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280
d 577

Mr. John Baker, Birmingham

To Mrs Daniel Gaskell
a poem to be read
at least twice a year
with warm criticism
with the author's best
regards. —

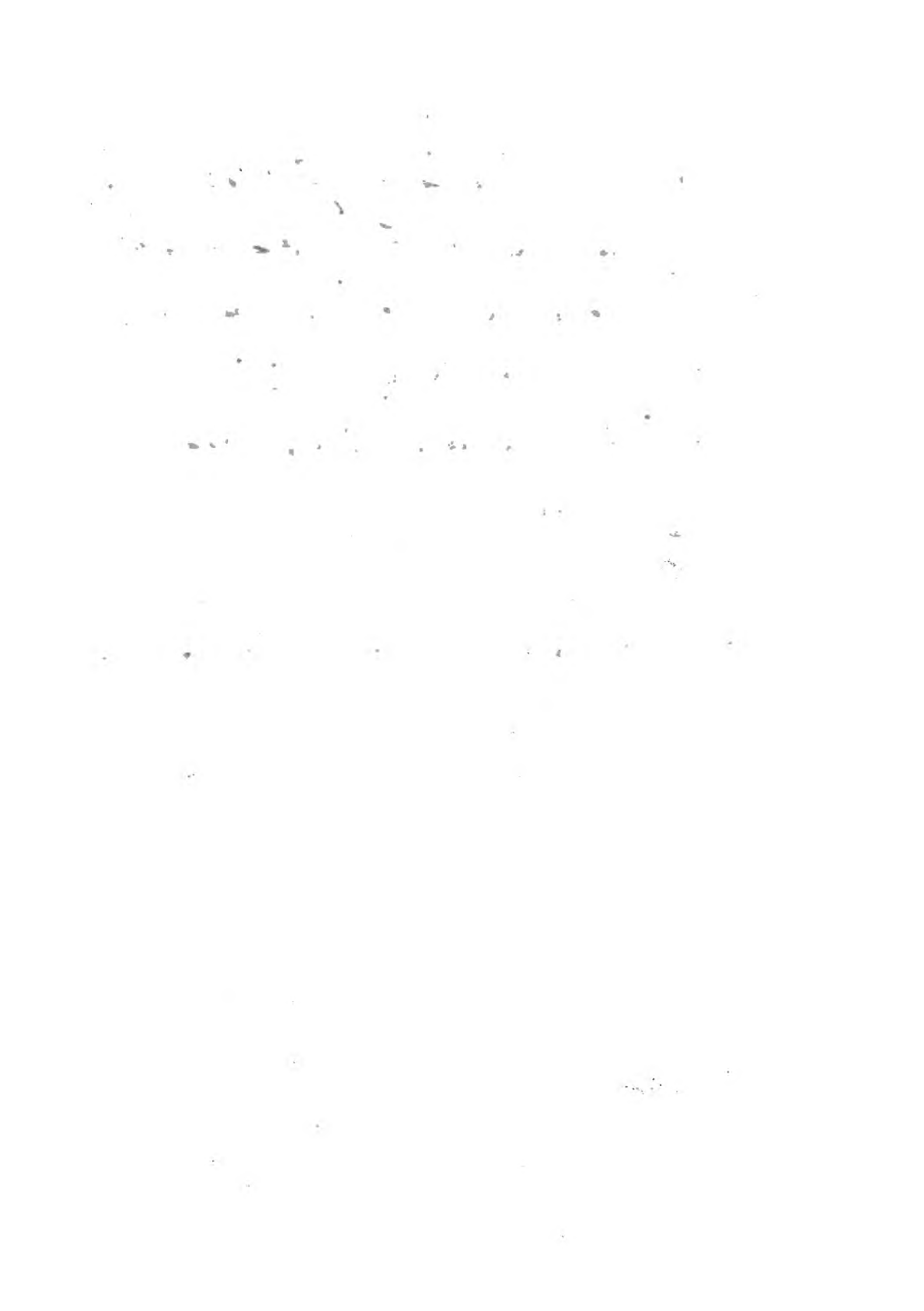
To be sent to Mrs Power.



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1871. from Baker, Burroughs

Mrs Daniel Gaskell
poem to be read
at least twice a year
to new or critics, not
with the author's best
sards, —

to sent to Mrs Power,



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d. 577



Mr. John Baker, Birmingham

Mrs Daniel Gaskell
seem to be read
- least twice a year
to new or critical, not
with the author's best
; and, -

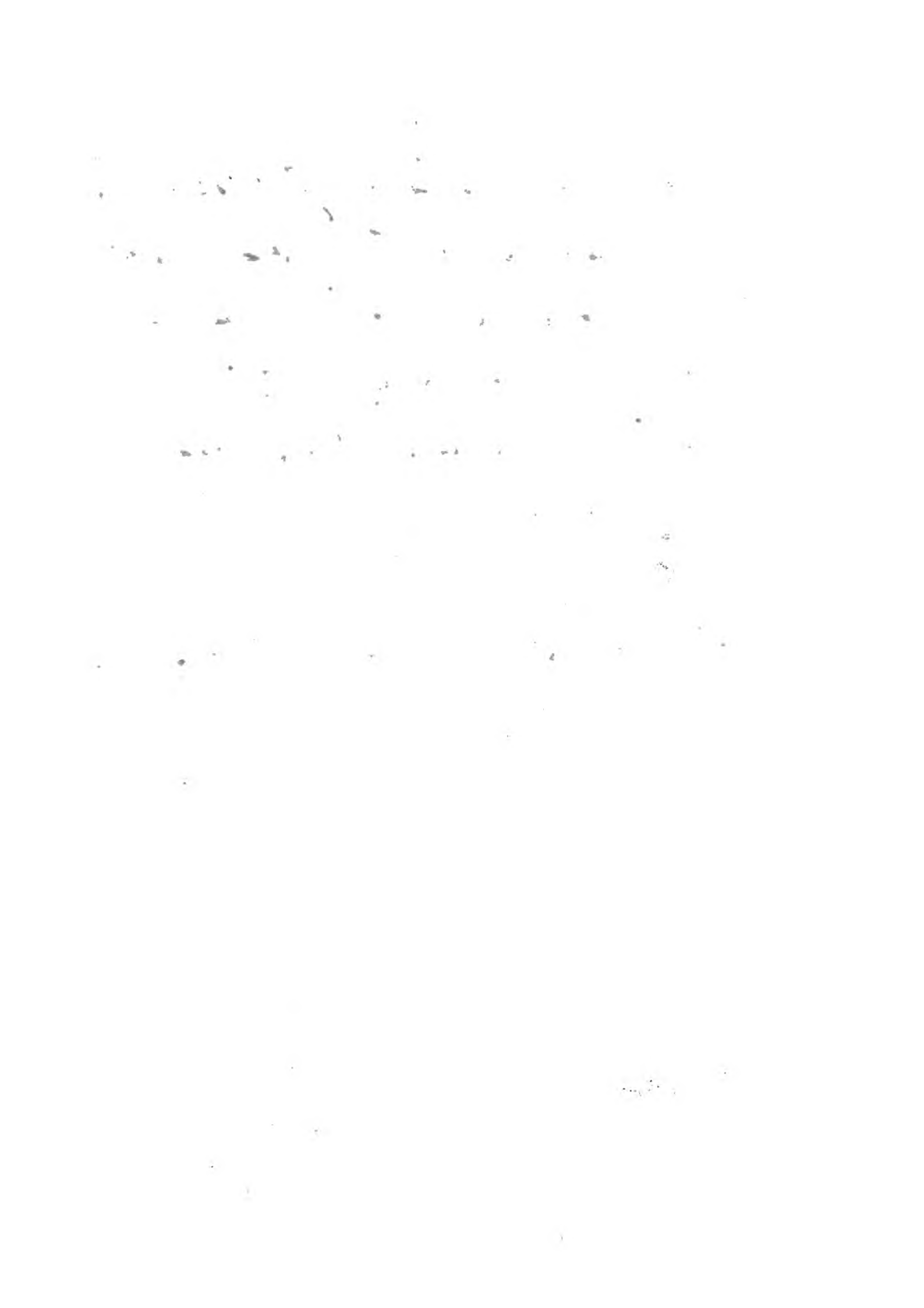
be sent to Mrs Jones,

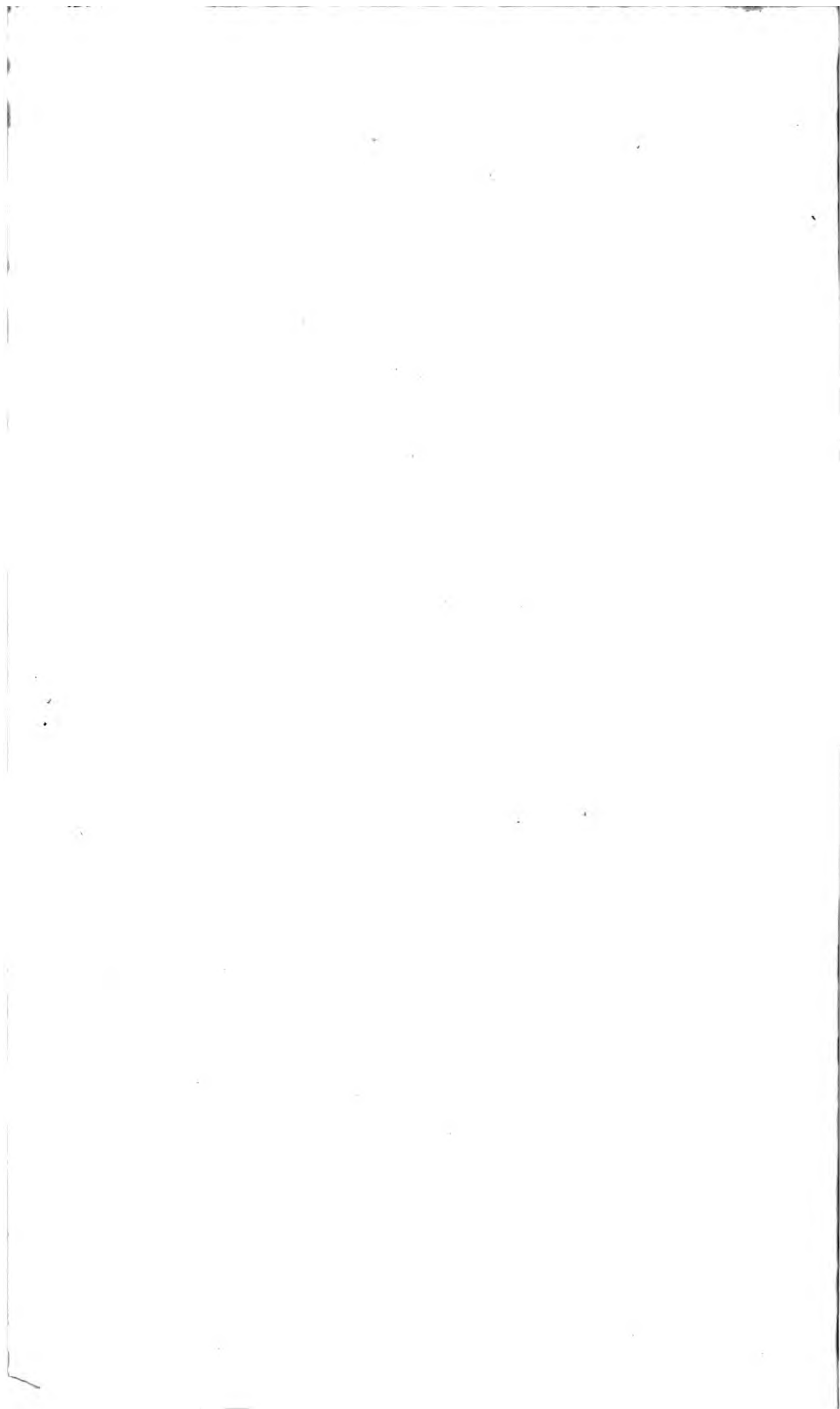


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d. 577





COWPER'S TEXT:

A

POEM.

BY JAMES MASON,

OF SHREWSBURY.

Shrewsbury:

PRINTED BY W. AND J. EDDOWES, CORN-MARKET.

1827.



TO

MRS. JONES,

DAUGHTER OF BENJAMIN HEYWOOD,

OF STANLEY HALL, YORKSHIRE,

AND NIECE OF BRIDGET HEYWOOD, OF LIVERPOOL,

BOTH DECEASED,

FOR THEIR SAKES AND HER OWN,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

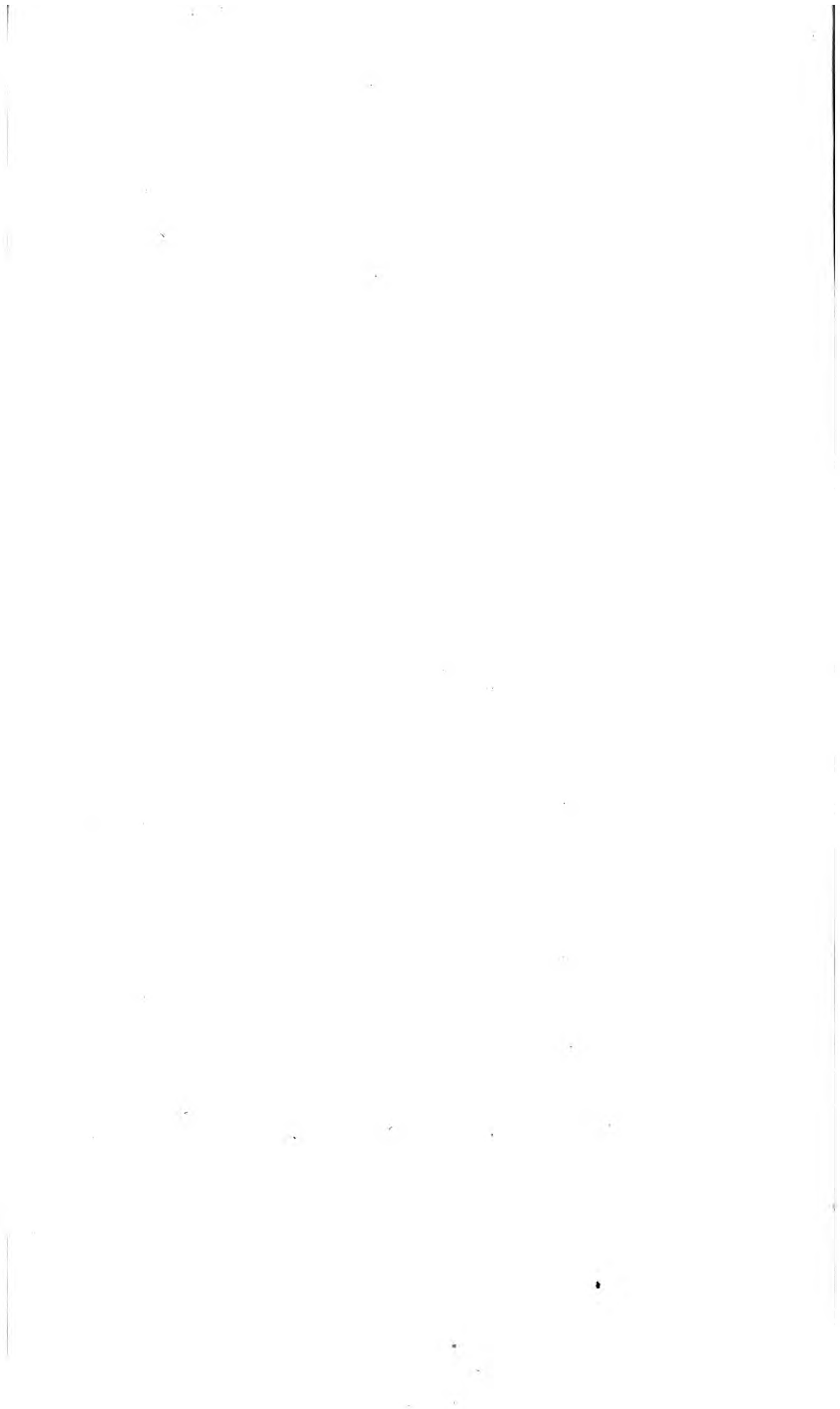
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY HER COUSIN AND FRIEND,

JAMES MASON.

St. John's Hill, Shrewsbury,

Jan. 1st, 1827.



COWPER'S TEXT.

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since—with many an arrow deep impress'd
My panting side was charg'd; and I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades :
Here I was found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers : in his side he bore
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars :
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

YES! thou wast stricken, ere thy rank was known,
Thyself least knowing it of all the herd :
Restor'd, the wound declaredst thou from heav'n,
And therefore nursedst it to a relapse :
So came thy fiftieth year—when thy career
Lean'd bright on temp'ral glory, though it still
Held its strong wheeling on th' eternal goal :
Faith, hope, and charity baptiz'd thy course,
And stern expostulation, and a talk
Thy table best might bear, and a review

With'ring to modern discipline at schools,
 The iron still tighten'd of thy splendid curb :
 And yet at times right cheerily it shook,
 E'en innocently jingling from its hold,
 As when the train-band hero rode so fast
 By wife and child and bell and balcony,
 Boasted at Ware, and then rode back as fast :
 'Twas thine own levity, of many one,
 Simple, unspotted, guileless, graceful all :
 And now the fair impos'd on thee a theme,
 Soft, 'twas the sofa—fair, 'twas from the fair,
 But, if sublime, sublime as Cowper's Task :
 And 'tis sublime—sofas were not for thee,
 And the mere name took a repulsive power,
 And urg'd thee thro' the fields of earth and heav'n,
 As vast proprietor, by truth made free.
 Thy home was in the vale—thy morning air
 Drugg'd from the market-place of wretched town,
 But from that dwelling-place could walk with thee,
 A kindred guardian of a mind that claim'd
 A kindred guardian in a still small voice :
 And ye would walk together, save when clouds
 Were harsh upon this weather-house, our world,
 And suffered but the man to brave the toy :
 Then as no pangs arthritic plagu'd thy step,
 In masculine dignity thou wouldst alone

Th' inanimate and animate explore,
 Applaud the respite of th' umbrageous arch,
 Own the privations of the peasant's nest,
 Ascending or descending toil, slip, smile,
 Admire the common's vegetable gold
 With sympathy for her that wand'rer there,
 Or those dependants on the double theft,
 From highest eminence through all its plain
 Trace Ouse by glassy line or verdant bank,
 Then mindful of each novelty regain
 Thy parlour, and thy Mary, and thy God :
 Such was thy state to meet the softest theme,
 Noise and a market-place and purest love,
 A scanty competence and every charm
 In nature that e'er charm'd thee, reach'd with toil,
 A body in the noblest sequels wrapt,
 A spirit that through all its harmony,
 Its comprehensive harmony, could jar
 But by that touch, at which the mountains smoke :
 'Twas thus encount'rdst thou the ladies' theme,
 And having balanc'd in its gentle name
 And thine own music, peasant, sage, and saint,
 Country and town, the outlaw and the craz'd,
 Op'nedst thy second book, with pealing time :
 Oh ! what a sadd'ning yet tremendous pow'r
 Thy first touch gives that time-piece ! what a tone

Claims for the sable slave the common God.
 The sun had slept in fog, a tideless sea
 Voraciously had fed on man and tow'r,
 Earth had been as the wave, when holy bard
 From Olney with his summons shuts the scene,
 And brethren in calamity bids love :
 A chime succeeds, but of cathedral depth,
 That stirs the earth o'er Wolfe and Chatham dead,
 Wolfe laurell'd on the heights of victory,
 And Chatham as he lifted hand and voice
 Against a peace that merg'd that victory :
 True—our apparent glory was not there,
 But Lansdowne's wisdom reigned, and shall that
 peace

By its example more advance mankind,
 Than any conquest any Cæsar boasts ?
 Else who is Washington ? Who Philip's son ?
 But Chatham found dismemberment and shame,
 And Olney's poet from his market-place
 Ill reconcil'd the coxcomb and the brave,
 And deem'd us borrowers too minute from France :
 Yet perfumes he had pardon'd, pardon'd dress,
 But when he finds the sacramental cup
 Mid the same lilies that enwreath'd the sword,
 He arms his rage but with the master-sound,
 And church and college seem (but seem !) to reel.

The third book opens, and all Eden glows ;
 Cowper is in his garden and at home :
 He feels himself at home, and not the less
 Because he caught some stains in his late range,
 Range without management thro' various paths
 Taken with moral, not satiric thong :
 But hard 'tis to be angry and sin not,
 And thus confesses he—our Christian sage :
 Yet soon the penitent is in relapse,
 For as he pictures the domestic bliss
 A garden for a man like him completes,
 (Or what was paradise, that seems set up,
 Creation's lovely countenance, to speak
 With fragrant and luxuriant eloquence ?)
 And harmonizes flow'r and plant and fruit
 In strain that should not have surviv'd the fall,
 Or been reserv'd, St. Michael, for thy shore,
 Or, Claremont, the thick cluster of thy bank,
 Or, Tedsmore, thine enamel'd pinnacle,
 Spruce courtier to the fastnesses far off,
 Now scorning outline, now abrupt as rocks,
 As thus his music Olney's vapours paints,
 Th' adult'ry and venality uprise
 That ravage either sex, and fast the scowl
 Expands against the contrast, ting'd, as 'twere,
 With feelings stationary more than riv'd

The clanging time-piece, central more, and fix'd,
 As from a point, though lost, to be reviv'd :
 " All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind,"
 Exclaims the bard of innocence and home
 And mighty arbitrage o'er human things :
 And he has given our text, and speaks of truth,
 And still regains his subject in detail,
 With a transition suiting well a world
 Full of transitions, transitory all ;
 With a dexterity regardless not
 Of certain models of antiquity :
 Eden shall be reviv'd—and what is truth ?
 Great the position is—the question great :
 Meanwhile give me a cucumber uprais'd
 By Cowper's rules, or may all gardens fail.

Give me his sofa, too—his winter's eve—
 Where fancy toils not to eke out the scene :
 Is it a British parlour, or alone
 The boast of Olney and found there no more ?
 How still and glorious the sympathy
 That fills that decent room with the whole world !
 Its empires, talents, eloquence, and wit,
 Its balanc'd scale of remedies and griefs,
 India's soil'd turban, senatorial zeal,

Washes and powders, blushes, teeth, and hair,
 Great Katerfelto conjuring scanty fare,
 And above all impressive that sad sketch
 Of the true Englishman, on whom, himself
 Part of his creaking wain, in silent lapse
 Fast falls nocturnal snow, as on he plods
 To reach a home unstain'd by beggary,
 Yet dark and cold and stunted in its growth
 Of smiles and converse, with but one relief
 For husband, wife, and children, early sleep :
 And what thy furniture, thou sainted bard,
 But this high sympathy—this moral warmth ?
 These cheap excursions ? thy strong bev'rage what,
 That sends thee on this revel through the world ?
 Resuming now the wrathful moralist,
 Thou blestest still the country, and rebuk'st
 The universal soldiership, that held
 Its venomous yet secret flow thro' hearts
 By birthright nature's, simple, firm, defin'd,
 And ill-allied with sixpence, song, and cane.

Thy ev'ning o'er, now, Briton, thou retir'st,
 To rise with morning's light and walk on snow :
 Acceptedst thou the sofa for thy theme ?
 The air bites shrewdly, though the sun is up :
 And cheerily thou walkst amid a scene

Of evanescent and fantastic charms,
Contributing thyself thy spindling shanks
In laughable grotesqueness, when the sun,
O'er the white pavement mingling shadows strange
Of ev'ry magnitude with purple streaks,
Finds thee in motion or dispos'd to bask
Between his busy rays and cottage wall :
Thou mark'st the woodman printing out his steps,
Nor chid'st him for the fragrance of his tube,
Or his stout lurcher's discipline, then com'st
To where the mill-dam to the freaks of frost
Yields up its superfluities, yet strong
Boils in effectual duty, and rememb'ring
The gorgeous frolic of the fur-clad Russ,
When she caparison'd her icy reign
In river palatine and nature's mock,
Through bright description seek'st thy moral mood,
And sing'st of liberty and bounded sway
In strain that argues well and nobly dares,
Suitable prelude to the coming hymn
On that high liberty, which who possess
Find freedom even in the despot's grasp,
Room in his dungeons, life beneath his axe :
Such is thy walk in winter and at dawn,
With a blest home expecting thy return :
And such thy ramble, when emerg'd and clear

From dreams and darkness thou greet'st nature's fan,
 And tak'st thy rouse mid filagree profuse,
 Rejoicing in the ornament and breeze.

 If winter challenges a walk at dawn,
 Its noon must more invite—the bard comes forth,
 And at once mingles with those village bells
 Accordant undulation of soft thought,
 And blesses parents he had little known :
 Rough had the night been and the morning sharp,
 But now the noon-day blue without a speck
 Fosters the poet on the southern side
 Of the slant hills, that graduate oak and elm
 And bring them at the base to cloister'd arch,
 Translucent guardian of a walk still green,
 (Save where th' uninjur'd roof its spangles strews)
 A spotless prospect, and the warmth of May :
 Here sharing the corporeal industry
 The heart in academic exercise
 Sinks “ hours to moments,” as in contrast strong
 True learning it sets up against the book,
 And wisdom against knowledge—but in verse.
 And now the village harmony revives,
 And his soft correspondence, that began
 In filial musing, with yon humble tow'r,

Renews its breathings wak'd to pause in pain,
 Extends its sympathy to nature's bounds,
 Nor rests but on the harp of prophecy
 And the full triumph of completed love :
 Thus was the morn for liberty—the noon
 For the full fruit of liberty in love :
 The morn and noon both winter, and the bard
 Doom'd to the sofa with a Briton's soul.

Fifty-two years thy life had held its course,
 Not cloudless, but in perfect innocence,
 When it was varied with the ladies' task
 And the delights of authorship made thine :
 They cheer'd without inebriating thee,
 And the bright cup, as thou describ'st thy tea,
 Thou now extendedst for Olympian dew :
 Homer's confederate thou woo'dst with him
 Daughters of memory, whose golden ewers
 Through the blind wanderer's veins pour'd heav'nly
 fire
 Whene'er it pleas'd him to resume his song,
 And, Christian poet, they were now profuse
 To thy poor porcelain at Olney fix'd :
 In a vile dwelling, tott'ring under years,
 Built in a swamp and on all sides confin'd,
 Save the allotted space on certain days

Destin'd to petty barter's swarm and hum,
 The great harmonious historian,
 Transmitter of the manners of th' old time,
 Traveller, from whom the shores of sun and song
 And every isle between high echoes caught,
 Him mightiest breather of the air and lore
 Of nature, eyeless chief, uncircumscrib'd,
 With him associate thou hast brought no croak
 As from a swamp, no ballad market-sprung,
 But as thy wretched garden, touch'd by thee,
 Wafted all Eden on a guilty world,
 So thou proclaim'st the will of Jove was done,
 What time Achilles' wrath was on the Greeks
 Destructively, with for the soul the grave
 Untimely, for the body all that preys,
 Hades surpriz'd, glutted the dog and bird ;
 What time the godlike, suff'ring, versatile,
 The man of cities, prodigies, and woes,
 Bereft of his companions, destitute,
 Was claim'd of heav'n by wisdom, and at last
 Had greater joy than in his mansion's smoke,
 Found his son wise, his wife and queen his own.
 Briton, thou hadst from Britons many a gasp
 Elicited most true to light and life,
 And fast and far the Homeric vintage bloom'd,
 And ever ready was the English laugh

For bottl'd Gilpin on the borrow'd mare,
 And ever ready the majestic tear
 For Kempenfelt gone down with all his men,
 And ever ready mingl'd smiles and tears
 For verse, thine eminently, social call'd,
 And ever ready the loud mock or wail
 For England's appetite or Afric's groan,
 And ever ready scholar's brandish'd shield
 Between the bigot and a Mansfield's stores,
 When as a sanctified and luminous gem
 Riding th' evaporation of the marsh,
 Thy station tookst thou on the neighb'ring hill,
 And with thy virtue lighted Weston Lodge :
 Not, not thine old friend Thurlow rais'd thee up :
 The Lord High Chancellor—his wiry curls
 Exemplified the fibres of his heart :
 Dread royalist, those fibres had relax'd,
 When critic Willis spoke—and they all curl'd :
 But why disturb consistencies ? had Thurlow
 Befriended Cowper for old friendship's sake,
 Patience, long-suffering, meekness, noble pow'r,
 All our best sympathies through all their scale,
 All nature gives of pure and so sustains,
 Tenderness, playfulness, contentment, peace,
 Sublimity in object, modesty
 In act, in effort all variety

Our moral safety violating not,
 Had these renown'd and blessed qualities,
 When rising or first fix'd in service high,
 In the Lord Chancellor retain'd the friend,
 Cowper had found amongst the great unask'd
 A fost'ring care that came too late to cheer :
 Howe'er thy light was now upon a hill,
 Combin'd with light and love, and Homer's page :
 The sun and air were thine : thou walkedst forth
 After a show'r, and foundst thy footing dry :
 Between thee and the rage of heat or storm
 Thy catholic landlord's high cathedral arch
 Rested in glory or in glory wav'd,
 And bless'd thee with its stir and its repose :
 Thy talents were acknowledg'd : critics press'd,
 Ambitious of confed'racy with thee,
 On Agamemnon and his whole array,
 On Ilion's matrons, as in sacred march
 Wisdom they sought in robes that swept the ground
 To soothe the angry pow'r ; with what ? a robe :
 Thy early friends welcom'd associate claims,
 And soften'd Thurlow glar'd at Fuseli :
 The work came forth—it was thy sixtieth year—
 And all the strong of spirit heard at once
 A murmuring deep in Greek and Roman wards
 As if some key was searching depths unknown,

And rifling the recesses most minute :
 They heard the noble crash, and prophecy'd,
 O'er the right course attain'd, success to come :
 Thy bookseller, Mæcenas, far and wide
 Renown'd for working out the purest mines,
 Equal alike to Priestley's pace and thine,
 Johnson, not Samuel, but of Paul's church-yard,
 Forbade at once the Homeric pomp to close,
 But beam'd on it with Milton's poetry
 Claiming translation still and many a note :
 (Alas, for literature ! and holiness !
 This should have lengthen'd out thy other tasks
 For poet and for prophet—Syria, Greece !)
 Thy lighter efforts found, or grave or gay
 Responses quick where'er thy music reach'd,
 And that which shews thy dear protectress merg'd
 In a protected one, still dearer, Mary,
 Thy more than sapphic Mary, shews return'd
 The pressure of thy hand and all repaid :
 What then was wanting to thy happiness,
 But for thyself that happiness to know ?
 If rest was thine, if walks majestic here,
 Secluded there, requir'd no climber's toil,
 If these were emblems of a mental range
 Flow'ry or tow'ring, annual or through years,
 Lovelily playful, or in ages wrapp'd,

If patriotism as large as uncorrupt
Forbade the law of man to curb man's creed,
And through adjustments earthly mov'd a scale
Of accurate not weak morality,
If ev'ry innocent or mighty theme
By thee was welcom'd with appropriate care,
If in thy criticism on brother-bards
Thy independence and thy love of truth
Dwelt on the line and rule, and finding well
The mingl'd art and nature, chid the frown
That lower'd from prejudice or critic heat,
If thou couldst play or work, amuse or teach
In correspondence, personal or penn'd,
With friends that lov'd and thro' them with the world,
If thus thy unambitious mind was crown'd
With all ambition misses for its curse,
Its condign chastisement for selfish fires,
While love and friendship fann'd thy lambent light,
Could fell entanglement this Eden seize,
Twist its bold strength and turn its colours black?
If the harmonious Mantuan's doric gift
From thy o'er-breathing took its trumpet-stop,
Yielding through all its field immortal flow'rs
And piercing all effects for one great cause,
If peacefully triumphant thou parad'st
The nights and suppers of no fabl'd gods,

But winter-evenings of a stormy clime
 More to be priz'd and coveted than his
 The courtly lustre of the Sabine farm,
 If thy illustrious glance at classic lore
 Its doctors and its founders wand'ers found
 Because unblest with such a home as thine,
 Nevertheless if round thy suppliant soul
 "Terrible seasons" oft this sunshine quench'd,
 Rolling deep thunder and deep thunder's voice,
 If in a moment nature's paradise
 But now thy prototype of Eden lost,
 Could close on thy delight and prophecy,
 And plunge thee in wild dreariness mid haunts
 Fir'd with hot tortures for the deathless dead,
 If patriot, scholar, poet, naturalist,
 Pitying and pitied saint, through intervals,
 Variously lasting, yielded up the ghost
 To prison-discipline and desp'rate woe,
 If where affection tunes thy lighter lyre
 In welcome of a mother lost and found,
 Found in art's lineaments, if even there
 The blast is but for thee, the tossing storm,
 "Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass
 lost,"
 If thy last breathing o'er that lighter lyre,
 Unborrow'd, all thine own, a dismal close

Finds in the gurgling of "the cast-away,"
 If such the precept Virgil could not teach,
 And such the evenings Horace could not boast,
 And such the doctrine Plato would have seiz'd,
 Pure spirit, I invoke thee from those shores
 Where thou art anchor'd, seamless and secure,
 To hover o'er a votary of thine
 Haply not skillless in thy gen'rous art,
 By imitation's or translation's force,
 Of pouring through his country Mantuan verse
 Or the more varied Sabine, choosing now
 The ode that crowns or extirpates, and now
 The painting ramble of prosaic song
 ,That, touch by touch, with harmony unsought
 Gives out the manners of imperial Rome.
 The theme that justifies a prayer to thee
 Should not be trick'd in ornament, and therefore
 In language less ambitious than thine own,
 When chaste and bold and clear its master-note
 Thy song brings down to harmonize with all
 The sofa's rebel, giant progeny,
 Time-piece or garden, winter, eve, morn, noon,
 But humbly gath'ring up the Sabine robe
 When flowing loose and subject to a spot
 From street or forum, ferry or high-way,

Yet through familiarity with all
 Quickened for homage to the chosen friend,
 Plotius, Varius, Virgilius, Mæcenas,
 Valgius, and he, Octavius, chief of chiefs,
 I knock at Tusculum, preferring much
 In this perplexing hour, the grave to gay,
 And him, great patron of a dying form,
 Dying to its very name of—commonwealth—
 The reconciler Rome a martyr made—
 The legislator blinded by his law—
 To him diffuse of step—the soldier tir'd—
 Rambler but not to military notes—
 Imperial fav'rite for his wine and verse.

The mighty Tusculan's envelop'd hint
 Thyself, unborrowing, hast giv'n at large
 In an epistle simple and sincere,
 As conversation for example, stile,
 Yet for its truth sublime : in that epistle
 With pleasant dignity thou hast pronounc'd
 The innate sympathy of man with man
 Both seed and sustenance of social life,
 And on that sympathy profusely hung
 Our fruit and blossom—Olney's glutton then
 Crosses the market-place with his one friend,
 His fast, fat friend, duly and daily borne

Along that walk—one friend, that knows not cold
 Nor hunger—grateful flesh—the prominent,
 Petted and patted paunch : 'twere well to leave
 Thy letters undirected, that, who one
 Would make his own, might travel thro' the host :
 But this shall have its outward sign : it takes
 From Hayley, volume one, page eighty-six :
 Yes—we have read it ! let us then deduce :
 Itself seems a deduction, though as such
 Disclaim'd by thee on earth—but I appeal :
 Thy works must follow thee : here thou allow'st
 The social principle to have surviv'd
 The fall and banishment from paradise,
 And smil'st at the philosopher so craz'd
 As to deny its domineering pow'r
 In the whole intercourse of man with man :
 Thy smile becomes a laugh, when thou perceiv'st
 The flesh at war with it—vainly at war :
 Thy judgment and experience here concur :
 Could thy religion overthrow them both ?
 Thy creed in blessed reconciliation seems
 With nights and suppers worthy Tusculum,
 Nights with the fields of heav'n in full array,
 And suppers strength'ning the full eye to gaze,
 When thou turn'st black'ning from the glorious
 thought,

Th' effulgence and the moderation spurn'st,
 Disown'st the order and the discipline,
 Resign'st the world to Olney's epicure,
 And tak'st the surfeit's pang without the feast :
 Yet by what manifest congruity
 The double revelation proves its God,
 And makes the morning and the noon one day,
 And on the fasting time its fulness grafts !
 To die in matter, quicken in the spirit,
 And through that dying and that quick'ning form
 One kingdom reconcil'd of heav'n and earth,
 The Son of God and man united bled :
 Thyself refuseth magic to the cross
 Nor ventur'st on the ensanguin'd stream to build
 Salvation's hope : yet blood was shed : from what ?
 A body never comely, and now torn
 By buffetings, and rods, and crowning thorns,
 The bearer of its instrument of death,
 The ghastly contrast to the purple robe,
 The wan, the macerated, the defil'd,
 Th' uplifted victim of the thirst and spear :
 It was a body that had never dealt
 In the Olympic prizes, and now gain'd
 Its wreath by subjugation prov'd in blood ;
 It was a blood answ'ring the vinegar
 And lance of Israel with wat'ry tinge

From veins unpractis'd in the Chian throb,
 Yet death anticipated the small flow,
 Nor any chisel has bequeath'd the strife
 Of sinewy self-dependence, and still, still,
 After the mighty gush, the stiffen'd arm,
 And the ground fir'd by the fast-closing eye :
 Yet round that helpless form a lustre reign'd,
 A life's long lustre gather'd up in death :
 There was a pray'r of pard'ning charity,
 A wailing and a commendation high,
 A mother left in trust to him belov'd,
 The last thirst own'd, and all accomplished :
 Matter and spirit so were reconcil'd,
 The stone roll'd backward from the morning gulph,
 And time grew up to blest eternity.
 But contemplate we now more searchingly
 The man of time ere he eternal soar'd :
 " To him who smites one cheek, the other turn,
 On him who claims thy coat, bestow thy cloak,
 With, who has goaded thee a mile, walk two ;
 Observe the lilies—they nor toil nor spin,
 Yet Solomon ne'er blaz'd array'd like them ;
 Foxes have holes, the birds of th' air have nests,
 But where shall lay his head the Son of man ?
 Drink of my blood and of my body eat,
 And ye shall thirst and hunger never more—

Catch the full feebleness of this worn form
 Or life renounce—for life cannot be your's—
 Catch it in all its agony, or die."

Yet whate'er desolation may become
 These nerves and sinews, whate'er garden-scene
 May claim their dark prostration, whate'er cup
 Not for its bitterness shall pass away,
 Their high association may command
 A light o'erwhelming e'en to practis'd eyes,
 A triumph of Hosanna and the palm :
 What was that mountain ?—a mere mass of earth :
 Who Peter, James, and John ?—men as ourselves :
 What was that mountain, when the visage marr'd
 And raiment carpenters supply their sons
 O'ertopp'd it as the sun and as the light
 Between accordant splendours minist'ring ?
 Peter and James and John, poor fishermen,
 Good found it to be there, and much desir'd
 To set pavilions up in that new light :
 Courtiers sincere ! how soon th' excessive charm
 Cast them in dumb prostration to the earth,
 O'ershadowing, audible—what hand and voice
 Revive the tremblers ? well-known hand and voice :
 Arise, nor be afraid—the man they saw
 Was Jesus only, and they all came down.
 But, lo ! a triumph not on hill but plain !

The entrance to a hostile capital :
 No petty herbage weave in pliant wreath :
 This is no charioteer of knotted scourge
 Defrauding polish'd brutes of hymn and crown :
 As little weave with millenery's skill,
 Laurel or green or brown—temple or tow'r
 Have lost no symmetry from kindred strength
 In animate or dead machinery :
 Cymbal and psaltry lead no dance of death :
 Yet what a shout ! 'tis from a multitude
 All quick'ning from the grave, nor more content
 With manna, though from heaven, nor the bread
 Elicited by miracle and prayer :
 " Hosanna in the highest" fills the shout,
 And for all wreath the trees of the way-side,
 Crackling to ardent hands, profusely yield
 Th' incomparable leaf of verdant breadth
 High to be wav'd in air or prostrate cast
 With many a garment pave the sacred way :
 Hosanna in the highest—palm on palm—
 Hear ye the shout ? see ye the leaf ? he comes—
 He without form or comeliness who sent
 To claim what he had need of, as its lord,
 The ass and ass's foal—caparison'd
 With robes ungirt to temple and to tow'r
 They bear the one great triumpher to weep,

Rebuke, nor long withhold his crimson seal
 From charter everlasting, nor confin'd :
 " Destroy this temple, and in three days I
 Will build it up again—what and if ye see
 The Son of man ascend to whence he came :
 The spirit 'tis that quickeneth ; the flesh
 Profiteth nothing : the words that I speak
 Unto you, they are spirit, they are life.
 All sin and blasphemy, whate'er the stile,
 Shall be forgiv'n, save the blasphemy
 Against the Holy Spirit—words against
 The Son of man shall be forgiven—*but*
 Whoe'er against the Holy Spirit speaks,
 Shall be forgiven not in either world :"
 Such are great passages of act and word,
 Not hounded out by prying scholar's skill,
 Not bolster'd up by daring critic's strength,
 The pillars of our captain and our book,
 Forc'd of necessity on him that runs.
 Yes—matter thus with spirit reconcil'd
 By utter subjugation and by blood,
 The basis of that heav'nly kingdom forms
 Then first, and to be evermore at hand :
 Through the whole sermon on the mount it lives,
 In more severe deduction wakes the twelve,
 The Magdalen's adoption justifies,

And from th' ascension as its essence streams.

“ Question you me upon my course of life ?

My answer is, I but ambrosia eat,
 Drink only nectar, incense only breathe,
 And have no pathway but on fairest flow'rs :
 Whoe'er accost me, ladies above all,
 Would feel a solemn duty in neglect,
 Fail'd they to praise me in a long harangue
 Elaborate : last week—'twas at Versailles—
 Through a more curious scene I never pass'd :
 Presented to the Dauphin's children there,
 The eldest, Duc de B——, a boy of ten,
 Stepp'd forth and told me how his country teem'd
 With my admiring friends, of whom he was,
 Much in my works having with pleasure read ;
 He ended, and his brother, Count de P.,
 Two years still younger, his discourse began,
 Saying how long and how impatiently
 France had expected me, and with what pain
 He shrunk from reading my fine history :
 But this surpasses all—conducted thence
 To the Count d' A., whose age is but four years,
 I heard him mumbling what, though in the way
 Marr'd by forgetfulness, from scatter'd words

Seem'd too a panegyric dictated :
 Aghast my friends are—the philosophers
 Parisian—'tis suppos'd the Dauphin self
 Arrang'd this honour for me, and indeed
 His praise on me but with occasion fails.'"
 So runs a letter from a mighty chief
 In all the graces of philosophy,
 Historian too, for whom great princes would
 Though babes and sucklings only perfect praise :
 Yes! his the graces of philosophy,
 For with mild harmony and large discourse
 Through all our fairest feelings he would range,
 In statement, inf'rence, and example strong,
 And the mosaic in the moral sense
 Embed delightfully—in truth to sleep,
 Fatally sleep, wanting the larum-bell
 Stirring amongst them with its leading call,
 Sounded by him, when Scotchman Paris-fed,
 Wild thistle grafted on untutor'd vine,
 Had gadded pungently, sounded by him,
 Who gave the popular, not ambrosial feast,
 Who earth's dark sources woke to bridal wine,
 (That blushing sabbath of the cleansing six
 Waterpots full, as the poor bev'rage clos'd)
 Whom love anointed for a fragrant death,
 Who trod on palm-leaves cast with garments down,

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Who schooling subjects gave the child the sway,
Who, one and vast, held up the social host
Above all storms, though by all storms assail'd,
With his own life prepar'd to earn his friends,
With his own light filling his kingdom come,
A light unbroken, yet to myriads giv'n,
Watch they the night in Salem's mystic tow'rs.
He was in fact the abstract principle
The Scotchman and Parisian have dismiss'd,
His body the assortment they parade
Chilly to death without the master-ground :
With fondness they embalm what he resign'd
To Israel with vinegar and lance :
What is the moral but the social sense,
And what the social sense without the cry
Of Abba, Father, to the Spiritual God,
From beings aiming to resemble him
By more and more of spirit, till they mount
To the fruition of adopted sons
Having been brethren here in peace and love ?

Let the vain stoic his material shape
Abuse with cold and hunger and a tub,
T' excite the transient gaze and wonderment :
Let Epicurus' softer pupil mix
The dextrous compound that, admitting all,

Suppresses all with moral chymistry,
And long life builds on passions neutraliz'd :
Let the Platonic, desolately bright,
Loveless through very love, explore a field
A father cannot for a son prepare,
Nor brother with a brother e'er partake,
'Tis such a wilderness of mystic dreams :
Let the keen toil, peripatetic, pierce
A world of secrets, angry with a world,
Where conquests multiply the challenges ;
Let the sagacious modern all combine,
Or draw out each in dread activity
To meet the sanction of the breath of fame,
As soldier, traveller, diplomatist,
Statesman o'er trifles eloquent enough
Though for perfectibility's dear sake,
Or him collector for imperial domes
Of all that coarsely breathes or coarsely died,
Menagerie's and mausoleum's lord,
And lord of designations numberless
Pale, barren classifiers of fair flow'rs,
And too oft substitutes for what they class ;
Let each privation in each cause endur'd
Aim at adoption by the moral sense,
The moral sense is still the social sense,
And, sainted spirit, thou with common sense,

Though with epistolary brevity,
Curb'st well the vain nomenclature : pure spirit,
How was't that writing thus thou knewest not
Thou wast supporting what thine heart's ador'd,
And the great twelve, and he the first baptiz'd
With the vice-regal baptism, whose cold sleep
An angel's face and pard'ning pray'r foreran,
And the bold proselyte of vig'rous soul
And sharp and bright tuition, how was't thou
Failedst to know thy station, that it was
Even amongst these, at the very source
They had unlock'd on mortal act to flow
From the emense abstraction, more profuse
Far than the stream that by the tree of life
Through Eden took its amaranthine way :
The amber darken'd as it ran—the bed,
That in the rippling crystal bloom'd and wav'd,
In gentle agitation infinite,
Withdrew its playful fragrance and was slime :
The lovely contest, by that river held
With all the stedfast glory from above,
As an astonish'd captive it exchange'd
For icy cold and darkness, when man prov'd
Corrupted as he rose—'twas a charm lost,
A silent warning given—but to come
Were deluges in contrast—first of death

O'er domineering matter, when corruption
In multiplied corruption form'd one stye,
And long, long afterwards, when burden'd time
Bewailing answer'd an imperial call
On peace and art, strength and embellishment,
And a new social combination took
From Rome the world's great name, a deluge then
Of resurrection and of life to all
The twofold grave's unnumber'd populace,
A deluge unconfin'd by space and time,
Knowing nor broken depths nor counted days,
Abhorrent of all violence, but onward,
Onward, in circumambient stealth, the night
Of Roman peace dispersing, Roman spirit,
Under th' emense viceroyalty—that spirit,
Against which who blasphemes shall be forgiv'n
Not in this world, nor in the world to come :
The garden had its shame, and was to have
Its agony—the desolating waters
In th' interval it shar'd with all the earth :
But here exchange we th' inf'rence for the men :
St. Peter and St. Paul ! yes ! I must choose
For philosophic gratitude their death,
Their social death, rather than all of life
Scoto-Parisian boasted e'er or won
From nectar, incense, or ambrosial feast,

Ladies, whose praise should have been steep'd in
tears,

And children, who in putting off the dove
Should have put on the serpent : and thou, thou,
Why ever doubted'st thou thy great reward ?
When in the morn of life a gentle pow'r
Sooth'd thee from spectral anguish, and thou sought'st
Sacred retirement, a noviciate then,
So thou declar'st, first rob'd for deathless life,
St. Alban's sent thee forth no indolent
Deserter of a struggle 'mid the crowd,
But the prov'd vot'ry of more tranquil scenes
Than lords and commons know or can award :
Thou wast devoted, not condemn'd, and ne'er
Thy admirable judgment more display'st
That when in rhim'd or rhymeless harmony,
Task'd or untask'd, thou weigh'st (grant me thy
scales)

The fruits of crowded or secluded days :
Not long an undetected fugitive,
Another charm came o'er thee from such friends
As thou couldst live and pray with, and they made
Their home thy home, where blessing thou wast
bless'd :

The double blessing one transgression marr'd :
The robe of thy noviciate was exchang'd

For one too full and heavy, and thou sank'st
 Encumber'd in its folds—to wake again :
 But what ? our master during thirty years
 No record form'd e'en on *his* social love :
 Wast thou a proselyte ? so was St. Paul,
 And thy conversion follow'd woes but thine :
 Wast thou mistrustful—thou hadst not denied :
 And haply hadst thou walk'd the waves to meet
 Him whose alone that path was, thou hadst reach'd
 In safety thine ador'd, and firmly knelt :
 Can this religion justify despair
 In those who greatly love and little err ?
 Mod'rate, just, candid, of high charity
 Teacher and pupil, strong in sympathy
 With all that breathes, the monarch or the worm,
 Monarch, if patriot crowning freedom's work,
 Worm, if contented with its lowly place,
 Thy body ne'er rebellious, but so brought
 Under subjection to thy spiritual range
 That thou would'st force it with its tender nerves
 On wintry blasts, charm'd with the discipline,
 And gath'ring from the smart excitement food
 For heav'nly musings, amid social love
 Largely dispens'd, as incense rose around
 From what to thee was nectar, thy large mind
 In its grave labours patient of rebuke

Coming from learned men, for learning's sake,
 And in its playfulness illumin'd still
 As from above, for thou hast sanctified
 The chime and flow'r of literary sport
 As having won thee from how many a maze
 Of thought on throne and theme intolerable,
 And prov'd the blessedness of a pursuit
 That as through vegetable life inspires
 The druid now, now wreath'd Eliza, thee :
 Thus born, thus gifted, thou hadst seem'd the man
 Destin'd with more than skill professional
 To conquer for the realm whose capitol
 Was but a three days' work, how costly e'er,
 Anointed for these late and learned times,
 But that with close sudden, ineffable,
 Would heav'n and earth shut on thee, and display
 thee,
 E'en as a demon of thy fav'rite bard,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n :
 Strange contribution to our mortal state
 Sad and perplex'd ! slow and serene the night
 On Milton's mortal vision came foreseen,
 And bargain'd for, as 'twere, by liberty,
 And under the bright watch of paradise,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.

But, oh ! thou spotless warning to mankind,
 Sinless perverter of a sainted gift,
 Thy two-fold kingdom might at once go out,
 And leave thee pitied, as we pity most :
 The immolated pow'r, th' abstraction high,
 He of the cruel scars on hand and foot,
 Whom thou hadst found soliciting the darts
 That tore thy panting side, and soothing thee
 To health's free breath—Israel's wounded one,
 Viceregal herdsman of the stricken deer,
 Had one he could not heal—yet lost thee not,
 But doubtless welcom'd thee when earthly shades
 From all their variations yielded up
 Thee varying e'en as they, and to himself
 Has taken thee with sympathy that now
 Imparts his own invulnerable peace.

Corrected in his glory thou art his :
 And, social spirit, now are solv'd to thee
 Mid other questions those perhaps on earth
 Nearest and dearest, those, the two propos'd
 In letter by thy friend, her of thy name,
 Whether our intercourse on earth shall found
 A knowledge of each other in the heav'ns,
 And whether in that intercourse shall dwell
 A recollection of this world's affairs,

Attended with communion between
The struggler here and the rewarded there,
The mortal deed and doer that remain
But losing the dull aid of dust to dust ?
These questions I have heard from gentle voice
Whisper'd amid thy splendours, Kedleston !
Sanction the answer, spirit, e'en from thine.
The twofold kingdom of the heav'ns and earth
Supplies the field of the whole Christian code,
And brings up the old cov'nant to the new
To form the charter by which all are free :
Brought the imperial commonwealthsman all
The senate and the populace of Rome
To shake Jerusalem in ruin down,
As an exploit to wake no stir above ?
What was that ruin but the signal giv'n
To brutal potency to rage to death,
And for the leaders of the better fight
To muster all their strength from the four winds,
And, heirs of heav'n and earth in fellowship
And ignorance of the day, to watch and wait ?
The two-fold kingdom and the two-fold law
Fill up the founder's statesmanship, condens'd
By prophet's fervour and by patriot's tears,
And so set forth, catching the dark sublime
Of oriental light, nor long before

In more than oriental act display'd
 When on the mount he glorified his friends,
 Then to the crowd descending heal'd the boy
 Torn with corporeal anguish and convuls'd :
 In body reappear'd he from the grave,
 And check'd the Magdalen in all but prayer,
 He walk'd, discours'd, arrang'd, eat after death,
 By challeng'd touch clear'd a disciple's doubts,
 And heard and seen, his followers bless'd and rose.
 But he could teach more lightly—lightly?—no—
 More to the heart—more blessedly—as when
 Dispensing his memorials at his feast,
 No more a bridegroom's, whate'er character,
 How sad soe'er, the bread and wine assum'd,
 The lov'd disciple's mortal brow remain'd
 Full on the social heart—or when, as tells
 The same disciple, he, his lord asserts
 His strict communion till the world should end—
 Or when his earlier ministry was grac'd
 With the two services, the toiler's one,
 List'ner's the other, and though Martha chid
 Unchidden, Mary held her part as best :
 But why a main impression feed with texts ?
 What spirit quickeneth ? what flesh fades away ?
 Of either what the fruits and the rewards ?
 What gave the founder followers e'en to death,

And rais'd up all the worship of the heart ?
 Th' imperfect body ? or the social charm ?
 Whence then the charm ? from spirit—but 'twas
 here,

As Pilate felt when writing—what he wrote :
 No—the Platonic system spins and spins
 Till the vain spinner finds himself alone
 Where 'tis no matter—but the Christian's law,
 And all its precepts, all its practice teach
 A mighty process, human and divine,
 By strict co-operation carried on
 And sympathy, whether th' amendment comes
 From spirit here illustrious more and more,
 Or its unsullied emanations thence :
 Heav'n under Christ adopts man and his world.

I think that when our moral world began,
 Under this scheme it rose : then spirit reign'd,
 And spirit came of spirit to a fight
 With stubborn matter, lovely now, now strong,
 Secular fight, and vict'ry in the end :
 Never indeed was matter victor quite,
 But still a spiritual lordship testified
 To him the spiritual lord, who at the first
 Brooded o'er Chaos, saying, " let there be light :"
 " Let there be spirit," why should he have said,

For where he is, is spirit, where he acts,
 Of high necessity it bursts its cloud :
 It came as from a monarch and a judge :
 The father and the brother were far off :
 It came with that dear promise, and those names
 Were often heard on earth with Abraham's
 And Joseph's intermingl'd e'en when fraud,
 And violence, and sanguinary rage,
 And bestial concupiscence, and the whole
 Material fermentation was in stout
 Rebellion with th' infusion late vouchsaf'd ;
 That promise it upheld, e'en when its law
 Was cloth'd in storm and hurricane and fire,
 For not in these the Lord was, we are told
 With emphasis magnificent, but after these
 Was heard a still small voice : ages pass'd on,
 And kingdom rag'd on kingdom, and the sword
 Knew not its scabbard, and with false pretence
 And vain, self-fed inflation, mind indulg'd
 Its own excesses, dreamy, soft, or hard,
 All barren in proportion to the toil,
 Yet with its own excesses ill-content,
 For it allied itself with warring kings
 And justified its pupils, as they pour'd
 Their desolating fury o'er the earth,
 And sought old shrines and wond'rous names assum'd,

And drank as Gods to sink and die as beasts :
 Peace came at last, adapted to such war :
 The ancient promise then was kept, and love,
 Supreme, eternal, spiritual love,
 In high, intense abstraction gathering
 The father, son, and brother, firmly set
 In operation sure, tho' little felt
 Less own'd, in progress irresistible,
 Though silent, or, if heard, of still small voice,
 The true against the false, to win its way
 Expansive or direct, with its broad fan,
 As it proceeds, winnowing the turbid beam
 To right and left, o'er helm, spear, sword elate,
 And waking from the purg'd and hallow'd floor
 All who can quicken at a breath from heav'n,
 All whose true wisdom finds the second man
 Not of earth earthy, but the filial pow'r
 Mankind baptizing into brotherhood
 With spirit for communion with spirit,
 Even the spirit of the universe,
 Father from the beginning, without end.

Whom then proclaim we our philosophers ?
 Zeno, Diogenes, and Socrates,
 Plato and Aristotle, and the chiefs
 Of the vain school that after many a day

Of airy disputation and no home
 The merchant-prince of Tuscany set up,
 And, scorning quarantine, set up the plague,
 The eye of fever, and the purple spot,
 The eye of beauty and the spot of death ?
 St. Matthew and Herodotus have stiles
 Simple, chaste, fluent—they are not compar'd :
 Thucydides hints darkly as St. John :
 What scholar ventures to announce the fact ?
 A common judgment no great diff'rence finds,
 And who would wake the babble of a school
 Or mar that miracle—the learned mute ?
 Leave we the stile historic—leave we that
 Nam'd philosophic—as his master mix'd
 With studious and assiduous eloquence,
 In person and in act, two realms, two laws,
 St. Paul, a vig'rous commentator known
 For christian education sharp and short,
 Two resurrections mingles, and four laws,
 Now on the two discoursing, now the four,
 But e'er impressions making strong and clear :
 Historians or philosophers these men
 And their great coadjutors little found
 Of leisure for one union—file and pen :
 They had a grand impression, as from heav'n,
 And this it was their object to impart

Less with the pen, ne'er in the founder's hand,
 Than the effusion of the gifts they felt
 Descending from th' ascended, with them still,
 For radiance and for comfort, though above :
 Men of affairs were they : of state affairs :
 Ministry seated at Jerusalem—
 Though not tenaciously—for were the chiefs
 Great travellers seeking great capitals,
 Prepar'd for their reception, nor by force,
 Nor law of nations, nor diplomacy :
 Nor were they overpaid : no nectar their's :
 Yet these negociators offers bore
 Mingl'd with much of barter and rebuke,
 To Ephesus, to Corinth, and to thee,
 Rome, mast'ring all in mock eternity :
 But whatsoe'er or whosoe'er they were,
 These men of rank and title, whether most
 Historians, or philosophers, or founders,
 Or legislators, or diplomatists,
 Their system now all past experience proves
 The only one adapted to our wants,
 For as we wander from it, miss we not,
 In that exact proportion, social charms,
 In that exact proportion find we not
 Scholastic jargon stifling wholesome facts,
 In that exact proportion feel we not

The earth inherited by groans and wounds,
 In the proportion as we dare renounce
 The blessings on the meek and penitent,
 The suff'ring and the pard'ning, and the just,
 The firm calm trusters in what virtue gives
 Of outward radiance and heartfelt delight,
 And what it promises to who secure
 The first division of the kingdom first.
 " Blessed the meek are, for the earth is their's
 As their inheritance—the social law
 Fulfil to ev'ry tittle, well assur'd
 That its parental author knoweth well
 What ye have need of as the sons of earth :
 His kingdom and its righteousness acquire
 And all those other blessings shall attend
 The glorious acquisition as its train :"
 How comments on such passages the world
 By past experience and by present fact :
 Experience gives the truth, madness the fact :
 Piercing the founder's eye was, when he came
 In social mission from his quiet home :
 His heart denounc'd the error of mankind,
 And, careless of the sections of the cone,
 He took the mass and plac'd it on its base :
 Yet the whole surfacé of affairs oppos'd
 This practical philosophy : a new
 Experiment had just begun its course

Compound of mighty names, and peace prevail'd
 Then first prevail'd, as a deduction grand
 From people, senate, and the emperor,
 Mingl'd in one mysterious commonwealth :
 Our founder saw its principle was false,
 And, leaving Cæsar tributary gold,
 Meekly put forth his legendary lore
 For gates of holiness and cries of woe :
 Had this man (earthly speaking) grac'd our day,
 When, short'ning cause and consequence, the fiend
 Of contract, truncheon, and the diadem,
 And fiery march over all flesh as grass,
 Burn'd as it trod, nor knew the only flow'r
 Immortal of the field, he had perceiv'd
 His attributes prov'd medicine of a world
 Madd'n'd through popular and kingly pulse
 Nor had he claim'd the penetrating eye,
 Though haply sunk despairing from the task :
 And this man had his followers who on earth
 But sought to do his bidding e'en to death,
 And both in life and death exhibited
 Fruits in deep contrast with those bitter fruits :
 And these men are postpon'd to other men
 As far more erudite in better laws :
 On earth they are our sole philosophers,
 And madly choose we other guides to heav'n.

These lords of earth I pray not to preside
 O'er my weak verse—its grave and mighty theme
 May find a better wrestler, when the cold
 Of winter and a home homeless from novelty
 May be exchang'd for the sweet glow of peace :
 If ever—paler star ! be present thou,
 And touching my poor verses, as they crowd,
 The linear congregation graciously
 Illumine, more for what is written, than what
 I have to write, for I bring up myself
 Upon a thousand lines, though burden here,
 Rather than thine associate above :
 Yet points these are which place our mortal lives
 Oft in comparison, in contrast oft,
 And I would humbly pray—Grant me thy peace :
 I see the terms, yet oft the practice miss :
 'Tis to elicit from a calm review
 Of a distemper'd, a mind tranquilliz'd,
 'Tis with soft sympathy to watch and wait
 Sobriety in other hearts and eyes
 Till our communion should be kin to thine :
 'Tis not to understand the word farewell :
 'Tis to conceive one of two kingdoms poor
 Without the other—kingdoms earth and heav'n :
 Israel's ladder 'tis to occupy
 With nations in ascent and in descent,

Cheerfully using matter for ascent,
 And from each step prepar'd for a descent,
 All busy in that holy masonry,
 Templars effulgent without star or steed,
 Their feet less whisp'ring as a higher light
 Catch resurrection's wings and fan thy sphere :
 Alas ! the theme betrays—I must recur
 E'en to myself—but first recur to thee :
 Early thy life cast up its leading woe :
 'Twas when thy mother died, who would have been
 How many Marys to thy growing years,
 And foster'd all thy weaknesses to strength :
 But she departed, and a public school
 Play'd many-talon'd on thy feebleness,
 Though Vincent's verses sheath'd a healing pow'r :
 From the corroding discipline thou cam'st
 Orphan in more than fact, orphan in mind,
 Nor could stout Thurlow or good Joseph Hill,
 Back'd by that Templar's designation, strange
 On title page of thine, lift thee above
 Thy filial widowhood, or give thee strength
 For desolating service to the peers :
 Sharp was the struggle—deep the fall—but bright,
 Bright, as thou say'st, thy resurrection—'twas
 For other temple, other friends, and him
 Th' anointed for the wounds, the grave, the throne :

From colleges of various creeds I came
 To thank both parents for a range of thought
 Charter'd by thought, and I permission claim'd
 To leave a plan of ancestral worth
 Enlarging gradually before men's eyes
 To patience, toil, and skill and blamelessness,
 For the enamel of the glorious fields
 Where Erskine, Sheridan, Burke, Lansdowne, Wind-
 ham,
 Grey, and the commonwealthsman of the heart,
 Patrician Fox, with day-spring revelry
 Scatter'd the poetry of politics,
 The noblest poetry this world e'er knew :
 I flutter'd on the borders, not denied
 Admission oft, and the full augury
 Of honourable friendship's voice and eye,
 When a bright Proserpine would gather flow'rs,
 (For ladies were not strangers in those fields)
 And Plutus buckler brought, and Pluto car :
 'Twas mine to love : and in such spangl'd plains
 Both politics and love were poetry,
 Ceres and Proserpine : new pow'rs prevail'd
 Nor Orpheus self had won the glory back :
 Against those pow'rs I struggl'd furiously,
 And wept, and bled and fell, and sought the shades :
 Such was the drama's gen'ral character

That, at an early age, ere Fox began
 His correspondence with Napoleon,
 A few paternal acres gave such charms,
 (Then an inheritance, for he was gone,
 Their quiet owner—gone his widow'd one)
 That there my rural home (the house from Dance)
 I form'd of mansion, garden, pasture, lawn,
 And not unwelcom'd by my father's friends
 And others of my childhood, boyhood, youth,
 Rous'd all the local feelings never lost,
 For eloquence 'mid venerable walls
 For a fix'd judgment-seat on Irish woes,
 For intercourse inherited and safe,
 For invitations o'er my flow'rs and wine
 To Petty, Parnell, Mallet, Ord, and him
 Just bringing to a chair once fill'd by Gray
 His lib'ral dignity and playful toil :
 In verse these invitations were begun
 And might have been Horatian, had they charm'd.

And I, as thou, dealt with the theme of themes :
 To thee the spirit of the universe
 From his own wounds seem'd to pour balm on
 thine :
 He had inundated a mortal speck
 With his own glory, not, not for the sake

Of shewing matter in its loveliest shape,
 But marr'd, and buffeted, and scourg'd, and torn,
 Drench'd with all bitterness, and finally
 Nail'd to a cross, judicially condemned,
 Priesthood and people making holiday :
 This omnipresent suff'rer from his throne
 Seem'd to adopt thee as a suffering son,
 And meekly and with guarded innocence
 Thou prayedst to thy father with thy heart :
 To me the spirit of the universe
 Seem'd to have given legislation's pow'r
 Over mankind, to an all-perfect one
 In meekness, lowliness, and social love,
 And resolution to accomplish all
 For the fulfilment of the gen'ral law,
 Whate'er the anguish, and though he foresaw
 The cross prepar'd, and his thirst mock'd in death :
 With Tully in my hand, I knew his lord,
 And in my pleasant dwelling-place at eve
 Bow'd to the fatherly omnipotence :
 O'er his enduring hills th' horizon glow'd
 In placid softness shading off the blue
 Immeasurable canopy above,
 Nor yet the host of heav'n was visible
 Though the glad tidings of their coming shone
 Illustrious in their leader, when impress'd

With law establish'd, and as mortal charm'd
 With all the magic of a scene my own,
 The young plantation, undulating lawn,
 The three-step'd terrace of my colonnade,
 The ample window safe in openness,
 The chair of ease and solitude within,
 I saunter'd to and fro or sat me down,
 Giving the noble Tusculan that chief
 Without whose guidance all his minist'ring
 The red tide swell'd and mock'd the commonwealth,
 And to myself the mild and mighty truth,
 Fruit, earthly father, of those fields of thine :
 And there were lighter studies that renew'd
 Their glossy flutter o'er that parent soil,
 Humming from leaf to leaf, from flow'r to flow'r
 Of their own world, if little, suiting them :
 In th' antiseptic of paternal salt
 My truant being renovation found,
 Never to lose, Radbrook, thy stamp and sign :
 The hour I speak of purity too grac'd,
 Such as a Milton, strong for a divorce,
 Nor unencumber'd with a double suit,
 Felt when he muster'd heart and hope and pow'r
 For civil and religious liberty :
 But Tully wing'd that hour, on which I soar'd,
 Yet, yet to be at peace he, who had toil'd

For reconcilment of the shatter'd parts,
 Ere utterly asunder, of a realm
 Consider'd as the world, in gown alone,
 With eloquence of flattery or wrath,
 Appellant to those vices, but because
 The temper of salvation had not dawn'd :
 " In my opinion truly any peace
 Propos'd sincerely was to be desir'd,
 And that opinion follow'd, we had now
 Possess'd a commonwealth—if not the best,
 Yet, yet a commonwealth"—the statesman thus,
 And thus almost the Christian lectures Rome :
 " Of all protections, all preservatives,
 The most efficient is to be belov'd,
 The weakest to be fear'd—and nobly says
 Ennius—the dreaded hate we, and we hate
 With purpose to destroy"—the rule approach'd.
 " In blessedness the meek inherit earth :"
 From Tully thus I rose to Tully's lord,
 In temper too much as the subaltern :
 The glories of my villa soon grew dim,
 And Mantua join'd with Tusculum in vain
 On the dark distances of Israel,
 And as I stood upon my verdant bank
 Haply some morn after a scholar's night,
 The sounding scourge would storm the scene around,

And my green velvet seem'd to cast me off :
 And poison took possession of my veins,
 And drainage of my purse, too much expos'd
 From early habit scarcely vincible,
 Till ev'ry mental and material pow'r
 The sentence seal'd of exile, and I fled,
 Nor understood nor understanding, wrapt
 In unintelligible wrong and right :
 Spirit, hadst thou been here, this had not been,
 Here in the spirit that has crown'd thee now,
 But gentle voice had fann'd the heathen off,
 Though with an effort making number vain :
 Seventy times seven is our Master's phrase :
 Yet Radbrook knew of perfect innocence
 That slept in grace, and woke in coral ripe
 For its white banquet, and those charms have been
 Welcom'd by wisdom on the throne of France,
 And now maternally are leagu'd with time :
 My Countess, I possess a cottage now
 Not from your birth-place far, but diff'rent far
 From that allied by you to thrones restor'd :
 Forget me not—the rest will pass away :
 'Tis passing rapidly away, and I,
 Not, as the bard of many-languag'd notes,
 Self-wrapp'd in nameless mystery,
 But praying for the light that reigns above,

Magnifico apostolatum meum :

The wilderness will not give up its prey,
 Though all its flow'rs are merg'd in pois'nous fruit,
 Though all its pathlessness the bramble woos
 To tear the harass'd victim as he falls,
 Though e'en the ivy stifled is and sear'd
 Under the weight of what its tendrils rear'd :
 The wilderness will not give up its prey,
 Or gives him up in bondage hand and foot,
 And not a Mary, spirit, whispers soft,
 " Hadst thou been here, my brother had not died :"
 Oh this dread wilderness ! yet mid its gloom,
 Its flow'ry gloom, its struggle, and its strife,
 Its hissing tempest and its fretful caw,
 And all its wasteful boundlessness outspread
 In fatal contrast with a father's gift,
 Ne'er have I shrunk from all that gift inspir'd
 Of thought on mighty themes and mighty men,
 Nor fail'd to aim at poetry and truth :
 Ne'er through the coarse confusion have I peer'd
 Or for the rising or the setting sun,
 With for the one all-hail, the other scorn :
 When from my rural armoury preserv'd
 My pruning instrument I urg'd and urg'd
 With fond and solitary industry
 Through th' emense luxuriance Pope and thou

Have left to represent the old blind bard,
 I meant to claim the sanction of the king,
 But finding as I toil'd (I humbly speak)
 The friend of Fox had ceas'd from poetry,
 To the plebeian chieftain freshly laid
 The soldier-victim of Hectorian woes
 From flight and battle and diplomacy,
 I gave my book, nor foreign ramparts hold
 Moore unconnected with Homeric song,
 Nor is he with his glory left alone :
 When Russia's autocrat and Prussia's king,
 With their bright conqu'ring chivalry, in league
 Or in dependence, sought our isle to nurse,
 Forgetfulness of all the penalties
 Due to ambition under hallow'd names,
 I met the earthquake, the nocturnal day,
 The sprightly whirlings of th' imperial waltz,
 The tramp forlorn on Pomeranian grief,
 Orleans, thy gold, and all thy ribbons, George,
 With Brutus, Cassius, Casca, mingling deep
 Their various tempers, and the Julian head
 Bow'd to the commonwealth and Cicero :
 When the church militant of boundless peace,
 With its vocabulary, halt, march, fire,
 Had rais'd the siege of heart and life in France,
 Her social system I found little serv'd

By trial of the contract thus reduc'd
 From its full title-page and blaze of names :
 The soldier still was of despotic caste,
 And who but traded, pleaded, heal'd, amus'd,
 Had leave t' inherit—it was much and all :
 I sprang up to the law, and as I rav'd
 Beyond my strength for tears and charity,
 In wavy triumph o'er them grew a plume
 For parable and poetry and truth :
 That plume now seals my letters and my books :
 When in the theatre the Briton's eye,
 Charm'd with the witch'ry of mechanic skill,
 Renounc'd its nobler duty, far and wide
 I rang'd for subjects, that might well renew
 Its service to th' affections and the mind,
 And that, though dramatiz'd, might have disarm'd
 E'en Bossuet, have won Fenelon's applause.
 When Walter Scott his ivied trac'ry left
 To cant a little in the good old cause,
 I hasten'd with a calf-skin for the cant,
 Hailing the lyon of his poetry :
 When Byron, agoniz'd by false pretence,
 Broke ev'ry tie to set up false pretence,
 His distillation from Voltaire and Sterne
 Me to intoxication ne'er inflam'd
 Nor drank I freely the cisalpine gall :

When British poetry the full strong line,
 That lov'd adoption of the memory,
 Seem'd fast exchanging for a jingling maze
 Attenuating meaning as it danc'd,
 And baffling busily its great ally,
 The trading prettiness, with all its ware
 Of easy manufacture, rais'd to fame
 By Scotland's wizard stationer, and him
 Sternhold and Hopkins who makes justly dear,
 And laureate him, who paid for odes, forgets
 The sovereign's birthday, and the ode's birthright,
 I challeng'd daringly in Virgil's name,
 And aim'd at theme and line, that rais'd my own.
 These facts announce my nature, and announce,
 If, spirit, thou wast right on specialties,
 The ordinance beneath which I was born :
 'Twas often to resist, never submit
 To false pretence and claims—'twas to go far
 But stop with promptitude and cease to go :
 'Twas never to betray, but oft decline :
 'Twas to rebuke in act rather than words,
 When act grew tricky and its basis lost :
 'Twas to support Charles Fox, but not for place :
 To ven'rate Shelburne, as for mighty peace,
 The trader's blessing there, the scholar's here :
 'Twas, Shrewsbury, to inform you when you rag'd

With popular hypocrisy, the worst,
 As eager to chastise that more retir'd,
 Nor blushing for the leprosy yourselves,
 On the strong crisis of a moral ill
 Would have set up our moral nature chang'd,
 You were the blindest of all artisans,
 And your church-metal rais'd in tinkling brass :
 'Twas, Liverpool, to face you with the fact
 That the mere aim at poetry and truth
 Might guide and guard, when ledgers but betray'd ;
 Those pond'rous mortars that too oft collect
 From half the world combustibles t' explode
 In lurid ruin o'er each source of wealth :
 Mighty enlarger of the jail and rate,
 Himself least victim mid the sacrifice,
 Th' experimentalist voluminous
 Shakes off the scanty blush, and hourly swells
 With grave delight his meteoric mass :
 It bursts—he walks abroad—bows—fills again.
 My coffer teems with these and kindred toils,
 Which though I deem a treasure, yet my heart
 Is still with those who brought Chimæra forth,
 Whence I conceive not, pasture, stall, or stye,
 For 'tis a compound of the milky cow,
 The fiery courser, and the unclean brute,
 And forms a galaxy, or claims the lists,

Or revels in vile straw alternately ;
 My heart is their's who storm'd me with the fiend,
 Though not my fate Bellerophon's of old,
 For with no golden bridle I was won
 To mount the tempest thund'ring at my gate
 And stunning my whole vale with snort and paw,
 And the small curb I could command at home
 Found in the monster's mouth a melting champ,
 A crucible, that left me but my voice,
 And practise as I rode : still I held on,
 Partly because the buoyancy had charms,
 Partly because men wonder'd at my seat,
 Partly because the impulse yet remain'd
 Giv'n by the looks and words when first I rose,
 Partly because, my father's home now lost,
 Unrest ensu'd with natural throne between
 Th' unsightly convex and the noble arch
 Of this portentous thing of milk, fight, straw,
 But most because my sad ascendancy
 I could connect with noble principles
 And strong appeals, or leaving realms and kings
 Shew what perfection is, when dust would love :
 But I am wearied now, and must dismount :
 My voice is gone—my knee has lost its strength :
 Dearest and best, conjure this monster dead :

Give back the gentle play of social life,
 In Ireland, France, and England, quench this thirst
 No longer with your fruitage, brewage, wine :
 I am dismounted at a narrow gate,
 But all external and internal warns :
 Now to ride on—'twould be as Lycidas
 To float unmanaging on storm-tost bier :
 Let the great vision of the guarded mount,
 The warrior pow'r, look homeward now in ruth :
 Or rather, spirit, thou, grant us thy peace !
 Grant us a wine to mock this golden year :
 And, ye of earth, speed, or the year will close :
 I am in place—let me my budget ope :
 Here is my treasury—listen—'tis the tax.

Two pictures in our publish'd books find place,
 The one ideal, and the other, thou :
 The first is drawn with touches that recur
 With an especial fondness from a hand
 Practis'd in outlines most minutely fill'd :
 'Tis parson Yorick, such the author's phrase,
 Himself a parson, who has doubtless giv'n
 This portrait as of one exhibiting
 A minister with every Christian grace,
 Grace the more graceful as to stiffness foe :
 For Yorick gravity a scoundrel call'd

Errant and sly, and verily believ'd
 It robs good people seven times for once
 The pocket-picker and shop-lifter rob :
 I quote the man, and verily believe
 The author coming from his church through corn,
 If very hungry, would have pluck'd and eat :
 Yorick dies broken-hearted, nor himself
 Eugenius could persuade him, as he lay
 In fever, that his head had so escap'd
 The wounds and bruises giv'n it in the dark
 As to receive a mitre, though it pleas'd
 Heav'n to rain mitres on it thick as hail.
 Thou wast a layman, and thou broughtest up
 Infinite study to th' infinite theme,
 Two worlds embracing, thine then and thine now,
 In different proportions, but both thine :
 Thou wast thyself a comment on thy theme
 Such as St. John had taken to himself
 Associate in communion with her,
 The Mary by th' anointed lord bequeath'd ;
 Thou diedst—how ?—after a fitful scene
 Of aberration and of intellect
 Ill rul'd by habit, gentleness, and age,
 A long, long scene indefinite—ten years
 Perhaps it fill'd, and, as they pass'd,
 They shew'd thee death in her, thy life of life,

And thou but passedst on the other side :
 Thy literary honours ceas'd to charm
 And heavily thy last bright trifle clos'd :
 Sea, earth and air, all nature woo'd in vain :
 Fame was around thee—this world was thine own :
 But the great “ touch me not” o'er all prevail'd,
 For thou hadst not ascended to thy place :
 I study these examples, and confess
 Him, their originator, who held on
 Though friends forsook, and pillowless his head,
 Nor broken even on the cross, divine.

But such examples justify our claims,
 Ere comes the fiftieth year, on peace and home :
 Service must have appliances and means,
 Oft unavailing though in full extent :
 What though I say with Burke, I should prefer
 A life in some recess obscure and deep,
 Feeding my mind with high imaginings,
 To the most splendid throne the world e'er knew,
 Without th' advantages requir'd to make
 Its utmost splendour other than a curse,
 I claim for that recess the character
 Of a retirement, where domestic peace
 May foster meditation strong in fruit
 Such as the noblest souls delight to pluck :

I claim thy earthly privilege as best
 Preparing for thy senate and thy palm :
 “ Is India free ? and does she wear her plum’d
 And jewel’d turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ?” on earth ’twas thine,
 This question—not perplexing to thee more :
 Thou know’st at length our motives and their end :
 That India shall be free, as thou art free,
 That she shall smile the smile of heav’nly peace,
 I doubt not : but how far this conqu’ring realm
 Shall sword still reeking turn to pruning hook
 And graft the myriads on the olive tree,
 How far becoming stewards we shall bear
 Our summons and account amid thy peers,
 Impart the knowledge, spirit : ’tis not here :
 One mighty empire lost we in thy day,
 And we may lose one now of higher fame,
 More in connexion with beginning time,
 More manifold in promise and in fact,

Blest he, who sees in our world’s good and ill
 A contrast and a parallel with thine,
 And happy he, who speeds the parallel
 And so contributes to the contrast’s close :
 That the material world shall have an end,
 And that the spiritual world shall never die,

Experience whispers and the scriptures say :
 Therefore meanwhile the elements of death,
 Earthquake and tempest and fell passion's rage
 In fitful lordship exercise their sway,
 And therefore as the earth from age to age
 Opes on the moral eye, it opes to meet
 Improvement vast and various, touch'd and stung
 By th' impregnation of the highest rank,
 Whether through obstacles or subalterns,
 And rip'ning to the bright ascendancy
 In fruitful sympathy receives and gives,
 Yet still preparing to fulfil its law
 When for its burial it shall gather up
 Its last illumination, softest, best,
 The fragrant baptism for the service done,
 The spikenard and the tear : so shall be chang'd
 To dissolution all that cannot live,
 To its own glory all that cannot die :
 A garden and a brotherhood shall yield
 But wholesome fruits, but Abels for the skies :
 Haply this double process understood
 By thee on earth had thy deliv'rance wrought
 From much perplexity, nor left thy task
 With contradiction strange, nor hadst thou brought
 From the dark conflicts, that oft shake us here,
 A pow'r against the harp of prophecy,

That, as thou ling'rest o'er it, threatens e'er
To burst between thee and its heav'nly chords.

Various the pictures early friends present,
When we approach our two score years and ten :
I speak not of the grave or pictures there :
A gen'ral summing up is taking place,
And inconsistent items fast give way :
Of even temper one, commercial chief,
Centre of balances of diff'rent size
And movement vertical or lateral
But all collateral, calms the machine,
And gathers in the abstract, so t' arrange,
Not unenamour'd of a balance still,
All of his family and all exalt :
Another, chief commercial, aims and aims
With fondness growing as the work expands,
To bathe his honour'd years in home compos'd
Of education's finest, best results,
And all from loveliest art such beings need :
A third his acquisitions brings to make
The commons' house familiar with his vote
On ev'ry topic born of either pole
And all the nun'rous latitudes between :
A fourth is great in hospitality
Enforc'd by living roses—pliant wreathe

Heedless of a repulse nor long refus'd :
 A fifth of villa of unnumber'd flow'rs
 Preluding to the high-dress'd mind within
 Flash'd from exotic brilliancy of shelf,
 Is so respectable withal from mood
 Mildly indicative, and social sense,
 That he is grown to councillor and mayor
 Without a bribe, nor sleeps as alderman,
 But oft must take the chair, oft his barouche.
 The land, too, has its moral summings up ;
 A son completes the glory of a name
 Remarkable for grandeur and for peace :
 Fortunate teacher of an only son,
 Consistently in senate but too calm,
 Judicious landlord on estates remote,
 Able collector in some London square
 With mod'rate means of much that London boasts
 Of greatness and accomplishments and wit,
 This second sketch the landed int'rest claims :
 A third presents a cottage much preferr'd
 To the paternal dome, and seldom left
 For visits, London, or provincial sway :
 Great farmer, magistrate from Lincoln's-inn,
 His hunter's breaker, huntsman of his hounds,
 Lord of much game, that seldom tell their wounds
 From such an aim, full of resource at home

From gen'ral science, chiefly crucible,
 But most that giant shape of alien seat,
 And claim on his firm knee, and either hand,
 (The one collecting at the bridge the notes,
 The other in the mountain-distance feeds)
 That wooden wizard, now at Westminster,
 Now not a mile from Edinburgh town,
 And ever subject to the hundredth psalm
 When Sunday evening and three gallant boys
 Demand such minstrelsy — such as of yore,
 In many a castle, lion-hearted youth
 Repos'd upon, when storms sav'd boars and wolves :
 The youngest discord breath'd, nor was found out.
 Another and fourth summing find we where
 The parish-church and parsonage concur
 For rural sanctity and letter'd peace,
 Where my lord-chancellor at length allow'd
 The son his father's object to complete,
 And with some modest stone-work grace a front
 That father much improv'd, though not his own,
 With its interior : now the whole becomes
 The owner and an office, that presides
 O'er a small region, which 'tis pledged t' upraise :
 Some pictures learning's commonwealth presents,
 One that combines two venerable towns

How diff'rent in pursuit, but rev'rend both,
 Salop and Cambridge — lo ! the medall'd son,
 Appointed to two ruins, Æschylus,
 And reformation's midland pride, a school,
 The largest boasted by Elizabeth :
 The awful grandeur of the Grecian's shade
 Mellowing the thanks of the boy-Edward's throne,
 Quicken'd by busy Somerset, as thanks
 For architectural memorials cleans'd,
 Guarded, encreas'd, for peaceful honours spread
 O'er the three realms in glory tripartite,
 For the developement of Tudor set
 In lowly, learned durability
 Against the crumbings of Montgomery,
 Not yet arrested by or earl or knight,
 (Who might their purses ring from either tow'r
 On London and Carnarvon and no fear
 Palsy corruption from th' embattl'd gold,
 No happy augury the Isthmian gates,
 Sweep from the mem'ry by a safety valve)
 Pardon the absence of Porsonian type,
 Yet tell the Cestrian prelate his own fame
 (Or what was Yorick ? what, pure spirit, thou ?)
 Will e'er be grave enough — 'tis five to two :
 Our second picture Cambridge still retains,
 The fasces to display without the axe,

And well the system works : a crowded hall
 At autumn's close for wintry ev'nings stores
 Historic topics, not too far remote,
 And dear to recollection as enforc'd
 With candour and simplicity and pow'r,
 Not without explanation and review
 By the fire-side for after-questioners,
 Though our professor fills the chair of Gray,
 Though Fox and Lansdowne the succession seal'd,
 And Gloucester made th' inheritance two-fold :
 But these are seculars — the one fix'd ours,
 The other borne a guest where music woos :
 I have a regular, so him to call,
 Both rul'd himself and giving others rules :
 In chearful dignity the master sits,
 Though oft in pain — the friend and host of Parr —
 And friend of Porson, who with him at ease
 Oft Hermes sham'd with pipe and oracle :
 I left him fam'd for medicine, find him now
 A churchman, but in sables or in red
 Ever the same : prince of an atmosphere
 Where learning is, happy to have condens'd
 Its finest spirit in a noble room,
 Friend, judge, and host, though rheumatism afflicts,
 He shares his honours, as he gave his skill ;
 Nor Edinburgh, from my native town

A finish'd, valu'd picture has withheld :
 Music gave medicine — why, St. Albans says :
 It was a gift to harmonize our frames :
 Herb, plant, and flow'r ever attend the sun :
 Such is the classic union, and our man
 Dear to the poet for his father's sake,
 Dear to the town and traveller for his own,
 Dear for his social influence, blessing me
 With retrospection full of tears and love,
 On Severn's bank his just memorial rears
 That from its wooded eminence outpours
 O'er richest vale its allegoric charms.

Such pictures might a gallery collect
 And be call'd mine : a gallery ! a room—
 And it should lead as to a hallow'd shrine
 With tribute from afar of smiles and tears—
 From France and Ireland : nor my walls should want
 Three venerable heads in order rang'd,
 Descriptive of the character of worth
 Encreasing as prosperity encreas'd,
 Till it grew honour, as a town decreed :
 And other canvas should remind the good
 That rising commerce, that the wondrous works
 And beamy talisman of Liverpool
 Are best encounter'd by an even step,

Innocent manners, justice, temperance,
 Contentment with small gains from year to year
 Insinuating basis and sweet peace,
 Doric simplicity, with oaten cake
 And all the juice and fragrance of the lime :
 St. Chad preserves for me this storied home,
 But I must send the sculptor, or he fails :
 Meanwhile the street, that boasted mine, has me,
 Wounded yet busy, blighted, yet not sear'd ;
 Fond of amusement, and long ill-amus'd,
 Delighted with repose, and ever stung,
 Bless'd but at home, and not at fifty there,
 Brooding o'er nations with two hundred books,
 Trav'ler by impulse, without health or means,
 Charm'd with the eloquent, myself struck dumb,
 Writing with manuscripts that strain my lock,
 Replete with projects men will not discuss,
 Attach'd to friends by ties I only love,
 In pain and anguish, yet with plaintive cry
 That ere I perish, some authority
 May grant me true to poetry and truth,
 Nor in their service failing utterly,
 Quite unambitious of Cervantic tone,
 Though time has been, when without aid of feast,
 But in still converse with some friend, I made
 Play in the concave of his nether lip,

With bruise exemplified by other pangs,
Than traverse and exclude a mitr'd show'r,
I breathe and hardly breathe my native air,
Wait for th' emancipation of the scrolls,
With eye unwearied trace Eugenius' step,
As it recedes — wonder, invoke, depart.









