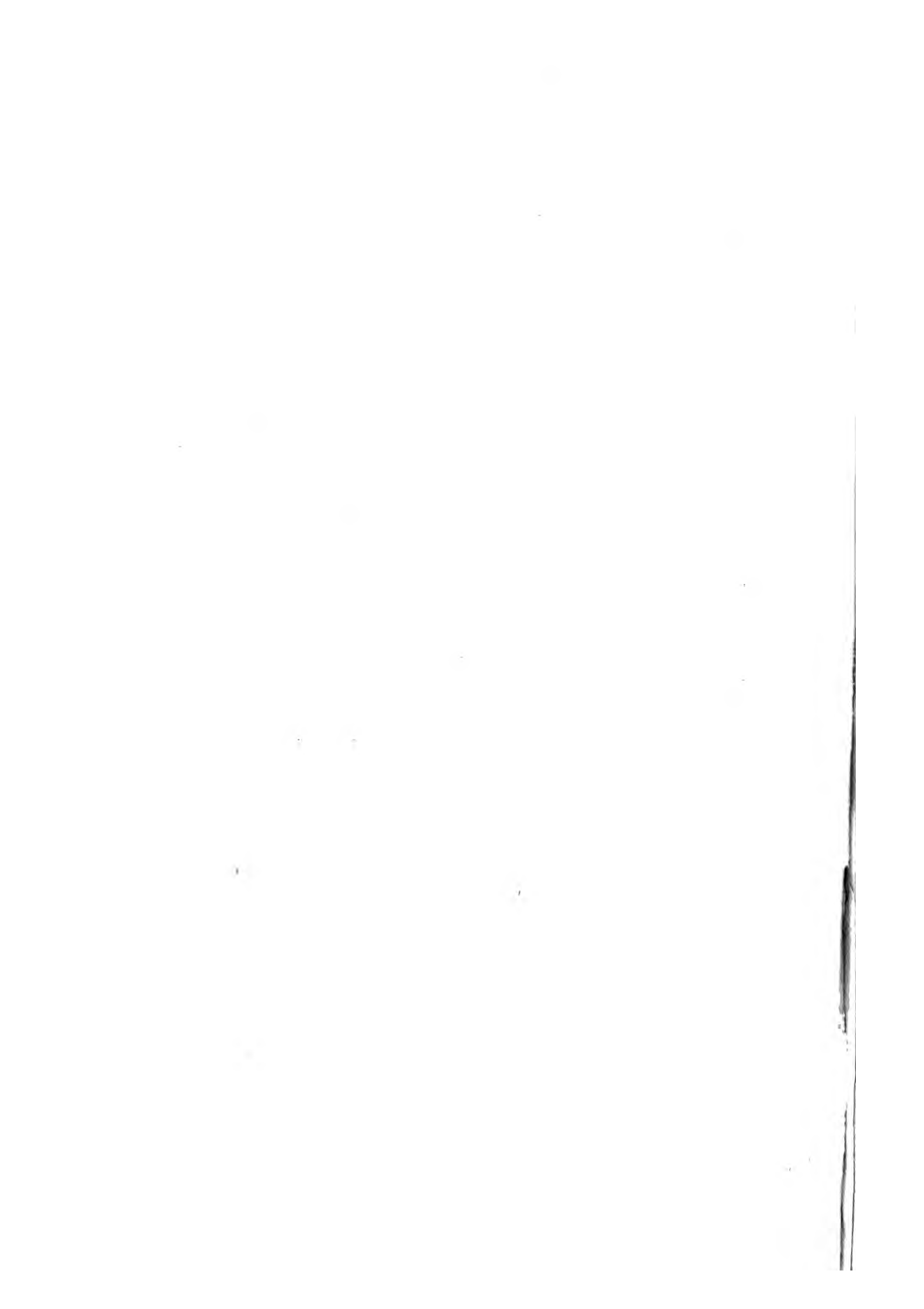
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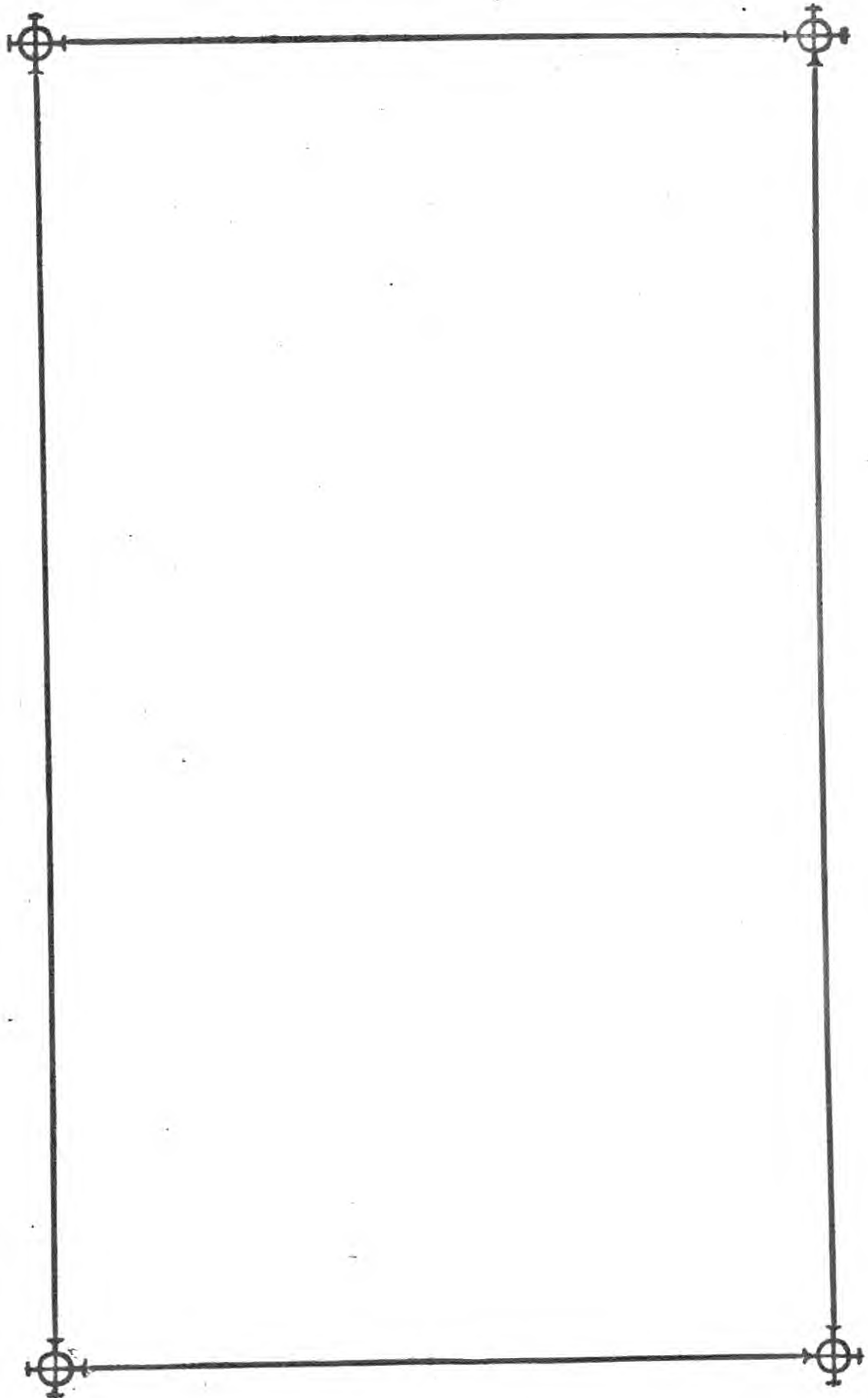


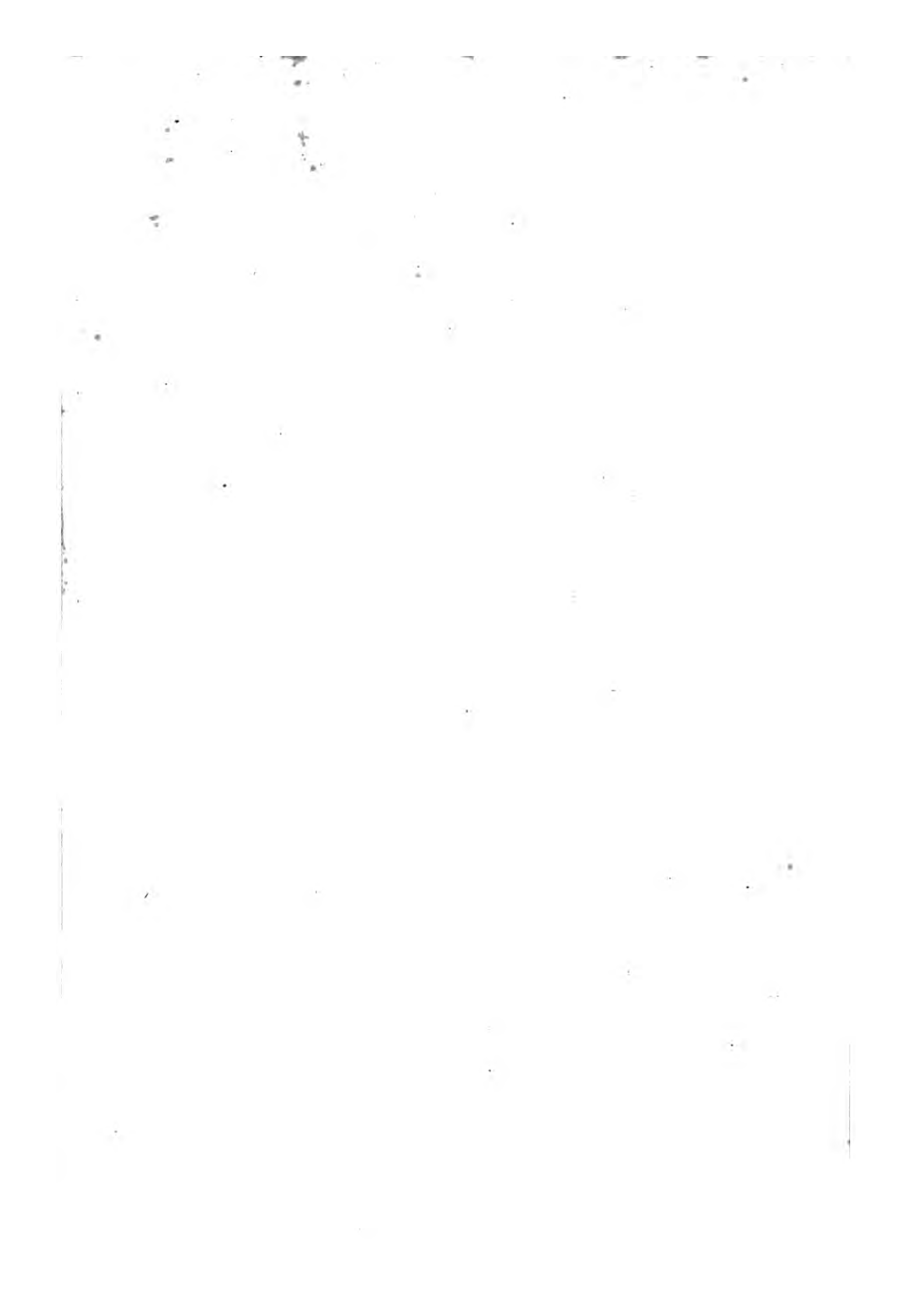
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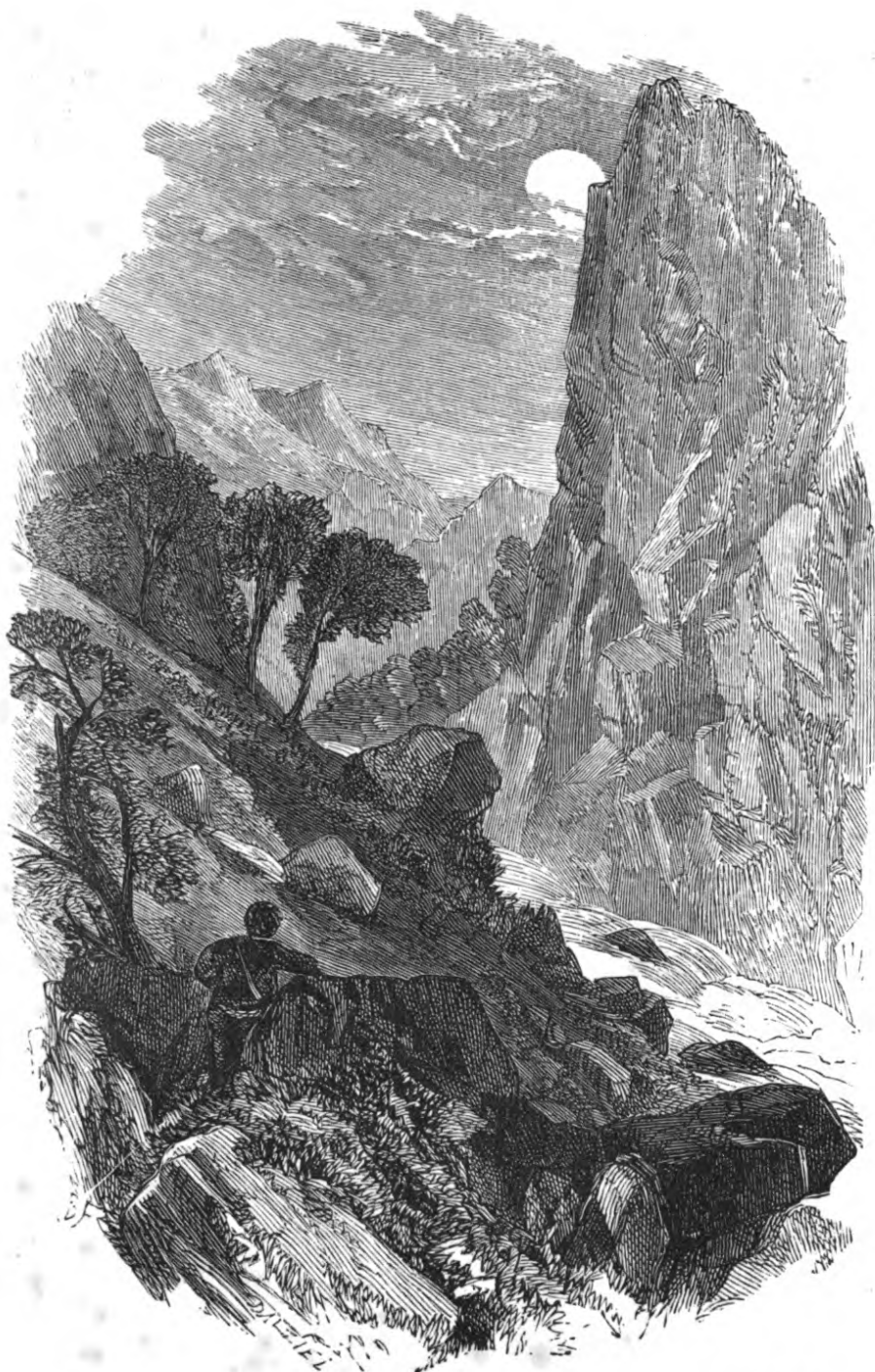
The Poems

OF

JAMES THOMSON, JAMES BEATTIE, GILBERT WEST,
AND JOHN BAMPFYLDE.







THE MINSTREL.

Front.

THE POLITICAL WORKS

JAMES T. O'NEAL

AS EDITED BY

W. J. O'NEAL

with an introduction

by the author

BY
GEORGE RUTLEDGE AND SON

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NEW YORK

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON

JAMES BEATTIE, GILBERT WEST

AND JOHN BAMPFYLDE

With Memoirs

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER

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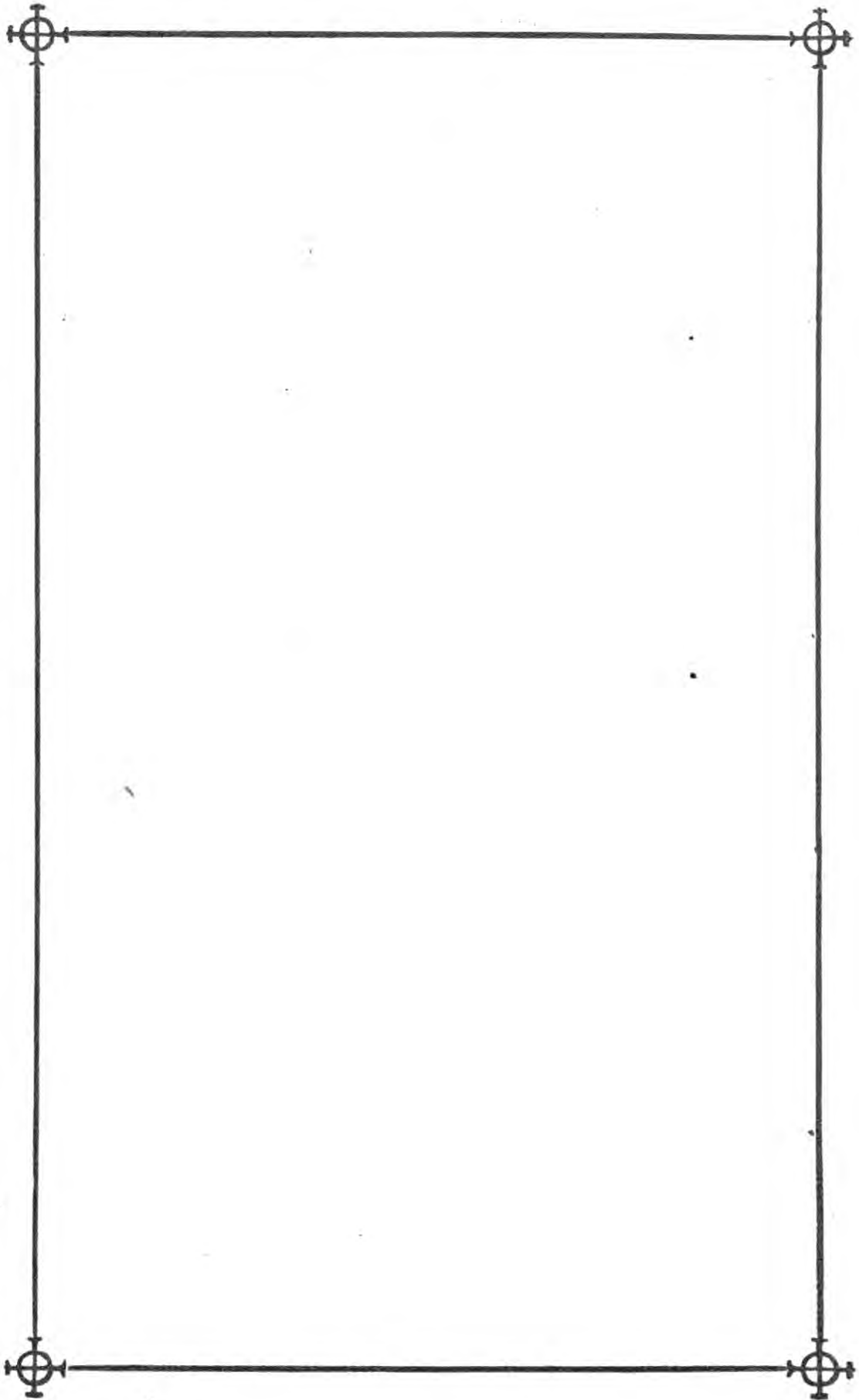
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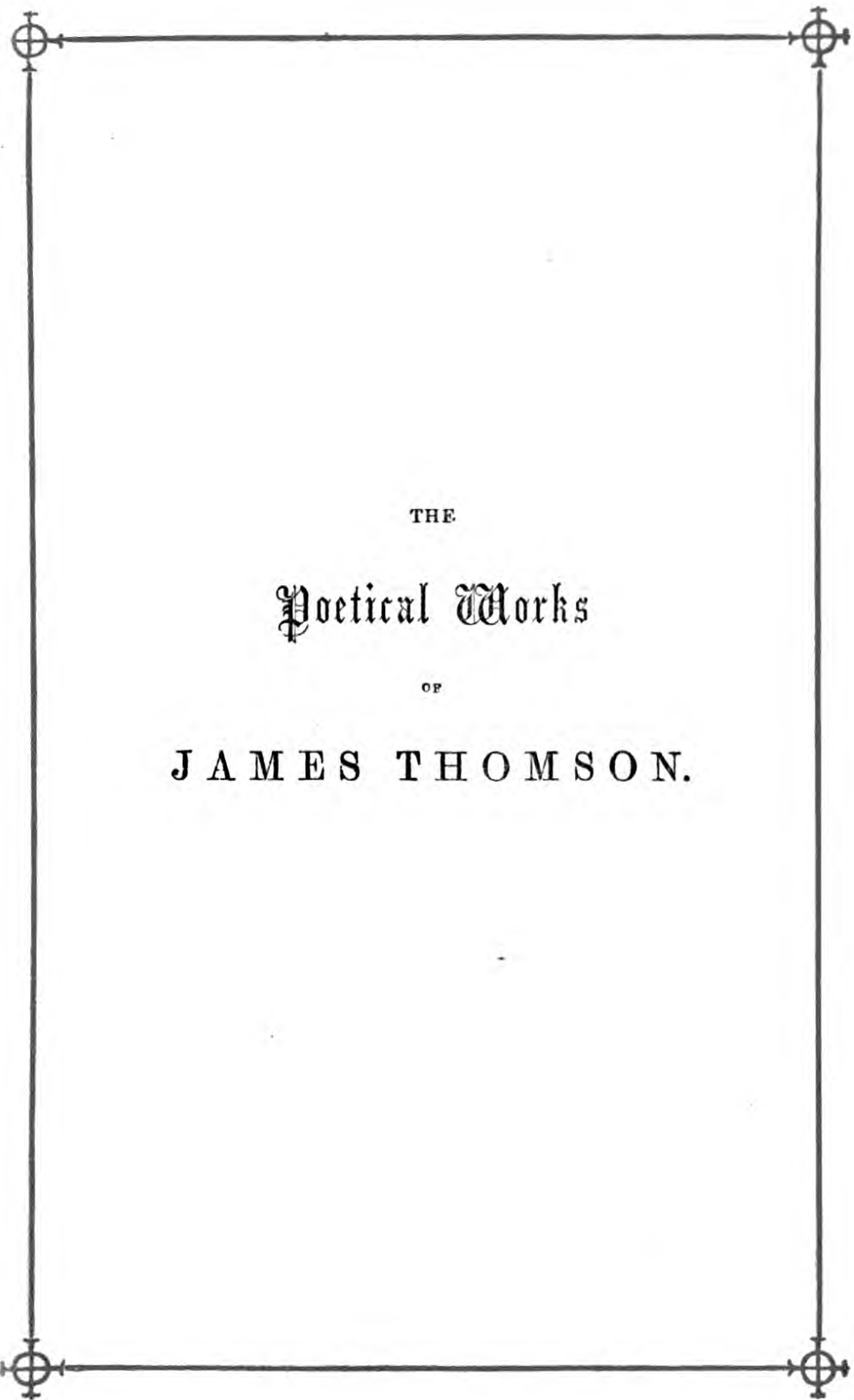
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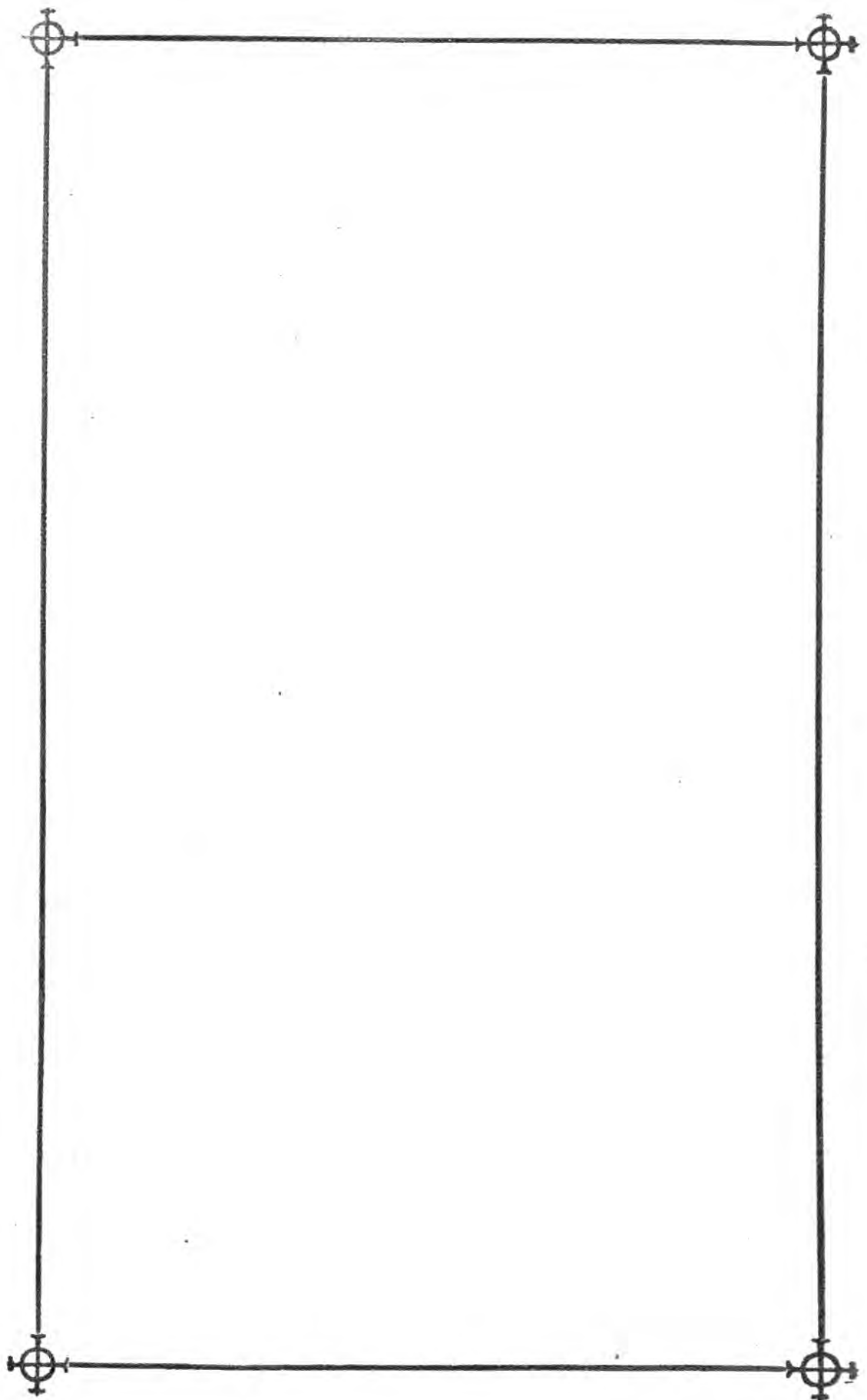
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THE
Poetical Works
OF
JAMES THOMSON.



AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. JAMES THOMSON.

BY PATRICK MURDOCH, D.D. F.R.S.¹

It is commonly said that the life of a good writer is best read in his works ; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits : the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be, and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame as a good man as well as a man of genius on this sole footing, yet the desire which the public always shows of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author ought not to be disappointed ; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory ; to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his

(1) Murdoch was one of his most intimate friends ; and this circumstance, added to the merit of his narrative as a composition, stamps it with a peculiar value.

writings ; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September in the year 1700. The village of Ednam is within a short distance of the Tweed. This circumstance explains the epithet "*parent-stream*" ("Autumn," line 889). His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood ; but highly respected by them for his piety and his diligence in the pastoral duty, as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Rev. Thomas Thomson was admitted minister of Ednam in 1692. He was appointed to Southdean, a more extensive parish in the same shire, soon after the poet was born ; and preached his farewell sermon at Ednam in November, 1700. The manse of Southdean is near the *silvan Jed*.

The reverend Messrs. Riccaltoun and Gusthart, particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances ; and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the chapel-royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs ; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet (whose seat was in the parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire), likewise, well known for his gay

humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country-seat; a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure.

But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccaltoun, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every New Year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order, and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh, in the grammar-school, which was held in a chapel on the south side of the choir of the venerable abbey, Mr. Thomson was sent to the university of Edinburgh. But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. Thomson, whose maiden name was Trotter, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. Gusthart; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh, where she lived in a decent, frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronised as a man of genius. She was herself a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with an imagination for vivacity and warmth scarce inferior to that of her son, and which raised her devotional exercise to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But whatever advantage Thomson might derive from his excellent parent, it is certain he owes much to a reli-

gious education, and that his early acquaintance with the sacred writings contributed greatly to that sublime feeling, by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In the "Seasons," we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, clothing them in his own expressive language, and preserving throughout the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a just composition, unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time, the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison had lately displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which Aristotle and Bossu cannot supply; nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not tuned in a certain consonance to those of the poet: and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriations which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure: so far indeed they might be competent judges; but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment, especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only from that time he began to turn his views towards London, where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman uni-

versally respected and beloved ; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a Psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required ; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly, striking parts of it ; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a friend of his mother's (Lady Grisell Baillie, daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood, Esq., the member for Berwickshire), then in London, he quickly prepared himself for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present as a good pretext to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronised, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Duncan Forbes, afterwards lord-president of the session, then attending the service of parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a

professed painter ; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the verses which he wrote on that occasion. Mallet wrote an epitaph on Mr. Aikman.

In the meantime, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his "Winter," in which, as himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time ; an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The poem of "Winter," published in March, 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired ; those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for, anything in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself ; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But in a short time the applause became unanimous ; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions, too, the overflowings of a tender, benevolent heart,

charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt whether he should more admire the poet or love the man.

From that time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses—the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt (afterwards Viscountess Primrose), Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his "Winter" procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry; who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship,—promoted his character everywhere,—introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot,—and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his tour of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord Talbot.

Meanwhile, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him: and the expectations which his "Winter" had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other Seasons: of "Summer," in the year 1727; of "Spring," in the beginning of the following year; and of "Autumn," in a quarto edition printed in 1730.

In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite power and goodness. In imitation of the Hebrew bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator; and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of "Sophonisba," Mr. Thomson had published his poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved

encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity: graceful of person, elegant in manners and address, pious, humane, generous, with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe; and returned with his views greatly enlarged, not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of "Liberty," begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments, and to show them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost, he employed two years of his life in composing that work; upon which he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the First Part of "Liberty," he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller: which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him, the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity

they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. Thomson, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life, excepting only the last two years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his secretary of Briefs; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble lord, who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of "Agamemnon," acted in 1738, yielded a good sum. Mr. Millar was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of Frederic Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, settled on him a handsome allowance; and afterwards, when he was introduced to the prince, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many

marks of particular favour and confidence. A circumstance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted ; that Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of His Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author, in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence ; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act ; and as little satisfied with some parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another, and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his deputy and then his successor in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius, the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the handwriting in which he had seen "Edward and Eleonora," than he cried out, "Away with it !" and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was the "Masque of Alfred ;" written jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of His Royal Highness's court, at his summer residence.

In the year 1745, his "Tancred and Sigismunda," taken from the novel in "Gil Blas," was performed with applause. The success of this piece was indeed ensured from the first, by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber appearing in the

principal characters, which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their great powers.

He had, in the meantime, been finishing his "Castle of Indolence," in two Cantos. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The stanza which he uses in this work is that of Spenser, borrowed from the Italian poets; in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds; while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated: as must often happen when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets; the usual measure, indeed, of our elegy and satire, but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the burlesque.

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published; his tragedy of "Coriolanus" being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and in that condition imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew, apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of

Kew-lane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to witness the last agonies of their beloved friend. He died on the 27th day of August, 1748, and lies buried at Richmond.

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful, though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure; but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a sonnet, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or

Shakspeare, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart: so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the merit or demerit of imitators. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the elder, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure; and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect when compared with the ancient, or with those of Italy; wishing sometimes that a chorus, at least, and a better recitative, could be introduced.

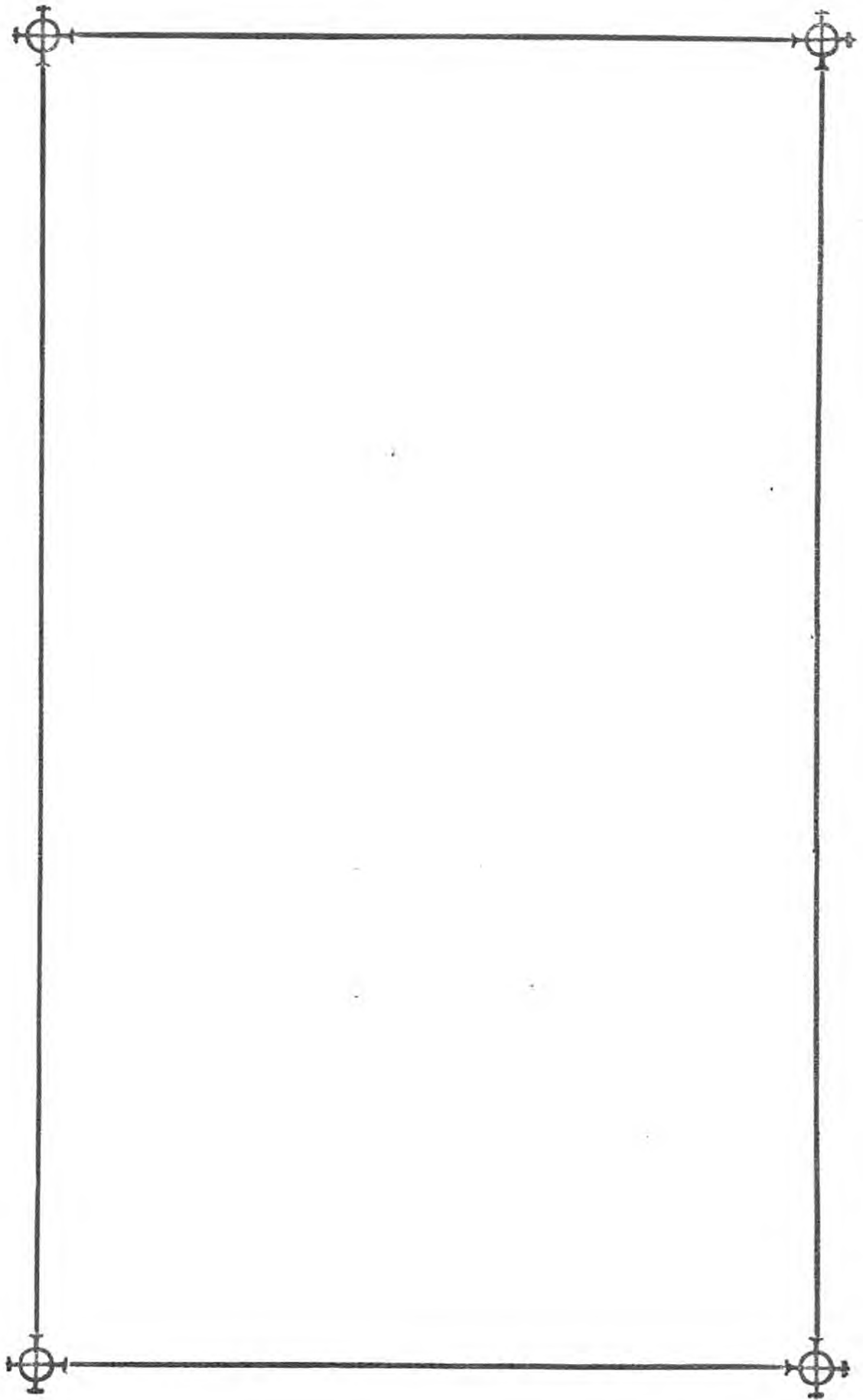
Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen

all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of "Liberty," we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes; at least, more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the grand and beautiful to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country, and friends,—his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence,—shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time, and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might, by interrupting any personal story that was brought him with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

To the observations of his friend it may be added,—that the simplicity of Thomson's character is seen in the purity and warmth of his sentiments, which are sometimes childish; his indolence in the carelessness of his

versification ; the improper use of many of his epithets—and he never seems to have thought any line worth the toil of polishing, and hence the perpetual use of pompous glittering diction, substituted for thought or description. Amidst much that is truly exquisite, he has mingled the most absurd common-place. A line of perfect beauty is followed by a piece of bombast ; his touches of nature and picturesque description are often marred by pedantry or carelessness. Hazlitt says, “that he is affected through carelessness, pompous from unsuspecting simplicity of character. He is frequently pedantic and ostentatious in his style, because he had no consciousness of these vices in themselves.” In spite of all these drawbacks, Thomson is a charming poet, and his works have ever been the delight of all classes ; his beauties are genuine, and no one has ever painted more successfully the “changing scene” and “rustic joys” of England. “The Castle of Indolence” may be regarded as his best sustained effort, as on the whole it has fewer defects than “The Seasons.” Some of the stanzas—especially in the first canto—fill the mind with lazy luxury. Of all Thomson’s works, his “Liberty” is least read. This poem does not appear as originally composed, but as shortened by Lord Lyttelton.





SPRING.

THOMSON.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

“ WIE herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne!
Wie lacht die Flur!
Es dringen Blüten
Aus jedem Zweig,
Und tausend Stimmen
Aus dem Gesträuch;
Und Freud und Wonne
Aus jeder Brust.
O Erd', O Sonne!
O Glück, O Lust!”

“ How kindly brightens
Nature to me!
How the sun lightens!
How smiles the mead!
Blossoms are bursting
Out on each tree?
Voices a thousand
Are singing to me!
And joy and gladness
Reign in each breast!
O Earth in sadness
No longer art drest!”

GOETHE.

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 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, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

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 shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;

While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
 Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd
 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. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfm'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.¹
 Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 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 measur'd step ; and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.²

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious Man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,

(1) Parturit almus ager : Zephyrique tepentibus auris
 Laxant arva sinus.—*Virgil, Georg. ii. 330.*

(2) Et qui, proscisso quæ suscitât æquore terga,
 Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro, &c.—*Georg. i. 97—104.*
 Tempus humo tegere, et jamdudum incumbere aratris.

Georg. i. 213.

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 55
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful ¹ fathers of mankind :
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with victorious ² hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent, [scorn'd 65
 All the vile stores Corruption can bestow]. ³

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, 70
 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 75
 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 80
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves 90

(1) *Awful*, venerable.

(2) So the edition of 1746 ; later editions have "unwearied."

(3) In Murdoch's edition of 1762, all between brackets is omitted, the next word to *independent* being *lived*.

Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once,¹ array'd 95
 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 lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 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 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;
 Or taste the smell of dairy : or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft²
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of Vengeance ; on whose course 125
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls : 130
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust

(1) So the reading of the edition of 1762 ; which I prefer to that of Nichols :
 "At once array'd," &c.

(2) The edition of 1762 reads "warp."

Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne 140
 In endless train, would quench the Summer-blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave,¹ the' effusive South
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.²

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether ; but by swift³ degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150

Sits on the' horizon round a settled gloom :
 Not such as wint'ry-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 155
 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, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;

And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
 And forests seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170

(1) Another reading is:—"his rage, and now shut up . . . caves"; but I must certainly prefer the reading I have adopted in the text.

(2) *Distent*, distended, puffed out.

(3) Some editors adopt the reading, "*fast*."

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, 175
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
 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 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?
 Swift Fancy, fir'd, anticipates their growth ;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush¹ 190
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 The' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er the' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 The² 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, 205
 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 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd

(1) A flush of clouds is a long thin mass, sailing swiftly through the sky.
 The Germans have an expressive term for it, the *Wolkenzug*.

(2) Murdoch's edition (1762) has :—" And hollow lows . . ."

From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;¹
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd 215
 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,
 Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 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, 225
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumeros² mix'd 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 235
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood ;
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ; 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
 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 250

(1) So Murdoch ; other editors have adopted the far less expressive variation, "swain." Boys are likely to run after the rainbow, but not farming-men (swains), however poetically minded.

(2) *Innumeros*, innumerably.

Their hours away : while in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd 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, 255
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ;
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun 260
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
 Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Applied their quire ;¹ and winds and waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners,² whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind 275
 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 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 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. 285
 Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 E'en Love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
 Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more 290

(1) *Quire*, choir.

(2) So Murdoch ; I prefer the reading to that which Nichols adopts :—
 “minutes.”

That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdainng, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and Grief,
 Of life impatient, into Madness swells; 295
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows 300
 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 305
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.¹

(1) This passage originally ran:—

“Hence in old time, they say, a deluge came;
 When the disparting orb of earth, that arch'd
 The' imprison'd deep around, impetuous rush'd,
 With ruin inconceivable, at once
 Into the gulf, and o'er the highest hills
 Wide-dash'd the waves in undulation vast;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,” &c.

Thomson then altered it to:—

“Hence, in old time, they say, a deluge came,
 When the deep *chapt* [parch'd] [chapt] [cleft] disparting orb,
 that arch'd
 The rarefied abyss, whose searching streams
 Expansive sought a vent, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide-dash'd,” &c.

The next alteration was into its present form, with the substitution, at one time, of “new-form'd” for “high-pil'd,” a substitution better than the present text.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 326
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

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,¹ 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
 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, 345
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
 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,

(1) Mr. Nichols reads :—

*“ Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond,” &c.*

I prefer the punctuation of 1762.

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 356
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk 360
 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 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of the' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? This¹ the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.²
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
 [Besides, who knows how rais'd to higher life,
 From stage to stage the vital scale ascends.]³

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd 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,
 The rod, fine-tapering, with elastic spring, 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep, 390
 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 pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race, 395
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;

(1) The reading of Murdoch's edition is "*thus.*"

(2) The maxims of Pythagoras.

(3) Not in Murdoch's edition.

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 ; 400
 The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 The ¹ little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils 405
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd 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. 410
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barb'd hook :
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some, 415
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If, yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven, 420
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive ² throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art. 425
 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, 430
 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,

(1) The usual reading is "Their;" but I would venture to propose "The."

(2) So the editions of 1744 and 1762; other editions propose "infant," which is decidedly less expressive. Mr. Mitford cites this parallel passage:—

" Ne pereat gens tota, vagæ miserere juventæ,
 Pisciculumque vadis hærentem tolle; futuræ
 Spem sobolis, vivumque novæ dimitte paludi."

Vaniere, Prædium Rusticum.

The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;¹
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool, 435
 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, 440
 And to his fate abandon'd, 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 ; 445
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd 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 : 450
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead 455
 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 lull'd, 460
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things ;²
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;
 All but the swellings of the softened heart, 465
 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 ? 470

(1) " Enatat, et rerum trepidus, lateque vacantes
 Admiratus aquas, lacubus dominatur avitis."—*Vaniere.*

(2) See " Castle of Indolence," Canto i. stanza 59 :—
 " Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind."

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If Fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah, what can language do? ah, where find words 475
 Ting'd 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. 480
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet, 485
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful Reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks 495
 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 blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast 500
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild; 505
 Where, undisguis'd 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, 510
 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. 515

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 520

Falls on the lengthen'd 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. 525

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 snow-drop and the crocus first ; 530

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, 535

Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculas,¹ of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd 540

To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud, 545

First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
 Nor hyacinths, 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 ; 550

Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

(1) So Murdoch's edition ; Nichols gives "ranunculus."

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom ! 555

Hail, Source of Being !¹ 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 touch'd. 560

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 dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells 565
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 570
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.²

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. 575

Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! O 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 580
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, 585
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

(1) Nichols reads "Beings," which is manifestly incorrect.

(2) Compare with this Cædmon's beautiful verses in Alfred's translation of Bede:—"Now must we praise the Guardian of heaven's kingdom, the Creator's might, and his mind's thought; glorious Father of men! as of every wonder He, Lord eternal! formed the beginning. He first framed for the children of earth the heaven as a roof; holy Creator! then mid-earth, the Guardian of mankind, the eternal Lord! afterwards produced: the earth for men, Lord Almighty!" (*Thorpe's Cædmon*, p. xxii.) I cannot too strongly draw the reader's attention to the magnificent work of Cædmon, so elegantly edited and translated by Mr. Thorpe. Cf. also Southey's "Lines written on a Sunday morning at Bristol, 1795." (*Works*, p. 122.)

The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark, 590
 Shrill-voic'd, 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 595
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers¹ that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length 600
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove: 605
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, 610
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love; 615
 That e'en 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, 620
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their² regardless charmer. Should she seem,
 Softening, the least approbance to bestow, 625
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach;

(1) Choristers.

(2) Murdoch (1762) reads "the," but the other reading is preferable

In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,¹
And shiver every feather with desire. 630

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 obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 635
Indulg'd 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, 640
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, 645
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,

Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ; 650

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 unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house 655
Intent. And often, from the careless back

Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till, soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows. 660

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 sympathising lover takes his stand 665
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

(1) " Sæpe solum verrens pennâ pendente rotatur."
Vaniere, Præaium Rusticum.

With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow¹ young 670
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care, 675
 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. E'en so a gentle pair, 680
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, 685
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing, 690
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 The' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels 695
 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 700
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air. 705
 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.
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song, 710
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;

(1) Naked, featherless.

If on your bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade !

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd 715

To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain¹ provision falls ; 720

Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall 725

Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ;² till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings, 730

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, 735
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,³
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs 740

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command, 745

Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plummy⁴ 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 ; 750
'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power

(1) Useless.

(2) "That strain again, it had a dying fall."—*Twelfth Night*.

(3) I am inclined, with Murdoch, to retain the comma here.

(4) I read "the," instead of "its," as in Murdoch.

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, 755
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's¹ shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire. 760
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,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles. 765

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-pleas'd, 770
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd 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, 775
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 780
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along ; 785
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, 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 790
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins,
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.

(1) The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom, 795
 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 mad'ning fancy rapt, 800
 He seeks the fight ; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds, 805
 And groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With his hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ; 810
 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' aërial summit takes 815
 The' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell. 820

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing 825
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme 830
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fañ,
 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, 835
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,

This way and that convolv'd, 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 840
 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, 845
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads ;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

What is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard, 850
 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. 855
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
 In this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
 The' informing Author in his works appears :² 860
 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,

(3) In the edition of 1738, the following lines were erased. They occupied a space between verses 860-863:—

“ The' informing Author in his work appears ;
 His grandeur in the heavens. The sun and moon,
 Whether that fires the day, or, failing this,
 Pours out a lucid softness o'er the night,
 Are but a beam from Him. The glittering stars,
 By the deep ear of Meditation heard,
 Still in their midnight watches sing of Him.
 He nods a calm. The tempest blows his wrath,
 Roots up the forest, and o'erturns the main.
 The thunder is his voice, and the red flash
 His speedy sword of justice. At his touch,
 The mountains flame. He shakes the solid earth,
 And rocks the nations. Nor in these alone,
 In every common instance God is seen ;
 And to the man who casts his mental eye
 Abroad, unnoticed wonders rise. But chief
 In thee, boon Spring, and in thy softer scenes,
 The smiling God appears,” &c.

And annual melts their undesigning hearts 865
 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. 870

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, 875
 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 880
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat

Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
 Can restless Goodness wait ; your active search
 Leaves no cold wint'ry corner unexplor'd ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft 885
 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, 890
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 895
 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 900
 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 inform'd by Reason's purer ray, 905
 O Lyttelton, my friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park you stray ;
 Thy British Tempé ! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks, 910
 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 915
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural Peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 920
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd 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. 925
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf 930
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own. 935
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away. 940
 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 meeken'd sense, and amiable grace, 945
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow 950
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :

And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd 955
 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 ; 960
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ; 965
 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. 970
 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, 975
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch, 980
 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 985
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul
 Rapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still pants the' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 The' inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye, 990
 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. 995

E'en 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 1000
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, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed, 1005
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected Fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around : The darken'd Sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1010
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. 1015

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
The' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies 1020
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs 1025

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 1030

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, 1035
Enlighten'd 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 1040
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love; 1045
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. 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 1050
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise, 1055
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man, 1060
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065
 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; 1070
 But strives in vain: borne by the' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart 1075
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all

Love's Paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then, 1080
 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. 1085
 Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 1090
 Where the whole poison'd 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 1095
 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, 1100
 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 tortur'd heart: 1105
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Through flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care; 1110
 His brightest flames extinguish'd 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! 1115
 '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, 1120
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing¹ will,
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure. 1125
 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 1130
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith, 1135
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,²
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ; 1140
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven !
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round, 1145
 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.
 The infant reason grows apace, and calls 1150
 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 1155
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 O 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 : 1160
 An elegant sufficiency, content,

(1) *Preventing*, anticipating.

(2) I cannot forbear quoting the beautiful saying of a Chinese writer on the worth of the opinions of Mrs. Grundy in general:—"The world's unfavourable views of conduct and character are but the floating clouds, from which the brightest day is not free." (Davis's *Fortunate Union*, vol. i. chap. vi. p. 152.)

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ; 1165
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 ; 1170
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd 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 1175
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.¹

“ WIE Feld und Au
So blinkend im Thau!
Wie Perlen-schwer
Die Pflanzen umher!
Wie durch's Gebüsch
Die Winde so frisch!
Wie laut im hellen Sonnenstrahl
Die süßen Vöglein allzumal.”

“ How glisten the field
And the meadow with dew!
How pearly the flowers
With its downweighing, too!
How fresh in the hedgerow
The wind whistles through!
How shrill is the lay
Of the bird in the ray
Of the sun.”—GOETHE.

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.—Sun rising.—Hymn to the Sun.—Forenoon.—Summer insects described.—Hay-making.—Sheep-shearing.—Noon-day.—A woodland retreat.—Groupe 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 disclos'd,
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; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful 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; 10
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink

(1) The text of this poem is much less doubtful than that of Spring, the author having bestowed much more care in the revision.



SUMMER.

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, 15
By mortal seldom found ! may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

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 chastis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
Unblemish'd 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, 30
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the' unwieldy planets launch'd along
The' illimitable void ; thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful : such the All-perfect Hand !
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd 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, 50
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. 55
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
 - And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
 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 ? 70
 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' enlighten'd soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wilder'd,¹ and tossing through distemper'd 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 ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all, 85
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light ! 90
 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 !

(1) Bewildered.

SUMMER.

35

Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
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 bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
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, 106
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 sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
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, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time 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, 120
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And, softened into joy, the surly Storms. 125
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 flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :
But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd 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, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
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, 150
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 combin'd, 155
Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
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 165
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far from the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
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! 175
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;

SUMMER.

37

Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd Sun,
 And all the' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
 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 quire¹ celestial Thee resound, 190
 The' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 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-rais'd clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 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, dispreparing through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,

(1) Choir.

Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.¹

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats; 220
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd 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 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp, 235
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. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd 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, 245
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 250
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They sportive wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,

(1) "As the sunflower turns on her God when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."—MOORE.

To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 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, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 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 ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

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 reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading e'en the microscopic eye !¹
 Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone

(1) Thomson's partiality for this line is great :—

“ Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye.”—*v.* 102, and see *v.* 329.
Cf. also *Spring, v.* 925.

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 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. 305
 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, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 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 proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, (the pride of Art !) 325
 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 ; 330
 Mark'd 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 335
 Of dreary Nothing, (desolate abyss !)
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Til then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 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 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 E'en stooping age is here; and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded¹ grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock 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. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd 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: 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.

(1) *Tedded*, tossed, or spread about in the sun; *to tede grass*.

- Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd 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 disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head: and, rang'd 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 enthron'd, 400
 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: 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cipher, ready stand;
 Others the' unwilling wether drag along;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 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, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who, having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 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 425
 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, e'en now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 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 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd 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 parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,

Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe : the mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 445
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard

Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for Night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ! 460

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon !

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright severity of noon ;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills,¹ 505
 Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,

(1) Cf. this with a preceding passage :—

“ Toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.”—v. 392—3.

SUMMER.

45

Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, (the seat of strength !)
 Bears down the' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst ;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,¹
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 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 retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
 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 favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 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 engag'd) to turn to death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.²

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide along the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 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 545
 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,
 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain

(1) Choir.

(2) Cf. Kirke White's poem of Contemplation.

This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 Where Purity and Peace immingle charms.
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,¹ of that sacred band ?
 Alas, for us too soon ! Though rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral Wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of Art ; and Virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding Pride. 575
 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. 580
 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, 585
 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.

(1) A young lady, well known to Thomson, who died at the age of 18, in the year 1738 ; and on whom he afterwards wrote an epitaph.

SUMMER.

47

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
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, 595
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd 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, 605
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, 610
Gains on the Sun ; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only through the forest cooes, 615
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe ! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air ;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with the' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,

And view the wonders of the torrid Zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general Breeze,¹ to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons² pass : 645
 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 ; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven 655
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 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, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,

(1) Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the col-lateral 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.

(2) 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.

Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the maze, 670
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig ;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,²
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmettos lift their graceful shade. 675
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine !
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty³ coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense 690
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant Spring: for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas : 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far-diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,

(1) Deep in the night, caused by the shade of the massy locust-tree, quench, &c.

(2) *Brow*, hillock.

(3) The edition of 1744 has "*spiny*."

Behemoth¹ rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
 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. 715

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand, 735
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.² 740
 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, 745
 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,

(1) The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

(2) In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

SUMMER.

51

Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No holy Fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770
 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, 775
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780
 A land of wonders! which the Sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,

Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd. 795
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 (Rich king of floods!) o'erflows the swelling Nile, 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along: 815

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, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through georgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
 From Menam's¹ 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, 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.

(1) 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.

Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees, At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms. Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd From all the roaring Andes, huge descends The mighty Orellana. ¹ Scarce the Muse	835 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse, Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course, Our floods are rills. With unabated force, In silent dignity they sweep along, And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds, And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude, Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain, Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow, And many a nation feed, and circle safe, In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ; The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.	845 850 855
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep, Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock, Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ; And Ocean trembles for his green domain.	
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ? This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? This pomp of Nature ? what, their balmy meads, Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ? By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds, What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool draughts, The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what, Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ? Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ; Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun ? What, all that Afric's golden rivers roll, Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ? Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of Peace,	860 865 870 875

(1) The river Amazons, or the Maranaôn.

Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast,
 Progressive truth ; the patient force of thought,
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world, the Light that leads to Heaven ; 880
 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 ; 885
 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 ! 890
 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, 895
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.¹

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which e'en Imagination fears to tread, 900
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense ; then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds : and while, with threat'ning tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other Thirst, appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure Day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :

(1) Cf. Spring, v. 791.

The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, 920
 The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.

These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 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, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear

The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 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 940

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, 945
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
 And hiss continual through the tedious night. 950

Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds :
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert, e'en the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast !
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the' aërial tumult swells,
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts¹ the globe,
 The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia reign.² Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck³
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow : by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000

(1) This is one of Thomson's solitary Scotticisms—"girts," from *gürten*, to gird, in German.

(2) Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

(3) Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

With such mad seas the daring Gama¹ fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
 The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince ;² who, Heav'n-inspir'd, 1010
 'To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods, 1030
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,
 And feeble Desolation, calling down
 The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.

(1) Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

(2) Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040
 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 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard nightly plung'd, amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis Divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung.¹ Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 Dependents, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080

(1) These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted year :
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf : 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch-ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the' aërial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze

The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still,
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine 1150
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still

In Fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 1155
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane

Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160

Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowdon's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.

Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought ;
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undissembling Truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish, 1180
The' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in the' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour, 1190
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where, its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195
Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook 1200
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
The' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence 1205
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, 1210
 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, 1215
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky
 Sublimier swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. [Nature from the storm
 Shines out afresh ; and]¹ through the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1230
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.²

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale. 1235
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most favour'd ; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and seren'd³ the sky, 1240
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth 1245
 A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
 Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid

(1) Murdoch's edition (1762) omits the bracketed sentence.

(2) The edition of 1762 reads. "*; and nature smiles reviv'd.*"

(3) Both the editions of 1762 and 1746 have "*serenes;*" but the correct reading is evidently that I propose.

To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek 1250
 Instant emerge ; and through the' obedient wave
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well,¹ he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 1255
 Effuses on the pleas'd 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. 1260
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
 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 conquer'd earth, 1265
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 E'en, 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, 1270
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he 1275
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1280
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain ! 1285
 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 : .

(1) Keeping good time.

Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ; 1290
 And, rob'd 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 a while remain'd :
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul, 1295
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd 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 1300
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, stripp'd 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 1305
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, 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 dissolv'd the virgin zone ; 1310
 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, 1315
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ? 1320
 Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ; 1325
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil, 1330
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew
 Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought

With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1335
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw.

“Bathe on, my fair, 1340
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
 Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 And each licentious eye.”

With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1345
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the statue¹ that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1350
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, the' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train

Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1355
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,
 The charming blush of Innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By Modesty exalted: e'en a sense

Of self-approving beauty stole across 1360
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers, this confession carv'd, 1365

Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
 “Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
 Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.” 1370

The Sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,

(1) The Venus of Medici.

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1375
 The dream of waking Fancy ! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves 1380
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature ; there to harmonise his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ; 1385
 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 1390
 Virtue that sons of interest deem Romance ;
 Now call'd 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, 1395
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. 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. 1400
 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 1405
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?¹ Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send, 1410
 Now to the Sister-Hills that skirt her plain,²
 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 1415
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :

(1) The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendour*.

(2) Highgate and Hampstead.

Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks, 1420
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames ; 1425
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God ;¹ to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 1430
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills ! 1435
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all 1440
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays !
 Happy Britannia ! where, the Queen of Arts
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, e'en to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand. 1445

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
 With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides, 1450
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
 And property assures it to the swain, 1455
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art ;
 And Trade and Joy, in every busy street,

(1) In his last sickness.

Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews 1460
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, an echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet, 1465
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first 1470
 Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind; 1475
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 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, 1480
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd 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 impress'd 1485
 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, 1490
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.¹
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep, 1495
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all 1500

(1) It is matter of history that More jested even on the scaffold.

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind 1505
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 1510
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul, 1515
 Who stemm'd 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 effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye 1520
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ; 1525
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius,¹ fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to the' enlighten'd love 1530
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice, 1535
 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 form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1540
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom

(1) Algernon Sidney.

Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long 1545
 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. 1550
 The generous Ashley¹ thine, the friend of man ;
 Who scann'd 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. 1555
 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 1560
 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, 1565
 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 1570
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.²
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spencer, Fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground : 1575

(1) Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

(2) Thomson, in the edition of 1738, wrote the passage thus :—

“ Let comprehensive Newton speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,
 Is not wild Shakspeare Nature's boast and thine ?
 And every greatly amiable Muse
 Of elder ages in thy Milton met ?
 His was the treasure of two thousand years,
 Seldom indulg'd to man ; a godlike mind,
 Unlimited and various as his theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, soft as the talk
 Of our grand parents, and as Heaven sublime ! ”

The present text is a mixture of Pope's emendations and Thomson's corrections of those emendations.

Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I, 1580
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,

The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white 1585

Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1590

The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas, 1595
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, 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 1600
 Baffling, as 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; 1605
 The tender-looking Charity, intent

On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity, 1610

With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
 While in the radiant front, superior shines 1615
 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, 1620
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 1625
Of Amphitrité, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;
Now half-immers'd ; and now, a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round, 1630
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;

As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank : 1635

A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth. 1640

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 order'd life 1645
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this 1650
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, 1655
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 feather'd seeds she wings. 1660

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1665
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1670

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. 1675
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold, 1680
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 1685
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams, 1690
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
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 1695
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot 1700
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds

Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck—that animate—the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds ; 1705
 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, 1710
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the' enlighten'd few,
 Whose god-like minds Philosophy exalts, 1715
 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 , 1720
 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 1725
 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, 1730
 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, 1735
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd, 1740
 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 display'd :
 The First up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1745

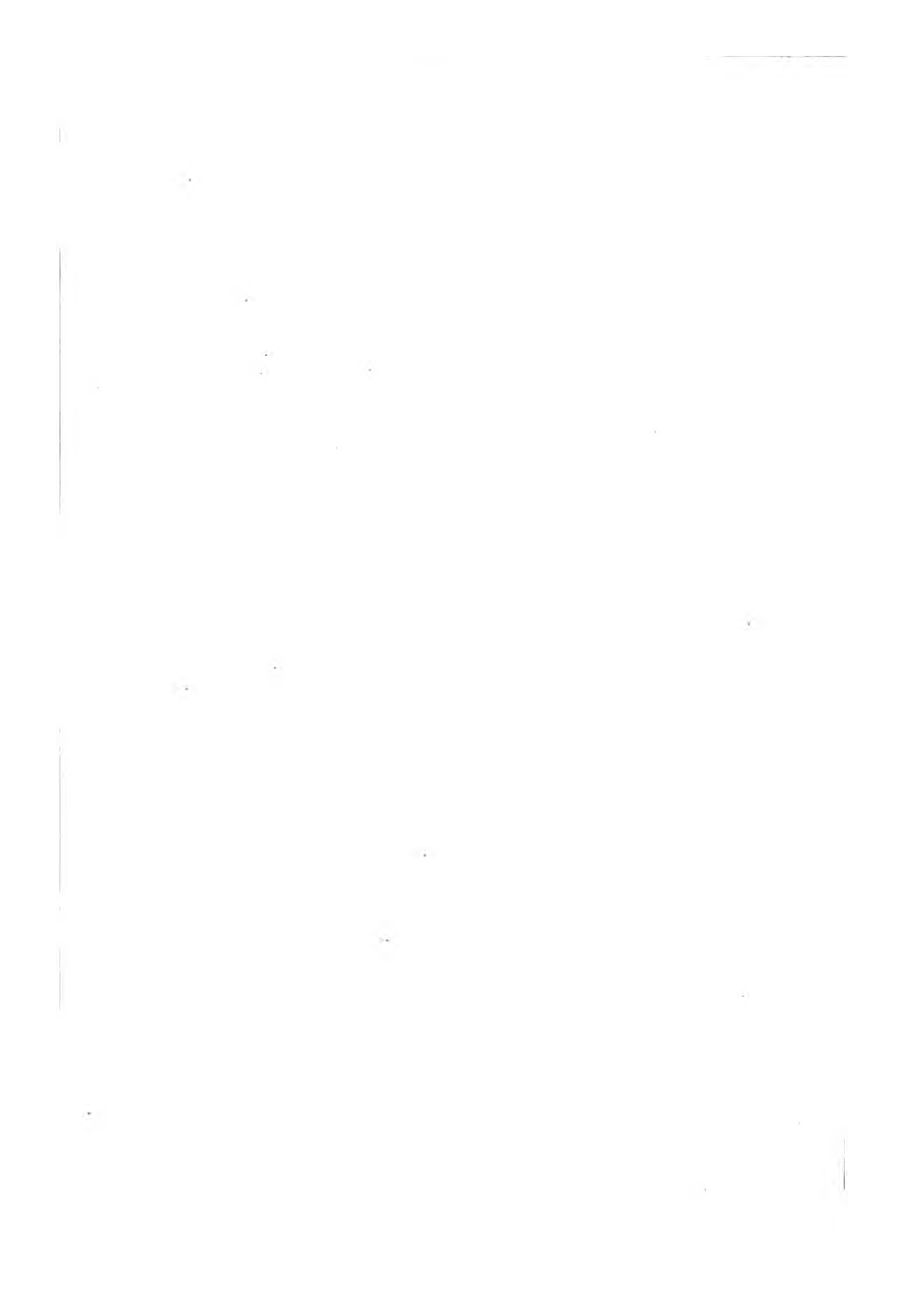
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
 The world-producing Essence, who alone
 Possesses being ; while the Last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1750
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought, 1755
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man ?
 A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey ; and with the' unfashion'd fur 1760
 Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer art,
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill 1765
 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 wint'ry pole ;
 Mother severe of infinite delights ! 1770
 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 ; 1775
 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 1780
 Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex 1785
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,

And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye, and instant, at her powerful glance, 1790
 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 ; 1795
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state, 1800
 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 form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind. 1805





AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

“ **DIESMAL** streust du, o Herbst, nur leichte welkende Blätter;
Gieb mir ein andermal schwellende Früchte dafür.”

“ Now dost thou scatter but leaves, Autumn, over the welkin;
Another time render me fruits swelling richly therefor.”

GOETHE.

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.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wint'ry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns,
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while 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, 15
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, 20
 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 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30
 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. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds the' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along :—
 A gaily-chequer'd, heart-expanding view, 40
 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 ; 45
 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 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers : Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar. A shivering wretch,
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,

AUTUMN.

79

Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; show'd 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 gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 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. 95

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd 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 ; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts ;
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still

To them accountable ; nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life,
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of Art ! the City rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 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 ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street 120
 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 wint'ry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent Toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 The' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;

Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.¹

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 And conscioius, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy. 165

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick. 165

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ; but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, O grateful think,
 How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170

Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields !
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride :

(1) Cf. Summer, v. 1670.

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 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 promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd 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, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields.¹ 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 220
 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

(1) These last few lines are Pope's. Thomson wrote :—

" Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse among the woods ; if city dames
 Will deign their faith : and thus she went compell'd
 By strong Necessity, with as serene
 And pleas'd a look, as Patience e'er put on,
 To glean Palæmon's fields."

I must express my regrets at the difficulties attendant on learning what the author really wrote : surely a knowledge of that would be preferable to any emendations, even when made by Pope.

AUTUMN.

83

Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 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 conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field : 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

“ 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 240
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 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 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
 And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ? 265
 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 touch'd. Sweeter than Spring! 270

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah! where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair? 275
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?

O let me now into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280
And of my garden be the pride and joy!

Ill it befits thee, O, it ill befits
Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country—thus to pick 285

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; 290
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"¹

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,

(1) Thomson wrote in 1738:—

“ With harvest shining, all the fields are thine!
And, if my wishes may presume so far,
Their master too, who then indeed were blest,
To make the daughter of Acasto so!”

The lines in the text are Pope's.

AUTUMN.

85

Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 305
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours ;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

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. 315

But as the' aërial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320

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.
 Expos'd, and naked to its utmost rage, 325

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 whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330

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. 335

Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340

Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345

Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,

He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant¹ children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 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, O, be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 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, 360
 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,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 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 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them, wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd 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 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,

(1) Clamouring.

AUTUMN.

87

Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant, man,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd;
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405

Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd 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 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take the' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd 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 amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once: 420

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
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight; 430
 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-air'd mountain by the North,
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
 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. 440
 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. 445
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 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 450
 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, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase; behold, despising flight, 460
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended¹ 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 465
 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 470
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.

(1) *Protended*, stretched forward.

AUTUMN.

89

Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge 475
 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 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
 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, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O, glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495
 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 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuell'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense 505
 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 plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, 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 520
 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 dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
 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
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
 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, 540
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
 While from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
 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 dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
 Lie,—a wet broken scene : and wide, below, 560

Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
 Retiring, full of ruminat'ion sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.¹

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 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; 575
 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 580
 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. 585
 O 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! 590
 And, fashion'd 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, 595
 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 600
 To rear their graces into second life;

(1) This most masterly picture was sadly mauled by Lord Lyttelton, who even omitted from the text all between vv. 492 and 569, besides disfiguring it with his own poetry.

To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 [E'en charm the pains to something more than joy,]¹
 And sweeten all the toils of human life!
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; 610
 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 615
 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 show'r, and of an ardent brown, 620
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields, 625
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower 630
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun and water, earth and air, 635
 In ever-changing composition mix'd.
 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. 640
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:

(1) This line is omitted in some editions.

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou 645
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song :
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wint'ry revels of the labouring hind ; 650
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ;
 O lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain ; 655
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome, 660
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd 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 ; 665
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 The' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book 670
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought ; 675
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum,
 [With a fine bluish mist of animals
 Clouded ; the ruddy]¹ nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ; 680
 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 ;

(1) Omitted in the edition of 1762. the point after "plum" being (;), and the next verse commencing with "The ruddy, fragrant nectarine," &c.

Where, by the potent sun elated high, 685
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse ; and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear, 690
 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,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray, 695
 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 ; 700
 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, 705
 As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill. 710
 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 715
 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. 720
 E'en in the height of noon opprest, the Sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ;
 Whence, glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life 725
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic ; till at last

Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick, 730
 A formless grey confusion covers all.¹
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
 Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urg'd
 Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom. 735

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, scoop'd among the hollow rocks, 740
 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,
 Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way, 745
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still, 750
 Though oft amidst the' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill 755
 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 ? 760
 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 charm'd their course so long ? 765
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,

(1) "Rudes indigestaque moles." (*Ovid.*) Cf. Plato, *Timæus*, §§ 10—13. Confucius also, in the "She-King," observes that "before heaven and earth were divided, there existed one universal chaos;" and Hwae-nan-tsze, an ancient Chinese author, says, *totidem verbis*, "Heaven was formless, a chaos; and the whole mass nothing but confusion."

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, suck'd through the porous globe, 770
 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 conceal'd 775
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes !
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare, and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the' astonish'd view ! 780
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !
 Give opening Hæmus to my searching eye, 785
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !
 Or, from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To furthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those 790
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ
 Believes the stony girdle¹ of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ; 795
 Or 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, 800
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon !²
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round 805

(1) The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenypoy*, that is, *the great stony Girdle*; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

(2) A range of mountains in Central Africa.

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, lab'ring to get free. 810
 I see the leaning strata, artful ranged ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs ;
 Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then 815
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd 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 stretch'd immense, 820
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ; 825
 And, welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 The' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd 830
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair-divided earth
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things. 835

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once, 840
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
 And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season there 845
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep 850
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky. 855
 And now, their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends, and, riding high 860
 The' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of furthest Thule, and the' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ; 865
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made, what nations come and go,
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise,—
 Infinite wings !—till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude-resounding shore, are one wild cry ? 870

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ; 875
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
 High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view : 880
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult,¹ robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between, 885
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth,—
 Full ; winding deep and green, her fertile vales ;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed, 890

(1) *Incult*, uncultivated.

With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Berubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited 885
 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, 900
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
 Too much in vain ! Hence, of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life 905
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil ;
 As from their own clear North, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

O ! is there not some patriot, in whose power 910
 That best, that god-like 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,— 915
 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
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on, 920
 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, 925
 Uninjur'd, 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,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 930
 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 combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn, 935
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace enwreathes thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue 940
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 945
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods, 950
 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-strewn walks, 955
 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 illumin'd wide, 960
 The dewy skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd 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, 965
 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, 970
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse, 975
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,

And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock, 980
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering Discord in their note.

O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm, 985
 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, 990
 Oft starting 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 chok'd and matted with the dreary shower, 995
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd 1000
 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! 1005

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes! 1010

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, 1015
 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 unconfin'd, and, chief, 1020
 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, 1025
 Inspiring glory through remotest time;
 The' awaken'd 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, 1030
 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 1035
 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; 1040
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!¹
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various Art
 By Genius fired, such ardent Genius tamed 1045
 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 shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that Temple² where, in future times, 1050
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd 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 1055
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind. 1060
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,

(1) The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

(2) The Temple of Virtue in Stowe gardens.

Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks ! O, through her strain 1065
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 The' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest Zeal the' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne !
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian Vales 1070
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts ; when the proud foe, 1075
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war ;
 When, keen once more within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British Youth would hail thy wise command, 1080
 Thy temper'd ardour and thy veteran skill !

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze, 1085
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon
 Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd East. 1090
 Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth—gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day. 1095
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the skie'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam, 1100
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half-blotted from the sky, her light
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn

With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ; 1105
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
 Oft in this season, silent from the North
 A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge 1110
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly re-ascend,
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd, 1115
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The appearance throws : armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood 1120
 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 overturn'd ; 1125
 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 subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck 1130
 The unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self
 Is deem'd 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 1135
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 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. 1140
 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, 1145
 Who then, bewilder'd, 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, 1150
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd, 1155
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
 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, 1160
 Innocuous, 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 lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines 1165
 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 1170
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill, 1175
 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; 1180
 And, us'd 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 roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd 1185
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd 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, 1190
 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 1195
 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 ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death. 1200
 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 hurl'd 1205
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphurous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm, and high;
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all. 1210
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the' ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned 1215
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied. 1220
 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. 1225
 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. 1230
 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.

O, knew he but his happiness, of men 1235
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd 1240
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 massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools—oppress him not? 1245
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd
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 1250
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; 1255
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, 1260
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the Wint'ry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,—
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove, 1265
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; 1270
Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth,—plain innocence,—
Unsullied Beauty, sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleased, 1275

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. 1280
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierc'd, 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 harden'd avarice, 1285
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd, 1290
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnares 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, 1295
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep brow, 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, 1300
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt 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, 1305
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. 1310
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain. 1315
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempé wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;
 Or what she dictates writes : and oft an eye 1320
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams 1325
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies 1330
 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 ; 1335
 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 1340
 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 ; 1345
 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, 1350
 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, 1355
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void 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, blocming, thence the vegetable world ; 1360
 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 ravish'd eye ; 1365
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, 1370
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.

W I N T E R.¹

“ EIN Regenstrom aus Felsenrissen—
Er Kommt mit Donners Ungestüm,
Bergtrümmer folgen seine Güssen,
Und Eichen stürzen unter ihm ;
Erstaunt, mit wollustvollem Grausen,
Hört ihn der Wanderer und lauscht,
Er hört die Flut vom Felsen brausen,
Doch weiss er nicht, woher sie rauscht.”

“ A rain-storm dashes from the rocks,
It rushes with the force of thunder,
The mountain mass breaks with its shocks,
And oaks are riven all asunder ;
Astounded, with most dread affright,
The traveller hears, and lists intent,—
He hears the flood dash down with might,
Yet knows he not from whence 'tis sent.”

SCHILLER.

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 ! 5
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I,—in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy :—
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain ; 10

(1) This poem, the earliest and most “polished” of all four, is in a very satisfactory state.

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till through the lucid chambers of the South
 Look'd out the joyous Spring,—look'd out, and smil'd. 15

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The Muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :
 Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the Wint'ry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy, could she fill the judging ear
 With bold description and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 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 the country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;—
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not flattery call. 40

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 furthest verge of heaven, the Sun
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day. 45
 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, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.

Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 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. 60
 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 discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm ;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapp'd 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 75
 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, 80
 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, 85
 Or ruminates 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 90
 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 swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 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, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
 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 astonish'd,—and astonish'd sings ! 110
 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 aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd 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, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
 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-colour'd east, the Moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

WINTER.

115

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 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. 145
 Loud shrieks the soaring heron ; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves ; while, from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends the' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Through the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160
 Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 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 170
 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 loosen'd tempest reigns. 175
 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 way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
 And on the cottage thatch'd 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. 190
 Then too, they say, through all the burthen'd 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 commix'd 195
 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 ; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd 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, 205
 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 ! 210
 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 slumber, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd 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 220

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure :
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !¹

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends
At first thin wavering ; 'till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd 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 235
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 240
Stands cover'd 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, 245
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 250
Against the window beats ; then brisk alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,

(1) " O ! thou who givest sustenance to the world, thou sole mover of all, thou who restrainest sinners ; who pervadest yon great luminary, who appearest as the Son of the Creator ; hide thy dazzling beams and expand thy spiritual brightness, that I may view thy most auspicious, most glorious real form. OM Remember me, divine Spirit ! OM Remember my deeds ! That all-pervading Spirit, that Spirit which gives light to the visible sun, even the same in kind am I, though infinitely distant in degree. Let my soul return to the immortal Spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust ! O Spirit, who pervadest fire, lead us in a straight path to the riches of beatitude ! Thou, O God, possessest all the treasures of knowledge : remove each foul taint from our souls ; we continually approach thee with the highest praise and the most fervid adorations !"—Fragments from the Vedas, translated by Sir W. Jones. (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 425.)

- And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
 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 unpitying men,—the garden seeks, 260
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
- Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 265
 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 burthen of whole wint'ry plains 270
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275
- As thus the snows arise and foul and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
 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, 285
 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 feign'd 290
 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, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,¹
 (A dire descent !) beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd 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 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 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 ! 315
 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 stiffen'd corse, 320
 Stretch'd 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 ; 325
 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, 330
 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 335
 Of misery : sore pierc'd by wintry winds,

(1) " God help thee, traveller, on thy journey far ;
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
 And darkness will involve thee."—KIRKE WHITE.

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 ; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse :
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retired distress : how many stand
 Around the death-bed 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, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355
 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,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd 360
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,¹
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans,
 Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice ?
 While in the land of Liberty,—the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom,—little tyrants raged ;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, Sleep ; 370
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375

(1) The Jail Committee, in the year 1729; and besides that committee may be mentioned the names of John Howard, Mrs. Fry, and Godfrey Higgins. The last of these was the author of a strange book named the "Anacalypsis," a book which ill-fortune allowed him to publish; yet he must be remembered with gratitude as one of the first reformers in lunatic asylums.

O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd 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, 385
 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, 390
 And wavy Apennines, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim,
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
 On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embraced
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead ;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind

With arts, with arms, and humanized a world. 435

Roused at the' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-lived volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,

Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ; calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of God within the' attentive mind,

Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :
 Great moral teacher ! wisest of Mankind ! 445
 Solon the next, who built his common-weal
 On Equity's wide base ; by tender laws

A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind

Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,

The firm devoted Chief,¹ 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 460

(1) Leonidas.

Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty revered ;
 Who, even his glory, to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's ¹ fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 Cimon sweet-soul'd ; 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. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,²
 Whose virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
 Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 Phocion the Good ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten state,—Agis, who saw
 E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train.— 490
 Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
 Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece :
 And he, her darling, as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopæmon, who to arms,
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495
 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 whose virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame, 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd :
 Her better Founder first, the Light of Rome,

(1) Themistocles.

(2) Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons :
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise :—
 The public Father¹ who the Private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad :
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 And Cincinnatus awful ; from the plough,
 Thy willing Victim,² Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
 Imperious call'd and Honour's dire command :—
 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 : 520
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome :
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urged, 525
 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, 530
 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 : join'd hand in hand they walk, 535
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to Fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
 Nor those who, tuneful, waked the' enchanting lyre. 540
 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 ;

(1) Marcus Junius Brutus.

(2) Regulus.

WINTER.

125

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, . . . 545
 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, 550
 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! 556
 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 ravish'd from our hope so soon ? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast, that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge early gain'd, that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her name ? 565
 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 virtues smile ?
 Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

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 call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
 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 ; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection, to the' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral World,
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 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 scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes.¹ But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
 Then, e'en superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or snatch'd away by Hope,
 Through the dim spaces of Futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 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 foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form

(1) There is a sublime ode, translated by Sir Wm. Jones from the Vedas, which I shall quote upon this passage (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 421 sqq.) :—

“ May that soul of mine, which mounts aloft in my waking hours, as an ethereal spark, and which, even in my slumber, has a like ascent, soaring to a great distance as an emanation from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent !

“ May that soul of mine, by an agent similar to which the low-born perform their menial works, and the wise, deeply versed in sciences, duly solemnize their sacrificial rites,—that soul, which was itself the primeval oblation placed within all creatures,—be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent !

“ May that soul of mine, which is a ray of perfect wisdom, pure intellect, and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent !

“ May that soul of mine, in which, as an immortal essence, may be comprised whatever has past, is present, or will be hereafter,—by which the sacrifice, where seven ministers officiate, is properly solemnized,—be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent !

“ May that soul of mine, which, distributed in other bodies, guides mankind as a skilful charioteer guides his rapid horses with reins,—that soul which is fixed in my breast, exempt from old age, and extremely swift in its course,—be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest and supremely intelligent !”

With the last verse of the ode compare the simile in the “*Phædrus*” of Plato, § 74, ed. Bekker.

Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
 While, well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 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, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the flap, 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, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd 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 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640
 The circle deepens : beam'd 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. 645

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 650
 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 Bevil¹ show'd. 655

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polish'd life ; permit the Rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,—
For every Muse has in thy train a place,—
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects the' allurements of corrupted power ; 670

That elegant politeness, which excels,
E'en 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, 675

And kind, well-temper'd 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 680

Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears ;
Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart, 685

The' obedient Passions on thy voice attend ;
And e'en 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. 690

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 695

(1) A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Steele.

Storing afresh with elemental life :
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves, 700
 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 705
 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 710
 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, 715
 Whom e'en the' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
 Let down the flood and half dissolv'd 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, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd 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 water-fall 735
 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 740
 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, 745
 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 pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
 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, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd, where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train, the raptur'd boy 765
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
 Branch'd 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, 770
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,¹
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

(1) "Sleds." I may remark it as a curious fact in the history of the English language, that, among other words, this has been banished our modern English as a provincialism, while it is retained by America as a legitimate word.

WINTER.

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- Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun, 780
 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 a while to the reflected ray ; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd 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, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
- But what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd 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,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-roads 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 ; 805
 And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,¹
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ; 810
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
 The furry nations harbour, piped with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820

(1) The old name for China.

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' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There through the piny forest half-absorb'd,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-paced and sourer as the storms increase : 830
 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, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus¹ pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once re-lum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde,² with dreadful sweep 840
 Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled South,
 And gave the vanquish'd 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, 845
 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. 850
 Their rein-deer 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 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd 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
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,

(1) The North-west wind.

(2) The wandering Scythian Clans.

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. 865
 Wish'd 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, 870
 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's¹ fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fringed with roses,² Tenglio 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 employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 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 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornêa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And furthest Greenland, to the Pole itself, 890
 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.³
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court; 895
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;

(1) 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."

(2) 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."

(3) The other hemisphere.

Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
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 ; 905

And icy mountains high, on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910

As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915

Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they 920

Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun ;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible ! Such was the Briton's fate,¹ 925

As with first prow, (what have not Britons dar'd ?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men ;
And half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,

(1) Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East Passage.

WINTER.

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Here human nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding man ? Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
 By Heaven inspired, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter ! first of monarchs ! He 955
 His stubborn country tamed,—her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons ;—
 And while the fierce barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
 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 reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power ; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charged with the stores of Europe home he goes :
 Then cities rise amid the' illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975
 The' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the North, 980
 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 : 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

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 ; 995

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd the' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty North ;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

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, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 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, 1010

The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train in dreadful sport, 1015

Tempest the loosen'd brine ; while through the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.

Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye, 1020
 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 conquer'd year. 1025

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, 1030
 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, 1035
 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 vanish'd ! Virtue sole-survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 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 heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045
 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, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : 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 : 1055
 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 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge : why licensed Pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd 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. 5
 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 10
 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 unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
 In Winter awful Thou! With clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast. 20

Mysterious round! What skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25
 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, 30
 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, 35
 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, 40
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes.

O, 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, 45
 Who shake the' astonish'd 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 ; 50
 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. 55
 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, 60
 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. 65
 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 hush'd the prostrate world ; 70
 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. 75
 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. 80
 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, 85

At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
 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 ; 90
 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 95
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East ;
 Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the furthest verge 100
 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, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.

When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,

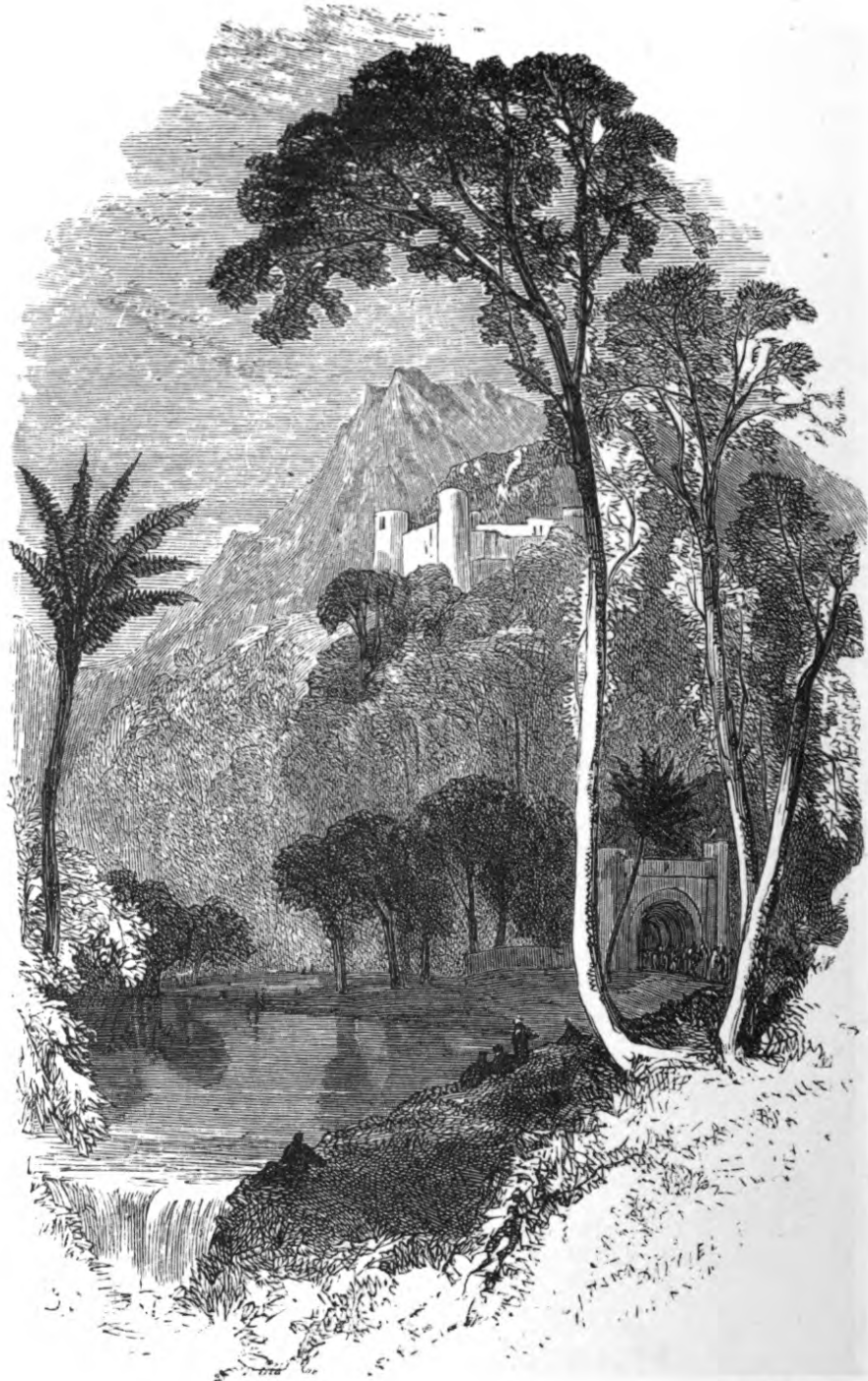
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons ;¹
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And Better thence again, and Better still, 115
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.²

(1) In the edition of 1738, the lines from "nought to me" do not occur.

(2) "What the sun and light are to this visible world," says one of the Vedas (Sir Wm. Jones's Works, vol. vi. p. 417), "that are the supreme good and truth to the intellectual and invisible universe ; and as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge by meditating on the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of beings : that is the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude." The Gayatri, or Holiest Verse, of the Vedas is as follows :—"Let us adore the supremacy of that divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who pervades all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat."

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THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

[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 written in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.]

The Castle hight¹ 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,²
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes,³ 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 an heavier bale—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd 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 prankt⁴ with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne⁵ carèd e'en for play.

(1) *Hight*, called. (2) *Moil*, labour. (3) *Certes*, certainly.
(4) *Prankt*, adorned, from the German *pranken*. (5) *Ne*, nor.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,¹
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurlèd everywhere their water's sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd 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,
 Or stock-doves' plain² amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
 Yet all these sounds yblent³ inclinèd all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idless⁴ fancied in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye⁵ 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.

VI.

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 hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

(1) *Kest*, cast.(2) *Plain*, complain.(3) *Yblent*, blended.(4) *Idless*, idleness.(5) *Aye*, always.

VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)¹
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night ;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight²
 Was placed ; and to his lute of cruel fate
 And labour harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

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 syren melody ;
 While o'er the' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung :—

IX.

“ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 See all but man with unearn'd 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.

X.

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 The swarming songsters of the careless³ 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 ; ne⁴ fit for flail,
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
 Yet their's each harvest dancing in the gale,
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

(1) *Hight*, was named : *heissen*, German ; *heten*, low German.

(2) *Wight*, man. (3) *Careless*, where care would not come. (4) *Ne*, nor.

XI.

“ Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
 Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry¹ 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 ;
 Guilt, violence, and murder seized on man,
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

“ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest 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,
 Forever 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 !

XIII.

“ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;²
 Or, louting³ low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
 And fell fair Honour for some paltry pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visits 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.

XIV.

“ 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 fear,
 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.

(1) *Sweltry*, sultry. (2) *Stounds*, misfortunes. (3) *Louting*, bowing.

XV.

“ 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 sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
 For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

“ 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' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

“ The best of men have ever loved repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 Where the soul sours, and gradual Rancour grows,
 Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
 The most renown'd of worthy wights¹ of yore,
 From a base world at last have stol'n away :
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 Retiring, tasted Joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

“ 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 wat'ry 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,
 Attunèd to the birds, and woodland melody.

(1) *Wights*, men.

XIX.

“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.”

XX.

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain’d
 The deep vibrations of his witching song;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain’d
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps pour’d on heaps, and yet they slipp’d along,
 In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver’d with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied Fays¹ through airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order’d was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began:
 Though some there were who would not further pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.²
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man:
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
 Not to move on, perdie,³ is all they can:
 For, do their very best, they cannot fly;
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap’d upon them straight;
 And soon as touch’d by his unhallow’d paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate;
 Full hard to be repass’d, 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 seem’d, of sallow hue:
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

(1) *Fays*, fairies.(2) *Han*, had.(3) *Perdie*, *par Dieu*.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd 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 ¹ hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then sighing yields her up to Love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep :
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd 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-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
 Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
 And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd 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 limber² page to all performèd it.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
 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 turn'd to sleep again.

(1) *Losel*, loose fellow.(2) *Nimble*.

XXVII.

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 pleasaunce grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleased and still,
 Withouten tromp¹ 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's stay'd ;²
 Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade !
 Here dwells kind Ease and unreprouing Joy :
 He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons³ in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;
 While Solitude and perfect Silence reign'd :
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,⁴
 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 Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro :
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

(1) *Tromp*, trumpet. (2) *Stay'd*, stopped. (3) *Eftsoons*, quickly.
 (4) Those islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

XXXI.

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 ?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touch'd 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.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd 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 stretch around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old Ocean genders¹ in his round :
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 E'en undemanded by a sign or sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

(1) *Genders*, brings forth, engenders.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd 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 carol¹ what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was enwoven many a gentle tale ;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured heart ;
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart ;
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, Repose and Peace
 impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleased the most where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted² 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 :
 Blest sons of Nature they ! true Golden Age indeed !

XXXVIII.

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' astonish'd 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-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

(1) *Carol*, sing joyfully.(2) *Depainted*, similar to depicted.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
 Lull'd 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 trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind ;
 Full easily obtain'd. 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,¹ it hight.

XLI.

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 fann'd ; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart ;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
 Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art !²

(1) This is a beautiful description of the Æolian harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

(2) More elegant are the lines of another poet :—

“ So ravishingly soft upon the tide
 Of the infuriate gust it did career,
 It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
 And sunk him to a Zephyr ;—then it died,
 Melting in melody :—and I descried,
 Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
 Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear
 Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied :
 Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
 Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
 By unseen beings sung ; or are these sounds,
 Such as, 'tis said, at night are known to swell
 By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
 Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death.”—KIRKE WHITE.

XLII.

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,¹ the bard, in waiting there ,
 Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore ;
 Composing Music bade his dreams be fair,
 And Music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together mell :³
 At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd 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.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct⁴ and grace ;
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That play'd, 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.

XLV.

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.

(1) *Coy*, difficult to obtain.

(2) The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their courts, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

(3) *Mell*, mingle.

(4) *Tinct*, tint.

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,
 Pour'd all the' Arabian Heaven upon our nights,
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
 E'en 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 gulphs, 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.

XLVII.

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, awhile, O ! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mix'd woe the heart.

XLVIII.

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.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd 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 obtain'd the caitiff's dare not taste :
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirror this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
 Most like to carcase parch'd 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 it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamell'd 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

LII.

This globe portray'd the race of learned 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,¹
 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 enrich'd with fame when useless worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :
 Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew ;
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !

(1) As it would make you angry to see.

At every door, hark how they thundering call!
 Good Lord! what can this giddy rout 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.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 The' important shoulder; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner Lucifer¹ recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
 When lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most show'd 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,
 They sit them down just where they were before,
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and eke² 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.³

(1) The morning star.

(2) *Eke*, also; *auch*, German.(3) *Moe*, more

LVII.¹

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 soot² this man could sing as morning-lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart :
 But these his talents were yburied stark ;³
 Of the fine stores he nothing could impart,
 Which boon or Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound ;
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd 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.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass'd :
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd.
 Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
 And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
 One shy'er still,⁴ who quite detested talk.
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,

(1) These stanzas describe William Paterson, a friend of the poet.

(2) *Soot*, sweet.

(3) *Stark*, outright.

(4) Dr. Armstrong

To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak :
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke ;¹
 Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
 The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is
 done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch,² who had not crept abroad
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
 In chamber brooding like a loathly³ toad :
 And sure his linen was not very clean.
 Through secret loop-holes, that had practised⁴ been,
 Near to his bed his dinner vile he took ;
 Unkempt,⁵ and rough, of squalid face and mien,
 Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair⁶ to look.

LXII.

One day there chanced into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth,⁷ who took you at first sight :
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light.
 Certes,⁸ 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.

LXIII.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still the' exulting billows flow,
 The farther 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 stay'd, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd Castle all, the' abode of sleep no more.

(1) *Wroke*, wreaked.

(2) This gentleman was a Mr. Welby.

(3) *Loathly*, ugly.

(4) In the same sense as the stage expression, "practicable."

(5) *Unkempt*, uncombed.(6) *Lair*, den.

(7) John Forbes, son of Lord President Forbes.

(8) *Certes*, certainly.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Cheer'd 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 drown'd,
 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.

LXV.

Another guest there was,¹ of sense refined,
 Who felt each worth,—for every worth he had ;
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm, his mind,
 As little touch'd 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,²
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent :—

LXVI.

“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.”

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd³ the' Esopus⁴ of the age ;
 But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.

(1) Lord Lyttleton.

(2) *Pent*, confined.(3) *Ligg'd*, lay.(4) Mr. Quin; for an agreeable view of him, see Read's *Peg Woffington*.

E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap :
 With double force the' enliven'd 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' enlighten'd judgment
 takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;¹
 Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
 He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote² espy,
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :³
 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.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs :
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
 When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
 And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye : then, smoke-enroll'd,
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

(1) The first line describes himself, and the following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the author, Lord Lyttleton.

(2) *Mote*, might.

(3) This is the Murdoch, who subsequently edited his works.

LXXI.

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, pour'd 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.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
 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.

LXXIII.¹

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 whim, no vapours fill'd 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.

LXXIV.

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 unpleasing grown,
 Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd 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.

⁽¹⁾ This stanza is only to be found in the first edition, and is considered to be a description of Lady Lyttleton.

LXXV.¹

Alas, the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
 To stir him from his trance it was not eath,²
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway :
 He led, I wot,³ the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXVI.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
 Unwieldy 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 vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

LXXVII.

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 spittles⁴ 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 waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVIII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd 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 cramm'd Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

(1) These four following stanzas are by Armstrong. (2) *Eath*, easy.
 (3) *Wot*, imagine. (4) *Spittles*, hospitals; German, *spital*.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his Achievements fair;
That, by this Castle's overthrow,
Secured, and crowned 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 turn'd to Pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

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 toil;¹
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 are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

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.

(1) *Swink*, labour; and *moil*, labour.

IV.

Come, then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song ;
 Come, lig¹ no more upon the bed of Sloth,
 Dragging the lazy, languid line along,
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
 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.

V.

In Fairy-Land there lived a knight of old,
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
 But wondrous poor : he neither scow'd nor reap'd,
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
 Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
 He still in woods pursued the libbard² and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild-fringed, he mark'd 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 compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel³ fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,⁴
 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-earn'd food the Sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem :
 The same to him glad Summer, or the Winter breme.⁵

(1) *Lig*, lie.(2) *Libbard*, leopard.(3) *Muchel*, much(4) *Lustyhed*, might.(5) *Breme*, cold.

VIII.

So pass'd 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 seem'd 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,¹
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

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 compared.

X.

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,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

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 scan'd the globe,—those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,—
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;
 But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

(1) *Wonne*, dwelling.

XII.

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 rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

XIII.

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 hew'd 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.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;¹
 The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
 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 nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was Man ;
 On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd :
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 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 !

(1) *Emprise*, enterprise.

XVI.

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 pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
 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.

XVII.

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 green-wood 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 dismay'd.

XVIII.

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,
 Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever Arts and Industry can frame ;
 Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
 Fair Queen of Arts ! from heaven itself who came,
 When Eden flourish'd 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.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;
 Bade social Commerce raise renowned 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.

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
 From the famed city¹ by Propontic sea,
 What time the Turk the' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd ;
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nursling² 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.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd 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 uncumber'd Ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please :
 Ah, gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

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.

(1) Constantinople.

(2) *Nursling*, nursing.

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had framed, in Britain-Land,
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws stablish'd 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.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
 The happy monarch of his Sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain :
 His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk ;
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
 Exceed 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 vild !¹

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd 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' enliven'd 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.

(1) *Vild*, vile.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd 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, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd.
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd
 An happy place ; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye ?
 That soul-eneebing wizard Indolence,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay.
 Spread far and wide was his cursed influence :
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
 E'en much of private ; ate 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.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast ;
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
 Corruption call'd, 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."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 "Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call ;
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !
 The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld ;¹ his eye full-speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

(1) *Eld*, age.

XXXII.

"I will," he cried, "so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage."—His page then straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt¹ Dispatch. "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 harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister² 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.

XXXIV.

"Come," quoth the knight, "a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear.
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn 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!"

XXXV.

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, disdain'g 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 yfere³ they yode.⁴

(1) *Benempt*, named; the word is found in Low German.

(2) The Nightingale.

(3) *Yfere*, together.

(4) *Yode* (preter-tense of *yede*), went.

XXXVI.

They talk'd 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 : ¹
 "From Virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
 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 ²
 Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
 And spite e'en of themselves their senses cheer ;
 Then to the Wizard's wonne ³ 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 seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

"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."

XXXIX.

"Ay, sicker," ⁴ 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 deserved punishment.
 Justice were cruel, weakly to relent ;

(1) *Refel*, refute, deny.(2) *Dole*, dolour, grief.(3) *Wonne*, dwelling.(4) *Sicker*, surely ; *sicher*, in German ; *secker*, Low German.

From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive :¹
 Grace be to those who can and will repent ;
 But penance long and dreary to the slave,
 Who must in floods of fire his gross, foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle 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 gear array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell ; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless,² with feign'd 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,
 Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings :
 With magic dust their cyne he tries to blind,
 And Virtue's tender airs o'er Weakness flings.
 What pity, base his song who so divinely sings !

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight :
 But they instead, as if transmew'd³ to stone,
 Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and 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 back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power

(1) *Glaive*, sword.(2) *Nathless*, nevertheless.(3) *Transmewed*, transformed.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius ¹ trapp'd 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.²
 Enraged at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flouncèd to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, the' inferior demons of the place
 Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd 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 ;³
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground :
 Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd, with blemish'd look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd 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 poison'd 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."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd ; 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 ⁴ strung,

(1) A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary
 (2) Stanza xxxii. p. 170. (3) *Strook*, seized. (4) *Deftly*, skilfully.

Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song :
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him
 throng.

XLVII.

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 unquestion'd sway ;
 What is the adored supreme Perfection ? say !
 What, but eternal never-resting Soul,
 Almighty Power, and all-directing Day ;
 By whom each atom stirs, the Planets roll ;
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole ?

XLVIII.

“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,¹
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

“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 fann'd 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.

(1) *Wis*, known.

L.

“It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd 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.

LI.

“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 towery fronts had raised,
No Arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
None e'er had soar'd to Fame, none honour'd been, none
praised.

LII.

“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 stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
swains,
Ne had my master Spencer charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

“Dumb too had been the sage Historic Muse,
And perish'd 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 scorn'd his ease for other's good ?
 Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

LIV.

" But should to Fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 If right I read, you Pleasure all require :
 Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
 How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
 Toil, and be glad ! let Industry inspire
 Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
 Who does not act, is dead ; absorb'd entire
 In miry Sloth, no Pride, no Joy he hath :
 O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with Death !

LV.¹

" Better the toiling swain ; O, happier far !
 Perhaps the happiest of the sons of men !
 Who vigorous plies the plough, the team, the car ;
 Who houghs the field, or ditches in the glen,
 Delves in his garden, or secures his pen.
 The touch of Avarice poisons not his peace ;
 He tosses not in Sloth's abhorred den ;
 From Vanity he hath a full release ;
 And, rich in Nature's wealth, he thinks not of increase.

LVI.

" Good Lord ! how keen are his sensations all !
 His bread is sweeter than the glutton's cates :
 The wines of France upon the palate pall,
 Compared with what his simple soul elates,—
 The native cup whose flavour thirst creates.
 At one deep draught of sleep he takes the night :
 And for that heartfelt joy which nothing mates,
 Of the pure nuptial bed the chaste delight,
 The losel is to him a miserable wight.

(1) This and the succeeding stanza are omitted by Lyttleton and Murdoch.

LVII.

“ 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 swallow'd 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.

LVIII.

“ O who can speak the vigorous joys of Health!
 Unclogg'd 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 younglings¹ 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?

LIX.

“ But here, instead, is foster'd every ill
 Which or distemper'd 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.

LX.

“ 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.

(1) This is akin to the German “*jüngling*,” youth.

LXI.

“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!

LXII.

“Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge threat’ning 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.

LXIII.

“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-touch’d hearts disdain the sordid
 crime!”

LXIV.

“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’ awaken’d heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Roused into action, lively leap away,
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

LXV.

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 deliver'd from this fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen :
 How light its essence ! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon¹ of my mortal pen !
 E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 E'en such enraptured life such energy was ours.

LXVI.

But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphemed high Jove.
 "Ye sons of hate !" (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 "What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?
 While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
 We pass'd 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."

LXVII.

"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 blacken'd stand ;
 And, o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
 around.

LXVIII.

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

(1) *Blazon*, description.

Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd :
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves ; whence oft, when night con-
 troll'd
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXIX.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid ;
 That lazar house, I whilome in my lay
 Depeinted¹ have, its horrors deep-display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light the' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-raised their heads, and dropp'd their woes
 awhile.

LXX.

“ O heaven ! ” they cried, “ and do we once more see
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?
 Are we from noisome damps of pest-house 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.”

LXXI.

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.

(1) *Depeinted*, depicted.

LXXII.

“Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn’d,
 And by these sufferings purify the mind ;
 Let Wisdom be by past misconduct learn’d :
 Or pious die, with Penitence resign’d ;
 And to a life more happy and refin’d,
 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.”

LXXIII.

They silent heard, and pour’d their thanks in tears.
 “For you,” resumed the Knight with sterner tone,
 “Whose hard dry hearts the’ obdurate demon fears,
 That villain’s gifts will cost 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 ?”

LXXIV.

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.

LXXV.

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 soften’d beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreads.¹

(1) *Dispreads*, describes, spreads forth.

LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd 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 remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell :
 Amazed, their looks with pale Dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek Repentance
 feign'd.

LXXVII.

But, ah ! their scorned day of grace was past :
 For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, 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 toil'd with painful care,
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloudless air.

LXXVIII.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd ;
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.¹

LXXIX.

The first was with base dunhill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad ;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;
 Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile ;
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

(1) *Moe*, more.

LXXX.

The other was a fell despightful fiend :
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
With nose up-turn'd, 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 off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXXI.

E'en so through Brentford town (a town of mud,)
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd 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 thong
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.¹

(1) *Fone*, journey.

BRITANNIA.

[At the time this poem was written, the Spaniards had much distressed our merchant vessels who traded to the South American coast, and seized the crews who had landed to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, which right had been conceded by treaty. The merchants loudly complained of these outrages—remonstrances were made by the British ministry, but no reformation followed. Thus matters continued till 1739, when war was formally declared.]

— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.—VIRG.

As on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
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 flow'd 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, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings: and War, though greatly roused,
Yet mourns his fetter'd 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-mixt wave,
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,¹
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

(1) Frederic Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Through late revolving time, can soothe my rage :
 While, unchastised, the' insulting Spaniard dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
 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 sail'd my fleets for this ; on Indian tides
 To float, inactive, with the veering winds ?
 The mockery of war ! while hot disease,
 And sloth distemper'd, 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 war-ship 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 detain'd ; 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 roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoky ruin ? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd 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,

Swell'd o'er the labouring surge ; like a whole heaven
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plough'd, 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,
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd 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 deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
 Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides ;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blazed the lurid flame ;
 And seized in horrid grasp, or shatter'd 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 swell'd a storm.
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
 The scatter'd remnants drove ; on the blind shelve,
 And pointed rock, that marks the' indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls through the fractured Caledonian isles.

" Such were the dawns of my watery reign ;
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 E'en in those troubled times, when dreaded Blake
 Awed angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd, 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 scrs
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas
 For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
 And their veins bled through many a toiling age.

" 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
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 carcases, sad seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd 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 ;
Bless'd be the man divine, who gives us thee !
Who bids the trumpet hush his 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,
Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
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 mix'd 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' astonish'd 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-earn'd 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 aim'd ?
 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 polish'd, 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 design'd
 By fate, when fate design'd 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 harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth ; for this, your hearts
Swell with a sullen courage, growing still
As danger grows ; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish nature thrust into your hand :
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow ;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land ;
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again ; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow ; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision piled, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain ;
(Whence wondering fable traced him from the sky)
E'en not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Sterile, and void ; than, of her trade deprived,

Britons, your boasted isle : her princes sunk ;
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust ;
 Unnerved her force ; her spirit vanish'd quite ;
 With rapid wing her riches fled away ;
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
 Of what she was ; her merchants scatter'd wide ;
 Her hollow shops shut up ; and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

“ Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
 And your own proper happiness creates !
 Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
 Creep on the free-born mind ! and working there,
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
 Of Liberty ; the high conception blast ;
 The noble sentiment, the' impatient scorn
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
 For general good, erasing from the mind :
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
 And low design, the sneaking passions all
 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 human-kind !
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 E'en where the keen depressive North descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers !
 While lavish 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 loosen'd 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, transform'd, 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
 Rush'd on the broken eye ; and nought was heard
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

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 exclaim'd : “ 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,
 Pour'd 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, pilfer'd 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 publish'd in no Gallic vale.”

He said ; and plunging to his crystal dome,
 While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

[The 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. 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 apostrophised, 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 constitutes 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! ¹ 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
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.

(1) Mr. Charles Talbot, with whom Thomson travelled on the continent.

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

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
 Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
 Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn dress'd ;
 When straight, methought, the fair majestic Power
 Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,
 And naval honours nodded on her brow.
 Sublime of port ; loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
 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 awaken'd Muse
 Listen'd intense. Awhile she look'd around,
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
 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 glow'd, sublime,
 With the mix'd 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 throng'd, and teeming culture high ;
 For Nature then smiled on her free-born sons,
 And pour'd 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 renown'd 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,
 Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;
 And suns unclouded shine, through purest air :
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;
 Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
 To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade ;
 To where Prenestè lifts her airy brow ;
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

“ See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
 And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads ;
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

“ Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory see !
 Behold her demigods, in senate met ;
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act :
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence, unbribed, and bold ;
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

“ Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,¹
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the State.
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

“ Her tribes, her census, see ; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward,
 Free for their country and for me to die ;
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

“ Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

“ Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth :

(1) Lucius Junius Brutus, and Virginius.

Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
 And of a people cast in virtue's mould :
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this sun, this centre of mankind ;
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
 Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

“ Need I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !
 A land in all, in government, and arts,
 In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven reversed.
 Who but these far-famed ruins to behold,
 Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
 Soar'd 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 nature's richest plains to putrid fens
 Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
 See razed the' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
 First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
 Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd 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 gray,
 Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone ;
 And where the rank uncultivated growth
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale,

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

“ Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer ! foe
 To human-kind ! 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 thy 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) the garden pours.
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;
 Nor juice Cœcubian or Falernian, more,
 Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
 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, unadorn'd,
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice

Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongued,
And art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. 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 venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

“ 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.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnificent gaol,
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, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fired by me ; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, 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 fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, 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 labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve : all age-begrimed,
Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd 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, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore ; one granite all
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore ;
These endless wonders that this sacred way¹
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's² soul
O'er the live canvas, emanating, breathed.

“ What would you say, ye conquerors of earth !
Ye Romans ! could you raise the laurell'd 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 rush'd 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 ; possess'd 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 ; unadorn'd your hills ;

(1) Via Sacra.

(2) Michael Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino ; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Ungraced your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd 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,¹ 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,²
 Your Formian shore ? once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
 How changed, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
 Would now your Naples seem ? disaster'd less
 By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage :³ that inward gnaws
 A native foe ; a foreign, tears without.
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began :
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,⁴
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd ;
 And wrapt in weeds the shore⁵ 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 mix'd, no villas rise ;
 Nor, art-sustain'd 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,

(1) Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

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

(3) Naples, then under the Austrian government.

(4) Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

(5) 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 dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast ;
 Where,¹ when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
 Rejoicing crowds inhaled the balm of peace ;
 Where citied hill to hill reflected blaze ;
 And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
 E'en Nature yields ; by fire, and earthquake rent :
 Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
 Swallow'd 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 usurp'd domain,
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the buried dome.

“ Hence, Britain, learn ; my best establish'd, 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-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
 To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 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,
 Join'd 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,

(1) All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter-retreats, and several populous cities stood.

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,
 Through 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
 Return'd :—" What here, suggested by the scene,
 I slight unfold, record and sing at home,
 In that bless'd 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 !
 Fix'd 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 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 stores of mortal language drawn,
 How, faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
 The Goddess flash'd 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 pour'd 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 ! re-inspire my song ;
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame
 Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

PART II.

GREECE.

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.—Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states, with regard to their Government, their Virtues, their Arts, and Sciences.—The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the defence of Thermopylæ, 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 their 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, renew'd, 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 stain'd 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 impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd 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,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose ;
Who, scorning coward self, for others lived,
Toil'd 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 sigh'd the shepherd's pain ;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
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 reign'd,

And king, as well as people, proud obey'd ;
 I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts ;
 By poets, sages, legislators sought ;
 The school of polish'd life, and human-kind.
 But when mysterious Superstition came,
 And, with her Civil Sister¹ 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, crush'd the land ;
 And round a tyrant's tomb,² who none deserved,
 For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives.
 Then the great Dragon,³ couch'd amid his floods,
 Swell'd 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'erflow'd 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 retain'd ;
 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, unrivall'd Greece !
 My fairest reign ! where every power benign
 Conspired to blow the flower of human-kind,
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
 Iōnian or Ægean, temper'd kind :
 Light, airy soils : a country rich and gay ;
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,

(1) Civil Tyranny. (2) The Pyramids. (3) The Tyrants of Egypt.

And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales ;
 Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd ;
 Whence deem'd by wandering 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 finish'd 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 rear'd 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 temper'd state ;
 Where mix'd 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, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption then
 Lay wither'd 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 press'd 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 toil'd,
 For that they lived entire, and e'en 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,

Hymettus¹ 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 Cephissus² glow'd
 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,
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
 Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
 Inforcing hasty counsel immature,
 Totter'd the rash Democracy ; unpoised,
 And by the rage devour'd, 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 :
 Allay'd the tempest ; to the calm of laws
 Reduced the settling whole ; and, with the weight
 Which the two senates³ to the public lent,
 As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

“ Nor was my forming care to these confined.
 For emulation through the whole I pour'd,
 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 polish'd 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 brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
 Pour'd every beam ; by generous pride inflamed,
 Felt every ardour burn : their great reward
 The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa⁴ gave.

(1) A mountain near Athens, celebrated from the earliest times to the present day for its excellent honey.

(2) Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

(3) 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.

(4) A city of Elis, which long enjoy'd the privilege of presidency at the Olympic games.

“Hence flourish’d 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,¹ firm as an isthmus stood ;
 And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
 As eye could dart its vision, nobly check’d.
 While in extended battle, at the field
 Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove
 Before their ardent band an 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 bank’d with death ;
 And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grinn’d ;
 Hunger and toil ; Armenian snows, and storms ;
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
 Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch’d,
 Their steady column pierced the scattering herds,
 Which a whole empire pour’d ; and held its way
 Triumphant, by the sage-exalted Chief ²
 Fired and sustain’d. Oh, light and force of mind,
 Almost almighty in severe extremes !
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
 Kind-hearted transports round their captains threw
 The soldiers’ fond embrace ; o’erflow’d their eyes
 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’ unfetter’d 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 spurn’d

(1) Thermopylæ.

(2) Xenophon.

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,¹
 And Father of Philosophy : the sun,
 From whose white blaze emerged, each various sect
 Took various tints, but with diminish'd 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,
 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 : the bold poetic phrase
 Of figured Plato ; Xenophon's pure strain
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrice's keen eye ;
 The' exalted Stoic pride ; the Cynic sneer ;
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt ;
 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 untouch'd the solid base
 Of Liberty, the liberty of mind :
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creed,
 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 excell'd,
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

“ In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffused

(1) Socrates.

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 ;
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
 Her unconfined divinity display'd ;
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
 Or raised it swelling to the tongue of gods.

“ Heroic song was thine ; the fountain Bard,¹
 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 plain'd, or storm'd ; and in the' impassion'd 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 deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,
 E'en last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

“ The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
 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 touch'd,
 The boast of well-pleas'd 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,

(1) Homer.

Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd 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 swell'd, as nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble waved ;
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ;
 Sprung into motion ; soften'd 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 mix'd.
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smiled,
 The soul of beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
 E'en such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
 That cruel-thoughted War the' impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture,¹ let the city 'scape.

“ First, elder Sculpture taught her sister art
 Correct design ; where great ideas shone,
 And in the secret trace expression spoke :
 Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,
 Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came ;
 And bade her follow where she led the way ;
 Bade Earth, and Sea, and Air, in colours rise ;
 And copious action on the canvass glow :
 Gave her gay Fable ; spread Invention's store ;
 Enlarged her view ; taught Composition high,
 And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
 That starts to sight, binds and commands the whole ;
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,

(1) When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes, he chose rather to raise the siege than hazard the burning of a famous picture of Iasyllus, a celebrated huntsman, the masterpiece of that painter.

And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
 Heroic deeds she traced, and warm display'd
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 There, as the' imagined presence of the god
 Aroused the mind, or vacant hours induced
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
 The living lesson stole into the heart,
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory ; while to rural life,
 The softer canvass oft reposed the soul.
 There gaily broke the sun-illumined cloud ;
 The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ;
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd ;
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main ;
 The tempest foam'd, immense ; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
 On the scathed oak the ragged lightning fell ;
 In closing shades, and where the current strays,
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
 Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :
 Round happy parents smiled their younger selves ;
 And friends conversed, by death divided long.

“To public virtue thus the smiling arts,
 Unblemish'd handmaids, served ; the Graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus revered,
 And placed beyond the reach of sordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove ;
 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 scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
 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 lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 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, benumb'd
 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.
 Few traces now remain, but vestige gray,
 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 bitter 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
 Embroil'd 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 blush'd,
 Prepared the way for total overthrow.
 Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
 When Xerxes pour'd 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 ;¹
 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 dash'd them down
 To sordid peace—Peace !² that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire ? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens³ 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 ;

(1) So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

(2) The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedæmonian admiral, with the Persians ; by which the Lacedæmonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.

(3) 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

But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
 They mix'd 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 roll'd on,¹ by many a battle stain'd,
 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 :²
 The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa³ lured,
 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 inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd 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 untouch'd,
 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 heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds ;
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
 Till the whole state unnerved in Slavery sinks.”

(1) The Peloponnesian war.

(2) Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

(3) The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

PART III.

ROME.

This part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, beginning 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 became the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece. Rise and Fall of the Roman Republic. 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 mix'd with air the' ideal forms,
 That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
 Then I, impatient.—“From extinguish'd Greece,
 To what new region stream'd the human day?”
 She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
 Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
 Resumed.—“Indignant, these last scenes I fled;¹
 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 pour'd,
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
 On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
 But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;

(1) The last struggle of Liberty in Greece.

Where, from Lacinium ¹ to Etrurian vales,
 They roll'd increasing colonies along,
 And lent materials for my Roman reign.
 With them my spirit spread ; and numerous states,
 And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd ;
 As its parental policy, and arts,
 Each had imbibed. Besides, to each assign'd
 A guardian Genius, o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye ; tried to sustain,
 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 vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent
 That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

“ Not so the Samian sage ; ² to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.
 For these free states his native isle ³ forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
 He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air ;
 And through Great Greece ⁴ his gentle wisdom taught ;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years ⁵ the mind,
 Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
 His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
 Of boundless ether ; where unnumber'd orbs,
 Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
 Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
 There he the full consenting choir beheld ;
 There first discern'd 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 form'd
 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,

(1) A promontory in Calabria.

(2) Pythagoras.

(3) Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.

(4) The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.

(5) His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

That joys in bounteous Heaven, and spreads the joy.
 Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
 And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
 He gave the four yet reigning virtues name ;¹
 Inspired the study of the finer arts,
 That civilize mankind, and laws devised
 Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
 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 warm'd
 Her sons : and, roused by tyrants, nobler still
 It burn'd in Brutus ; the proud Tarquins chased,
 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 gain'd. 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 mix'd 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 grasp'd the world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations stoop'd around ; though then appear'd

(1) The four cardinal virtues.

Her grandeur most ; yet in her dawn of power,
 By many a jealous equal people press'd,
 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 push'd,
 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 mix'd ardour of unnumber'd selves ;
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
 From this kind sun of moral nature flow'd
 Virtues, that shine the light of human-kind,
 And, ray'd 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 mark'd ; 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 throbb'd no more :
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
 Hence sweeten'd Pain, the luxury of toil ;
 Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage ;
 High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,
 When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
 Hence Moderation a new conquest gain'd ;
 As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
 Their dewy mercy dropp'd, the bounty beam'd,
 And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
 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 prefer'd ;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The man maintain'd, 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, stoop'd
To common good : Camillus, thy revenge ;
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence,
Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though Conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreathed, and yoked her snowy steeds
To the triumphant 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 deem'd their own ;
And above envy, in a rival's train,
Sung the loud Ios by themselves deserved.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii ; hence the Decii died ;
And Curtis plunged into the flaming gulf.
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before ;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepared
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
Relentless fix'd, 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 ! press'd 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 call'd. But, in one view,
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolved unsullied by a crime :
 Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdainng 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 unblemish'd centuries elapsed,
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanced state,
 Still between Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
 As flow'd 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 swell'd,
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refused
 The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,
 The dread Dictator found a sure resource.
 Was she assaulted ? was her glory stain'd ?
 One common quarrel wide inflamed the whole.
 Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
 By social danger bound ; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die.

" Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd :
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
 Of proud Italia blended into one :
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
 And touch'd 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, join'd,
 Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
 And bless'd Arabia aromatic breathes.
 See that dividing far the watery north,
 Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine,
 Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
 In Euxine waves, the flashing Danube roars ;
 To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
 The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,¹
 In the black Scythian sea² 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-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
 In this vast space what various tongues, and states !
 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas !
 What purple tyrants quell'd, 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 swarm'd.
 On a tribunal raised, Flaminius sat ;
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierced
 Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant³ to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts

(1) The ancient name of the Volga.
 (3) The King of Macedonia.

(2) The Caspian Sea.

Possess'd ; 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 :
 Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.'
 The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Stared dubious round ; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
 Is lost in anxious joy,) ' Be that again,
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct and loud.'
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd ;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
 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 rebellow'd to their joy
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills :
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth ¹ shook ;
 And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
 The fitting 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 ?
 Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
 They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace,
 Nor strain'd a slave : and loud acclaims till night
 Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
 Then, crown'd 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 deem'd 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

(1) The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

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 pour'd 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 roll'd,
 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,
 Various, or in subjection or command ;
 And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,
 With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
 Thus she pursued :—"Near this great era, Rome
 Began to feel the swift approach of Fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd : still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation charged.
 From an unequal balance of her sons
 These fierce contentions sprung ; and, as increased
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flamed to tumult. Independence fail'd ;
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk,
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
 On one side swell'd aristocratic Pride ;
 With Usury, the villain ! whose fell gripe
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;
 And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,

Mother of vice! While on the other crept
 A populace in want, with pleasure fired ;
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
 As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes ;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired
 Their headlong fury, but of him deprived,
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

“ This firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,
 Nursed on ferocious Algidum,¹ whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe,)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
 E'en force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pined.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;
 Her² terror once, on Afric's tawny shore,
 Now smoked in dust, a stabling now for wolves ;
 And every dreaded power received the yoke.
 Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which Luxury prepares.
 Unworthy joys, that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid self,
 Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense,
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth ;
 Security relax'd the softening state ;
 And the broad eye of government lay closed.
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more : but party raged ;
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
 Let Discord through the deathful city loose.
 First, mild Tiberius,³ on thy sacred head
 The fury's vengeance fell ; the first, whose blood
 Had, since the consuls, stain'd contending Rome.
 Of precedent pernicious ! with thee bled
 Three hundred Romans ; with thy brother, next,

(1) A town of Latium, near Tusculum.

(2) Carthage.

(3) Tiberius Gracchus.

Three thousand more : till, into battles turn'd
 Debates of peace, and forced the trembling laws,
 The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
 When, half-ashamed, Corruption's thievish arts
 And ruffian force begin to sap the mounds
 And majesty of laws ; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

“ Thus Luxury, Dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth,
 Want wishing change, and Waste repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unatoned, profuse of blood Revenge,
 Corruption all avowed, and lawless Force,
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
 Meantime Ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
 Combined in various storm, and from its base
 The broad republic tore. By Virtue built
 It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
 An ample roof: by Virtue too sustain'd,
 And balanced steady, every tempest sung
 Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
 But when, with sudden and enormous change,
 The first of mankind sunk into the last,
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before Ambition still ; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
 Must ever fall ; when their victorious troops,
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
 No land to sack and pillage but their own.

“ By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first
 Effused the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
 Deep-drenching their revenge, nor virtue spared,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name ;
 Till Rome, into a human shambles turn'd,
 Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains,
 Devoted race !—If no true Roman then,

No Scævola there was, to raise for me
 A vengeful hand : was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age ?
 No son, a witness to his hoary sire
 In dust and gore defiled ? no friend, forlorn ?
 No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself ?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserved
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd ?
 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 resign'd,
 And all unhop'd the commonwealth restored,
 Amazed the public, and effaced his crimes.
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
 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 gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 Or of a Catiline, or Rullus,¹ swell'd
 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 linger'd ; till the flame anew
 Burst out, in blaze immense, and wrapp'd the world.
 The shameful contest sprung ; to whom mankind
 Should yield the neck : to Pompey, who conceal'd
 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 scorn'd.
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.

(1) 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 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 Cæsar's arts caress'd,
 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,¹ succeeding, I beheld
 The imperial monsters all.—A race on earth
 Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind !
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world ;
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace ;
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
 To that of Pætus,² in the peaceful bath,
 O'er 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 sire³ 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 mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chisel's shame)
 On that triumphal arch,⁴ 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

(1) Tiberius.

(2) 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.

(3) Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.

(4) Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

Sarmatia,¹ 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
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 Lies undistinguish'd 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;
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
 The nursery of nations!—These I roused,
 Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
 Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
 As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
 Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
 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 work'd, by slow degrees,
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd:
 Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
 Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
 So, arts and each good genius in my train,
 I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.

“In the bright regions there of purest day,
 Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,
 Adorn'd 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.

(1) The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

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.

The difference between the Ancients and Moderns slightly touched upon. The dark ages : the Goddess of Liberty, who during these periods 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 a while 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. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision. Liberty 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 Virtues of the island : 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 order'd 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-reason'd, 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 crown'd ;
 And, where my Spirit wakes the finer powers,
 Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom.

" Oblivious ages pass'd ; while Earth, forsook
 By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
 And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd 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, swell'd the groaning winds
 With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war :
 From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
 Shook to the pole, the North obey'd her call.
 Forth rush'd 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 follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with these

Another species of tyrannic ¹ rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrus shackles seized
 The' envenom'd soul ; a wilder Fury, she
 Even o'er her Elder Sister ² 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 ;
 If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies !'
 Scholastic Discord, with an hundred tongues,
 For science uttering jangling words obscure,
 Where frighted 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 strew'd, 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,³ disturbing distant lands :
 And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
 All lay reversed : the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,

(1) Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny. (2) Civil tyranny.
 (3) Crusades.

And arts of plunder more and more avow'd ;
 Pure plain Devotion¹ 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,²
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains ;
 Dishonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade³
 And civil broil ; and Glory to romance.
 Thus human life, unhinged, to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.

“ At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
 Disclosing, bade new bright'ning eras smile.
 The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
 And azure-mantled Science, swift we spread
 A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mix'd
 With indignation, urged her downward flight.
 On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
 Ah, poor Italia ! what a bitter cup
 Of vengeance hast thou drain'd ? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
 Lombards, barbarians broke 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 ?
 How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
 Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
 To violation dragg'd, and mingled death ?
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds ;
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
 Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast ?
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,⁴
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all ?
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and buried in their rage
 Wonders of art ; whence this gray scene, a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow.

(1) The corruptions of the Church of Rome.

(2) Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

(3) Duelling.

(4) The Hierarchy.

“ Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remained. A little trace we how they rose.

“ Amid the hoary ruins, Sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known Hero,¹ who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck :
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad ;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape ; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, raised
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smiled of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator :² pitiless his look,
And each keen sinew braced, the storm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying other³ from the gloom she drew :
Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing ; with incumbent fate,
Heavy declines his head ; yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lours,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
The quiver'd god.⁴ In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow :
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-soften'd form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave :
His features yet heroic ardour warms ;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mix'd with the joy elating conquest gives,

(1) The Hercules of Farnese.
(3) Dying Gladiator.

(2) Fighting Gladiator.
(4) Apollo of Belvidere.

A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
 On Flora moved ; her full-proportion'd limbs
 Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
 The Queen of Love¹ 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 enamour'd, and the stone,
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
 So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
 At last her utmost masterpiece² she found,
 That Maro fired ;³ the miserable sire,
 Wrapt with the 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 touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
 Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass
 That ever Greece beheld ; and, seen alone,
 On the rapt 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 mix'd,
 As the strong-curling monsters from his side
 His full-extended fury cannot tear.
 More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
 All the soft-age of younger passions show.
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd ;
 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 clear'd, and dust⁴ and fragments drove
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch,

(1) Venus of Medici.

(2) The group of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

(3) See *Æneid* ii ver. 199—227.

(4) It is reported of Michel Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master of modern sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, of enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form ;
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace
 Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses¹ rise,
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.¹

“ Of these observant, Painting felt the fire
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffused
 The canvas, seized the pallet, with quick hand
 The colours mix'd; and on the void expanse
 Her gay creation pour'd, 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 deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
 The future wonders that enrich'd 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
 The' eternal chase. In elegant design,
 Improving nature; in ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
 In attitude, expression, airs divine;
 Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
 To those of Venice she the magic art
 Of colours melting into colours gave.
 Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
 Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
 Or varies tremulous from part to part,
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
 To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
 The Lombard school,² succeeding, mingled both.

“ Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around,
 Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
 Her universal language of the heart
 Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
 To the full concert spread, and solemn choir.

“ E'en bigots smiled; to their protection took
 Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:

(1) Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern sculpture.
 (2) The school of the Caracci.

For in a tyrant's garden these awhile
May bloom, though Freedom be their parent soil.

“ And now confess'd, with gently-growing gleam
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
The Muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays. But as her northern course
She, with her tutor Science, in my train
Ardent pursued, her strains more noble grew:
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

“ Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

“ On Arno's¹ fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap reposed of private bliss,
I small republics² raised. Thrice happy they!
Had social Freedom bound their peace, and arts,
Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and saved their fate.

“ Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public blessings strew'd:
Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In spite of culture negligent and gross,
From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

“ The barren rocks themselves beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
Thick-swarming people³ there, like emmets seized
Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
Which Nature left in her destroying rage,⁴
Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
There, in white prospect from the rocky hill
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.

(1) The river Arno runs through Florence.

(2) The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna.

(3) The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

(4) According to Dr. Burnet's system of the Deluge.

And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
 Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
 Vied for the trident of the narrow seas,
 Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.

“ Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;¹
 Where, ² push'd from plunder'd 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 fix'd of wondering seas.
 Astonish'd mortals sail'd, 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
 Roll'd 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. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole 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 : ³ found another seat, ⁴
 Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

“ The mountain then, clad with eternal snow,
 Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a league ⁵ of friendly states,

(1) 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.

(2) 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.

(3) The main ocean. (4) Great Britain. (5) Swiss cantons.

And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 Chief, ¹ where the Lemane pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
 Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free; and in their happy streets,
 Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known.
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
 And press their culture or retiring snows;
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
 Of mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
 E'en, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
 And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,
 Pines ² to behold their Alpine views again:
 The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair-spread
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs:
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:
 The fitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
 And, by the sun illumed, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
 The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine:
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes toss'd,
 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 snows.

" From these descending, as I waded my course
 O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse

(1) Geneva, situated on Lake Lemane, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

(2) 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.

Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
 I gave some favour'd cities¹ 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,² the parent-hive
 Of the mix'd kingdoms, form'd 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 fix'd not. Turning to the south,
 The whispering zephyrs sigh'd 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.
 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 steer'd
 With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge,
 Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep.
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;
 And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud.
 Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
 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,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the falling main,)

(1) The Hanse Towns

(2) The Swedes.

Address'd, began—' By Fate commission'd, go,
My Sister-Goddess now, to yon bless'd 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-suns, severely shine ;
Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
E'en, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
The vast Pacific ; that on other worlds,
Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
Long I maintain'd 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, unquell'd, 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 conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
And bind the nations in a golden chain.
To these I honour'd 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 her's 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 deeps return'd :
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, fill'd
 With pleased astonishment the labouring hind,
 Who for a while the' unfinish'd furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breathed,
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy.
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
 Urged by almighty power, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd 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 soften'd light
 Through clouds imbrown'd, 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 finish'd shape,
 Charm'd Sculpture, taking, might improve her art.
 Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
 Half-shining on the promontory's brow,
 Awaiting me, she stood ; with hope inflamed,
 By my mix'd spirit burning in her sons,
 To form, 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 maim'd,
 The lost to reason, the declined in life,
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,

And the gray 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 finish'd 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 join'd,
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
Diffusive rear'd, his pure untroubled eye
The fount of truth. The thoughtful power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd 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 earn'd,
Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
Or should the latter, to the public scene
Demanded, quit his silvan 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 plunder'd country, or his power resign,
 A moment's parley were eternal shame :
 Illustrious into private life again,
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
 Aloof the bashful Virtue hover'd coy,
 Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
 Rough Labour closed the train : and in his hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
 Came manly Indignation. Sour he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd ;
 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 pass'd in silence ; whose enraptured eye
 Sees Heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd 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 astonish'd 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 enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
 O'er the raised circle ray'd superior day.

" I joy'd 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 heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fired us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd 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 flatter'd kings
 They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
 Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
 Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
 Of wolves and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
 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 whisper'd 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 worth 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, by his service, who betrays his king.

"Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
 To present grandeur how my Britain rose.

" Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
 Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
 Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
 And the gay circle of their woodland wars :
 For by the Druid¹ taught, that death but shifts
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despised ;
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd 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 burn'd intense,
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,
 Who saw'st thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
 Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
 To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an empire's² yoke, a stubborn isle,
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdued.
 The North³ remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
 To stoop retired ; and, to their keen effort
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
 From sea to sea desponding legions raised
 The wall immense,⁴ and yet, on summer's eve,
 While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,⁵
 As often, check'd, receded ; threatening hoarse
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endured control, when, to support
 The last remains of empire,⁶ was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
 Unnerved, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk.
 Great proof, how men enfeeble into slaves !

(1) The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

(2) The Roman empire.

(3) Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts ; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.

(4) The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite across the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway Frith.

(5) Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

(6) The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

The sword ¹ behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when Caractacus ² to battle led
 Silurian swains, and Boadicea ³ 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-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came.
 He came implored, but came with other aim
 Than to protect : for conquest and defence
 Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.
 Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight ;
 And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
 Unpeaceful death their choice : deriving thence
 A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,
 In Odin's hall ;⁴ whose blazing roof resounds
 The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
 In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt ;
 And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,

(1) The Britons, applying to Aetius, 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.”

(2) 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.

(3) Queen of the Iceni.

(4) It is certain that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves underground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.—*Sir Wm. Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.*

The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my British reign. Untamed
 To the refining subtleties of slaves,
 They brought an happy government along ;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspired. Monarchical their state,
 But prudently confined, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious power : only, too much,
 Imperious war into their rule infused,
 Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.

“ In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
 Bled the discordant Heptarchy ;¹ and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd ;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert² and Peace on one united throne.

“ No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm
 Of brighter days, when lo ! the North anew,
 With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
 The Danish Raven,³ lured by annual prey,
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
 Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far seen, the Demon of devouring flame ;
 Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,
 Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ;
 While close behind them march'd 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

(1) The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons were to some extent united. One state generally attained an undefined ascendancy over the others,—the prince who for the time held it was called *Bretwalder*, or *Weilder* of the Britons ; and there was also an assembly general named the *Wittenagemot*.

(2) Egbert, king of Wessex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

(3) A famous Danish standard was called *Reafan*, or *Raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

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 depress'd the soul
 Of conquering Freedom, which he once respired.
 Thus cruel ages pass'd ; and rare appear'd
 White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
 As when, with Alfred,¹ from the wilds she came
 To policed cities and protected plains.
 Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
 Then set entire in Hastings'² 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 toil'd and bled.
 Of Gothic nations this the final burst ;
 And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
 Their virtues join'd in one exalted stream,
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.”

“ Awhile my Spirit slept ; the land awhile,
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
 Instead of Edward's³ equal gentle laws,
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
 All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret shade,
 Deep-stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
 His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
 And of their bulwark, arms ; with castles crush'd,
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land ;
 The shivering wretches, at the curfew⁴ sound,
 Dejected shrunk into their sordid beds,

(1) Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions.

(2) The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II., the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

(3) Edward III. 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.”

(4) The Curfew-bell (from the French *couvre-feu*), which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine. This custom has continued in some parts of England to the present day.

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 forest¹ roughen'd wide around.

“ But this so dead, so vile submission, long
 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 check'd.
 The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
 Denied her portion of the plunder'd 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! press'd by a band²
 Of Patriots, ardent as a summer's noon
 That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
 Mark! how with feign'd 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 affirm'd
 These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
 Of Opposition³ 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 minister, they purge;
 And ventilated states renew their bloom.

“ Though with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd
 Aristocratic sway, the People still,
 Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,

(1) The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass is said to have been laid waste.

(2) On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runny mede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

(3) The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.

No full protection knew. For me reserved,
 And for my Commons, was that glorious turn.
 They crown'd my first attempt, in senates¹ rose
 The fort of Freedom! Slow till then, alone,
 Had work'd 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, rush'd
 From the rude iron regions of the North,
 To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
 Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the King and Chiefs
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross'd
 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
 Of Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
 Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
 King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
 Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
 For since the moment of the whole they form,
 So, as depress'd or raised, the balance they
 Of public welfare and of glory cast.
 Mark from this period the continual proof.

“When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
 Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
 And poorly passive of insulting foes;
 Double,—not prudent; obstinate,—not firm;
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
 Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste;

(1) 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. This act originated in Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester.

By counsels weak and wicked, easy roused
 To paltry schemes of absolute command,
 To seek their splendour in their sure disgrace,
 And in a broken ruin'd people wealth :
 When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
 No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
 Combined the loose disjointed public, lost
 To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

“ But when an Edward,¹ and a Henry² breathed
 Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul :
 Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
 When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :
 Then counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of state, determined kept
 Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock
 Of public good and glory grafted, spread
 Their palms—their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of restraint :
 When regal state, preeminence of place,
 They scorn'd to deem preeminence of ease,
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob
 The busy hive : as in distinction, power,
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;
 When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
 Superior rank ; with equal hand prepared
 To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :
 When such with me their vital influence shed,
 No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;
 No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
 Confined their bounty, and their ardour quench'd :
 On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given :
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fired,
 Warm where they led victorious armies rush'd ;
 And Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt,³ proclaim
 What Kings supported by almighty Love,
 And People fired with Liberty, can do.

“ Be veil'd the savage reigns,⁴ when kindred rage
 The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd ! and when, oppress'd

(1) Edward III.

(2) Henry V.

(3) Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French. The two first by Edward III., and the latter by Henry V.

(4) During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant¹ 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 mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;²
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law,³ 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 diminish'd floods, the country smiled.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
He foams along; but through Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.
His furious son⁴ the soul-enslaving chain,⁵
Which many a dotting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
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 Wycliffe⁶ streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,

(1) Henry VII.

(2) The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., was called the “King-Maker.”

(3) Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

(4) Henry VIII.

(5) Of papal dominion.

(6) John de Wycliffe, doctor of divinity, of Oxford, and rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire; who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the Church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Forth from the haunts of Superstition¹ crawl'd
 Her motley sons, fantastic figures all ;
 And, wide-dispersed, their useless fetid wealth
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

“Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
 A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
 A golden flood. From other worlds² were roll'd
 The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
 By the plain Indian happily despised,
 Yet work'd 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 enrich'd, and powerful grown,
 Against the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She ! like the secret Eye
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So sought, so mark'd, so seized the public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She awed her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspired by me, beneath her sheltering arm,
 In spite of raging universal sway³
 And raging seas repress'd, 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-threaten'd fleet,⁴
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage :
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ;
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involved,
 The trembling foe even to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and, skulking, stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.

(1) Suppression of monasteries. (2) The Spanish West Indies.

(3) The dominion of the house of Austria.

(4) The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Meantime, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

“As yet uncircumscribed the regal power,
And wild and vague prerogative remain'd ;
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was my great effort.

“By means that evil seem to narrow man,
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-commission'd, came,
Came in the Prince,¹ who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels ruled the world ;
Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslaved,
And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love :
Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd :
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd ;
Abandon'd Frederick ² 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,³ 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 so the dire effect,
The fierce, the foolish discord ⁴ thence derived,
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 !

(1) James I.

(2) 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.

(3) The till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

(4) The parties of Whig and Tory.

" But his unyielding son ¹ 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 push'd.
 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 ² he
 Of Public Wisdom and of Justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
 The' illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
 With execration given, or ruthless squeezed
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant-power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train : informers, spies,
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove
 Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas, ³
 To sell the starving many to the few, ⁴
 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 ⁵ 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 appeal'd ; 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 call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame

(1) Charles I.

(2) Parliaments.

(3) Ship-money.

(4) Monopolies.

(5) 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.

Broke out, that clear'd, consumed, renew'd the land.
 In deep emotion hurl'd, 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
 What nuisance to devour ; such wisdom fired
 With unabating zeal, and aim'd 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 swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heighten'd blaze ; and, ever wise and just,
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
 Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapp'd,
 And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
 King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
 Successive, rush'd. Lo ! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-State.¹

“ The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolved ;
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,²
 Was purchased ³ that which taught the young to bend.
 Stronger restored, the Commons tax'd the whole,
 And built on that eternal rock their power.
 The Crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, 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
 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

(1) The Restoration. (2) Charles II. (3) Court of Wards.

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 shower'd, 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 pension'd king,
 Against his country bribed by Gallic gold ;
 The Port ¹ pernicious sold, the Scylla since
 And fell Charybdis of the British seas ;
 Freedom attack'd abroad,² with surer blow
 To cut it off at home ; the saviour-league ³
 Of Europe broke ; the progress e'en advanced
 Of universal sway,⁴ which to reduce
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost ;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces ⁵ not their own,
 Employed ; the darling church herself betray'd ;
 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 ⁶ through the land ;
 Nor Sidney bleeding for the' unpublish'd page ;
 Nor on the bench avowed corruption placed,
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form ;⁷
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.

(1) Dunkirk.

(2) The war in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

(3) The Triple Alliance.

(4) Under Louis XIV.

(5) A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

(6) The charters of corporations.

(7) Judge Jefferies.

Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
 The patient public turns not, till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I roused
 The bigot king,¹ 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
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 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 hush'd the deep
 By demons roused, and bade the listed winds,²
 Still shifting as behoved, with various breath,
 Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming channel³ 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,⁴
 E'en adverse navies⁵ bless'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arrived, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host⁶
 For once, in yielding their best victory found,
 And by desertion proved exalted faith;

(1) James II.

(2) 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.

(3) Rapin says, "On 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."

(4) 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;" and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, "*Je maintiendrai* (I will maintain)."—*Rapin*.

(5) The English fleet.

(6) The king's army.

While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

“ Then dawn'd 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 swallow'd 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-wing'd moment. Pleased to yield
Destructive power, the 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
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 whole 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 barr'd, the precipice of ill.
O luxury divine ! O poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones !

(1) By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

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 mix'd,
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.

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 bless'd Britannia! in thy presence bless'd,
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, e'en 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-tinctured 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 betray'd,—
Unequall'd bliss !—and to unequall'd rage !
Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,
Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd 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, unquell'd by toil,
Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase :
She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours
Unnumber'd flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,
That wraps the nations : she, to lusty droves,
The richest pasture spreads ; and, her's, 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 roll'd
In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
Disturb'd. Enlivening these, and cities, full
Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds :
Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,
Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale,
Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell :
Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
Embosom'd 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 tin the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
 Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
 She rears to freedom an undaunted race :
 Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
 Her's the warm Cambrian ; her's the lofty Scot,
 The hardship tamed, active in arts and arms,
 Fired with a restless, an impatient flame,
 That leads him raptured where ambition calls ;
 And English merit her's ; 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 touch'd before."

" But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand ?
 On what unyielding base ? how finish'd shine ? "

At this her eye collecting all its fire,
 Beam'd 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 awaken'd ear :

" On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,
 On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
 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.
 Unbless'd 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 determin'd voice and heart are sold ?
 What boasted freedom, save a sounding name ?
 And what election, but a market vile
 Of slaves self-barter'd ? 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 scorn'd 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 sustain'd
 Of British freedom ; independent life ;
 Integrity in office ; and, o'er all
 Supreme, a passion for the common weal.

“ 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 bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd 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 free-man, 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 call'd, 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 makes the soundest bliss of man below :
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily wretched train,
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

“ Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expense
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
 Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
 See ! how the hall with brutal riot flows ;
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark ! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd,
 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 retain'd 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-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
 Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck !
 Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
 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 all-licensed troops
 In some sack'd city. Thus dissolved their wealth,
 Without one generous luxury dissolved,
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe :
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd 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 wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
 O far superior Afric's sable sons,
 By merchant pilfer'd, 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 remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold
 Your independence ; for that once destroy'd,
 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 mix'd ;
 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 pass'd 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 scatter'd 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 her's.
 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
 It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
 Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
 It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
 At last, the central parent-public calls
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
 The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
 Than those of self, this Heaven-infused delight,
 This moral gravitation rushing prone
 To press the public good, my system soon,
 'T'averse, to several selfish centres drawn,
 Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut
 Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

" From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
 None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire!
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,

A dull gazette ! The' impatient reader scorns
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
 Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind.
 Through the deep periods of devolving time,
 Those, raptured, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.

“ True, a corrupted state, with every vice
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
 The pale, inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ?
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
 Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?
 The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
 The poor and weak, at distance from redress ?
 Delirious faction bellowing loud my name ?
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
 A race resolved on bondage, fierce for chains,
 My sacred rights a merchandise alone
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepared,
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?
 Who these indeed can undetesting see ?—
 But who unpitying ? to the generous eye
 Distress is virtue ; and, though self-betray'd,
 A people struggling with their fate must rouse
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then !
 Fit luxury for gods ! to save the good,
 Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside,
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
 Posterity, besides ! the young are pure,
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

“ Should then the times arrive (which Heaven avert ')
 That Britons bend unnerved, not by the force
 Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
 But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
 Arts impudent ! and gross ! by their own gold,
 In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all :
 With party raging, or immersed in sloth,

Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
 To sily-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 fever'd 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 !
 Deem'd 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 absorpt
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
 Of roused corruption, still demanding more.
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
 Her ornamented head, drill'd 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,
Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd 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 pour'd, 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 even 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 bless'd retirement still they dwell.

“ To softer prospect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd science, arts, and public works,
That lend my finish'd 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 puff'd with power, and gorged with wealth,
A nation be ; let trade enormous rise,
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,
Till, swell'd 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,
Impress'd, renown had left no trace behind :
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd 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, dress'd 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 unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of fancy dress'd, 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 ¹
Unequall'd glory: with the Theban sage,
Epaminondas, first and best of men !
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before ! ²
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
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-brew'd 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 enlighten'd 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.

(1) The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was conducted by Xenophon.

(2) Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedæmonians 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.*

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,
 Not 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,
 Depress'd, 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.
 Oh, shame to think ! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose ?
 E'en in that monarch's reign,¹ who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
 To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,
 His armies dared all Europe to the field ;
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;
 From Britain, chief, while my superior sons,
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd 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 glow'd !

“ 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;
 The flood-compelling arch ; the long canal,²
 Through mountains piercing and uniting seas ;
 The dome³ resounding sweet with infant joy,

(1) Louis XIV.

(2) The Canal of Languedoc.

(3) The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

From famine saved, or cruel-handed shame ;
 And that 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 clear'd, and, by degrees,
 Into sure peace the best policy refined,
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
 Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
 And science, by despotic bounty bless'd,
 At distance flourish'd 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-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
 Chastised and regular, with well-judged wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, graced,
 Was life itself. To public honours raised,
 How learning in warm seminaries ¹ spread ;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
 Almost obtain'd 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,² that, of unvalued price,
 The famed and only picture, easy, gives,
 Refined her touch, and, through the shadow'd piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter, pour'd.
 Coyest of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
 How lavish grandeur blazed ; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smiled.
 How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn,

(1) The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

(2) Engraving.

The palace cheer'd, illum'd the storied wall,
And with the pencil vied the glowing loom.¹

“These laurels, Louis, 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
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-sunk millions fed ? Superior still,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom swell'd ? 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, betray'd, 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 ! O better sun !
Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy north,
Sublimed, not envies Languedocian skies,
That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile :
When shall we call those ancient laurels ours ?
And when thy work complete ?” Straight with her hand,

(1) The tapestry of the Gobelins.

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

“ They come ! great Goddess ! I the times behold !
 The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
 Have earn'd 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 wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
 Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, 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 fool'd,
 Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
 But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.

Then, beam'd 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 form'd.

“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 Yorks 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 ! rased their haunts, down dash'd 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 bless'd 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 form'd,
 And, crowding round, the charm'd savanna 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 earn'd
 Its guiltless pangs ; I see ! the stores, profuse,
 Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
 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 maim'd, 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 dew array'd.
 Lo ! how they rise ! these families of Heaven !
 That ! chief,¹ (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 impassion'd truth,
 Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd.
 Behold ! I see the dread delightful school
 Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 Restored : behold ! the well-dissembled scene
 Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
 Lo ! vanish'd monster land ! Lo ! driven away
 Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane :
 Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 Unknown to nature, Chaos more confus'd,
 O'er the brute scene its orang-outans pours ;
 Detested forms ! that, on the mind impress'd,
 Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold ! all thine again the Sister-Arts,
 Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.

(1) The Foundling Hospital.

Nursed by the treasure from a nation drain'd
 Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 Their untamed genius, their unfetter'd 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 ;¹
 A Bathurst o'er the widening forest² spreads ;
 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.
 Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
 Lo ! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd 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 deepen'd rivers join
 Each part with each, and with the circling main
 The whole enliven'd 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 light-house towers ;
 And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
 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,
 Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome.

(1) At his Twickenham Villa (2) Okely woods, near Cirencester.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

YE fabled Muses, I your aid disclaim,
Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame :
True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires ;
The soul springs instant at the warm design,
And the heart dictates every flowing line.
See ! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
And death has shut her ever-weeping eyes ;
Has lodged at last peace in her weary breast,
And lull'd 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 unnumber'd ills beside.
For see ! attended by the' angelic throng,
Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,
And claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky :—
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye ;
She seeks the helpless orphans left behind ;
So hardly left ! so bitterly resign'd !
Still, still ! is she my soul's divinest 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 screaming Sorrow blast its baleful hours ;

When on the margin of the briny flood ¹
 Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
 Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
 And mix'd 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, convey'd 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 ?
 Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
 And whelm'd 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' exalted voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,
 To soothe her soul in agonies of death.
 I see her through the mansions bless'd above,
 And now she meets her dear expecting Love.
 Heart-cheering sight ! but yet, alas ! o'erspread
 By the damp gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.
 Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,
 And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling Power,
 Who from the night commands the shining day,
 The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay !

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars ; and every Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 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 deterr'd, 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.

(1) On the shore of Leith, when he embarked for London.

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 listen'd while he bound the Suns,
And Planets, to their spheres! the' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
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 dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, 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 diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
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 form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd 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,
An universe complete ! And O, beloved
Of Heaven ! whose well-purged penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd 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
Return'd, 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 astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun !

The' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd 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 everything displays,
 Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
 Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
 And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 Collecting every ray into his kind,
 To the charm'd 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 play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
 Emerged the deepen'd 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 stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involved
 Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised
 His lights at equal distances, to guide
 Historian, wilder'd 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 swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd 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 establish'd 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 impassion'd 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 worshipp'd 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-bless'd,
 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 ray'd into thy mind below,
 From Light himself; oh, look with pity down
 On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
 And be her Genius call'd! 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.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN.

[Mr. Aikman was born in Scotland, and designed for the profession of the law: but travelled to Italy, and returned a painter. He was patronised in Scotland by the Duke of Argyle, and afterwards met with encouragement to settle in London: but falling into a long and languishing disease, he died at his house in Leicester-fields, June 1731, aged 50.]

OH, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
 Just as the living forms by thee design'd;
 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 :
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow,
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day ;
Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,
Or wandering nature through with raptured eye,
Adored the hand that turn'd yon azure sky :
Whether to social life he bent his thought,
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
Gay converse bless'd ; 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 snatch'd 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 sever'd from the heart ;
Till loosen'd 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,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death ;
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD
TALBOT,

LATE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Addressed to his Son.)

WHILE with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost ; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd 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 enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd 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
Awaken'd 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 glow'd
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 disdain'd
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life
 That might be saved ; disdain'd 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, return'd 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 human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
 The throb of patriots, when they model states :
 Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd 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 gain'd 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 listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !
 While on the' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd 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, perplex'd,
 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 to the soul,
 And warm with awful flame the' impassion'd 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 reign'd,
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,
 No passion e'er disturb'd 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 gleam'd,
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd 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 appear'd,
 And e'en the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senate, he, to freedom firm,
 Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
 His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooth'd 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 stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
 To lengthen further out the clear debate.
 Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
 Pour'd 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 touch'd, 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 join'd
 To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
 And honour of such adamant proof,
 As e'en corruption, hopeless, and o'er-awed,

Durst not have tempted ! yet of manners mild,
 And winning every heart, he knew to please,
 Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd
 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, veil'd
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good !
 His sympathising heart itself received
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 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 letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
 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 freshen'd world
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Stil' 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 appear'd,

Which thinks not of appearing ; kindly veil'd
 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 mix'd improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd 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 blood, oh ! speak the joy,
 The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
 In semblance of amusement, through the breast
 Infused. And thou, O Rundle !¹ 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,
 When Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 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 flow'd. The serious there

(1) Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain ;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd 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 reign'd.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
 Of family, or friends, or native land,
 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
 Extended his benevolence : a friend
 To human-kind, 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 gain'd,
 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,
 Scann'd 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 scorn'd.
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 robb'd 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 quench'd amid 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 ray'd it down a while. Behold! approved
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to the' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
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 forbade 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 impress'd, 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 which 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.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

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,
 Nor more thy bosom presses down its own :
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincera :
 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 roll'd their cares away,
 Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :
 'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
 Bless'd 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.

 TO SERAPHINA.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
 Are like the false illusive light,
 Whose flattering un auspicious 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 bless'd,
 Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;
 But Seraphina's eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious influence ;
 Such as in visions angels shed
 Around the heaven-illumined 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 join'd ;
 And heaven infused into the mind.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LATTER PART OF THE
SIXTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
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 music, 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 ?”

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 whisper'd 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, calm'd 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 rivall'd 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 array'd,
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.

 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,¹ 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 join'd,
 For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

(1) Jeremiah

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 lover's 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 bless'd !
 My woes all other remedy deny ;
 Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die !

TO AMANDA,

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.

SONG.

UNLESS with my Amanda bless'd,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.
 Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing ;
 In vain the freshening fields appear :—
 Without my love there is no Spring.

SONG.

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,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

SONG.

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,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
 That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
 Bless'd in the full possession of thy love :
 O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my 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, sustain'd 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 bless'd, lest envious tongues should blame :
 And hence, in vain I languish for my bride !
 O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

SONG.

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.

 SONG.

ONE day the god of fond desire,
 On mischief bent, to Damon said,
 "Why not disclose your tender fire,
 Not own it to the lovely maid?"

The shepherd mark'd 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."

 SONG.

COME, gentle god of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast,
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,
 Or frantic Folly's wildness dress'd;

But come in Friendship's angel-guise;
 Yet dearer thou than Friendship art,
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the 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.

SONG.

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 bounteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts ;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd 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 !

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADISHALL, IN SUFFOLK. 1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall :
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;
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 !

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

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-look'd 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.
 These eyes wipe often with the hallow'd lawn,
 Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
 Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,
 Now let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue,
 If ere 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 e'er the sage is heard to bray,
 The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

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 Muses' song,
 United Britons thy dear offspring hail :
 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 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 Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
 To sing the promised glories of thy reign !
 What though, by years depress'd, my Muse might bend ;
 My heart will teach her still a nobler strain :
 How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
 When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more !

 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 curv'd 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 wide sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;
 When 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,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;
 Where social love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline.
 Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

PROLOGUE TO MALLET'S TRAGEDY OF
 "MUSTAPHA."

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
 To picture life, and show the' impassion'd mind ;
 The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
 The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
 There, in full pomp the tragic Muse appears,
 Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
 Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart :
 She pours it strong, and instant through the heart.
 If virtue is the 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.

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 depress'd 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.

ODE IN THE MASQUE OF "ALFRED."

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 bless'd 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 thy 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 ;
Bless'd isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
"Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves."

The masque of "Alfred" was written by Thomson in conjunction with Mallet, and represented at Clifden, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the 1st of August, 1740; and although this inspiring ode has been generally attributed to Thomson, Mr. Bolton Corney ascribes it to Mallet. The music of the masque was composed by Dr. Arne. The whole is now sunk into oblivion save this noble strain of patriotic verse, the poetry and music of which are worthy the universal popularity they attained.

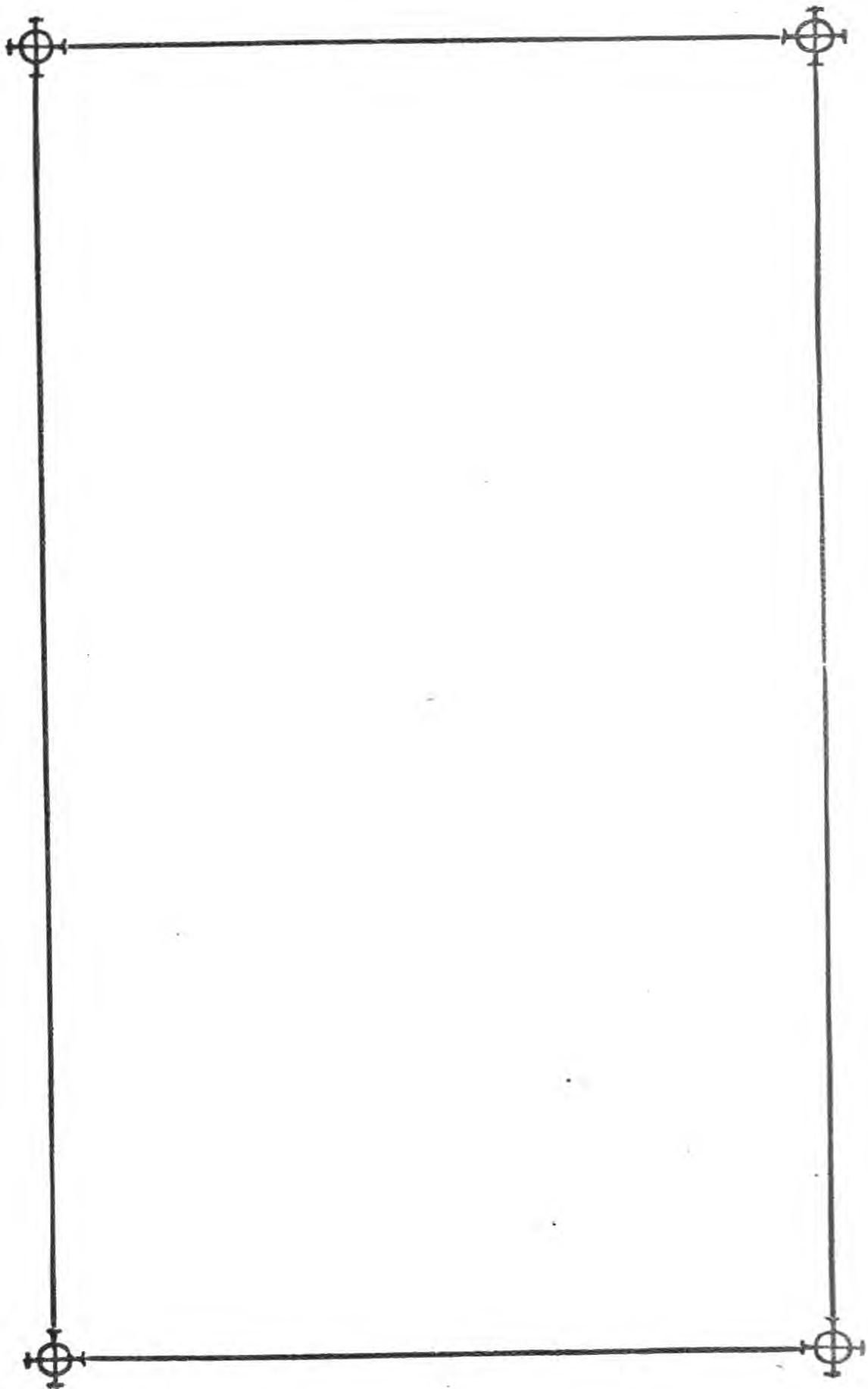


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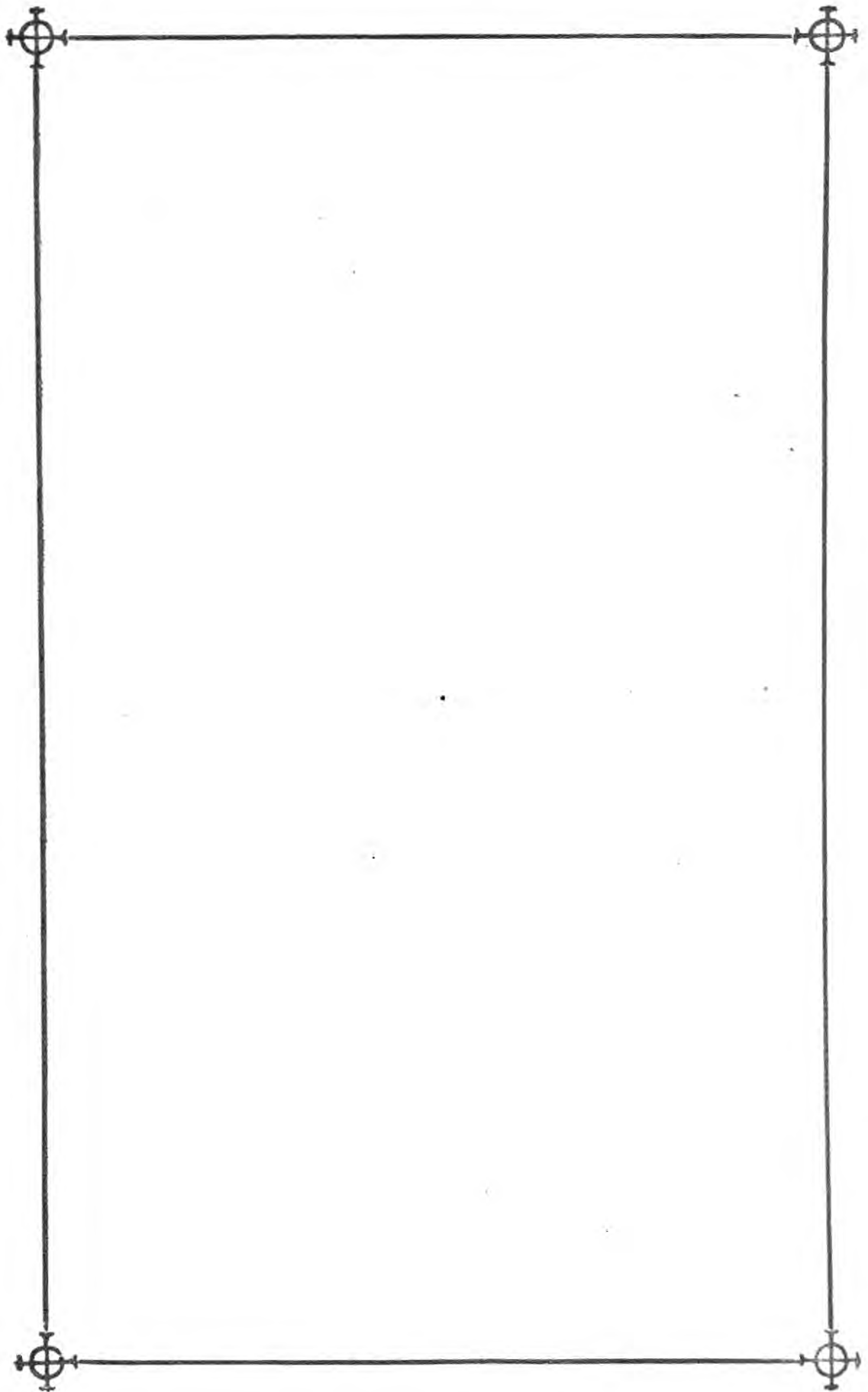
OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.



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BEATTIE.

JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurence-kirk, in Kircardineshire, Scotland, October 25, 1735. His father was a small farmer, and we are told his parents were noticed for intellectual attainments not common to their station in life. The poet was, after the education of the school of the village, entered at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, in 1749, where he obtained honours, and in 1753 was appointed schoolmaster of Fordoun, about six miles from his native place. Here, in a solitary abode at the foot of the Grampians, the poetic temperament of his mind was fostered by the grandeur of the scenery that surrounded him. While at Fordoun, he attracted the notice of the celebrated Lord Monboddo, whose friendship he ever after retained. In 1758 he was elected usher to the Grammar-school of Aberdeen, and two years after appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College. The course of lectures which he delivered were afterwards remodelled, and published in his "Elements of Moral Science." In 1767 he married Miss Dun, daughter of the Rector of the Grammar-school at Aberdeen.

In 1770 he gave to the world a work which he had been long engaged upon, under the title of "An Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism." This work, we are told, was

only the first part of an intended lecture on the "Evidences of Morality and Religion," which habitual ill-health and a dislike to severe study prevented him completing. Being mainly directed at the writings of Hume, it was much read at the time, though now fallen into neglect.

The first canto of "The Minstrel," which he had begun four years before, was published anonymously in 1771. It was favourably received and highly praised by Gray, and visiting London soon after, the author was warmly received by Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, and other eminent literary characters of the day. The interest of these powerful friends was exerted to obtain for Beattie some reward, and in 1773 he had the grant of a pension of 200*l.*; beyond this, the king (George III.) received him with the most distinguished favour; and the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. The poet was now engaged in completing "The Minstrel," the second part of which was published in 1774. He had offers of good livings in the English Church, but which he declined; "partly," he says, "because it might be construed into a want of principle, if, at the age of thirty-eight, I were to quit, with no other *apparent* motive than that of bettering my circumstances, that Church of which I have hitherto been a member."

Beattie produced some other prose works, chiefly taken from his Academical Lectures, which are not within our province here more particularly to refer to.

His life passed in discharge of his academical duties without any marked events, occasionally visiting London, until 1790, when he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, at twenty-two years of age. In 1796, the death of his only other surviving son, after a week's illness, completely overwhelmed him. His health, never very good, gradually declined, and in 1799 he was struck by palsy, and the

closing days of his life were most melancholy. After two subsequent attacks of palsy, he died August 18, 1803.

In all the relations of private life, and in discharge of his public duties, Dr. Beattie was most amiable, and he commanded the esteem and affection of a large circle of friends. It is to be recorded, to his honour, that long before the question of the abolition of the slave-trade was brought before Parliament, Beattie was most active in protesting against that iniquitous traffic.

The author informs us, "his design was to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, an itinerant Poet and Musician ;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred." We are inclined to view "The Minstrel" rather as a natural and beautiful allegory, in which the progressive development of the imagination and of the reasoning powers in a mind of native genius and sensibility, together with the influence of natural scenery and of solitude upon the heart, is philosophically illustrated. This is, indeed, all that the author professes to have accomplished in his first book, which is occupied with a description of the pursuits and amusements of "The Minstrel's" childhood and early youth. Edwin is not the portrait of an individual, such as the Wanderer or the Solitary, in Wordsworth's "Excursion;" there is no dramatic substance in the form of the "Minstrel." He is rather the romance of early life personified; and this constitutes the true charm of the poem.

The second book of "The Minstrel" is almost entirely didactic; but the strain of moral sentiment is of that simple and affecting cast, which is peculiarly calculated to awaken the emotions of taste. A calm contemplative

melancholy pervades the whole canto, and gives the air of poetry to the gravest lessons of truth. Upon the same principle, the painter borrows the tints of the evening to heighten the beauty of his landscape; and with a profound knowledge of the effect of pathetic sentiment, Poussin has introduced into a festive scene of rural innocence, a monumental stone with this simple inscription, *Et ego in Arcadia fui.*

The objects of hope, no less than those of memory, appear to be susceptible of those associations which are adapted to excite the emotion of melancholy. In either case, whether reverting to what has been, or to what may be, the mind finds itself on the confines of regions extending far beyond the reach of her faculties, in which all that she can discern are but the reflections of her own image, or the mere illusions of light and shadow.

In addition to these general exciting causes of pensive emotion, which are so beautifully alluded to in the opening of the second book of "The Minstrel," the poet proceeds to unfold those views of the actual condition of mankind which are strongly adapted to nourish the sentiment of melancholy; and which, did they not gradually break upon the mind, would seem to be sufficient to overwhelm it with disappointment and dismay.

"The Minstrel," it must be remembered, is an unfinished poem. The two parts are nevertheless sufficiently complete in themselves.

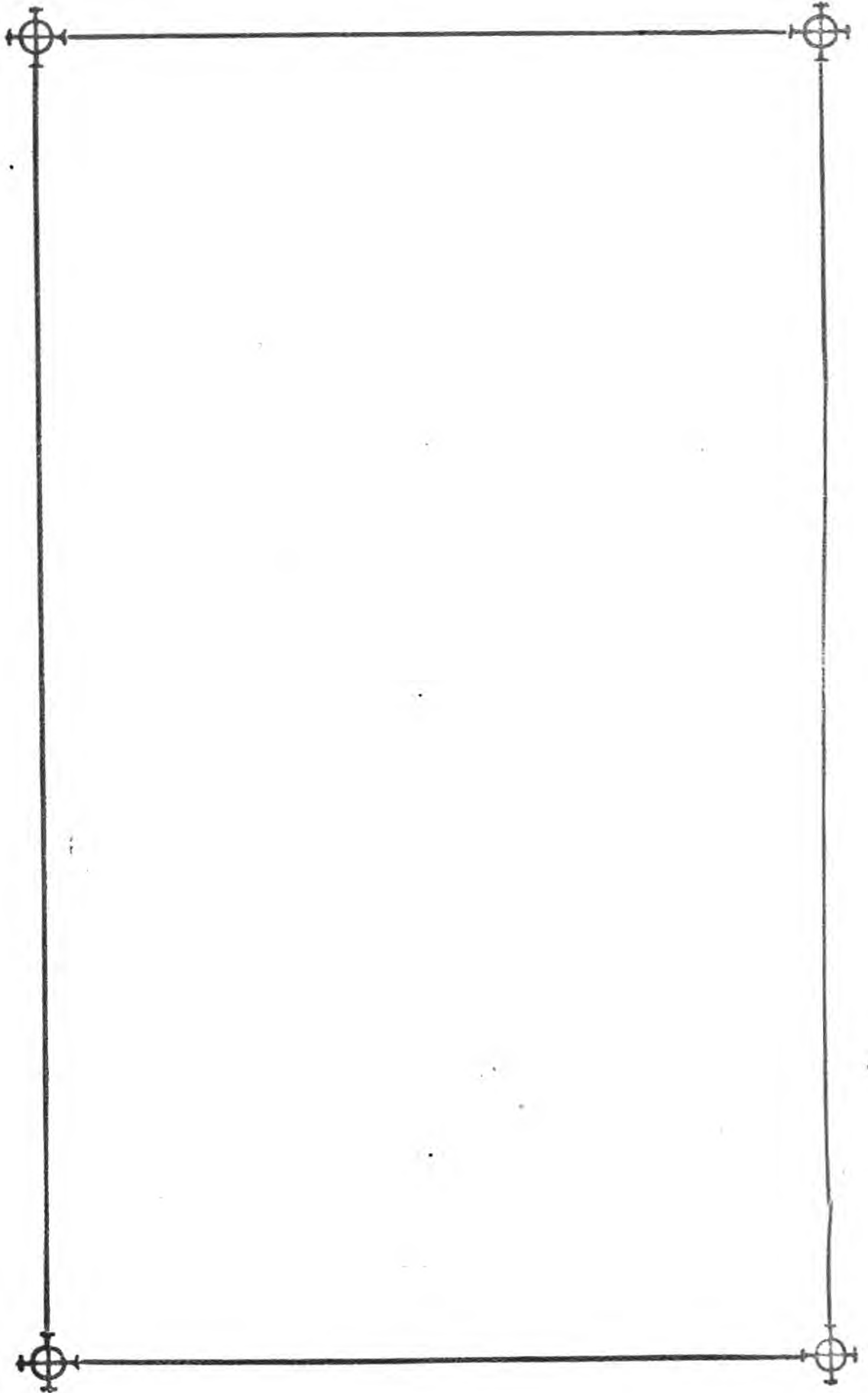
THE MINSTREL

PREFACE.

THE design was to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject; but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.



THE MINSTREL ;
OR,
THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

I.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown !

II.

And yet the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all ;
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame ;
Supremely bless'd, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray :
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wild responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
 That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
 With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
 The gentle Muses haunt the silvan reign ;
 Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
 Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms :
 They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
 The parasite their influence never warms,
 Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
 Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
 Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
 While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
 Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
 Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.
 O, let them ne'er, with artificial note,
 To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
 But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
 Nor was perfection made for man below.
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd ;
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine, grow ;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire :
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 The' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
 No : let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd ;
 Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
 E'en from thyself, thy loathsome heart to hide
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene),
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 All that echoes to the song of even ;
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;
 O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love and gentleness and joy impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
 A nation famed for song and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
 His drink, the living water from the rock ;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
 went.

XIII.

From labour, health—from health, contentment springs ;
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
 That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
 Nor Fate his calm and humbled hopes beguiled ;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er cast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
 Each season look'd delightful as it pass'd,
 To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd : secure beneath the storm
 Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair ;
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
 No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth and wit and worth ;
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;
 Silent, when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
 him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led ;
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;
 These he detested : these he scorn'd to wield :
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the silvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
 And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn :
 Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for awhile ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo ! the Sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreaded pleasure ! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
 In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

XXII.

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness and in storm he found delight ;
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
 The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul ;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

“ O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom ! ”
 The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,
 “ Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !
 Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?
 Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?
 For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
 And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

“ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd !
 Ah! see th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
 Have all the solitary vale embrown'd ;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :
 And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
 Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

“ Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
 So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 O, smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span !
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

“ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn :
 But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed ?
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

“ Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
 No ! Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
 reign.”

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught :
 In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
 No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
 "Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view,
 Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduced unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear !
 Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear !
 To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
 The visionary boy from shelter fly ;
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
 And, lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun !
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire ;
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :
 Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening, wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
 And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,¹
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

XXXIII.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
 Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;
 And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold ;
 And forth an host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;
 And here and there, right venerably old,
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
 The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
 And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
 To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
 Rapid along : with many-colour'd rays
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
 Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
 Fell chanticleer ! who oft hath reft away
 My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
 O, to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
 Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
 Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
 Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,
 Who feels from every change amusement flow !
 E'en now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark :
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus sty,
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to th' enraptured heart and ear and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign
 (Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah, me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legend when the beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd ;
 Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid :
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die :
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
 " For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,—
 " But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
 Dark e'en at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
 But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
 Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
 But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
 Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
 Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend ?
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end !

L.

One part—one little part—we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
 For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
 On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
 Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
 Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
 And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
 For why ? Their powers, inadequate before,
 This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device,
 Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
 To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
 That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
 Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue :
 Where, midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
 And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts, rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
 The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
 Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
 Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day ;
 E'en then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
 Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
 What time the lightning's fierce career began,
 And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the lively pipe, when all
 In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
 Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
 Ah, then all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
 Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
 When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy !

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
 Alas, how is that rugged heart forlorn !
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
 His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute :
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From gothic tale or song or fable old,
 Roused him still keen, to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury controll'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

LX.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while,
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
 But on this verse if Montague should smile,
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
 And her applause to me is more than fame ;
 For still with truth accords her taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human kind.

BOOK II.

I.

OF chance or change, oh, let not man complain,
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail ;
 For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale,
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
 Earthquakes have raised to Heaven the humble vale,
 And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
 And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have
 bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 'To learn the dire effects of time and change,
 Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
 Yet, at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
 But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
 Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame, is mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
 Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
 And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
 Now when I leave that flowery path for ay,
 Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
 Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
 Where every face was innocent and gay,
 Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
 Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy :
 But now and then the shades of life explore ;
 Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows ;
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
 But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks ! superior to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
 And from the stormy promontory tower,
 And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
 And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
 And vales more mild, and mountains more sublime.
 One evening as he framed the careless rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trod ;
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene ;
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made :
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The piercing eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole :

X.

" Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose !
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes ?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

XI.

“ Vain man ! is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquests wade ?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

“ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.”
This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice his theme renew :
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
“ Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good !
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

XIV.

“ Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file ;
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue ?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view !

XV.

“The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
 Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
 This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 And if no future age shall hear my name,
 I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
 And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

“The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
 Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
 Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease ?
 Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome or Greece,
 The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
 The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,
 If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring ?

XVII.

“Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown.
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
 Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 With here and there a violet bestrown,
 Fast by a brook, a fountain's murmuring wave ;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

“And thither let the village swain repair ;
 And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
 To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair,
 And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
 Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;
 And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
 Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
 No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

“ For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
 And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
 Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
 For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
 O man ! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
 Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
 Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
 Why all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
 defiled ?

XX.

“ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
 What majesty attends night's lovely queen !
 Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 But, in the mental world, what chaos drear ;
 What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
 O when shall that eternal morn appear,
 These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear ?

XXI.

“ O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion driven
 Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
 Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
 O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way !”

XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
 “ And is it thus in courtly life,” he cries,
 “ That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?
 And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
 Each social instinct, and sublime desire ?
 Hail, Poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,
 If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !”

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the sage
 O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
 The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
 The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
 Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd ;
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
 Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue ;
 For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear ;
 And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
 " Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell !
 No more in vain conjecture let me wear
 My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell ;
 'Tis he my doubt-can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
 Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
 An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
 And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching : innocence
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 " Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from whence ?
 Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale ?"
 " A shepherd-boy," the youth replied, " far hence
 My habitation ; hear my artless tale ;
 Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

“ Late as I roam’d, intent on Nature’s charms,
 I reach’d at eve this wilderness profound ;
 And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
 (For in thy speech I recognise the sound).
 You mourn’d for ruin’d man, and virtue lost,
 And seem’d to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 Pondering on former days by guilt engross’d,
 Or on the giddy storm of dissipation toss’d.

XXVIII.

“ But say, in courtly life can craft be learn’d,
 Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul ?
 Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn’d,
 Can selfishness the liberal heart control ?
 Is glory there achieved by arts, as fowl
 As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
 Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl :
 Love is the godlike attribute of man.
 O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

“ Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 And give me back the calm, contented mind ;
 Which, late exulting, view’d in Nature’s frame,
 Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
 Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
 Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 Well pleased with all, but most with human kind :
 When Fancy roam’d through Nature’s works at will,
 Uncheck’d by cold distrust, and uninform’d by ill.”

XXX.

“ Wouldst thou,” the sage replied, “ in peace return
 To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
 Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
 For if my desultory strain with truth
 And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
 Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
 Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know ?
 Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

XXXI.

“ But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
 Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
 For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
 The voice of the Eternal said, ‘ Be free :’
 And this divine prerogative to thee
 Does virtue, happiness, and Heaven convey ;
 For virtue is the child of liberty,
 And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
 Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

“ Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 Which else might thy young virtue overpower,
 And in thy converse I shall find relief,
 When the dark shades of melancholy lour ;
 For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
 Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
 Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may’st gain :
 If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.”

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin’s ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot’s rage,
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th’ abandon’d urn.

XXXIV.

“ Ambition’s slippery verge shall mortals tread,
 Where ruin’s gulf unfathom’d yawns beneath ?
 Shall life, shall liberty be lost,” he said,
 “ For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath ?
 The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
 Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave :
 No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
 T’ alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
 Or check the headlong haste of time’s o’erwhelming wave.

XXXV.

“ Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs,
 That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
 Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
 Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel !
 To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
 Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern ;
 Could History man's secret heart reveal,
 And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
 Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn !

XXXVI.

“ This praise, O Cheronean sage,¹ is thine !
 (Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?)
 All else from Nature's moral path decline,
 Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
 To herd in cabinets and camps, among
 Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
 Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
 How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
 Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

“ O who of man the story will unfold,
 Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
 In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold),
 The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
 When all were great and free ! man's sole employ
 To deck the bosom of his parent earth :
 Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
 To aid the flow'ret's long-expected birth,
 And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVIII.

“ Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves !
 Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
 Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
 His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
 Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
 Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
 None prow'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
 To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave :
 No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

(1) Plutarch.

XXXIX.

“But, ah! the historic Muse has never dared
 To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
 Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured bard,
 That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream,
 That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
 Careless what others of my choice may deem,
 I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
 And meditate on Heaven; enough of Earth I know.”

XL.

“I cannot blame thy choice,” the sage replied,
 “For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet, e'en there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze?
 That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined.”

XLI.

“Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart;
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, in endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.”

XLII.

“And yet, alas! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have fared.
 Were they successful? Let us not despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
 Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
 How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.”

XLIII.

“ What charms th’ historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combined ?

XLIV.

“ Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d !
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by law restrain’d !
Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd,
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain’d.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign’d,
In arts unrivall’d : O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s lays.

XLV.

“ But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination’s lawless rage,
And from within the cherish’d heart to brace,
Philosophy appears ! The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed !

XLVI.

“ Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge ; lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

XLVII.

“ And reason now through number, time, and space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
 Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows fly
 From Nature's face ; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears !

XLVIII.

“ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell ;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 Chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

“ Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with the' eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare ; shivering in caves,
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
 But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away !

L.

“ And e'en where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane :
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
 E'en Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
 For there each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

J.I.

" 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled !
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LII.

" What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine, what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breath with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breathed from the lips of
Love.

LIV.

" What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil ?
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man, the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

LV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
 And various orders in one form sublime
 Of policy, that midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And industry and law, maintain their sway severe."

LVI.

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
 And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses : Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;
 But fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
 The flame of industry and genius fan,
 And emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared,
 And bless'd the Muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claim'd th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From Nature's beauties variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn ; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage, he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul.
 How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,
 Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !
 He sleeps in dust.¹ Ah, how shall I pursue
 My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd.
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu.

(1) This excellent person died suddenly on the 10th of February, 1773
 The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

LXIII.

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled ?
And am I left to unavailing woe ?
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go ?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh, my tears.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE TO HOPE.

PART I.—1.

O THOU, who gladd'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl ;
And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And 'cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around :
O come, and be once more my guest :
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
And soothed him into rest.

2.

Smit by the rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combined,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise ;
Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And heaving lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away :

3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
 When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthening lawn and valley low
 The troops of fen-born mists retire.
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villagers again,
 And gold-illumined spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial night.

PART II.—1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze
 Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around,
 Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze,
 Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues :
 The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
 And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
 In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
 His wingy nerves to climb.

2.

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

Content and Leisure hand in hand
 With Innocence and Peace, advance and sing :
 And Mirth in many a mazy ring,
 Frisks o'er the flowery land.

3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 And Peace soft gliding down the sky
 Lead Love along, and Harmony,
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms ;
 Then all around
 The thunder's sound
 Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
 And down rush all the storms.
 Ye days that balmy influence shed ;
 When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
 In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
 Whither, ah, whither are ye fled ?
 Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 O leave him not midst tumult and dismay ;
 For now youth's eminence he gains ;
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains !

PART III.—1.

They shrink, they vanish into air,
 Now slander taints with pestilence the gale ;
 And mingling cries assail,
 The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
 Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
 Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance ;
 Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
 Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance.
 Behold, amidst the dire array,
 Pale wither'd Care his giants tature rears,
 And, lo ! his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
 Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage ?
 Such war can Virtue wage,
 Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth ?

Alas ! full oft on Guilt's victorious car,
 The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ;
 While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
 In long obscurity, oppress'd. forlorn,
 Resigns to tears her angel form.
 Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
 No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
 And onward rolls the storm.

3.

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

 ODE TO PEACE.

PART I.—1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful voice
 From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
 Of jarring elements composed the noise ;
 When Chaos from his old dominion torn,
 With all his bellowing throng,
 Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along ;
 And all the bright angelic choir
 To loftiest raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,
 Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain ;
 And every fiery orb and planet sung,
 And wide through night's dark desolate domain
 Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign !
 Roll round again, majestic years !
 To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
 Ye years, again roll round !
 Hark from afar what loud tumultuous sound,
 While echoes sweep the winding vales,
 Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales !
 Murder deep-roused, with the wild whirlwind's haste
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs ;
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly stern, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

3.

Fierce up the yielding skies
 The shouts redoubling rise :
 Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,
 And all is listening trembling round.
 Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
 Dash'd furious down in desperate cascade,
 Heard from afar amid the lonely night,
 That oft have led the wanderer right,
 Are silent at the noise.
 The mighty ocean's more majestic voice,
 Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more ;
 The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

PART II.—1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air,
 Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car
 Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
 War's dreadful lord proclaim.
 Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame.
 Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies flies
 The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
 The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
 Fades the morn's vivid blush to deadly pale.
 The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
 Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight sail.

2.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.
 The mangled steeds grim Terror guides.
 His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
 Aloft the angry power of battles rides :
 Grasp'd in his mighty hand
 A mace tremendous desolates the land ;
 Thunders the turret down the steep,
 The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep ;
 Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades ;
 Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
 A bloated paleness beauty's bloom o'erspreads,
 Fades every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

3.

How startled Frenzy stares,
 Bristling her ragged hairs :
 Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
 See, with her griping vulture-claws
 imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound !
 Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round ;
 The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
 Re-echo to the fierce alarms ;
 Her trump terrific blows
 Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
 Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
 That with his scourge sublime directs the whirling storm.

PART III.—1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within more foul
 Than fellest fiend from Tartarus sprung,
 In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
 Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along
 Yon naked waste survey :
 Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;
 Where late the rosy-bosom'd Hours
 In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers ;
 Where late the shepherd told his tender tale ;
 And, waked by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful labour fill'd the dale ;
 And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

2.

Yon ruins sable from the wasting flame
 But mark the once resplendent dome ;
 The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
 And ghosts glare horrid from the silvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all !
 Save where outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—
 Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
 To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse !
 Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
 I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes !
 Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings :
 Along the liliated lawn the nymphs advance,
 Flush'd with love's bloom, and range the sprightly dance :
 The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side,
 Array'd in all their rural pride,
 Exalt the festive note,
 Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
 But, ah ! the landscape glows with fainter light,
 It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

PART IV.—1.

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

2.

From Albion fled, thy once-beloved retreat,
 What region brightens in thy smile,
 Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
 Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil ?
 In bleak Siberia blows,
 Waked by the genial breath, the balmy rose ?
 Waved over by thy magic wand,
 Does life inform fell Libya's burning sand ?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primeval shades,
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland reign,
 And led by reason's ray the path of Nature treads ?

3.

On Cuba's utmost steep ¹
 Far leaning o'er the deep
 The goddess' pensive form was seen.
 Her robe of Nature's varied green
 Waved on the gale ; grief dimm'd her radiant eyes,
 Her swelling bosom heaved with boding sighs :
 She eyed the main : where gaining on the view,
 Emerging from th' ethereal blue,
 Midst the dread pomp of war
 Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw ; and on refulgent pinions borne,
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

(1) This alludes to the discovery of America by the Spaniards under Columbus. These ravagers are said to have made their first descent on the islands in the Gulf of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

ODE ON LORD HAY'S BIRTHDAY.

A MUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art ;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart ;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long unpractised lyre,
To hail, O Hay, thy natal morn :
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclined,
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land ;
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand :

'Twas this, that raised th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame !
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame ;
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire,
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vale of peace along ;
There to its lord the village gay
Renews the grateful song.

Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound ;
The open doors the needy bless,
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury, be wise :
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast ;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be blest.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth :
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of truth ;
O may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
And bright, inspiring dreams impart ;
To rouse th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown ;
When in his finish'd form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame ;
No ruffian take his deadly aim ;

No rival weave the secret snare :
 For Innocence with angel smile,
 Simplicity that knows no guile,
 And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste,
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blast.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home,
 It hopes in time to roam no more ;
 The mariner, not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great :
 Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise ;
 As when along the trophied plain
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze.

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT TO BE
 ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

TO THE MEMORY OF A LATE AUTHOR (CHURCHILL).

(Part of a Letter to a Person of Quality.)

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

If I had composed the following verses with a view to gratify private resentment, to promote the interest of any faction, or to recommend myself to the patronage of any person whatsoever, I should have been altogether inexcusable. To attack the memory of the dead from selfish

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

Your lordship knows that Churchill owed the greatest share of his renown to the most incompetent of all judges, the mob: actuated by the most unworthy of all principles, a spirit of insolence, and inflamed by the vilest of all human passions, hatred to their fellow-citizens. Those who joined the cry in his favour seemed to me to be swayed rather by fashion than by real sentiment: he therefore might have lived and died unmolested by me, confident as I am, that posterity, when the present unhappy dissensions are forgotten, will do ample justice to his real character. But when I saw the extravagant honours that were paid to his memory, and heard that a monument in Westminster Abbey was intended for one whom even his admirers acknowledge to have been an incendiary and a debauchee; I could not help wishing that my countrymen would reflect a little on what they were doing, before they consecrated, by what posterity would think the public voice, a character, which no friend to virtue or true taste can approve. It was this sentiment, enforced by the earnest request of a friend, which produced the following little poem; in which I have said nothing of Churchill's manners that is not warranted by the best authority; nor of his writings, that is not perfectly agreeable to the opinion of many of the most competent judges in Britain.

Aberdeen, January, 1765.

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

By nature uninspired, untaught by art ;
 With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,
 With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine,
 With not one pure unprostituted line ;
 Alike debauch'd in body, soul, and lays ;—
 For pension'd censure, and for pension'd praise,
 For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
 For blasphemy of all the good and wise ;
 Coarse violence in coarser doggrel writ,
 Which brawling blackguards spell'd, and took for wit :
 For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'erthrown :—
 Lo, Bufo shines the minion of renown.

Is this the land that boasts a Milton's fire,
 And magic Spenser's wildly warbling lyre ?
 The land that owns th' omnipotence of song,
 When Shakspeare whirls the throbbing heart along ?
 The land where Pope, with energy divine,
 In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine :
 Whose verse, by truth in virtue's triumph borne,
 Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn ;
 Yet pure in manners, and in thought refined,
 Whose life and lays adorn'd and bless'd mankind ?
 Is this the land where Gray's unlabour'd art
 Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart :
 While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
 In simple majesty of manly woe :
 Or while, sublime, on eagle pinion driven,
 He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of Heaven ?
 Is this the land, o'er Shenstone's recent urn
 Where all the Loves and gentler Graces mourn ?
 And where, to crown the hoary bard of night,¹
 The Muses and the Virtues all unite ?
 Is this the land where Akenside displays
 The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days ?
 Like the rapt sage,² in genius as in theme,
 Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Ilissus' stream :
 Or him, the indignant bard,³ whose patriot ire,
 Sublime in vengeance, smote the dreadful lyre :
 For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
 Whose mighty song unnerved a tyrant's arm,
 Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
 And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.

(1) Dr. Young.

(2) Plato.

(3) Alceus. See Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry

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

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

Drivelling and dull, when crawls the reptile Muse,
 Swoln from the sty, and rankling from the stews,
 With envy, spleen, and pestilence replete,
 And gorged with dust she lick'd from Treason's feet :
 Who once, like Satan, raised to heaven her sight,
 But turn'd abhorrent from the hated light :—
 O'er such a Muse shall wreaths of glory bloom ?
 No—shame and execration be her doom.

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

Did hate to vice exasperate thy style ?
 No—Bufo match'd the vilest of the vile.
 Yet blazon'd was his verse with Virtue's name—
 Thus prudes look down to hide their want of shame :

Thus hypocrites to truth, and fools to sense,
 And fops to taste have sometimes made pretence :
 Thus thieves and gamesters swear by honour's laws :
 Thus pension-hunters bawl "their country's cause :"
 Thus furious Teague for moderation raved,
 And own'd his soul to liberty enslaved.

Nor yet, though thousand cits admire thy rage,
 Though less of fool than felon marks thy page :
 Nor yet, though here and there one lonely spark
 Of wit half brightens through the' involving dark,
 To show the gloom more hideous for the foil,
 But not repay the drudging reader's toil ;
 (For who for one poor pearl of clouded ray
 Through Alpine dunghills delves his desperate way ?)
 Did genius to thy verse such bane impart ?
 No. 'Twas the deraon of thy venom'd heart
 (Thy heart with rancour's quintessence endued),
 And the blind zeal of a misjudging crowd.

Thus from rank soil a poison'd mushroom sprung,
 Nursling obscene of mildew and of dung :
 By heaven design'd on its own native spot
 Harmless to' enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
 But gluttony the' abortive nuisance saw ;
 It roused his ravenous undiscerning maw :
 Gulp'd down the tasteless throat the mess abhorr'd,
 Shot fiery influence round the maddening board.

O, had thy verse been impotent as dull,
 Nor spoke the rancorous heart but lumpish skull ;
 Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
 The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,
 From fancy's soul thy gross imbruted sense,
 From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
 From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
 And from the lion's spoils the skulking ass,
 From rapture's strain the drawling doggrel line,
 From warbling seraphim the gruntling swine ;—
 With gluttons, dunces, rakes thy name had slept,
 Nor o'er her sullied fame Britannia wept :
 Nor had the Muse with honest zeal possess'd,
 To' avenge her country, by thy name disgraced,
 Raised this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
 And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.

When frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
 Let mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
 When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
 Unnamed, unnoticed, let his carrion rot.
 When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit, or force,
 Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse :
 For such the hangman wreaths his trusty gin,
 And lets the gallows expiate their sin.
 But when a ruffian, whose portentous crimes
 Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
 Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
 For hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee :
 Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest?—
 Judas though dead, though damn'd, we will detest.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
 A scene for love and solitude design'd ;
 Where flowery woodbines wild, by Nature wove,
 Form'd the lone bower, the royal swain reclined.
 All up the craggy cliffs, that tower'd to heaven,
 Green waved the murmuring pines on every side ;
 Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
 A dale sloped gradual to the valley wide.
 Echoed the vale with many a cheerful note ;
 The lowing of the herds resounding long,
 The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
 And social clamours of the festive throng.
 For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
 Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
 The sun, with ruddier verdure deck'd the plain :
 And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.
 And many a band of ardent youths were seen ;
 Some into rapture fired by glory's charms,
 Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green,
 Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When slowly floating down the azure skies
 A crimson cloud flash'd on his startled sight ;
 Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumber'd dyes
 Launch'd the long billowy trails of flickery light.
 That instant, hush'd was all the vocal grove,
 Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
 And strains aerial, warbling far above,
 Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.
 Near, and more near, the swimming radiance roll'd ;
 Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
 Sublime the groves of Ida blaze with gold,
 And all the heaven resounds with louder lyres.
 The trumpet breathed a note : and all in air,
 The glories vanish'd from the dazzled eye ;
 And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
 Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.
 The flowering glade fell level where they moved :
 O'erarching high the clustering roses hung,
 And gales from heaven on balmy pinion roved,
 And hill and dale with gratulation rung.
 The first with slow and stately step drew near,
 Fix'd was her lofty eye, erect her mien :
 Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
 She look'd and moved a goddess and a queen.
 Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
 Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm ;
 And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd,
 Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.
 Milder the next came on with artless grace,
 And on a javelin's quivering length reclined :
 To' exalt her mien she bade no splendour blaze,
 Nor pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.
 Serene, though awful, on her brow the light
 Of heavenly wisdom shone ; nor roved her eyes,
 Save to the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
 Or the blue concave of th' involving skies.
 Keen were her eyes to search the inmost soul :
 Yet Virtue triumph'd in their beams benign,
 And impious Pride oft felt their dread control,
 When in fierce lightning flash'd the wrath divine.¹

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

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

And now advanced the queen of melting joy,
 Smiling supreme in unresisted charms :
 Ah then, what transports fired the trembling boy !
 How throbb'd his sickening frame with fierce alarms !

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
 And languish with unutterable love.
 Heaven's warm blood glows along each bright'ning limb,
 Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, blushing as abash'd, she half withdrew :
 One hand a bough of flowering myrtle waved,
 One graceful spread, where, scarce conceal'd from view,
 Soft through the parting robe her bosom heaved.

" Offspring of Jove supreme ! beloved of Heaven !
 Attend." Thus spoke the empress of the skies.
 For know, to thee, high-fated prince, 'tis given
 Through the bright realms of Fame sublime to rise,

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

" When Juno's charms the prize of beauty claim,
 Shall aught on earth—shall aught in Heaven contend ?
 Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame,
 Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend ?

" Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
 Where Echo sleeps mid cavern'd vales profound,
 The pride of Troy, Dominion's darling child,
 Pines while the slow hour stalks its sullen round.

" Hear thou, of Heaven unconscious ! From the blaze
 Of glory, stream'd from Jove's eternal throne,
 Thy soul, O mortal, caught th' inspiring rays
 That to a god exalt Earth's raptured son.

" Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion borne,
 That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul ;
 The hero's eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
 Blasts the proud menace, and defies control.

- “ But, unimproved, Heaven’s noblest boons are vain,
No sun with plenty crowns th’ uncultured vale:
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale.
- “ Deep in yon mountain’s womb, where the dark cave
Howls to the torrent’s everlasting roar,
Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave?
Or flames with steady ray th’ imperial ore?
- “ Toil deck’d with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
And wakes yon grove-embosom’d lawns to joy,
And rends the rough ore from the mountain’s side,
Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.
- “ Fly these soft scenes. E’en now, with playful art,
Love wreathes the flowery ways with fatal snare.
And nurse th’ ethereal fire that warms thy heart;
That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.
- “ Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assign’d,
From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
That quench Heaven’s beam, and freeze the cheerless mind.
- “ Vain, then, th’ enlivening sound of Fame’s alarms,
For Hope’s exulting impulse prompts no more:
Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure’s arms,
The throb of transport is for ever o’er.
- “ O who shall then to Fancy’s darkening eyes
Recall th’ Elysian dreams of joy and light?
Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
Snatch’d instantaneous down the gulf of night.
- “ Thou, who securely lull’d in youth’s warm ray,
Mark’st not the desolations wrought by Time,
Be roused or perish: ardent for its prey
Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.
- “ And, midst the horrors shrined of midnight storm,
The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
Black with intolerable frowns her form,
Beckoning th’ embattled whirlwinds into war.
- “ Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempest
whelms:
Yet glory braves unmoved th’ impetuous sweep.
Fly then, ere, hurl’d from life’s delightful realms,
Thou sink to’ Oblivion’s dark and boundless deep.

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

“ Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
Burst the soft chain that curbs th' aspiring mind :
And fly, where Victory, borne on wings of fire,
Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

“ Ascend the car ;—indulge the pride of arms,
Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high,
Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.

“ Plunged in the uproar of the thundering field,
I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide :
Fate scatters lightning from thy meteor-shield,
And ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.

“ Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
On prostrate Pride, and Grandeur's spoil o'erthrown,
While all amazed even heroes shrink afar,
And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.

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

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

“ For thine the joys, that fear no length of days,
Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound :
Fame's trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
Nor bursting worlds her clarion's blast confound.”

The goddess ceased, not dubious of the prize :
Elate she mark'd his wild and rolling eye,
Mark'd his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffused with crimson die.

But Pallas now drew near. Sublime, serene
In conscious dignity she view'd the swain :
Then, love and pity softening all her mien,
Thus breathed with accents mild the solemn strain.

“ Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,
The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous blind,
And snatch from Reason's ken th' auspicious ray
Truth darts from heaven to guide the' exploring mind.

“ But Wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,
When heaven's pure emanation beams confess'd :
Rage, ecstasy, alike disclaim her power,
She woos each gentler impulse of the breast.

“ Sincere the' unalter'd bliss her charms impart,
Sedate the' enlivening ardours they inspire :
She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,
She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

“ Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,
All to the storm th' unfetter'd sail devolve :
Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,
Borne headlong on by passion's keen resolve.

“ While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,
Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
Yet, yet a moment check thy prone career,
And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy soul.

“ Explore thy heart, that, roused by Glory's name,
Pants all enraptured with the mighty charm—
And, does Ambition quench each milder flame ?
And is it conquest that alone can warm ?

“ To' indulge fell Rapine's desolating lust,
To drench the balmy lawn in streaming gore,
To spurn the hero's cold and silent dust—
Are these thy joys ? Nor throbs thy heart for more ?

“ Pleased canst thou listen to the patriot's groan,
And the wild wail of Innocence forlorn ?
And hear th' abandon'd maid's last frantic moan,
Her love for ever from her bosom torn ?

“ Nor wilt thou shrink, when Virtue's fainting breath
Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head ?
Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,
To glare distraction on thy midnight bed ?

“ Was it for this, though born to regal power,
Kind Heaven to thee did nobler gifts consign,
Bade Fancy's influence gild thy natal hour,
And bade Philanthropy's applause be thine ?

“ Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,
And theirs the pride of pomp, and praise suborn'd,
Whose eye ne'er lighten'd at the smile of Joy,
Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne'er adorn'd :

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

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

“ But Fancy soothes no more, if stern Remorse
With iron grasp the tortured bosom wring.
Ah then, e'en Fancy speeds the venom's course,
Even Fancy points with rage the maddening sting.

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

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

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

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

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

“ O, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
Pledges of Heaven ! be taught by wisdom's lore :
With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

“ Straight be thy course : nor tempt the maze that leads
 Where fell Remorse his shapeless strength conceals,
 And oft Ambition's dizzy cliff he treads,
 And slumbers oft in Pleasure's flowery vales.

“ Nor linger unresolved : Heaven prompts the choice ;
 Save when Presumption shuts the ear of Pride :
 With grateful awe attend to Nature's voice,
 The voice of Nature Heaven ordain'd thy guide.

“ Warn'd by her voice the arduous path pursue,
 That leads to Virtue's fane a hardy band :
 What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
 Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land ;

“ What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way,
 Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine,
 And pure ærial gales of gladness play,
 Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

“ Go, prince, be virtuous, and be blest. The throne
 Rears not its state to swell the couch of Lust :
 Nor dignify Corruption's daring son,
 To' o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

“ But yield an ampler scene to Bounty's eye,
 An ampler range to Mercy's ear expand :
 And 'midst admiring nations, set on high
 Virtue's fair model, framed by Wisdom's hand.

“ Go then : the moan of Woe demands thine aid :
 Pride's licensed outrage claims thy slumbering ire :
 Pale Genius roams the bleak neglected shade,
 And battenng Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

“ E'en Nature pines by vilest chains oppress'd :
 Th' astonish'd kingdoms crouch to Fashion's nod.
 O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast,
 Truth, Freedom, Love, O where is your abode ?

“ O, yet once more shall Peace from heaven return,
 And young Simplicity with mortals dwell !
 Nor Innocence th' august pavilion scorn,
 Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell !

“ Wilt thou, my prince, the beauteous train implore
 Midst earth's forsaken scenes once more to bide ?
 Then shall the shepherd sing in every bower,
 And Love with garlands wreathe the domes of Pride.

“ The bright tear starting in th’ impassion’d eyes
 Of silent Gratitude : the smiling gaze
 Of Gratulation, faltering while he tries
 With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise :

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

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

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

Thus while she spoke, her eye, sedately meek,
 Look’d the pure fervour of maternal love.
 No rival zeal intemperate flush’d her cheek—
 Can Beauty’s boast the soul of Wisdom move ?

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

And now the shepherd raised his pensive head :
 Yet unresolved and fearful roved his eyes,
 Scared at the glances of the awful maid ;
 For young unpractised Guilt distrusts the guise
 Of shameless Arrogance.—His wav’ring breast.
 Though warm’d by Wisdom, own’d no constant fire ;
 While lawless Fancy roam’d afar, unblest
 Save in the oblivious lap of soft Desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles :
 “ Let gentler fate my darling prince attend,
 Joyless and cruel are the warrior’s spoils,
 Dreary the path stern Virtue’s sons ascend.

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

- “ Till every sprightly hour, and blooming scene,
Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
And clouds of tempests mount the blue serene,
And storms and ruin close the troublous day.
- “ Then still exult to hail the present joy,
Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil ;
No froward vain desire thy bliss annoy,
No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.
- “ Ah ! why should man pursue the charms of Fame,
For ever luring, yet for ever coy ?
Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
That melts illusive from the wondering boy !
- “ What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
If hung loose-tottering o'er the unfathom'd tomb ?
What though her mighty clarion, rear'd sublime,
Display the imperial wreath, and glittering plume ?
- “ Can glittering plume, or can the imperial wreath,
Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave ?
What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
To' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave ?
- “ That night draws on : nor will the vacant hour
Of expectation linger as it flies :
Nor Fate one moment unenjoy'd restore :
Each moment's flight how precious to the wise !
- “ O, shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great ;
There coward office boasts th' unpunish'd wrong,
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.
- “ O'er fancied injury Suspicion pines,
And in grim silence gnaws the festering wound ;
Deceit the rage-embitter'd smile refines,
And Censure spreads the viperous hiss around.
- “ Hope not, fond prince, though Wisdom guard thy throne,
Though Truth and Bounty prompt each generous aim,
Though thine the palm of peace, the victor's crown,
The Muse's rapture, and the patriot's flame :
- “ Hope not, though all that captivates the wise,
All that endears the good exalt thy praise :
Hope not to taste repose : for Envy's eyes
At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.

“Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
Can aught of Virtue, Truth, or Beauty charm?
Can soft Compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
Repentance melt, or Gratitude disarm?”

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

“Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
When mourns Benevolence his baffled scheme:
When Insult mocks the clemency of Power,
And loud Dissension’s livid firebrands gleam:

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Or to the long and lonely shore retires;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

“ Then to the balmy bower of Rapture borne,
While strings self-warbling breathe Elysian rest,
Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

“ The frolic Moments, purple-pinion'd, dance
Around, and scatter roses as they play ;
And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
Where, with her loved compeers, she deigns to stray ;

“ Mild Solitude, in veil of rustic dye,
Her silvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound ;
And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground ;

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

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

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

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

“ No savage joy th' harmonious hours profane !
Whom Love refines, can barbarous tumults please ?
Shall rage of blood pollute the silvan reign ?
Shall Leisure wanton in the spoils of Peace ?

“ Free let the feathery race indulge the song,
Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love :
Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

“ To joy in Nature's universal smile,
Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere ;
But why should Virtue doom thy years to toil ?
Ah, why should Virtue's law be deem'd severe ?

“What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays ?
What, Sympathy, thy still returning pang ?
And why his generous arm should Justice raise
To dare the vengeance of a tyrant’s fang ?

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

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

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

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

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

The sun was sunk ; the vision was no more ;
Night downward rush’d tempestuous, at the frown
Of Jove’s awaken’d wrath : deep thunders roar,
And forests howl afar, and mountains groan,
And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain ;
With horror’s scream the Ilian towers resound,
Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still! why throng upon the thought
 These scenes deep-stain'd with Sorrow's sable dye?
 Hast thou in store no joy-illumined draught,
 To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
 Deck'd gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring:
 Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,
 And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!
 Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
 While to the gale low murmuring through the glade
 He tempers sweet his sprightly-warbling lay.

Hail, Innocence! whose bosom, all serene,
 Feels not fierce passion's raving tempest roll!
 Oh, ne'er may Care distract that placid mien!
 Oh, ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy soul!

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
 Yonder she comes! the heart-inflaming fiend!
 (Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield?)
 Swift to her destined prey see Passion bend!

Oh smile accursed, to hide the worst designs!
 Now with blithe eyes she woos him to be blest,
 While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
 And lo! she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo! his dizzy eye-ball swims
 Ghastly, and reddening darts a dreadful glare;
 Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
 And Fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair!

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime!
 And does thy spring no happier prospect yield!
 Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
 When nipping mildews waste the flowery field?

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

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

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose :
The storm these humble walls assails in vain :
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! thine, Winter, be the skies ;
Roll the old ocean, and the vales lay waste :
Nature thy momentary rage defies ;
To her relief the gentler seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see Spring appear !
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald-car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen ;
And lo ! her rod the rose-lipp'd power extends !
And lo ! the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-eyed train from heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
But will all nature joy at your return ?
Say, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
Cross the dark cell where hopeless slavery lies ?
To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm suffice ?

When fell Oppression in his harpy-fangs
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whose famish'd child craves help with fruitless tears ?

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

Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once-rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

O ye, to Pleasure who resign the day,
As clasp'd in luxury's loose arms you lie,
O, yet let pity in your breast bear sway,
And learn to melt at Misery's moving cry.

But hop'st thou, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hop'st thou to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain ?

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

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictured scroll ;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And swell to thought sublime th' exalted soul.

What mingling pomps rush boundless on the gaze !
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep !
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapp'd turrets raise !
What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep !

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

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires !
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! In her lofty mien
The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown control :
Her fearless eye, determined though serene,
Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

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

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

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

Not Virtue's self, when heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart :
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all dismay'd
The scattering legions pour along the plain,
Ambition's car with bloody spoils array'd
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude,
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

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

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

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise,
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

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

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell :
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

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

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

Come, then, Philander ! for thy lofty mind
 Looks down from far on all that charms the great ;
 For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
 The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate.

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

Who know'st man's frailty ; with a favouring eye,
 And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall ;
 Who, unenslaved by custom's narrow tie,
 With manly freedom follow'st reason's call.

And bring thy Delia, softly-smiling fair,
 Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform ;
 Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,
 And harmonize the thunder of the storm :

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refined,
 She courts not homage, nor desires to shine ;
 In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
 To female sweetness, and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep surrounding shade :
 Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ ;
 O catch the swift-wing'd hour before 'tis fled,
 On swiftest pinion flies the hour of joy.

E'en while the careless disencumber'd soul
 Dissolving sinks to joy's oblivious dream,
 E'en then to time's tremendous verge we roll
 With haste impetuous down life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
 Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
 Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead ?

Still sounds the solemn knell in fancy's ear,
 That call'd Cleora to the silent tomb ;
 To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year !
 How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bloom !

Ah ! beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
 Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace ;
 Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave,
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

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

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray.
 Ah, Melancholy ! how I feel thy power !
 Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway !
 But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight-waste
 Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
 Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last ;
 For long the night, and distant far his home.

 ELEGY.

Tired with the busy crowds, that all the day
 Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
 My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
 'Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver ! that canst lull the cares,
 And every weary sense compose to rest,
 Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
 And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
 Drops the gay plume ; he pines a lowly clown ;
 And on the cold earth stretch'd, the son of Woe
 Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne,
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove ;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away ;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down the unfathom'd deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb :

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state !
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store ;
Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow ! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang awhile,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform ;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's throng'd visions while we toss forlorn,
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife ;
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

ELEGY.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream ?
Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
And sad realities in prospect rise ;
And, from Elysian slumbers rudely torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance ;
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day ;
O yet, while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow ;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill ;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good ! O every grace combined
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
Sweet, as the downy pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That, heard remote, along the vale decay !
Yet, why with these compared ? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine ?
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to fancy's view ?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile :
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where Meekness beams ineffable delight ;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart.

Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams :
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah, whither fled ! ye dear delusions, stay !
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd :
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky ;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh :
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

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

Escaped the dungeon, does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain ?
Say, pines not virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ;
Where reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy deeps in storms perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost ?

O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar
Where dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew;
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the parent, brother, friend!
How vain the hope of man! but cease thy strain,
Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

 RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme:

“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering gale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan Moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

“To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.

Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

“ How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
Thy heavenly smile how win !
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours and bid them move
Serene on silent wing !

“ Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays ;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

“ 'Twas then, O Solitude ! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy !—
O, take the wanderer home !

“ Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

“ O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded ear
 Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 O guard from harm his hoary head,
 And listen to his lore ;
 For he of joys divine shall tell,
 That wean from earthly woe,
 And triumph o'er the mighty spell
 That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
 Ambition loves to tread ;
 No more I climb those toilsome heights
 By guileful hope misled ;
 Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
 To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
 For present pleasure soon is o'er,
 And all the past is vain."

 THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
 But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew :
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

“ 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
' O, pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
' Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ,
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

THE BATTLE OF THE PIGMIES AND CRANES.

From the Pygmæo-Gerano-Machia of Addison.

THE pigmy-people, and the feather'd train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons and arrange the lines ;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray ;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.

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

Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece ?
Of Thebes' fell brethren ; Theseus stern of face ;
And Peleus' son, unrivall'd in the race ;
Æneas, founder of the Roman line,
And William, glorious on the banks of Boyne ?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's epic page to doze ?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains ;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.

Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn :
Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pigmy-breed ;
Here Industry perform'd and Genius plann'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on the abandon'd hearth ;

And starts where small white bones are spread around,
 " Or little footsteps lightly print the ground ;"
 While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
 Chattering amid the desolated fields.

But different fates befel her hostile rage,
 While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
 The dreaded pigmy: roused by war's alarms,
 Forth rush'd the madding mannikin to arms.
 Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
 The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground and dies ;
 And by the victor borne, (o'erwhelming load!)
 With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
 And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
 And often made the yellow young his prey ;
 With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smiled,
 To' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
 Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
 And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
 Burning for blood in terrible array,
 The eighteen-inch militia burst their way ;
 All went to wreck ; the infant foeman fell,
 When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms, arose,
 And the fell rancour of encountering foes ;
 Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc whelms,
 And Death's grim visage scares the pigmy-realms.
 Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
 Of mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre ;
 When bold to battle march'd th' accoutred frogs,
 And the deep tumult thunder'd through the logs.
 Pierced by the javelin bulrush on the shore
 Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore ;
 And there the frog, (a scene full sad to see!)
 Shorn of one leg, slow crawl'd along on three :
 He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
 But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.

And now the day of woe drew on apace,
 A day of woe to all the pigmy-race,
 When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
 To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
 For, roused to vengeance by repeated wrong,
 From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng :

From Strymon's lake, Cayster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds,
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves the' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight ;
Each crane the pigmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.

When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind ;
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
Deep deep beneath ; and triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerable ride :
'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.

Nor less the' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war, the embattled foe :
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance ;
To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the storm.

High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and imperial mien :
Full twenty inches tall, he strode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng ;
And while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
Bared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious meed of high heroic might.
For with insatiate vengeance, he pursued,
And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
Who durst abide his rage ; the blade descends,
And from the panting trunk, the pinion rends ;
Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk disfigured stiffens in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force !
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course !

How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
 Did wailing Echo waft the funeral song !
 And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
 Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
 From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
 A cloud rolls on and darkens all the day.
 Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
 And now in battailous array display'd,
 On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
 The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pigmy warriors eye with fearless glare
 The host thick swarming o'er the burden'd air ;
 Thick swarming now, but to their native land
 Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band.—
 When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
 Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven,
 The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
 The region echoes to the crash of arms ;
 Loose feathers from the encountering armies fly,
 And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
 To breathe from toil upsprings the panting crane,
 Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
 Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
 Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
 The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
 Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls ;
 There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
 With little feet the pigmy beats the ground ;
 Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
 And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
 Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
 With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
 And pigmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
 And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
 All grim in blood the pigmy champion glows,
 And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
 Careless of nibbling bills and flapping wings ;
 And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
 The battle with redoubled fury burns ;
 From ev'ry side th' avenging cranes amain
 Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.

When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, sousing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
(Sad chance of battle !) bore him up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah ! what pangs each pigmy bosom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Lo ! yet again, with unabated rage,
In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering ; then wheels aloft to 'scape the blow :
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound ;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

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

But now at length the pigmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend ;
Their bills bite furious and their talons rend ;
With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
'Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
And Persia's proud dominion is no more ;
Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now, with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
 The pigmy heroes roam the Elysian clime.
 Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
 Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
 Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
 Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade ;
 Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
 And all their woes in long oblivion rest ;
 Down the deep vale, and narrow winding way,
 They foot it featly, ranged in ringlets gay ;
 'Tis joy and frolic all where'er they rove,
 And fairy-people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

YES, yes, I grant the sons of Earth
 Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
 We all of sorrow have our share ;
 But say, is yours without compare ?
 Look round the world ; perhaps you'll find
 Each individual of our kind
 Press'd with an equal load of ill,
 Equal at least : look further still,
 And own your lamentable case
 Is little short of happiness.
 In yonder hut that stands alone
 Attend to Famine's feeble moan :
 Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
 Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
 His frame by strong convulsion torn,
 His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn,
 Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
 Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs ;
 Whistles the wind ; he starts, he stares,
 Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares ;
 Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
 Their tempests on his harass'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
To' enforce our reasoning with a tale

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And fancy oft the game descries
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set ; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
" Our harmless race shall every savage
Both quadruped and biped ravage
Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits to work us ill ?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet ere noontide meet his death,
And lie dismember'd on the heath.
For youth, alas ! nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.

" In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe ;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bathed in tears.
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve ?
Small is each individual's force :
To stratagem be our recourse ;
And then, from all our tribes combined,
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.

" Be roused ; and liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire."

He said no more, for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd :

The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
From his swoln eyeballs' yellow gleam.

And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confusedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven ;
O'er clift abrupt, and shrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound ;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades ;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short step strain up the steep ;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's axe yet unprofaned.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd ;
Beneath, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazel's stubborn stem entwined,
And bramble twigs were wreathed around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering from the sons of murder,
The hares their tired limbs drag no further.

But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among ;
From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
The sound of woe and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove ;
But danger wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.

Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke.

“O wretched race, the scorn of fate,
Whom ills of every sort await!
O, cursed with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since fate is evermore pursuing
All ways, and means, to work our ruin?
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death?
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live?
No. Be the smaller ill our choice;
So dictates nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, all hail, eternal peace!”

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

A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.
Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amused the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.

Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
 Thence trembling casts around his eyes ;
 No foe appear'd, his fears were vain ;
 Pleased he renews the sprightly strain.

The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
 Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
 "Is there on earth a wretch," they said,
 "Whom our approach can strike with dread ?"
 An instantaneous change of thought
 To tumult every bosom wrought.

So fares the system-building sage,
 Who, plodding on from youth to age,
 At last on some foundation-dream
 Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
 And proved his predecessors fools,
 And bound all nature by his rules ;
 So fares he in that dreadful hour,
 When injured Truth exerts her power,
 Some new phenomenon to raise,
 Which, bursting on his frightened gaze,
 From its proud summit to the ground
 Proves the whole edifice unsound.

"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
 Who oft had known the' extremes of fate,
 "In slight events the docile mind
 May hints of good instruction find.
 That our condition is the worst,
 And we with such misfortunes curst
 As all comparison defy,
 Was late the universal cry ;
 When lo, an accident so light
 As yonder little linnet's flight,
 Has made your stubborn hearts confess
 (So your amazement bids me guess)
 That all our load of woes and fears
 Is but a part of what he bears.
 Where can he rest secure from harms,
 Whom even a helpless hare alarms ?
 Yet he repines not at his lot ;
 When past, the danger is forgot :
 On yonder bough he trims his wings,
 And with unusual rapture sings ;

While we, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.

“ When, by the winds of autumn driven,
The scatter'd clouds fly 'cross the heaven,
Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
Beheld the' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here, hovering, lours
The shadowy cloud ; there downward pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away ;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine glance.
Thus chequer'd is the life below,
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe.
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun ;
Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrors overcome,
Ye fly before the approaching gloom,
The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
And darkness still o'ercasts your view,
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course amain ;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
At least be firm, and undismay'd
Maintain your ground ! the fleeting shade
Ere long spontaneous glides away,
And gives you back the' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I speak, our danger past !
No more the shrill horn's angry blast
Howls in our ear ; the savage roar
Of war and murder is no more.
Then snatch the moment fate allows,
Nor think of past or future woes.”
He spoke ; and hope revives ; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.
Now from the western mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,

The sun a broader orb displays,
 And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
 The lawn assumes a fresher green,
 And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
 The balmy zephyr breathes along,
 The shepherd sings his tender song,
 With all their lays the groves resound,
 And falling waters murmur round,
 Discord and care were put to flight,
 And all was peace and calm delight.

THE WOLF AND SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

LAWs, as we read in ancient sages,
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages:
 Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
 And laws for little folks are made ;
 But if an insect of renown,
 Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
 Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
 The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.

Your simile perhaps may please one
 With whom wit holds the place of reason :
 But can you prove that this in fact is
 Agreeable to our life and practice ?

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

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

But to our story we return :
'Twas early on a Summer morn,
A wolf forsook the mountain-den,
And issued hungry on the plain.
Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
And reach'd a winding vale at last ;
Where from a hollow rock he spied
The shepherds drest in flowery pride.
Garlands were strew'd, and all was gay,
To celebrate an holiday.
The merry tabor's gamesome sound
Provoked the sprightly dance around.
Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
On which in fair array appear'd
The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
And all the fruitage of the season.
But, more distinguish'd than the rest,
Was seen a wether ready drest,
That smoking, recent from the flame,
Diffused a stomach-rousing steam.
Our wolf could not endure the sight,
Courageous grew his appetite :
His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
He lick'd his lips, and lick'd again ;
At last, with lightning in his eyes,
He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
" Shepherds, I am not given to scolding,
But now my spleen I cannot hold in.
By Jove, such scandalous oppression
Would put an elephant in passion.
You, who your flocks (as you pretend)
By wholesome laws from harm defend,
Which make it death for any beast,
How much soe'er by hunger press'd,
To seize a sheep by force or stealth,
For sheep have right to life and health ;
Can you commit, uncheck'd by shame,
What in a beast so much you blame ?

What is a law, if those who make it
 Become the forwardest to break it ?
 The case is plain : you would reserve
 All to yourselves, while others starve.
 Such laws from base self-interest spring,
 Not from the reason of the thing—”

He was proceeding, when a swain
 Burst out.—“ And dares a wolf arraign
 His betters, and condemn their measures,
 And contradict their wills and pleasures ?
 We have establish'd laws, 'tis true,
 But laws are made for such as you.
 Know, sirrah, in its very nature
 A law can't reach the legislature.
 For laws without a sanction join'd,
 As all men know, can never bind ;
 But sanctions reach not us the makers,
 For who dares punish us though breakers ?
 'Tis therefore plain, beyond denial,
 That laws were ne'er design'd to tie all ;
 But those, whom sanctions reach alone ;
 We stand accountable to none.
 Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
 Laws from the great derive their being,
 They as in duty bound should love
 The great, in whom they live and move,
 And humbly yield to their desires :
 'Tis just what gratitude requires.
 What suckling dandled on the lap
 Would tear away its mother's pap ?
 But hold—Why deign I to dispute
 With such a scoundrel of a brute ?
 Logic is lost upon a knave,
 Let action prove the law our slave.”

An angry nod his will declared
 To his gruff yeomen of the guard ;
 The full-fed mongrels, train'd to ravage,
 Fly to devour the shaggy savage.

The beast had now no time to lose
 In chopping logic with his foes ;
 “ This argument,” quoth he, “ has force,
 And swiftness is my sole resource.”

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

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPERE'S

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND."

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale !
Thy balm will not avail
 To ease my aching breast ;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot soothe
 My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream !
Infuse the easy dream
 Into the peaceful soul ;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
 Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers !
Beauties surpassing yours
 My Rosalind adorn ;
Nor is the Winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
 So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
 Of yonder winding grove ;
O let your soft control
Bend her relenting soul
 To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flow'rets fair !
Gales, fan no more the air !
 Ye streams, forget to glide !
Be hush'd, each vernal strain :
Since nought can soothe my pain,
 Nor mitigate her pride.

TO LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON,

DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTCH BONNET, WITH PLUMES.

WHY, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
 With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
 That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
 That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm ?

Thou knowest that virtue is of power the source,
 And all her magic to thy eyes is given ;
 We own their empire, while we feel their force,
 Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

The plummy helmet, and the martial mien,
 Might dignify Minerva's awful charms ;
 But more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
 Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

 EPITAPH:

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT
 ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

FAREWELL, my best-beloved : whose heavenly mind
 Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd ;
 Devotion, undebased by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity, and joy of heart :
 Though sprightly, gentle ; though polite, sincere ;
 And only of thyself a judge severe ;
 Unblamed, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
 In thee, their patroness, th' afflicted lost ;
 Thy friends their pattern, ornament, and boast ;
 And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
 Or paint the extremes of transport and despair !
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell ;
 My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell !

EPITAPH

ON TWO YOUNG MEN OF THE NAME OF LEITCH, WHO WERE
DROWNED IN CROSSING THE RIVER SOUTH ESK. 1757.

O THOU ! whose steps in sacred rev'ence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead ;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe ;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress'd ;
Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain !
Heaven's wise decrees, how impious to arraign !
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life they left the stage :
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath,
One moment snatch'd them from the power of Death:
They lived united, and united died ;
Happy the friends, whom Death cannot divide !

EPITAPH, INTENDED FOR HIMSELF.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.
Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life ;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys ;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife ;
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.
Yet, for a while, 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;
Shot through the dreamy gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.
Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall
Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Æneadum Genetrix ——— v. 1—45.

MOTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,
Delight of man and of the powers divine,
Venus, all bounteous queen! whose genial power
Diffuses beauty in unbounded store
Through seas, and fertile plains, and all that lies
Beneath the starr'd expansion of the skies.
Prepared by thee, the embryo springs to-day,
And opes its eyelids on the golden ray.
At thy approach, the clouds tumultuous fly,
And the hush'd storms in gentle breezes die;
Flowers instantaneous spring; the billows sleep;
A wavy radiance smiles along the deep;
At thy approach, th' untroubled sky refines,
And all serene Heaven's lofty concave shines.
Soon as her blooming form the Spring reveals,
And Zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,
The feather'd tribes first catch the genial flame,
And to the groves thy glad return proclaim.
Thence to the beasts the soft infection spreads;
The raging cattle spurn the grassy meads,
Burst o'er the plains, and frantic in their course
Cleave the wild torrents with resistless force.
Won by thy charms, thy dictates all obey,
And eager follow where thou lead'st the way.
Whatever haunts the mountains, or the main,
The rapid river, or the verdant plain,

Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,
All, all thy universal power pervades,
Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,
And with the love of propagation fires.
And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins
Of nature, and the universe sustains ;
Since nought without thee bursts the bonds of night,
To hail the happy realms of heavenly light ;
Since love and joy and harmony are thine,
Guide me, O Goddess, by thy power divine,
And to my rising lays thy succour bring,
While I the Universe attempt to sing.
O, may my verse deserved applause obtain
Of him, for whom I try the daring strain,
My Memmius ; him whom thou profusely kind
Adorn'st with every excellence refined.
And that immortal charms my song may grace,
Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease ;
O, hush the dismal din of arms once more,
And calm the jarring world from shore to shore.
By thee alone the race of man foregoes
The rage of blood, and sinks in soft repose :
For mighty Mars, the dreadful god of arms,
Who wakes or stills the battle's dire alarms,
In love's strong fetters by thy charms is bound,
And languishes with an eternal wound.
Oft from his bloody toil the god retires
To quench in thy embrace his fierce desires.
Soft on thy heaving bosom he reclines,
And round thy yielding neck transported twines ;
There fix'd in ecstasy intense surveys
Thy kindling beauties with insatiate gaze,
Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent sips
Celestial sweets from thy ambrosial lips.
O, while the god with fiercest raptures bless'd
Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,
O, breathe thy melting whispers to his ear,
And bid him still the loud alarms of war.
In these tumultuous days, the Muse, in vain,
Her steady tenor lost, pursues the strain,
And Memmius' generous soul disdains to taste
The calm delights of philosophic rest ;
Paternal fires his beating breast inflame,
To rescue Rome, and vindicate her name.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE X.

—
 Rectius vives, Licini —
 —

WOULDST thou through life securely glide ;
 Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride ;
 Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,
 Scared at the tempest's threatening roar ?

The man, who follows Wisdom's voice,
 And makes the golden mean his choice,
 Nor plunged in antique gloomy cells
 Midst hoary desolation dwells ;
 Nor to allure the envious eye
 Rears his proud palace to the sky.

The pine, that all the grove transcends,
 With every blast the tempest rends ;
 Totters the tower with thunderous sound,
 And spreads a mighty ruin round ;
 Jove's bolt with desolating blow
 Strikes the ethereal mountain's brow.

The man, whose steadfast soul can bear
 Fortune indulgent or severe,
 Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles
 With cautious fear eludes her wiles.
 Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,
 Jove decks the rosy spring again.
 Life's former ills are overpass'd,
 Nor will the present always last.
 Now Phœbus wings his shafts, and now
 He lays aside th' unbended bow,
 Strikes into life the trembling string,
 And wakes the silent Muse to sing.

With unabating courage, brave
 Adversity's tumultuous wave ;
 When too propitious breezes rise,
 And the light vessel swiftly flies,
 With timid caution catch the gale,
 And shorten the distended sail.

THE END.

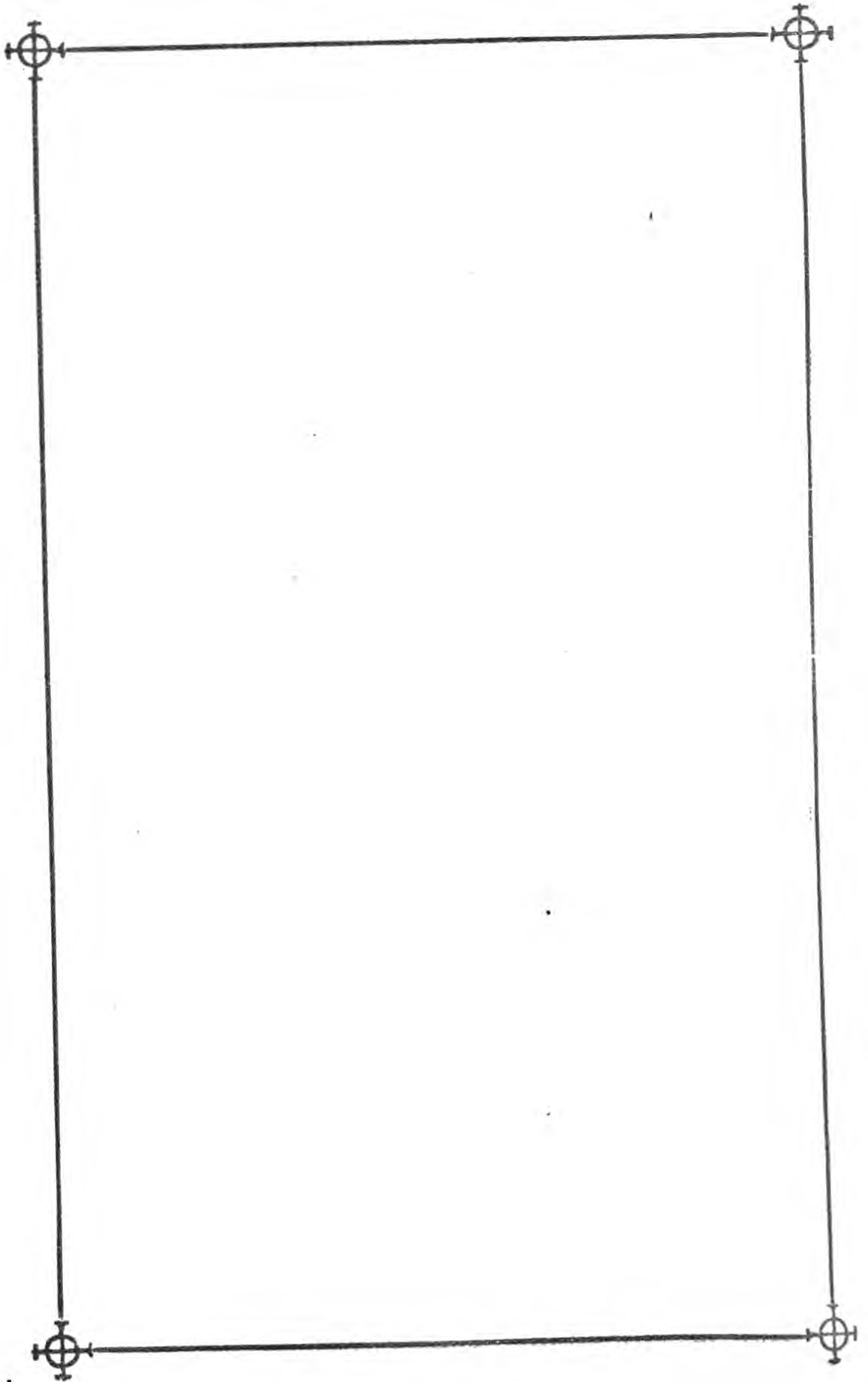


THE

Poetical Works

OF

GILBERT WEST, LL.D.



GILBERT WEST.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

GILBERT WEST was the son of the Rev. Dr. West, by whom an edition of "Pindar" was published at Oxford in 1767, and who died in 1716. His mother was Mary, the eldest of the three sisters of Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham; the second of whom, marrying Mr. Richard Grenville, succeeded her brother as Viscountess Cobham, and was afterwards created Countess Temple; the third married Sir Thomas Lyttelton, father of the first Lord Lyttelton. His father, purposing to educate him for the church, sent him first to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commission in a troop of horse, procured him by his uncle.

He continued some time in the army; though it is reasonable to suppose that he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love, or much neglected the pursuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commission, and engaged in business under the Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he attended the king to Hanover.

His adherence to Lord Townshend ended in nothing but a nomination (May, 1729) to be clerk-extraordinary of the

Privy Council, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a state of expectation and right of succession, and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards he married, and settled himself in a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning, and to piety. Of his learning the late Collection exhibits evidence, which would have been yet fuller, if the dissertations which accompany his version of "Pindar" had not been improperly omitted. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his "Observations on the Resurrection," published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtless have reached yet further had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, the Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the public Liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon and then prayers. Crashaw is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of *Poet* and *Saint*.

He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham, Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on St. Paul."

These two illustrious friends had for awhile listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's book was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections

against Christianity ; and as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the disappointment by calling him a Methodist.

Mr. West's income was not large ; and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported, that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required a more extensive power of superintendence than it was thought proper to allow him.

In time, however, his revenue was improved ; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkships of the Privy Council (1752) ; and Mr. Pitt at last had it in his power to make him treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

He was now sufficiently rich ; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed ; nor could it secure him from the calamities of life ; he lost (1755) his only son ; and the year after (March 26) a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors ! He was interred in the church of West Wickham on the 15th of April.

Of his translations I have only compared the first Olympic Ode with the original, and found my expectation surpassed, both by its elegance and its exactness. He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas ; for he saw that the difference of languages required a different mode of versification.

His "Institution of the Garter" (1742) is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction ; but for want of a process of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserve the reader from weariness.

His "Imitations of Spenser" are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements together. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of intellect, because their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and presuppose an accidental or artificial state of mind. An imitation of Spenser is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenser has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry, and great nicety of observation: but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is so co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life; what is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion, and the amusement of a day.

There is in the "Adventurer" a paper of verses given to one of the authors as Mr. West's, and supposed to have been written by him. It should not be concealed, however, that it is printed with Mr. Jago's name in Dodsley's Collection, and is mentioned as his in a letter of Shenstone's. Perhaps West gave it without naming the author; and Hawkesworth, receiving it from him, thought it his; for his he thought it, as he told me, and as he tells the public.

EDUCATION.

A POEM, WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER
OF SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

Inscribed to Lady Langham, Widow of Sir John Langham, Bart.

Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, magnanimum: cætera pusilla et puerilia sunt. Plus scire velle quam sit satis intemperantiæ genus est. Quid, quod ista liberalium artium consecratio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes facit, et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didicerunt.—SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY Discipline! from heaven ysprong!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refined!
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong;
O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,
O! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humanized mankind,
Inspect, direct, and moralize the strain,
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain!

And thou whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense;
With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractised wayward feet
To the smooth walks of truth and innocence:
Where happiness heart-felt, contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their bless'd retreat:

Thou, most beloved, most honour'd, most revered !
 Accept this verse, to thy large merit due :
 And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,
 Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
 The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
 And trace the plan of goodly nurture ¹ o'er,
 I bring thy modest virtues into view ;
 And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
 Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
 The valued gifts thy careful love bestow'd ;
 If, imitating thee, well as I may,
 I labour to diffuse the' important good,
 Till this great truth by all be understood,
 " That all the pious duties which we owe
 Our parents, friends, our country, and our God ;
 The seeds of every virtue here below,
 From discipline alone, and early culture, grow."

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to Pædia's ² home
 He his young son conveys,
 Is staid by Custom ; with him fights,
 And his vain pride disdays.

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble deeds
 O'er Fairy-land by Fame were blazon'd round :
 For warlike enterprise, and sage areeds ³
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd ;
 Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
 By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
 That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
 He anchor'd was, and changed the tossing seas
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

(1) *Nurture*, education.

(2) *Pædia* is a Greek word, signifying education. (3) *Areeds*, counsels.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,
 As erst in public, mid his wide domain,
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
 He dwelt ; and with him, in the golden chain
 Of wedded faith ylink'd, a matron sage
 Aye dwelt ; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
 Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
 But merit similar and mutual love,
 (True source of lineal virtue,) sprung a train
 Of youths and virgins ; like the beauteous grove,
 Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,
 Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree,
 The sacred olive ;¹ whence old Elis wove
 Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
 The guerdons² of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
 Those generous scions : they with watchful care
 Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
 The buds of future virtues, did prepare
 With prudent culture the young shoots to rear :
 And aye in this endearing pious toil
 They by a palmer³ sage instructed were,
 Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
 Had learn'd to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

For by celestial wisdom whilom led
 Through the' apartments of the' immortal mind,
 He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted⁴
 To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd ;
 And how sensation and reflection join'd
 To fill with images her darksome grotte,
 Where, variously disjointed or combined,
 As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
 Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive
 thought.

(1) *Parent tree, the sacred olive.* This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia. It was esteemed sacred, as having been originally planted by Hercules, and from it were taken the Olympic crowns.

(2) *Guerdons, rewards.*

(3) *Palmer, pilgrim.* The person here signified is Mr. Locke.

(4) *Sted, place, station.*

Also¹ through the fields of science had he stray'd
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
 Through each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
 Where truth and virtue erst were deem'd to lie :
 If haply the fair vagrants he mote² spy,
 Or hear the music of their charming lore :
 But all unable there to satisfy
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
 The sacred writ of faith ; to learn, believe, adore !

Thence, foe profess'd of falsehood and deceit,
 Those sly artificers of tyranny,
 Aye³ holding up before uncertain feet
 His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,
 Mankind he led to civil policy,
 And mild religion's charitable law ;
 That, framed by mercy and benignity,
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne⁴ with the glorious gifts elate and vain
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride ;
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign
 The feeble steps of infancy to guide,
 Eternal glory him therefore betide !
 Let every generous youth his praise proclaim :
 Who, wandering through the world's rude forest wide,
 By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
 To virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring fame !

For this the fairy knight with anxious thought,
 And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd ;
 And him of gentlest courtesy besought
 His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid ;
 The while his tender offspring he convey'd
 Through devious paths to that secure retreat ;
 Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
 On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
 Mid flowery gardens placed, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth pacing with his blooming heir,
 And that same virtuous palmer them to guide ;
 Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
 Y-mounted high in military pride,

(1) *Also*, also, further.
 (3) *Aye*, ever.

(2) *Mote*, might.
 (4) *Ne*, nor.

His little train before he slow did ride.
 Him eke behind a gentle squire ensues,¹
 With his young lord aye marching side by side,
 His counsellour and guard, in goodly thews,²
 Who well had been brought up, and nursed by every
 Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
 With cheerful argument beguiling pain :
 Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
 Beneath their eyes outstretch'd a spacious plain,
 That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,
 For pastures, vines, and flowers ; while Nature fair,
 Sweet-smiling all around, with countenance fain³
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,
 Aye went in happy season to repay
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil :
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay ;
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
 The sheep shorne down with barren brakes⁴ o'ergrown,
 The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,
 All as the public evil were unknown,
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
 And so deform'd ; with wonder and delight
 At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
 In studious thought a while the fairy knight
 Bent on that goodly land his eager sight :
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
 What towns and castles therein were empight ;⁵
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
 As to the' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
 Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
 Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er

(1) *Ensues*, follows.(2) *Thews*, manners.(3) *Fain*, earnest, eager.(4) *Brakes*, briers.(5) *Empight*, placed.

With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
 Thereto along the' unlovely margin stood
 A birchen grove, that waving from the shore,
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
 Not distant far, a forked mountain rose :
 In outward form presenting to the sight
 That famed Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
 The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose ;
 Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
 Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows
 But this to that compared more justly seem
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

For this nor sounded deep, nor spredden wide,
 Nor high upraised above the level plain,
 By toiling Art through tedious years applied,
 From various parts compiled with studious pain,
 Was erst up-thrown ; ¹ if so it mote attain,
 Like that poetic mountain, to be hight ²
 The noble seat of Learning's goodly train.
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
 It like a garden fair most curiously was dight.³

In figured plots with leafy walls enclosed,
 By measure and by rule it was outlay'd ;
 With symmetry so regular disposed,
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade ;
 Each correspondent twain alike array'd
 With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending showers.
 And labyrinths involved, and trellis-woven bowers.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,
 And shapely box of all their branching pride
 Ungently shorn, and with preposterous skill
 To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size ;
 Huge as that giant race, who, hill on hill
 High heaping, sought with impious vain emprize,⁴
 Despite the thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

(1) *Erst*, formerly.(2) *Hight*, called, named.(3) *Dight*, dressed.(4) *Emprize*, enterprise, attempt.

Also other wonders of the sportive shears
 Fair Nature mis-adorning there were found :
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers,
 With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd ;
 And horizontal dials on the ground
 In living box by cunning artists traced :
 And galleys trim, on no long voyage bound,
 But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast
 All¹ were their bellying sails outspread to every blast.
 O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
 With terraces on terraces up-thrown ;
 And all along arranged in order'd rows,
 And vistas broad, the velvet slopes adown
 The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone,
 But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
 From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
 They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mould,
 By changeful summers starved, and pinch'd by winter's cold.
 Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
 On golden thrones of antique form reclined,
 In mimic majesty nine virgins sat,
 In features various as unlike in mind :
 Also boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
 And to the sweet Parnassian nymphs allied ;
 Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twined,
 And matching with high names their apish pride,
 O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to preside.
 In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
 By Greek and Roman artists whilom² made,
 Of various woofs, and variously distain'd ;
 With tints of every hue, were they array'd ;
 And here and there ambitiously display'd
 A purple shed of some rich robe, prepared
 Erst by the Muses o'er the' Aonian maid,
 To deck great Tullius, or the Mantuan bard ;
 Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendour
 glared.
 And well their outward vesture did express
 The bent and habit of their inward mind,
 Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
 And usages by time cast far behind.

(1) *All*, used frequently by the Old English poets for although.

(2) *Whilom*, formerly.

Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,
 The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase
 Of their own countries, they with scorn declined ;
 Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,
 Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers' days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey ;
 To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn ;
 Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay
 Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
 Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
 Then, gathering up with superstitious care
 Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
 In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
 This Ennius, Varro ; this the Stagyrte did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable sound,
 While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful rod ;
 Through all the provinces of learning own'd
 For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
 Also from each region to their dread abode
 Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
 The streams of science : which united flow'd
 Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast ;
 And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
 One of those virgin-sisters did preside :
 Who, dignifying with her noble name
 Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
 The heady vapours of scholastic pride,
 Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
 Fierce in debate, and forward to decide ;
 Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
 And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every side,
 In circuit vast a verdant valley spread ;
 Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
 Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
 By various sluices from one common head ;
 A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
 Hight of philology the lake ; and fed
 By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
 Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
 Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
 Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
 By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along ;
 Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
 Were torn reluctant from the tender side
 Of their fond mothers, and by faitours¹ strong,
 By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
 Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide
 On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
 And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
 If haply they mote scape the hated flood,
 Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries ;
 But far away the' unheeding father flies,
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress ;
 While close behind, assuming the disguise
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
 With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly faitours press.
 As on the steepy margin of a brook,
 When the young sun with flowery Maia rides :
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides :
 The shepherd swain at first exhorting chides
 Their seely² fear ; at length impatient grown,
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides ;
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.
 Thus urged by mastering fear and dolorous teen,³
 Into the current plunged that infant crowd :
 Right pitieous was the spectacle, I ween,
 Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood ;
 And labouring to attain the distant shore,
 Where, holding forth the gown of manhood, stood
 The siren Liberty, and evermore
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.
 Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
 With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,
 By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd,
 Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill abide

(1) *Faitour*, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

(2) *Seely*, simple.

(3) *Teen*, pain, grief.

With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride,
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpass'd
 The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
 Again return'd astounded¹ and aghast ;
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
 Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued :
 And though with many a bruise and muchel² blame,
 Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued,
 Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
 But in life's practice lear³ unskill'd and rude,
 Forth in that forked hill they silent paced ;
 Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they
 waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
 Though with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
 By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
 Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipp'd, unstain'd,
 Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
 Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

A few (alas, how few !) by Heaven's high will
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
 Albe⁴ sore mated⁵ by the tempests shrill,
 That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
 By their own native vigour borne along,
 Cut briskly through the waves ; and forces new
 Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
 Of rival youths, outstripp'd the labouring crew,
 And to the true Parnasse⁶ and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
 Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
 Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults⁷ sore
 Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,

(1) *Astounded*, astonished.(3) *Lear*, learning.(5) *Mated*, amazed, scared.(7) *Singults*, sighs.(2) *Muchel*, much.(4) *Albe*, although.(6) *Parnasse*, Parnassus.

And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
 Confusedly mingled with the jarring sound
 Of all the various speeches that while-ere ¹
 On Shinar's wide-spread champaign did astound
 High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works
 confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
 But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
 Empierced deep with sympathising teen,
 On his pale cheek the signs of dread impress'd,
 And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore distress'd
 Up to his sire he raised in mournful wise ;
 Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
 His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise ;
 Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
 By a rude voice, that, like the' united sound
 Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
 And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground :
 The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
 "Arrest, Sir Knight, (it cried,) thy fond career,
 Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
 That awful majesty which all revere !
 In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations hear !"

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
 Advancing towards him with impetuous gait,
 And visage all inflamed with fierce disdain,
 A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
 Shone the bright ensign of imperial state ;
 Albeit lawful kingdom he had none ;
 But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
 And oftentimes over both erect his throne,
 While senates, priests, and kings his sovran ² sceptre own.

Custom he hight : and aye in every land
 Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
 O'er all he holds : and to his high command
 Constrains even stubborn Nature to obey ;

(1) *While-ere*, formerly.

(2) *Sovran*, for sovereign.

Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
 To govern in her right: and with a pace
 So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
 That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
 And though deflower'd and thrall'd, nought feels her foul
 disgrace.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
 The docile sons of men, withouten pain,
 By discipline and rules of every stage
 Of life accommodate, he doth them train
 Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
 Also his behests or gentle or severe,
 Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
 He craftily persuades them to revere,
 As institutions sage, and venerable lere.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
 And mighty patron of those Sisters nine,
 Who, there enthroned, with many a copious rill
 Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
 He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
 Like those,¹ which Sparta's hardy race of yore
 Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
 He doth constrain his vassals to adore
 Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred lore.

And to the fairy knight now drawing near,
 With voice terrific and imperious mien,
 (All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
 When known and practised than at distance seen,)
 And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
 Him he commandeth, "upon threaten'd pain
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
 And all due honours pay to learning's reverend train."

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
 His peremptory hand without delay,
 As one who little cared to justify
 His princely will, long used to boundless sway,

(1) The Lacedæmonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. "And I myself (says Plutarch, in his Life of Lyeurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diai a, surnamed Orthia."

Upon the fairy youth with great dismay
 In every quaking limb convulsed, he laid :
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay,¹
 Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
 With many his young compeers therein to be embay'd.²

The knight his tender son's distressful stour³
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew :
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
 For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied
 With rash presumption ; and with courage true,
 Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

And now, disdainng parle, his courser hot
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear ;
 Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,
 That him perforce constrain'd to wend arrear.⁴
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
 Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
 Forthwith his massy sceptre 'gan uprear ;
 For other warlike weapon he had none,
 Ne other him behoved to quell his boldest fone.⁵

With that enormous mace the fairy knight
 So sore he bet,⁶ that all his armour bray'd,⁷
 To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
 Of so tempestuous strokes ; but he was stay'd,
 And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray ;
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
 When force unequal did him hard assay :
 So lightly from his steed he leap'd upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant blade,⁸
 High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield ;
 And warily forecasting to evade
 The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,

(1) *Lay*, mead.(2) *Embay'd*, bathed, dipped.(3) *Stour*, trouble, misfortune, &c.(4) *Wend arrear*, move backwards.(5) *Fone*, foes.(6) *Bet*, beat.(7) *Bray'd*, resounded.(8) *Trenchant*, cutting.

With restless steps aye traversing the field.
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride,¹
 That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were dyed.
 His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound ;
 But far above his utmost reach were pight²
 The forts of life : ne never to confound
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite
 A power so puissant by his single might
 Did he presume to hope : himself alone
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
 He stood content to bow to Custom's throne,
 So Reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.
 So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
 His foe, that weary wax'd he of the fray ;
 Yet nould he algates³ lower his haughty crest,
 But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
 Disdainfully released the trembling prey,
 As one unworthy of his princely care ;
 Then proudly casting on the warlike fay⁴
 A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
 'Gan blow the shrilling horn ; the blast was heard afar.
 Eftsoons astonish'd at the' alarming sound,
 The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
 Confusedly trooping from all quarters round
 Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
 Of every sex and order, old and young ;
 The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
 Who to his lore inured by usage long,
 His every summons heard with pleasure fain,
 And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.
 They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
 And saw an armed knight him standing near,
 Attended by that palmer sage and bold ;
 Whose venturous search of devious truth while-ere
 Spread through the realms of learning horrors drear,
 Y-seized were at first with terrors great ;
 And in their boding hearts began to fear
 Dissension factious, controversial hate,
 And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

(1) *Gride*, cut, hack.(3) *Nould he algates*, would not by any means.(2) *Pight*, placed.(4) *Fay*, fairy.

But when they saw the knight his falchion sheathe,
 And climbing to his steed march thence away,
 With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
 With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
 Soon chased the gathering clouds of black affray.
 Also their great monarch, cheered with the view
 Of myriads, who confess his sovereign sway,
 His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;
 And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

Thereat the multitude, that stood around,
 Sent up at once a universal roar
 Of boisterous joy : the sudden-bursting sound,
 Like the explosion of a warlike store
 Of nitrous grain, the' afflicted welkin¹ tore,
 Then turning towards the knight, with scoffings lewd,
 Heart-piercing insults, and revilings sore,
 Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
 As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps
 pursued.

Also from that forked hill, the boasted seat
 Of studious peace and mild philosophy,
 Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
 Mustering their rage ; eke baleful infamy,
 Roused from her den of base obscurity
 By those same maidens nine, began to sound
 Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy :
 While Satire, with dark clouds encompass'd round,
 Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.

But the brave fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
 Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain ;
 With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
 Through the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
 What mote afresh admonish him remain
 Fast by his virtuous purpose ; all around
 So many objects moved his just disdain ;
 Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
 In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
 Each sex, each age, each order, and degree,
 To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
 Kept one perpetual general jubilee.

(1) *Welkin*, sky.

Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee ;
 Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
 Restraint of law, Religion's dread decree,
 Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
 Nor heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's convulsive
 throes.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
 Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage ;
 And placed within their call the sacred band
 That waits on nurture and instruction sage,
 If happy their wise hests¹ mote them engage
 To climb through knowledge to more noble praise ;
 And as they mount, enlighten every age
 With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays ;
 Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter blaze.

They (O perverse and base ingratitude !)
 Despising the great ends of Providence,
 For which above their mates they were endued
 With wealth, authority, and eminence,
 To the low services of brutal sense
 Abused the means of pleasures more refined,
 Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence ;
 And, fettering on her throne the' immortal mind,
 The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.
 Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
 Nought worthy of their kind did they essay ;
 But, or benumb'd with palsied idleness,
 In merely living loiter'd life away ;
 Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
 For ever wandering in the sensual bowers
 Of feverish debauch, and lustful play,
 Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
 And with untimely blasts diseased their vernal hours.

Even they to whom kind Nature did accord
 A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
 Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
 Of beastly Comus loathing they declined,
 Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd ;
 Like painted insects through the summer air
 With random flight aye ranging unconfined ;
 And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
 Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

(1) *Hests*, behests, precepts, commands.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
 With vain amusements to beguile the day ;
 And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
 Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play ?
 "Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may !"
 So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind ;
 The' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
 And leaving toil and poverty behind,
 Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

Nor tedious was the search ; for everywhere,
 As nigh great Custom's royal towers the knight
 Pass'd through the' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
 The merry voice of festival delight
 Saluting the return of morning bright
 With matin revels, by the mid-day hours
 Scarce ended ; and again with dewy night,
 In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers,
 Offering her evening vows to Pleasure's joyous powers.

And ever on the way mote he espy
 Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
 Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
 By land, by water, passing aye along
 With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
 To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
 The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
 To every idle foot stood open wide,
 And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
 The sly enchantress summon'd all her train :
 Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love ;
 The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain ;
 And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
 Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die ;
 And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain,
 To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
 And thought-beguiling show, and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
 Who to true honour meaneth to aspire ;
 And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
 Would keep his many faculties entire.

The which avising well, the cautious sire
 From that soft syren land of Pleasure vain,
 With timely haste was minded to retire,
 Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain
 His son's unpractised heart, yet free from vicious stain.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
 Through many a devious path at length he paced,
 As that experienced palmer did him guide,
 Till to a mountain hoar they came at last ;
 Whose high-raised brows, with silvan honours graced,
 Majestically frown'd upon the plain,
 And over all an awful horror cast :
 Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,

Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

The hill ascended straight, erewhile they came
 To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,
 Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
 Even at mid-noon a dubious twilight made ;
 Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd
 Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
 Through windows dim with holy acts portray'd,
 Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
 Abstracting therapt thought from vain earth-musing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
 Of clustering oaks, a silvan colonnade,
 Aye listening to the native melody
 Of birds sweet echoing through the lonely shade,
 On to the centre of the grove they stray'd ;
 Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
 Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
 Disclosed to sudden view a vale profound,
 With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties
 crown'd.

There on the basis of an ancient pile,
 Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
 A venerable matron they ere-while
 Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
 Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
 Retired within her own abstracted breast,
 She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
 The which her changing cheer by turns express'd,
 Now glowing with disdain, with grief now overkest.¹

(1) *Overkest*, for overcast.

Her thus immersed in anxious thought profound,
 When-as the knight perceived, he nearer drew ;
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence the' occasion of her anguish grew.
 For that right noble matron well he knew ;
 And many perils huge, and labours sore,
 Had for her sake endured ; her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practised evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

“ O dearest dread ! (he cried) fair island queen !
 Mother of heroes ! empress of the main !
 What means that stormy brow of troublous teen ?
 Sith ¹ heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling train
 Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign
 With wealth and knowledge, splendour and renown ?
 Each port how throng'd ! how fruitful every plain !
 How blithe the country ! and how gay the town !
 While liberty secures and heightens every boon ! ”

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
 By these fair flattering words, she raised her head ;
 And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,
 “ Mock'st thou my sorrows, fairy son ? (she said)
 Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
 To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest ?
 To deem them full of life and lustihead,²
 Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
 And with joy's careless mien and dimpled smiles
 impress'd ?

“ Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
 I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause !
 And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
 The' assaults of mighty Custom, which o'erawes
 The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
 From Reason's lore the' ambitious and the vain
 By the sweet lure of popular applause,
 Against their better knowledge to maintain
 The lawless throne of Vice, or Folly's childish reign.

“ How vast his influence, how wide his sway !
 Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand ;
 And saw'st, as through his realms thou took'st thy way,
 How vice and folly had o'erspread the land.

(1) *Sith*, since.(2) *Lustihead*, strong health, vigour.

And canst thou then, O fairy son, demand
 The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
 The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
 And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 The once dear names of wealth, and liberty, and peace?

“Peace, wealth, and liberty, that noblest boon,
 Are blessings only to the wise and good:
 To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
 And thence abused, but serve to furnish food
 For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 With high-spiced luxury; when Strife, Debate,
 Ambition, Envy, Faction’s viperous brood,
 Contempt of order, manners profligate,
 The symptoms of a foul, diseased, and bloated state.

“Even Wit and Genius, with their learned train
 Of Arts and Muses, though from heaven above
 Descended, when their talents they profane
 To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
 And aid eccentric sceptic Pride to rove
 Beyond celestial Truth’s attractive sphere,
 This moral system’s central sun, aye prove
 To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 And only make mankind more obstinately err.

“And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 Have they consider’d well, and understood,
 The use and import of those blessings dear,
 Which the great Lord of nature hath bestow’d
 As well to prove, as to reward the good?
 Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
 Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
 The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
 And upon shipwreck’d faith and sinking virtue preys?

“To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
 With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal:
 Upon your vital influences wait
 The health and sickness of the commonweal;
 The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
 In vain to the unthanking harden’d crowd
 Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal;
 In vain will sacred Wisdom cry aloud,
 And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in blood.

“With you must reformation first take place :
 You are the head, the intellectual mind
 Of this vast body politic, whose base
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
 All the rich stores of science have resign'd
 To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the mental soil.

“Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 In you reposed : ne let your heaven-born mind
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust ;
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind :
 Learn, that ye may instruct : to virtue lead
 Yourselves the way : the herd will crowd behind,
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed :
 Example is a lesson that all men can read.

“But if (to all or most I do not speak),
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
 The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
 Nor reassume at will your native mould,¹
 Yet envy not the state you could not hold ;
 And take compassion on the rising age :
 In them redeem your errors manifold ;
 And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
 In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

“You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
 The prevalence of Custom lewd and vain ;
 And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne
 Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
 To his behests, and act what you disdain,
 Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
 Of piety and truth ; no more restrain
 The manly zeal ; but all your sinews move
 The present to reclaim, the future race improve !

“Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
 A sceptre by repute alone upheld ;
 Who, where he cannot dictate, straight obeys.

(1) *Mould*, shape, form.

Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
 To numbers and high-placed authority,
 Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
 And, drawing after all his menial fry,
 Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

“Ne for the' achievement of this great emprize
 The want of means or counsel may ye dread :
 From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
 A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
 In Learning's various writ : by whom yled
 Through each well-cultured plot, each beauteous grove,
 Where antique Wisdom whilom wont to tread,
 With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

“Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
 Of what, in ancient days, of good or great,
 Historians, bards, philosophers have taught ;
 Join'd with whatever else of modern date,
 Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
 Discover'd have of Nature, man, and God ;
 May by new laws reform the time-worn state
 Of cell-bred discipline, and smooth the road
 That leads through Learning's vale to Wisdom's bright
 abode.

“By you invited to her secret bowers,
 Then shall Pædia re-ascend her throne,
 With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers ;
 While from their forked mount descending down
 Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
 Her empire paramount, ere long by her
 Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
 'To learning's richest treasures to prefer
 The knowledge of the world, and man's great business
 there.'

“On this prime science, as the final end
 Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
 Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend
 Her every thought and effort to prepare
 Her tender pupils for the various war
 Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,
 As on the perilous march of life they fare
 With prudent lore fore-arming every age
 'Gainst Pleasure's treacherous joys, and Pain's embattled
 rage.

“ Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
 By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
 Through the world’s intricate or rugged ways
 Conducted by Religion’s sacred rays ;
 Whose soul-invigorating influence
 Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
 And swell the’ ennobled heart with bless’d benevolence.

“ Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 By magic whilom framed to sympathise
 With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
 Grow with their growth, and to the’ applauding skies
 Its radiant cross uplift ; the while, to grace
 The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
 Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
 Aye following their sires in virtue’s glorious race.”

Fired with the’ idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly sted ;
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
 Out-beaming, with unwonted light o’erspread
 That monumental pile ; and as her head
 To every front she turn’d, discover’d round
 The venerable forms of heroes dead ;
 Who, for their various merit erst renown’d,
 In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish’d eyes
 Would often feast, and ever as she spied
 Forth from the ground the lengthening structure rise
 With new-placed statues deck’d on every side,
 Her parent breast would swell with generous pride.
 And now with her in that sequester’d plain,
 The knight awhile constraining to abide,
 She to the fairy youth with pleasure fain
 Those sculptured chiefs did show, and their great lives
 explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORELAND'S HERMITAGE.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictured wall ;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of Perigord ;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis :
 Let me ne more myself deceive ;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave.
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train ;
 But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer ;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell :
 Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,
 And bless from foos this holy ground ;
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton old, and homely youth ;
 The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
 Oh ! banish these, and, by my fay,
 Right well I ween that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

BENEATH these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;
 Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

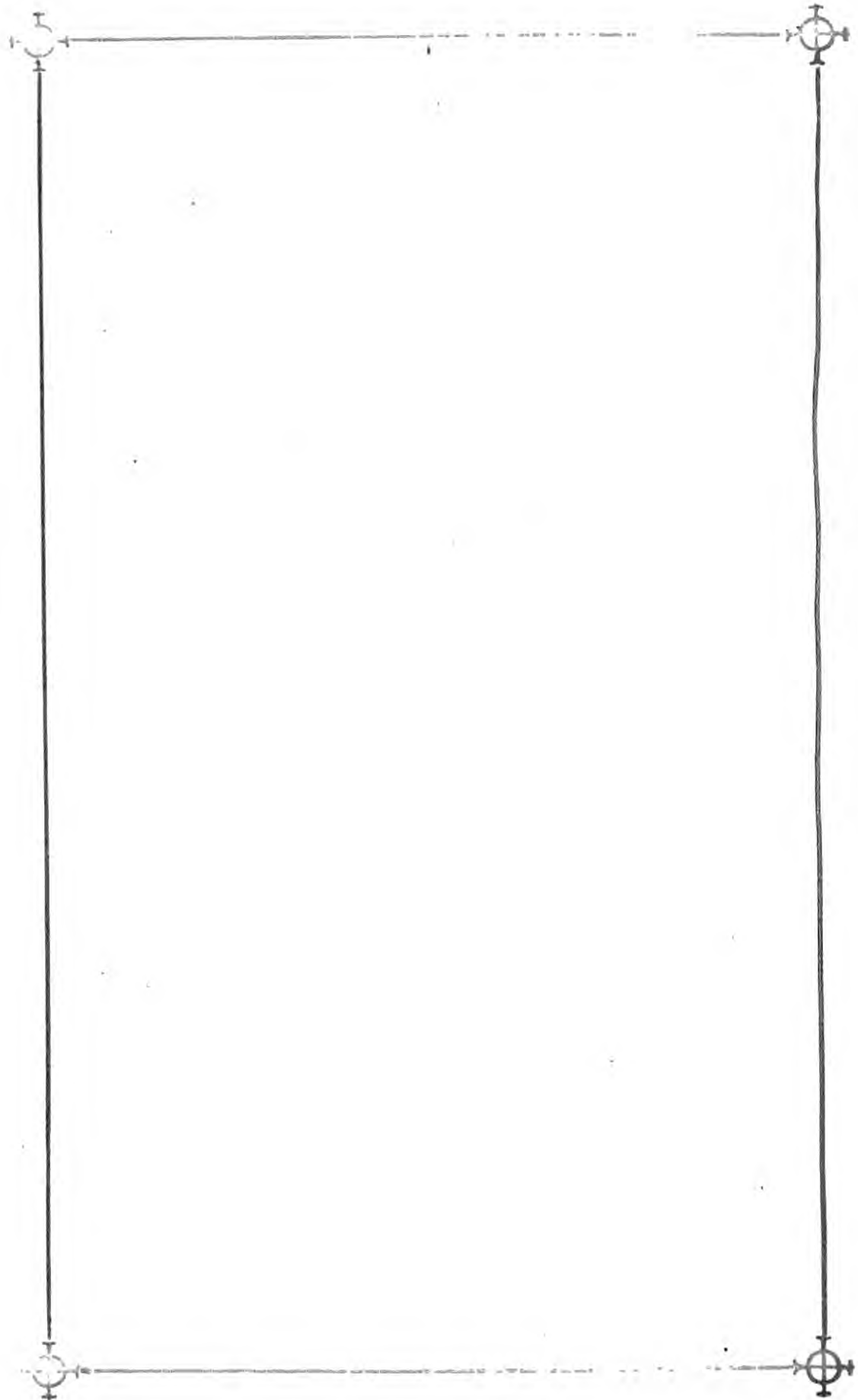
SWEET bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy silvan lay ;
While I, beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head ;
And joining thy enraptured song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is bless'd.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

(An imitation of Ausonius, "Ad Villam.")

NOT wrapp'd in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot :
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.
And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town, enjoy.





THE

Poetical Works

OF

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.



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BAMPFYLDE.

FOR several centuries the family of the Bampfylde has been among the most respectable in the county of Devon. John Bampfylde, the subject of this brief memoir, was the third son of Sir Richard Bampfylde, of Poltimore, and was born on the 24th of August, 1754. He was educated at Cambridge, and it was, I believe, while he resided at that University, that he published his "Sonnets." Bampfylde was a man of an amiable disposition, and was beloved by all who knew him.

The acquirements and intellectual powers of Bampfylde were of a very superior order. The bright hopes which they had inspired of his future eminence, were, however, soon destroyed. While he was yet in the morning of life he became the victim of insanity, and nearly the last twenty years of his existence were spent in a private madhouse. He died about the year 1796.

In his "Specimens of the later English Poets," Southey says that "Jackson of Exeter, the eminent composer, a man whose various talents made all who knew him remember him with regret, designed to republish the little collection of Bampfylde's 'Sonnets,' with what few of his pieces were still inedited, and to prefix to them an account of their author, who was truly a man of genius. From him I heard an interesting and melancholy history, all of which he would not have communicated to the public."

LIFE OF BAMPFYLDE.

Jackson died without carrying his design into execution. What was the cause of the dreadful malady which afflicted Bampfylde, we can, therefore, only conjecture. His "Stanzas to a Lady" seem to show that he was the slave of a deep and hopeless passion, which he in vain sought to eradicate by foreign travel; and in his melancholy "Ode to the River Teign," which speaks the language of a broken spirit, he alludes to his own conduct in a strain of self-reproach :

Hail, holy sire! whilst keen remorse corrodes,
Sicken'd with pleasure's pangs, this aching heart,
Thy freshening streams impart,
And take, oh, take me to thy bless'd abodes!

It is not improbable that, by some youthful errors, he alienated the object of his affection, and that the loss of her was fatal to his reason.

Southey has described the "Sonnets" of Bampfylde as being "some of the most original in our language," and to this praise they are entitled. They are excellent in sentiment, in description, and in a graceful flow of verse.

SONNETS.

ON THE ABBE RAYNAL'S HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS
IN THE EAST AND WEST INDIES.

FRIEND to the wretch ! great patron of mankind !
Born to enlighten and reform the age ;
Whose energetic and immortal page
From Nature's laws hath every art combined
Of mildest policy : whose soul refined
Melts at the slave's big tear, with generous rage
Dares to assert his rights, his griefs assuage
And mould to industry the savage mind.
Heeding thy lore, the nations bless'd shall see
Unbounded commerce, wealth, and peace arise,
And truth, and spotless faith, and liberty :
Nor shall thy latest moment want the meed
Of praise and joy serene, which virtuous deed
Procures from Heaven to cheer the good and wise.

ON HEARING THE TORTURE WAS SUPPRESSED THROUGHOUT
THE AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF BECCARIA'S
TREATISE ON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

HAIL to the sage divine of Milan's plains !
Whose labours reach'd the horrors of the cell,
Brought Mercy down from heaven with man to dwell,
And curb'd the biting laws, and check'd the reins
Of Justice too severe.—And, lo ! the chains,
At thy command, from off the convict fell,
The wheel appear'd no more, nor scaffold bell
Bade him prepare for more than mortal pains.
Oh ! may thy voice pervade the nations round,
And monarchs of their subjects' woes remind ;
So shall thy praise o'er earth and seas resound,
Nor shall thy own Italia boast a name
To be compared with thine in future fame,
So loved by all the good, so dear to humankind.

TO THE REDBREAST.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
 Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
 Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim ;
 But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
 And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,
 Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
 From battlement, or barn, or haystack trim ;
 And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
 Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
 The pittance due to thy well-warbled song ;
 Sweet bird ! sing on ; for oft near lonely hatch,
 Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
 And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
 Full many a tale have told, and ditty long.

ON HAVING DINED AT TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

OCTOBER'S flood had all deform'd the lea,
 And wintry blasts the forest wide had rent,
 When to the Muses' bower I blithsome went :
 Pass'd the dank noon away in social glee,
 With full repast, and wine, and jollity ;
 But when the friendly Eve her robe had sprent
 Wide o'er the meads, thither their footsteps bent,
 To soften and refine our converse free,
 Two nymph-like maids, Phyllis and Chloe fair.
 They, the melodious strings attuning sweet
 To voice, and verse divine, and Tuscan air,
 Banish'd loose thoughts, and lighted Love's pure flame.
 If pleasures chaste like these the breast can tame,
 How well they fit the Muses' calm retreat !

THE RETURN.

As, when to one who long hath watch'd, the morn,
 Advancing slow, forewarns the approach of day
 (What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
 Decks the green hedge and dewy grass unshorn
 With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn),
 And now the sun comes forth with level ray,
 Gilding the high wood top and mountain gray ;
 And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn ;
 The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
 The' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
 And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem.
 Such is the sight of thee ; thy wish'd return
 To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
 That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain.

ON THE MORNING.

RINGS the shrill peal of dawn gay chanticleer,
 Thrice warning that the day-star climbs on high,
 And pales his beam as Phœbus' car draws nigh.
 Now ere the lawns or distant cribs appear,
 Or ere the crows from wattled sheepcote veer
 Their early flight, or wakeful herdsman's eye
 Discerns the smoky hamlet, let me ply
 My daily task, to guide the labouring steer,
 Plant the low shrub, remove the' unsightly mound,
 Or nurse the flower, or tend the humming swarms.
 Thus ever with the Morn may I be found,
 Far from the hunter-band's discordant yell;
 So in my breast Content and Health shall dwell
 And conscious Bliss, and love of Nature's charms.

ON THE EVENING.

SLOW sinks the glimmering beam from western sky;
 The woods and hills, obscured by Evening gray,
 Vanish from mortal sight, and fade away.
 Now with the flocks and yearlings let me hie
 To farm, or cottage lone, where, perch'd hard by,
 On mossy pale the redbreast tunes his lay,
 Soft twittering, and bids farewell to day;
 Then, whilst the watchdog barks, and ploughmen lie,
 Lull'd by the rocking winds, let me unfold
 Whate'er in rhapsody, or strain most holy,
 The hoary minstrel sang in times of old;
 For well I ween, from them the Nine inspire
 Wisdom shall flow, and Virtue's sacred fire,
 And Peace, and Love, and heavenly Melancholy.

ON A STORMY SEA PROSPECT.

How fearful 'tis to walk the sounding shore,
 When lours the sky, and winds are piping loud!
 And round the beach the tearful maidens crowd,
 Scared at the swelling surge and thunder's roar.
 High o'er the cliff the screaming seamews soar,
 Lost is the' adventurous bark in stormy cloud,
 The shrill blast whistles through the fluttering shroud,
 And lo! the gallant crew, that erst before
 Secure rode tilting o'er the placid wave,
 Scarce know to stem the black and boisterous main,
 And view, with eyes aghast, their watery grave.
 So fares it with the breast of him, the swain,
 Who quits Content for mad Ambition's lore,
 Short are his days, and distant far the shore.

ON A CALM SEA PROSPECT.

How pleasant 'tis to walk the silent shore,
 When scarce the humming tide can reach mine ear!
 Of scatter'd mist the sun dispels the rear,
 And birds of calm the distant wave explore;
 And safe in craggy bay the bark doth moor,
 Whose streamers proud and slacken'd sails appear
 Deep in the glassy pool reflected clear:
 And lo, the crew, all blithe, to part no more
 From happy native fields, in artless rounds
 Provoke the lively dance; the smiling main
 With shouts, and mirth, and merriment resounds.
 So fares it with the breast of him, the swain.
 Who quits Ambition for Contentment's lore,
 For joyful are his days, and near the shore

TO MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

THOUGH winter's storms imbrown the dusky vale,
 And dark and wistful wanes the louring year;
 Though bleak the moor, forlorn the cots appear,
 And through the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;
 Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays ne'er fail,
 Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to cheer,
 Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
 Whether thou lovest in mournful mood to wail
 Lycid, "bright genius of the sounding shore,"
 Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
 My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
 But chiefest when (if Delia grace the measure)
 Thy lyre, o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
 Rolls the soft song of joy and endless love.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

AROUND my porch and lonely casement spread
 The myrtle never sere and gadding vine,
 With fragrant sweetbriar love to interwine;
 And in my garden's box-encircled bed
 The pansy pied, and musk-rose white and red,
 The pink, the lily chaste, and sweet woodbine,
 Fling odours round; thick woven eglantine
 Decks my trim fence, in which, by Silence led,
 The wren hath wisely placed her mossy cell,
 Shelter'd from storms, in courtly land so rife,
 And nestles o'er her young, and warbles well.
 'Tis here with Innocence in peaceful glen
 I pass my blameless moments, far from men;
 Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

ON A FRIGHTFUL DREAM.

THIS morn, ere yet had rung the matin peal,
 The cursed Merlin, with his potent spell,
 Aggrieved me sore, and from his wizard cell
 (First fixing on mine eyes a magic seal)
 Millions of ghosts and shadowy shapes let steal,
 Who swarming round my couch, with horrid yell,
 Chatter'd and moe'd, as though from deepest hell
 They had escap'd.—I oft, with fervent zeal,
 Essay'd, and pray'd, to mar the' enchanter's power.
 In vain; for thicker still the crew came on,
 And now had weigh'd me down; but that the day
 Appear'd, and Phœbus, from his eastern tower,
 With new trick'd beam, like Truth immortal shone,
 And chased the visionary forms away.

TO THE EVENING.

WHAT numerous tribes beneath thy shadowy wing,
 O mild and modest Evening, find delight!
 First to the grove his lingering fair to bring,
 The warm and youthful lover, hating light,
 Sighs oft for thee:—And next the boisterous string
 Of school-imps, freed from dame's all-dreaded sight,
 Round village cross, in many a wanton ring,
 Wishes thy stay.—Then too with vasty might
 From steeple's side to urge the bounding ball
 The lusty hinds await thy fragrant call.
 I, general friend, by turns am join'd with all,
 Lover, and elfin gay, and harmless hind;
 Nor heed the proud, to real wisdom blind,
 So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

ON CHRISTMAS.

WITH footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
 His brows inwreath'd with holly never sere,
 Old Christmas comes, to close the waned year;
 And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad;
 Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
 To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,
 And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers dear
 Hug the gray mongrel; meanwhile maid and lad
 Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we hail,
 Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
 In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
 Or wrapp'st thy visage in a sable cloud:
 Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
 To greet thee well with many a carol loud.

ON A WET SUMMER.

ALL ye who far from town, in rural hall,
 Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
 Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
 With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
 By rains incessant held ; for now no call
 From early swain invites my hand to wield
 The scythe ; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
 And mark the lessening sand from hourglass fall :
 Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
 Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
 Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain ;
 Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
 And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
 Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

TO MR. WHARTON.

'TIS not for Muse like mine, in rude essay
 To paint the beauties of thy classic page :
 Which aye deserve far other patronage
 Than the small meed sincere she fain would pay
 Of verse, grave eulogy, or distich gay ;
 For that thou deign'st to' inform this sapient age,
 Whate'er was whilom told by tuneful sage,
 Or harp'd in hall or bower on solemn day :
 But more, for that thy skill the minstrel throng
 Forbids in cold Oblivion's arms to lie :
 Dear long-lost masters of the British song,
 They shall requite thee better far than I ;
 And other shades and other climes among,
 Weave thee a laureate wreath that ne'er shall die.

IN PRAISE OF DELIA.

COLD is the senseless heart that never strove
 With the first tumult of a real flame ;
 Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
 Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
 The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,
 The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
 With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame
 Let him amid the rabble toil, or rove
 In search of plunder far to eastern clime :—
 Give me, to waste the hours in amorous play
 With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme,
 Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
 And all that prodigality of charms
 Form'd to enslave my heart, and grace my lay.

ODE TO THE RIVER TEIGN.

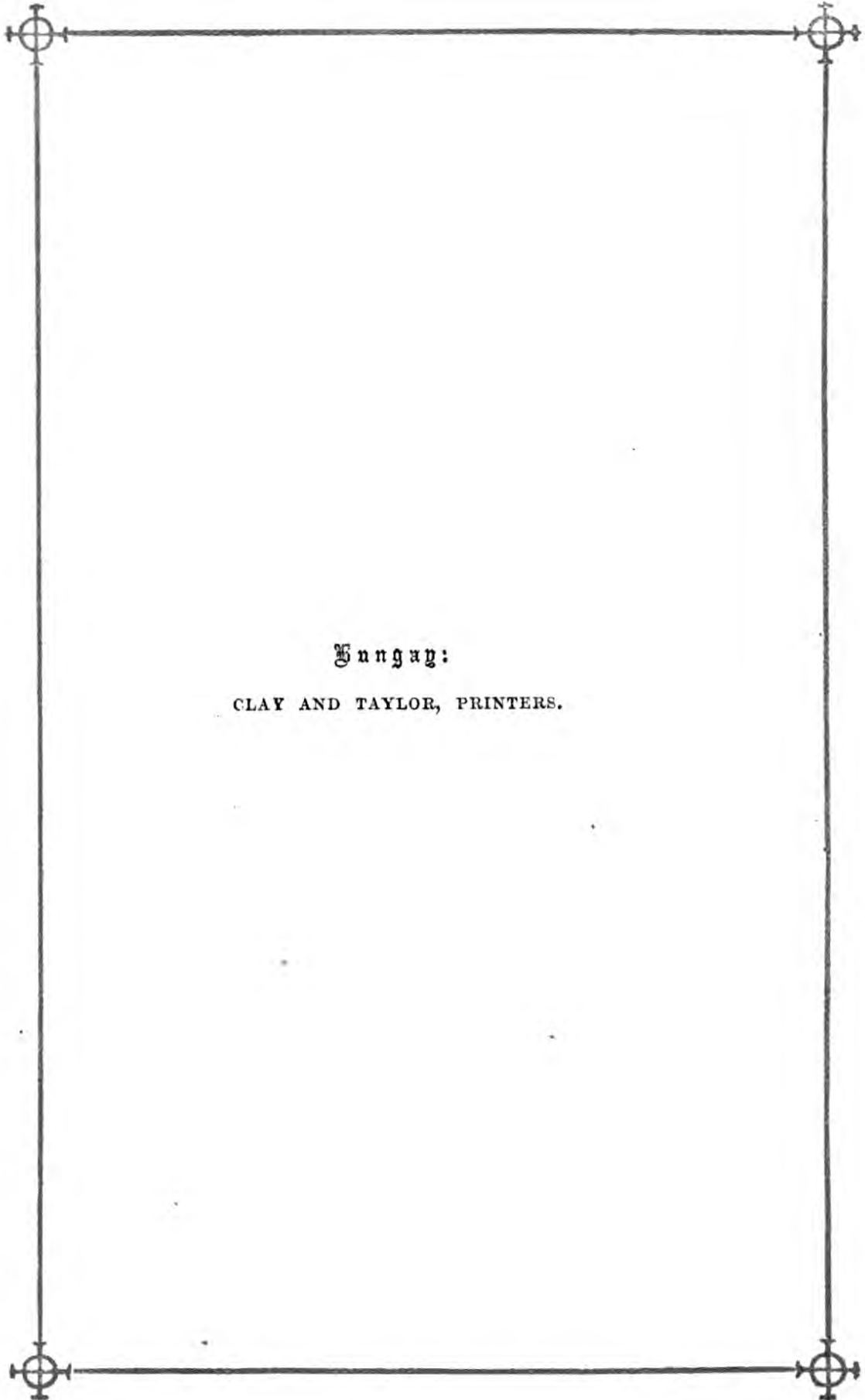
OH thou! the guardian of each floweret pale
 That decks thy lonely brim ; whether thy car
 Hoarse murmuring from afar,
 Foams down the dark and solitary vale ;
 Or through yon meads thy peaceful current roves,
 Where, mid the pendent umbrage pleased to stray,
 Thou shunn'st the noontide ray
 Which gilds the' encircling majesty of groves ;
 Hail, holy sire ! whilst keen remorse corrodes,
 Sicken'd with pleasure's pangs, this aching heart,
 Thy freshening streams impart ;
 And take, oh, take me to thy bless'd abodes !
 But if led on by Heaven's decree to' explore
 The depths and shoals of fortune, once again
 I trust the faithless main,
 Torn from thy desert caves and solemn roar ;
 Give me at length, from storms secure, and woes
 Of latest age, to lose the silent hours,
 And in thy awful bowers
 Enshroud me, far from men, in deep repose.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

IN vain from clime to clime I stray
 To chase thy beauteous form away,
 And banish every care ;
 In vain to quit thy charms I try,
 Since every thought creates a sigh,
 And every wish a tear.

Ask, wafting on my plaints, the breeze,
 If aught can lend a moment's ease,
 Or aught my grief assuage ;
 Oh ! it will tell thee how I trace
 With pain each step, each lingering pace,
 And think each hour an age.

Yon setting sun, whose placid smile
 Shall quickly gild thy western isle,
 No pleasure yields to me ;
 My longing eyes ne'er cease to stream,
 To follow every fading beam
 Which parts, to fall on thee.



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