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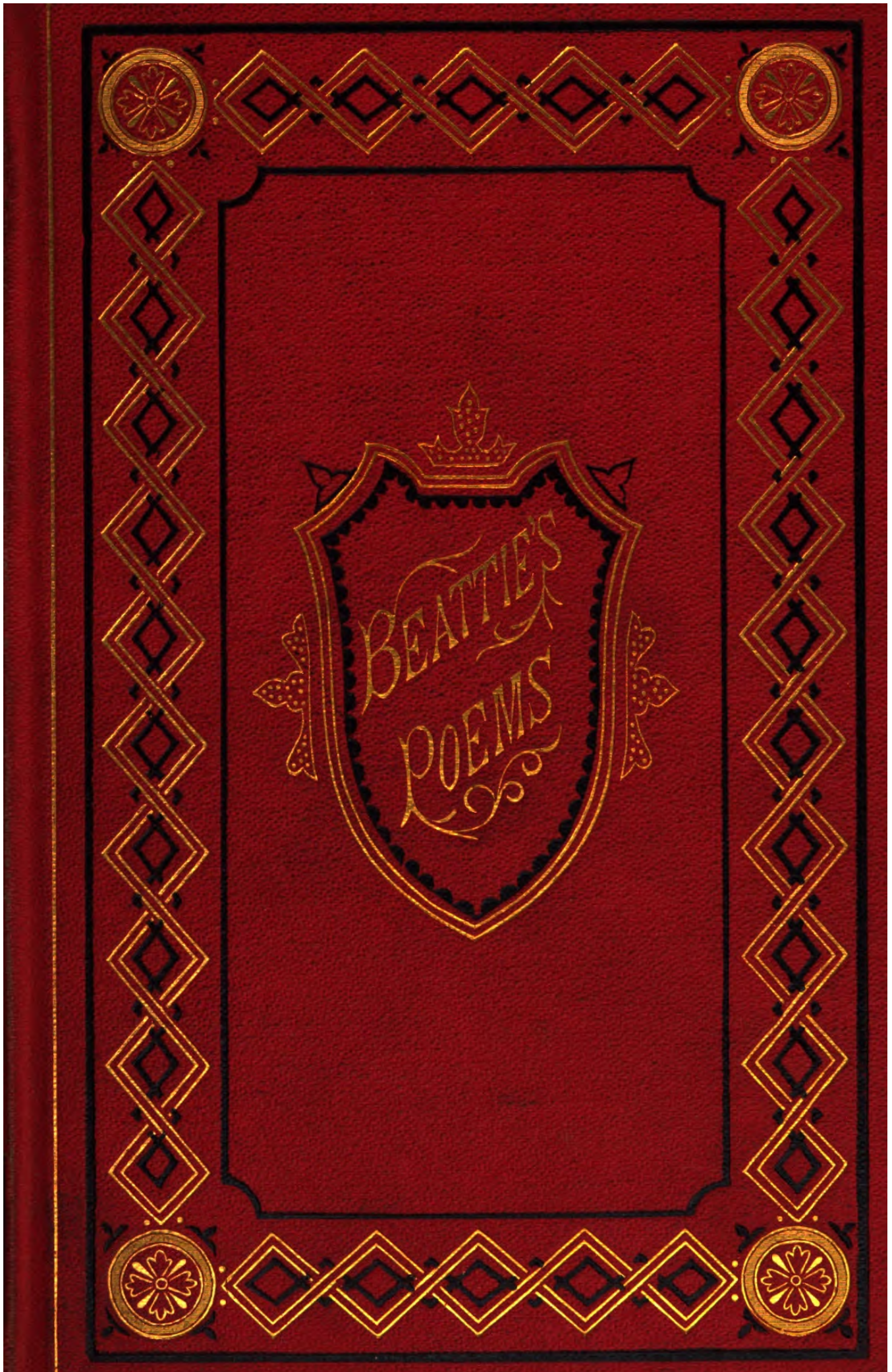
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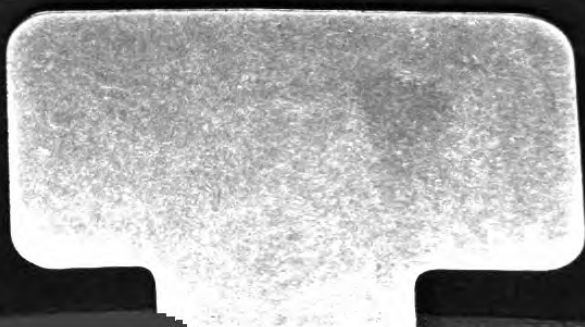


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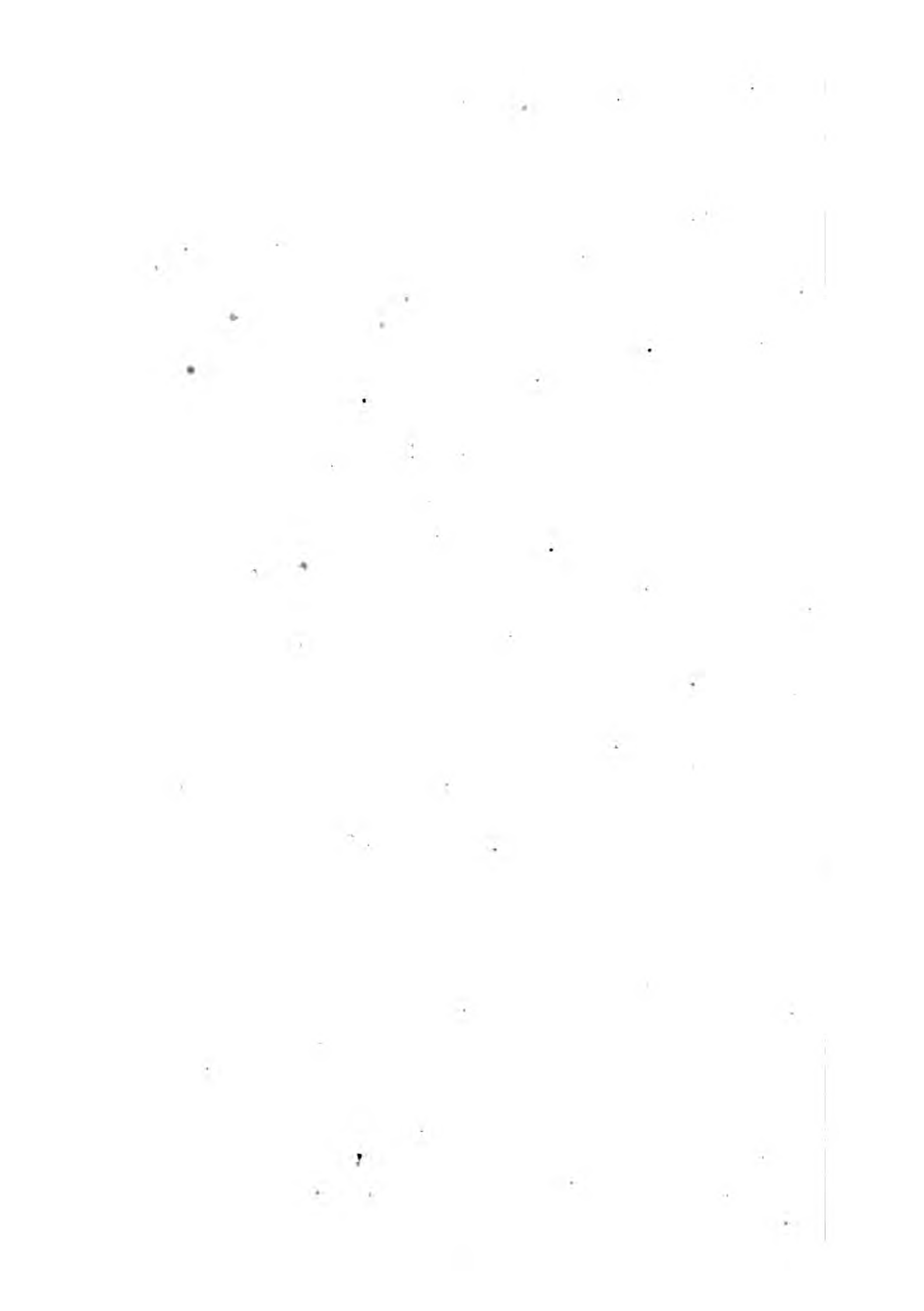




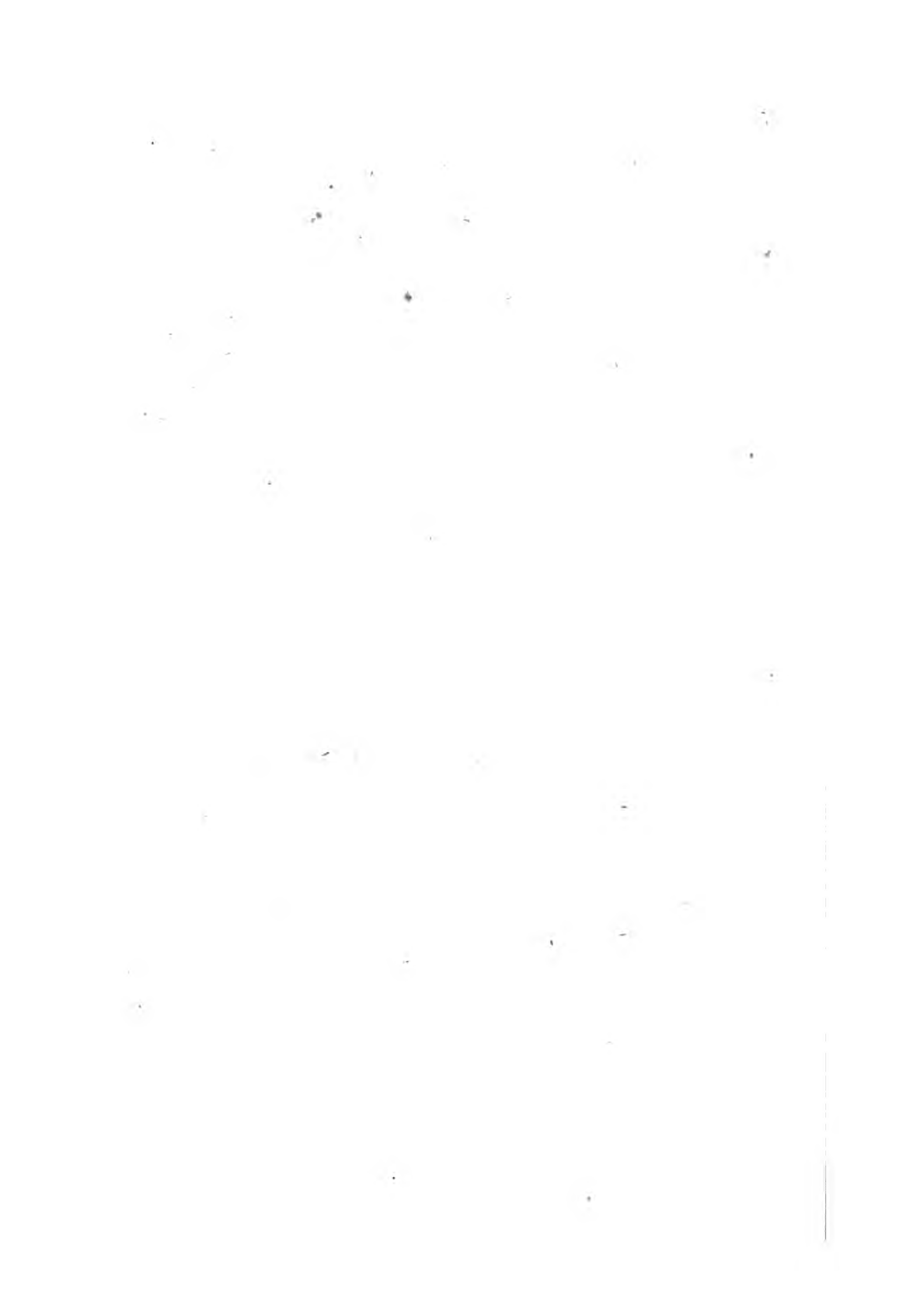
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE.







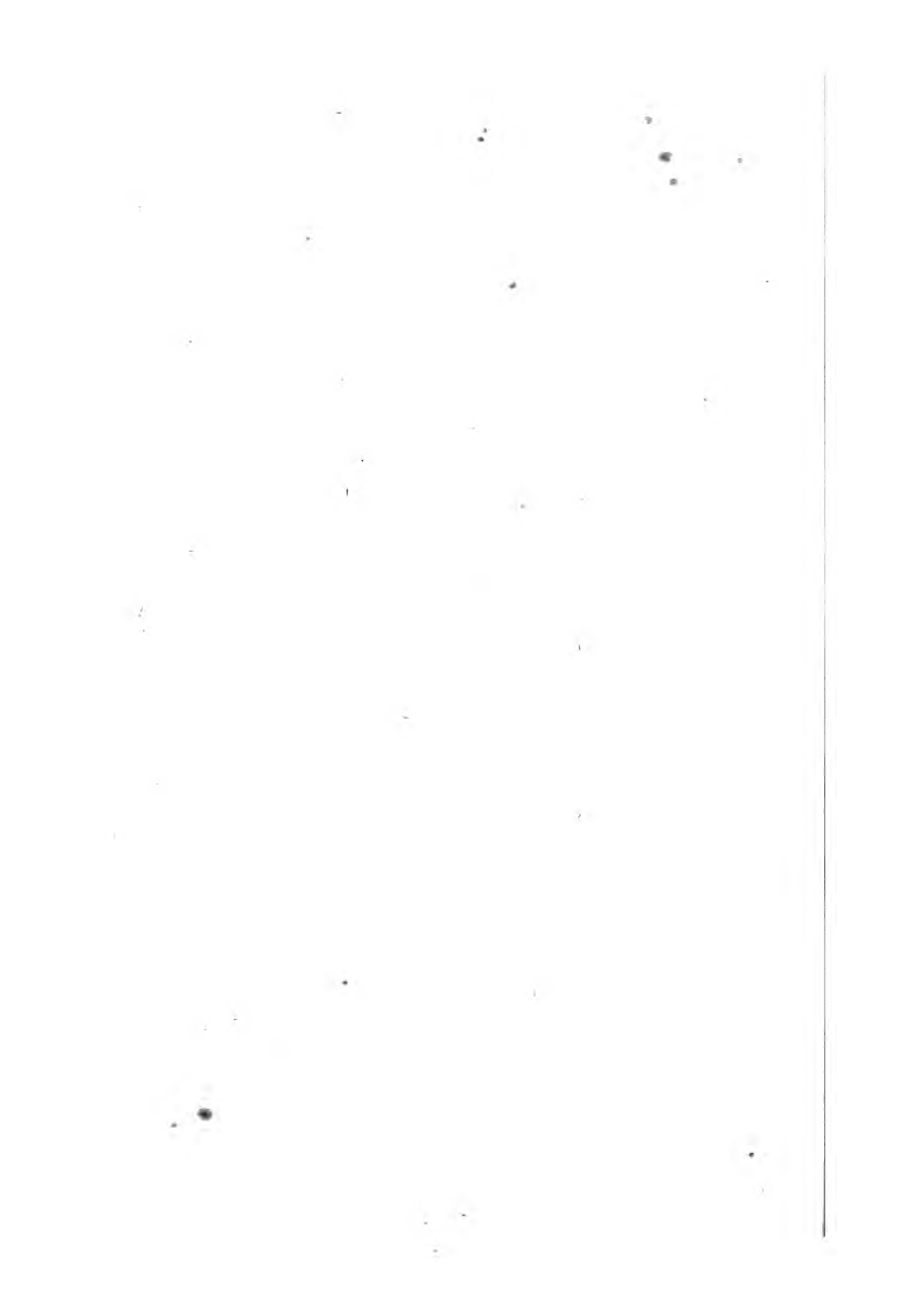
Beattie

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES BEATTIE.



EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

280. n. 257.



LIFE OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

By J. S. GIBB.

JAMES BEATTIE, the author of "The Minstrel," was baptized at Laurencekirk, November 25, 1735, ten years before the thunder-cloud of war swept across Scotland, to dissolve in blood on the desolate heath of Culloden. His father, also bearing the name of James, had a small retail shop in Laurencekirk—at that time, and for thirty years after, merely a clachan or kirktown of six or seven houses. In addition to the shop, he rented Boroughmuir Hills, a small farm to the south-east of the village. By the united aid of these he strove to rear his family of six children, of whom James was the youngest, in that system of healthful domestic training, to which, in Scotland, the youth of a former age owed so much. In these efforts he was ably seconded by his wife, Jane Watson, who is said to have been a woman of informed and cultivated mind beyond the common. Indeed Beattie was fortunate in both his parents. "His father," says the writer of the article "Beattie" in the "Biographie Universelle," "was a simple farmer, but that did not hinder him from indulging a natural taste which he felt for poesy: they preserve yet in his family some pieces of verse of his composition." This was written in 1811. In the life of Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee in

Forfarshire, prefixed to the edition of his "Helenore ; or, The Fortunate Shepherdess," published in 1812, his biographer, the Rev. Alexander Thomson of Lintrathen, remarks : "Mr Ross has often said that Mr Beattie only wanted education to have made him as much distinguished in the literary world as his son. He was a man of great natural acuteness, of clear and distinct conception, and employed much of his time in reading. He knew something of natural philosophy, and particularly of astronomy, and used to amuse himself in calculating eclipses ; and our author has observed that, as he was self-taught, without the advantage of any man's instruction, his knowledge was truly surprising. He was likewise a poetical genius, and shewed our author some rhymes of considerable merit. In fact it would appear that his mind wanted nothing but cultivation to have raised him to a level with some philosophers and poets, whose merit must always be acknowledged by those who are proper judges of it."

Such is Ross's testimony concerning the elder Beattie ; and he was well qualified to give it, from the intercourse he had enjoyed with him, having for some time previous to 1726 been master of the parish school of Laurencekirk, only a hundred yards or so from Boroughmuir Hills, where the subject of the present memoir was born. And here, in passing, we cannot help remarking that Laurencekirk has been more favoured as the birthplace or residence of men who have won themselves a name by their intellectual acquirements, than many localities far more imposing in appearance. There is its founder, Lord Gardenstone, of whom the burgh may justly be proud. The celebrated Thomas Ruddiman, in February 1695, left his tutorship at Aldbar to become her parish schoolmaster. As we have seen, in 1726 the author of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," filled the same situation. Dr Beattie was born here in 1735. Dr George Cook, author of a "History of the Church of Scotland," was her minister from 1795 to 1828. And here, five years before this latter date,

—that is, in 1823,—George Menzies drove the shuttle and nursed those thoughts which he afterwards embodied in sounding verse, or brought to bear on the successful prosecution of his duties as editor of a Canadian newspaper.

But to return to our more immediate subject. Of the early boyhood of Beattie we know little except what he has told us himself in his works. He was shy, retiring, fond of nature and solitude, given to reading, and even while at school known by the name of the POET. The rudiments of his education he obtained at the parish school, then taught by James Milne, who had deservedly attained considerable reputation as an educator. Beattie lost his father when only seven years of age; but this loss was, as far as it could be, made up by the increased assiduity and care of his mother, and of his elder brother David, who did everything that affection could do to enable the young student to gratify to the full his love of learning and knowledge,—a kindness Beattie did not forget in after-years, when it was in his power to repay it, as far as such self-sacrificing affection could be repaid.

In 1749, James, then fourteen years of age, was escorted to Aberdeen by his brother David. There were no railways nor even stage-coaches then, and the two brothers set out from home with only one steed between them, and so behaved to walk by turns or ride double. The journey was performed in safety, and James was entered a student of Marischal College, which at that time could boast the name of Dr Blackwell as one of her professors. At the termination of his first session as a student, Beattie proved his powers and diligence, by gaining, as the result of a public competition, the first or highest class bursary attached to his college. This, of course, was a considerable relief to the home funds, as the amount of the bursary would at least suffice for his most pressing wants during the college session. The recess he would spend at home, where the burden of his sustenance would not be severely felt. Beattie continued at

college with much credit the usual period of four sessions, when he took his degree of A.M., and then returned to Laurencekirk to endeavour to turn his acquirements to some practical account.

His original destination was the Church. With the view of entering it, he had attended the theological classes, and, before leaving Aberdeen, had delivered in the hall a trial lecture, which one of his hearers declared was "poetry in prose." The same thing, by the way, was remarked of the trial discourse of Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," whose original destination too was the Church; and there is this further coincidence in the history of the two poets, so similar in the beauty of their imagery, and their pastoral descriptive power, that, from some reason or other, both gave up all thoughts of the pulpit as a vocation.

Young Beattie did not long remain at home. He returned from Aberdeen about the beginning of April 1753; and on the 1st of August the same year, he was appointed parochial schoolmaster and session-clerk of Fordoun, a hamlet about five miles to the north of Laurencekirk. The duties of these offices he discharged, with painstaking diligence, for five years. There was but small opportunity for enjoying the pleasures of refined intercourse in a retired country parish, such as Fordoun was then; what there was, Beattie's approved talent and unassuming deportment soon placed at his command. He quickly secured the favourable notice of Mr Garden, afterwards the famous Lord Gardenstone. He was also honoured with the acquaintanceship of the celebrated Lord Monboddo, whose beautiful family mansion is only about a mile from the scene of Beattie's daily labours.

It was not so much, however, for the influence of his social position in forming his taste, that Beattie's residence at Fordoun is worthy of so marked a place in his history. It was the close intercourse he here enjoyed with nature in all her moods that laid the foundation of his fame as a poet. It was, indeed, a fitting nursery for a minstrel. To use the

vivid words of George Menzies, at one time a pupil in the parish school of Fordoun, and subsequently a gardener at Drumtochty, in the very centre of the romantic scenery he describes, all round we find—

“The shadowy glen, the sweeping strath,
The deep ravine, the rugged path ;
By dizzy crag and waterfall,
Untrod and unapproach'd by all,
Save him, whose heart may seldom quail
In peril's hour, the hardy Gael.
The Grampians dimly shadow'd forth,
Like guardian spirits of the north,
Enthroning their majestic forms
Amid the gloom of boreal storms.”

Beattie's tastes were still much the same as when the shy, solitude-loving schoolboy at Laurencekirk. He was fond of wandering alone in the fields. In early morning he might be seen ascending the steep brow of Strathfinella, to watch the sun emerge from the German Ocean ; or, late at night, he would be found wandering among the romantic glades of Drumtochty, observing the stars as they silently came forth in their brightness ; or listing the melancholy wail of the owl awakening the hollow echoes, and peopling the wooded crags with those graceful denizens of the woods—fays and fairies—that owe their existence to the warmth and power of a poetic imagination.

It was during his residence at Fordoun that Beattie first came before the public as an author, by writing several poetical pieces for the *Scots Magazine*. He was only twenty-one years of age when he sent the first of these contributions, yet it is far from devoid of merit.

In 1758, Beattie was appointed one of the masters of the Grammar School, Aberdeen. This opened up to him a wide field of social and congenial intercourse. There was a noble cluster of learned and eminent men connected with Aberdeen at this period—Reid, Gregory, Campbell, and Gerard—men whose works are their best monument, of whom Scotland is

justly proud. Into this elevated circle Beattie soon obtained a hearty welcome, from his character as a man and his reputation as a scholar.

Two years after Beattie's departure from Fordoun, and seven after his leaving Marischal College, one of the professorships in his *alma mater* fell vacant. By the interest of his friends, though very unexpectedly to himself, Beattie received the appointment. Behold him now, no longer as a parish schoolmaster, or a grammar-school teacher, but as a professor, filling the chair of logic and moral philosophy. Not more than twenty-five years of age, with comparatively limited experience in tuition, there was sufficient to suggest grave doubts of his fitness for such an exalted and onerous position. If these doubts ever did arise in the breasts of any, they were quickly dissipated. The young professor immediately set to work ; and, by hard study, and unremitting attention to his students individually, he quickly gained a reputation as a man of letters and a successful instructor, which he retained undiminished to the close of his life.

He had now much more leisure and opportunity for following the bent of his mind, which had always been toward literature. In this year (1760) he published a volume of minor poems, which had so much smoothness and sweetness of diction, and in several parts shewed such descriptive power, as justified his friends in hoping for yet greater things. This work passed through various editions, each having improvements in the shape of alterations, omissions, or additions ; so assiduously did Beattie labour to render his work worthy of the approbation of the public. Indeed, this is a marked characteristic of Beattie as an author, his painstaking diligence in correcting in his works everything that did not satisfy his own exquisite, almost fastidious, taste. Not only so, he invited the severest and most searching criticism of his friends. He was almost as grateful to him who discovered a blemish, as commonly men are to those who discover some hidden worth, some beauty not patent to

the public. Let authors—proverbially the *genus irritabile*—learn from this the path to true excellence.

In 1767 our author was joined in matrimony to Miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr Dun, rector of the grammar school in which formerly Beattie had been master. At first every happiness flowed from this union; but by and by little eccentricities of behaviour on Mrs Beattie's part began to shew themselves, and these eventually took the shape of confirmed insanity, and compelled at last her removal to an asylum at Musselburgh. This terrible calamity crushed at once and for ever the domestic happiness of the husband and father. How deeply the iron had entered into his soul, is evident from his pathetic exclamation after the burial of the last of his two sons: "How could I have borne to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness?" But at the time of which we write (1767) the dark cloud was still beneath the horizon. Beattie, happy in his domestic relations, happy in his work and in his friends, was free to occupy his mind with whatever subject might be most congenial to his taste.

At this period the cold destructive scepticism of Hume reigned paramount in literary circles in Scotland. The friends of truth saw with concern that there was no champion gone forth to meet the boastful challenge of this mental Goliath; for what opposition there was, proved of such a character as but increased the arrogance of the foe. This was frequently the subject of correspondence and conversation between Beattie and his friends, and at last he resolved to take up the gauntlet. The result was the "Essay on Truth"—a work which would have kept its author from being forgotten, although he had written nothing else. The Essay was on the unfashionable side of the question, and the Edinburgh publisher to whom it was offered was so doubtful of its success that he would not publish it at his own risk. Sir William Forbes, convinced of the value of the work, without informing Beattie, guaranteed the bookseller against loss, at

the same time remitting fifty guineas to the author as the price of the copyright.

Sir William's opinion proved to be well founded. The book was a triumphant success. It was read everywhere, especially in England, and ran through a number of editions in a short time. It procured for its author two separate and comparatively lengthened interviews with royalty itself, followed by something more tangible still—a royal pension of £200 a year. He had his portrait first painted, and then presented to him, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which he is represented sitting in philosophic composure, clad in his doctor's robes, while the Angel of Truth, a most graceful and beautiful figure, is seen in the background driving error and sophistry down to the shades below. The University of Oxford bestowed upon him, unsolicited, the honorary title of LL.D. Besides, the "Essay on Truth" procured for its author the friendship of many eminent persons in England; among others Dr Samuel Johnson, Beilby Porteus, bishop of London, Lord Lyttelton, Mrs Montague, &c. He was offered preferment in the Church of England, if he would enter her pale. This he declined, from motives that do him honour.

But though he refused to leave his chosen sphere of labour, he availed himself of the friendships thus formed, by frequently visiting England to reinvigorate his bodily frame by its softer and more genial climate, and to soothe and tranquillise his mind by experiencing the delights and pleasures of friendly intercourse. These relaxations were now become doubly necessary, from the cankerworm that had blighted and destroyed his domestic happiness; thus increasing, if not causing, a tenderness of constitution, which frequently rendered the least exertion painful and distressing in an extreme degree. This constitutional weakness took the shape of vertigo, or giddiness, from which he was seldom free during the rest of his life. Knowing this, it is amazing what an amount of work he accomplished. He kept up a voluminous correspondence with friends on personal and

literary subjects ; he joined readily in any movement affecting the community of which he was a member ; he was at the service of any friend who required his aid, literary or otherwise ; he was most assiduously and minutely attentive to his work as a professor ; he carefully superintended the education and training of his children ; and yet, amid all these conflicting calls upon his attention, with a constant burden of domestic care hanging over him and weighing him to the earth, and with a frame weakened by chronic disease, he could yet find time and inclination for the composition of works that the world will not willingly let die.

In 1771 appeared the first part of "The Minstrel ; or, The Progress of Genius," and in 1774 the second—a production that, by its delicacy of imagination, by the quiet beauty of its pastoral scenes, and by the exquisite melody of its language, at once gave its author an honourable place among the poets of Great Britain—a position which, most deservedly, he still retains.

Dr Beattie had two sons, James and Montague. To their mental and moral training he devoted himself with all the earnest solicitude of a Christian parent. Nor had his pains been fruitless. The eldest was a young man of wondrous promise—so much so, that, at the request of the Senatus of the College, the Crown in 1787 appointed him colleague and successor to his father, while yet but in the nineteenth year of his age. The father's heart was bound up in his son, who returned his love with the eagerness and uniformity of deep filial affection. But, alas ! the rarest plants are oftenest the first to droop before the cold breath of the pale horseman. James Hay Beattie died in 1790 ; and deep was the sorrow of the bereaved father. In one of his letters of this period, alluding to a monument erected to his dead son, he says : "I often dream of the grave that is under it ; I saw with some satisfaction on a late occasion that it is very deep, and capable of holding my coffin laid on that which is already in it."

He had still one son left, and round him his affections gathered with increased earnestness. Though without the extra capabilities of his elder brother, the talents of Montague Beattie were more than respectable ; while his loving heart and lively disposition made up for the want of dazzling accomplishments. He was a universal favourite. Cheered by his watchful assiduity, Dr Beattie laboured on at his accustomed work. In 1790 appeared the first volume of his "Elements of Moral Science;" and in 1793 the second. These, with "Essays on Poetry and Music, Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, and the Use of the Classics," "Dissertations, Moral and Critical," and "Evidences of the Christian Religion," comprised the substance of his lectures to his students. For them, too, he drew up a small *brochure* on Scotticisms, which contains some shrewd verbal criticism. The only other works with which the name of Beattie is connected are one or two papers in *The Lounger*, a letter to Dr Blair on a proposed revisal of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms, and an account of the life and character of his son, James Hay Beattie.

This testimony of his paternal love was Beattie's last literary exertion. It was finished January 18, 1791. Five years afterwards Montague Beattie died. This stroke was more than his father's mind could bear. His intellect even was touched. He lost all memory of his son's death ; would search through the house for him ; and, not finding him, would say to his niece and housekeeper, Mrs Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is." He could only be brought to recollection by a recital of the sufferings of Montague's deathbed. When he looked for the last time upon the dead body, he said, "Now I have done with the world." And so it was in truth. He gave up all study, all recreation, and all correspondence with friends. The following year he became quite a cripple with rheumatism ; and in 1799 he had a stroke of palsy, from which he never entirely recovered ; and, finally, on the

18th of August 1803, he was released from his sufferings by the kindly hand of death.

Dr Beattie's intercourse with the world was marked by the courtesy and forbearance of a Christian gentleman ; or, if in aught, during the heat of controversy, he overstepped the bounds of propriety, the love he bore to virtue was in fault. In temper he was naturally gentle and placable ; but from his close and long-continued study of polemics, it was noticed that, towards the close of his public life, he was in the smallest possible degree inclined to acerbity and sharpness. In his last years all this dross was purified ; the original metal alone remained, gentle, radiant, and without alloy.

In his character as a husband and father, Beattie manifested the same sterling qualities, though in a much higher and more attractive degree. Gentle and affectionate, ruling by love rather than fear, he had yet that clear-sighted firmness which kept him from injuring by over-indulgence. Sorely tried as he was by the melancholy fate of his wife, he never murmured nor complained. Even when the fondest hopes of his heart were buried in the grave of his sons, he bowed in silent submission to the decrees of an all-wise Providence. Though the stroke was hard to bear, there was no loud, rebellious grief. He calmly waited for the time when he would rejoin his lost ones, never more to leave them. Were we to sum up in a single word his character as a man, we could not better express it than the poet himself has done, in a stanza of an epitaph, written while in Fordoun :—

“ Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayest fall ;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale :
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all ! ”

As an author, Beattie is distinguished in his prose compositions for the smooth flow of his language and the easy gracefulness of his thoughts. In controversy he sometimes,

though rarely, expresses himself more sharply than would be deemed necessary in the present day; but we only require to realise the times in which he lived, the ominous mutterings of wreck and revolution that were already filling the air, fully to exonerate him from the charge of unnecessary harshness. But it is as a poet that Beattie will be longest and most fondly remembered. As a metaphysician his labours may be, so far as their main purpose is concerned, superseded by more recent investigators, who, thanks to his aid and that of his contemporaries, have been enabled to penetrate further into the regions of speculation; but while the English language lasts, so long will the quiet beauty of the word-pictures in "The Minstrel" charm every student of nature, and that in proportion to his loving familiarity with her gentle and more peaceful scenes.

CONTENTS.

BEATTIE'S POEMS.

	PAGE
THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS—	
Book I.,	5
Book II.,	24
RETIREMENT,	44
ELEGY. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758,	46
ODE TO HOPE,	49
ODE ON LORD HAY'S BIRTHDAY,	53
THE BATTLE OF THE PIGMIES AND CRANES,	56
THE HARES,	62
EPITAPH: BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY,	69
THE HERMIT,	70
PIECES REJECTED BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE LATER EDITIONS OF HIS POEMS—	
The Judgment of Paris,	72
Ode to Peace,	91

PIECES REJECTED FROM THE LATER EDITIONS—*continued.*

	PAGE
The Triumph of Melancholy,	96
Elegy,	104
Elegy,	105
The Wolf and Shepherds,	108
On the Report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the Memory of a late Author,	111
Song, in Imitation of Shakspeare's "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind,"	117
Epitaph on Two Young Men of the name of Leitch, who were Drowned in Crossing the River Southesk, 1757,	118
Epitaph, intended for himself,	118
Verses Written by Mr Blacklock on a Blank Leaf of his Poems, sent to the Author,	119
An Epistle to the Reverend Mr Thomas Blacklock,	120
To the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Gordon, Dressed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet, with Plumes,	127

TRANSLATIONS—

Anacreon. Ode XXII.,	128
The Beginning of the First Book of Lucretius,	128
Horace. Book II. Ode X.,	130
Horace. Book III. Ode XIII.,	131

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL—

Pastoral I.,	133
Pastoral II.,	138
Pastoral III.,	142
Pastoral IV.,	150
Pastoral V.,	153
Pastoral VI.,	159
Pastoral VII.,	163

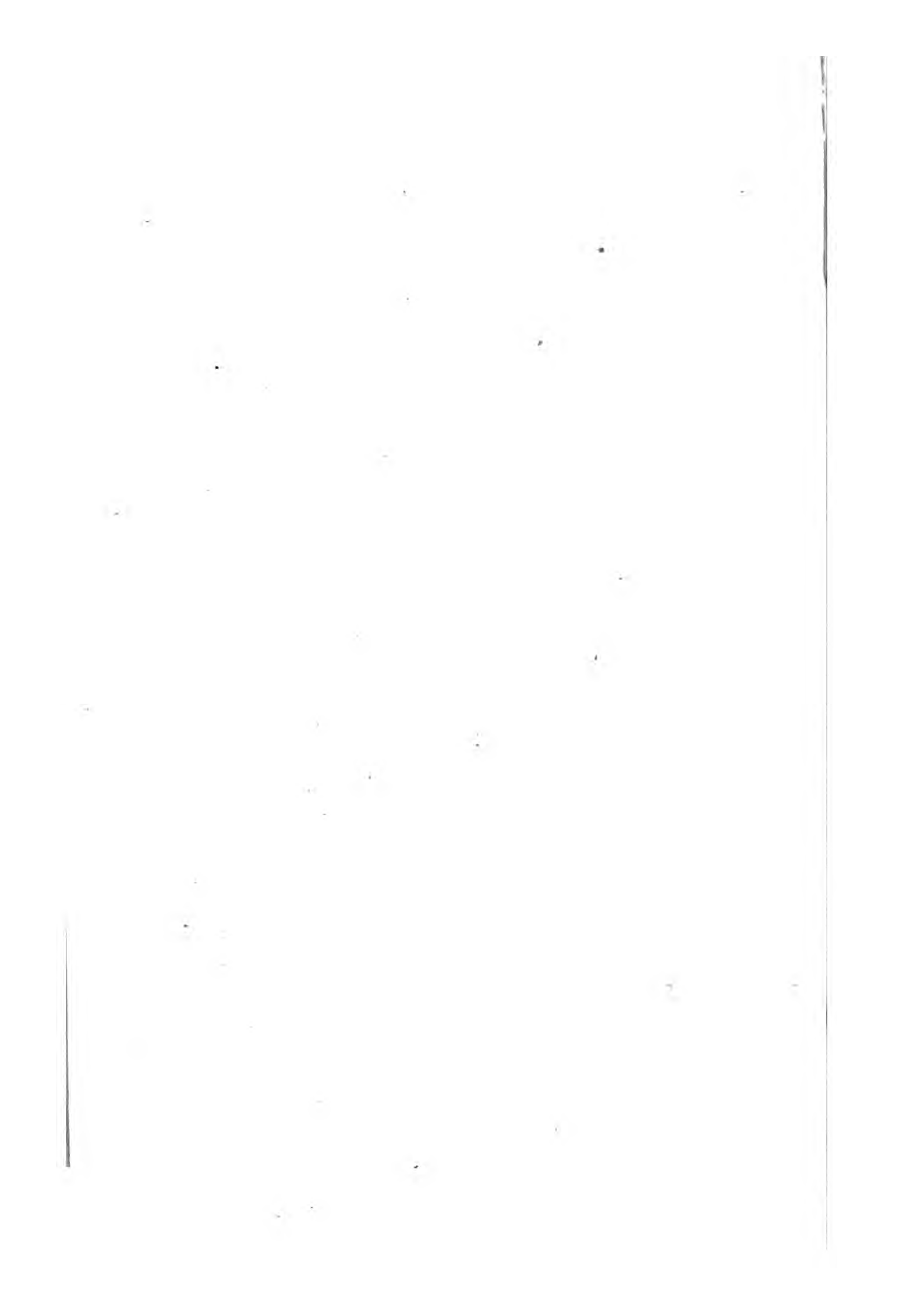
CONTENTS.

xix

PIECES REJECTED FROM THE LATER EDITIONS—*continued.*

	PAGE
Pastoral VIII.,	167
Pastoral IX.,	173
Pastoral X.,	177
Epitaph for a Sheriff's Messenger,	182
To Mr Alexander Ross, at Lochlee, Author of the "Fortunate Shepherdess," and other Poems in the Broad Scotch Dialect,	183





ADVERTISEMENT.

January, 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter, who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But some private reasons determined the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greatest part of the *MINSTREL*, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.

PREFACE TO THE MINSTREL.

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.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant. VIRG.

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 dropp'd 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 the 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 learnèd 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 wind 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 sylvan 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:
 Oh, 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 groveling 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 stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even 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.

Oh, 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,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh, 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 besrent,
 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 humble hopes beguiled ;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phoebe 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 appear'd 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.

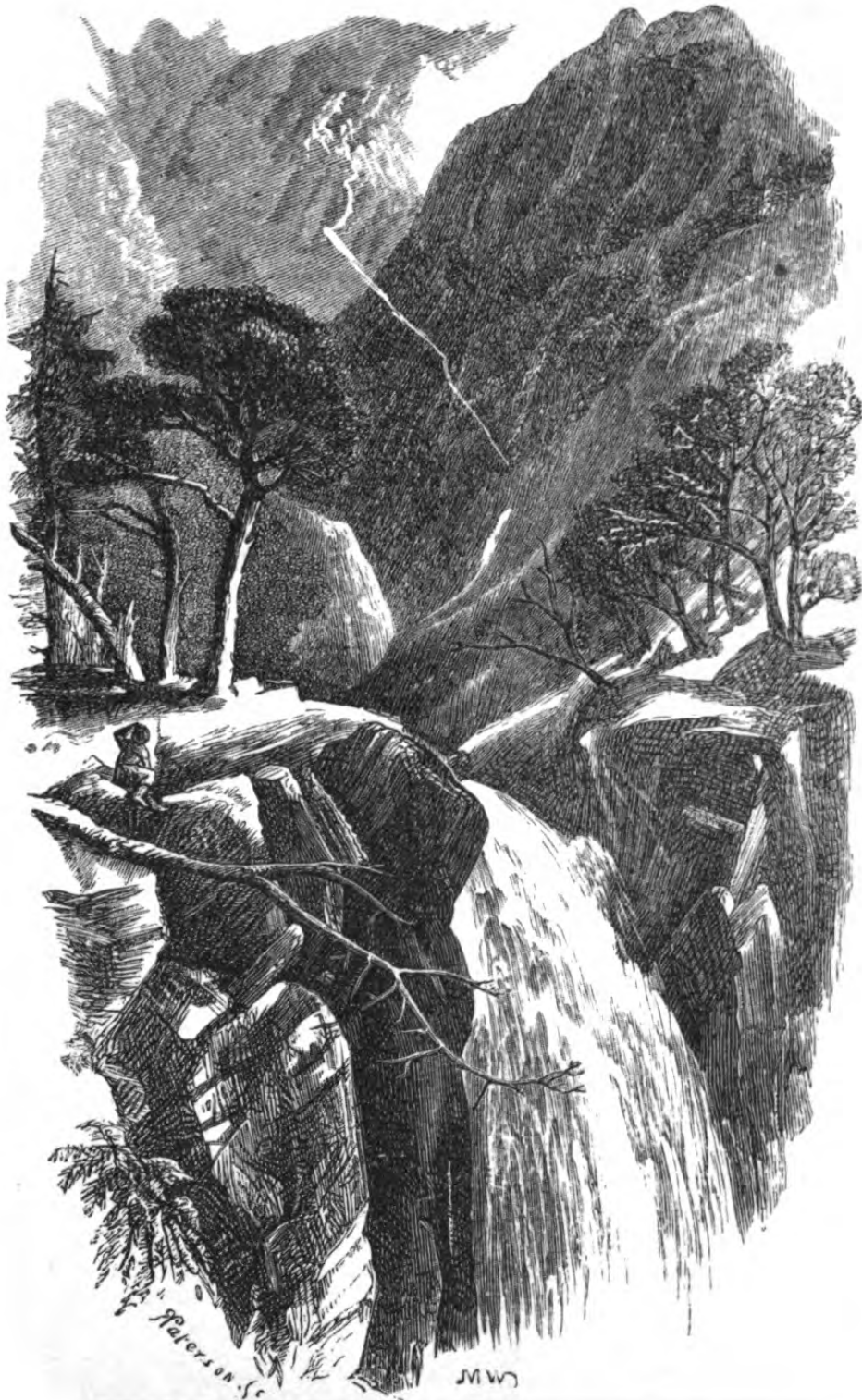
But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves 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 ;

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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.
—*The Minstrel*, page 11.

These he detested ; those 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 sylvan 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 gray,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn :
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
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 dreadful 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, oh, 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 imbrown'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.
 Oh, 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 spring 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,
 Oh, 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,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
And ghosts that to the charnel dungeon throng,
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 isles 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 entrancèd 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 thrid 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 scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
Oh, 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 !
Even 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 milk-maid 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 aërial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 Oh for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Bless'd 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 stupefy 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 loth 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.
 Oh, 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.
 Oh, 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 dar'st 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 even at noontide is our mortal sphere;

* See the fine old ballad, called "The Children in the Wood."

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 art incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
Oh, 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.

LL.

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 glittering 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,
 Even 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 sprightly 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 melan-
 choly !

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 adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.



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.
—*The Mins. rel.*, page 22.



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 Montagu 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.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.* HORAT.

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 gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continent's 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 aye
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 wild, 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 trode;
 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 perching 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 noonday beam,
 Where many a rosebud 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,



Rocks on rocks piled, as if by magic spell,
Here scorch'd by 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.

—*The Min trel*, page 26.



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 conquest 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 its 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 and 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 or 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 gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost, nor spell, my long, my 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,
 And 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 !
 Oh, 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 !
 Oh, 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 floweret 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 in 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 foul
 As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
 Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
 Love is the godlike attribute of man.
 Oh, 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 humankind ;
 When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
 Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of 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 ruth
 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 lower ;
 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,
 To 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, 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.

“ Oh, 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 floweret'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 prowl'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.

XXXIX.

“ But ah ! th' 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, even 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 ?

XLL.

"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, an 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 not us 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 : oh, 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,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

“Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' 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 even 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
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

LI.

“ 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 breast 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 polity, 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 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.

* Virgil.

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.* 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 !

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.

* This excellent person died suddenly on the 10th of February 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays ;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth of placid mien
Indulged this tender theme :

“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale ;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale :
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep :

“To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her 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.



Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild,
Murmurs the solemn gale.
— *Retirement*, page 44.

Oh, 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 !—
Oh, 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.

“Oh, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along ;

Let no rude sound invade from far,
 No vagrant foot be nigh,
 No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
 Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
 Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
 Oh, 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 this 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."

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

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 ;
Oh 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 ! oh, 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 illusions, 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.

ODE TO HOPE.

I.—1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl ;
 And shrieks of 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 ;
 Oh, 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.

I.—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 the 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 :

I.—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 villages again,
 And gold-illumined spire ;
 While on the billowy ether borne
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure ;
 And light along the fairy Pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial night.

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.

II.—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.

II.—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,
 Oh, leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay ;
 For now youth's eminence he gains :
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains !

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 giant-stature rears,
 And lo, his iron hand prepares
 To grasp its feeble prey.

III.—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.

III.—3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
 Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
 Lo, from amidst affliction's night
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight :
 Her words the troubled bosom 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 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.

Oh yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth ;
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of Truth ;
Oh, 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

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 th' 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 befell her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,

The dreaded pigmy : roused by war's alarms,
Forth rush'd the madding manikin 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 callow young his prey ;
With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smiled,
T' 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 the accoutred frogs,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
Pierced by the javelin bulrush on the shore,
Here agonising roll'd the mouse in gore ;
And there the frog, (a scene full sad to see !)
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'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, Cäyster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds,
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves th' 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 th' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe :
Where manikins 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 straggl'ing 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 th' 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 every 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 th' 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 dale, 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.

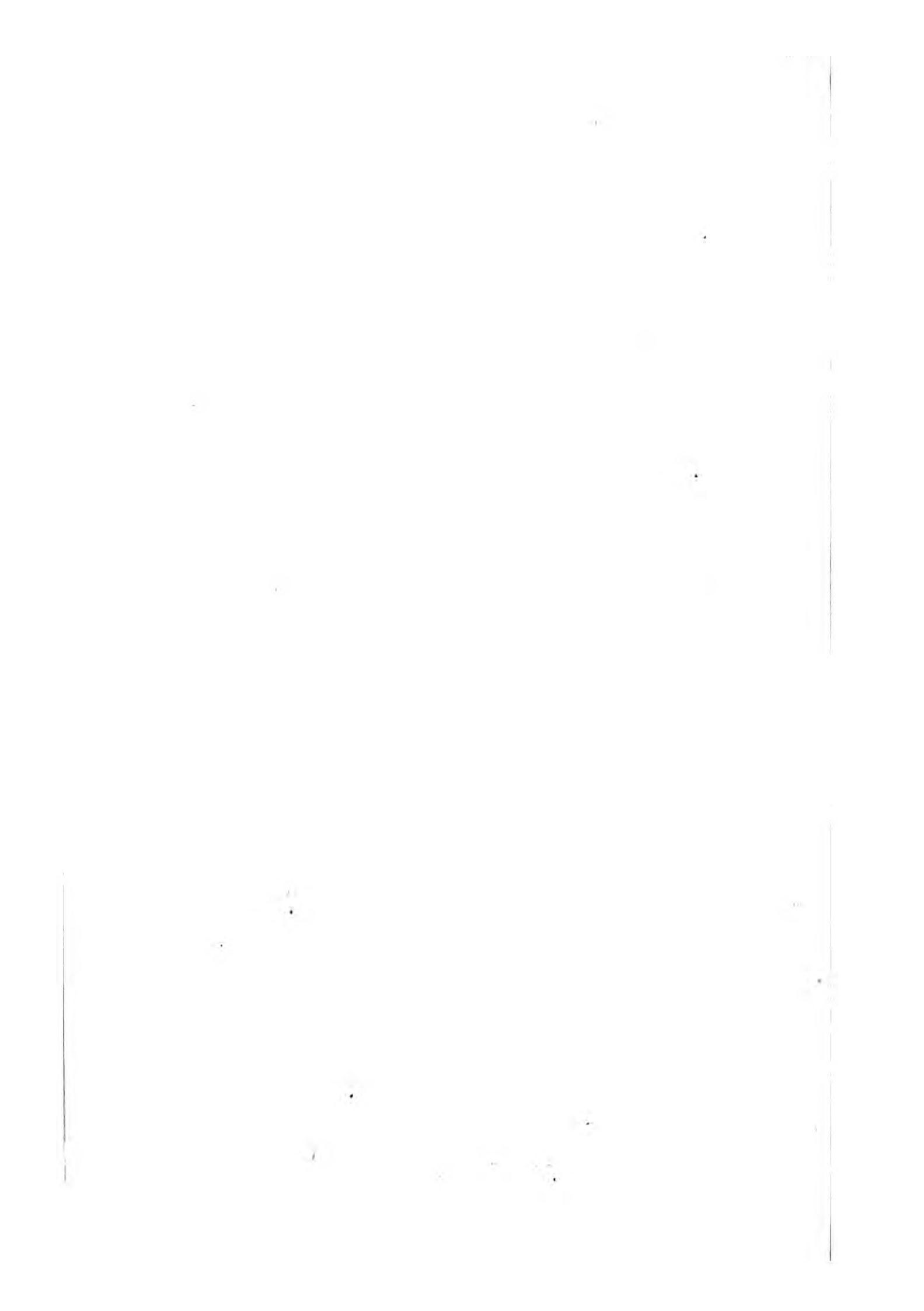
Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set ; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
"Our harmless race shall every savage,
Both quadruped and biped, ravage ?

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 ; or 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 swollen 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.



Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
—*The Hares*, page 64.



The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven ;
O'er cliff 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 steps 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 drag their tired limbs 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 !
Oh, 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 th' 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 slight
As yonder little linnet's flight
Has made your stubborn heart 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 th' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here, hovering, lowers
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 th' 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 th' 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 dewdrops 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.

 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, unequal'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 th' extremes of transport and despair !
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best-beloved, farewell !

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And naught 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 enthrall.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn
 Oh, 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 !
Oh, 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.
' Oh 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.”

PIECES REJECTED BY THE AUTHOR

FROM THE

LATER EDITIONS OF HIS POEMS.

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.

Echo'd 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 Ilium'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 the 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 waded 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 flickering light.

That instant, hush'd was all the vocal grove,
Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
And strains ærial, 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.

With awe and wonder gazed th' adoring swain ;
 His kindling cheek 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 bloom glows along each brightening 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. Even now, with playful art,
Love wreathes thy 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.

"Oh, 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 t' 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 spoils 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 ecstacies 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 dye.

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 th' 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 th' unalter'd bliss her charms impart,
Sedate th' 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?”

“T’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

"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, even 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 the 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.

“Oh, 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 aërial 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,
'T' o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

“But yield an ampler scene to Bounty's eye,
And 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 battening Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

“Even 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, oh, where is your abode ?

“Oh, 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 wreath 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’ empurpled 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 wavering breast,
 Though warm’d by Wisdom, own’d no constant fire ;
 While lawless Fancy roam’d afar, unblest
 Save in th’ oblivious lap of soft Desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles.
 “ Let gentler fates 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 storm and ruin close the troublous day.

“Thou 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 th' 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,
T' 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 !

“Oh, shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great ;
Their coward Office boasts th' unpunish'd wrong,
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.

“O'er fancy'd 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 Seditious 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 th’ 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 ærial 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.

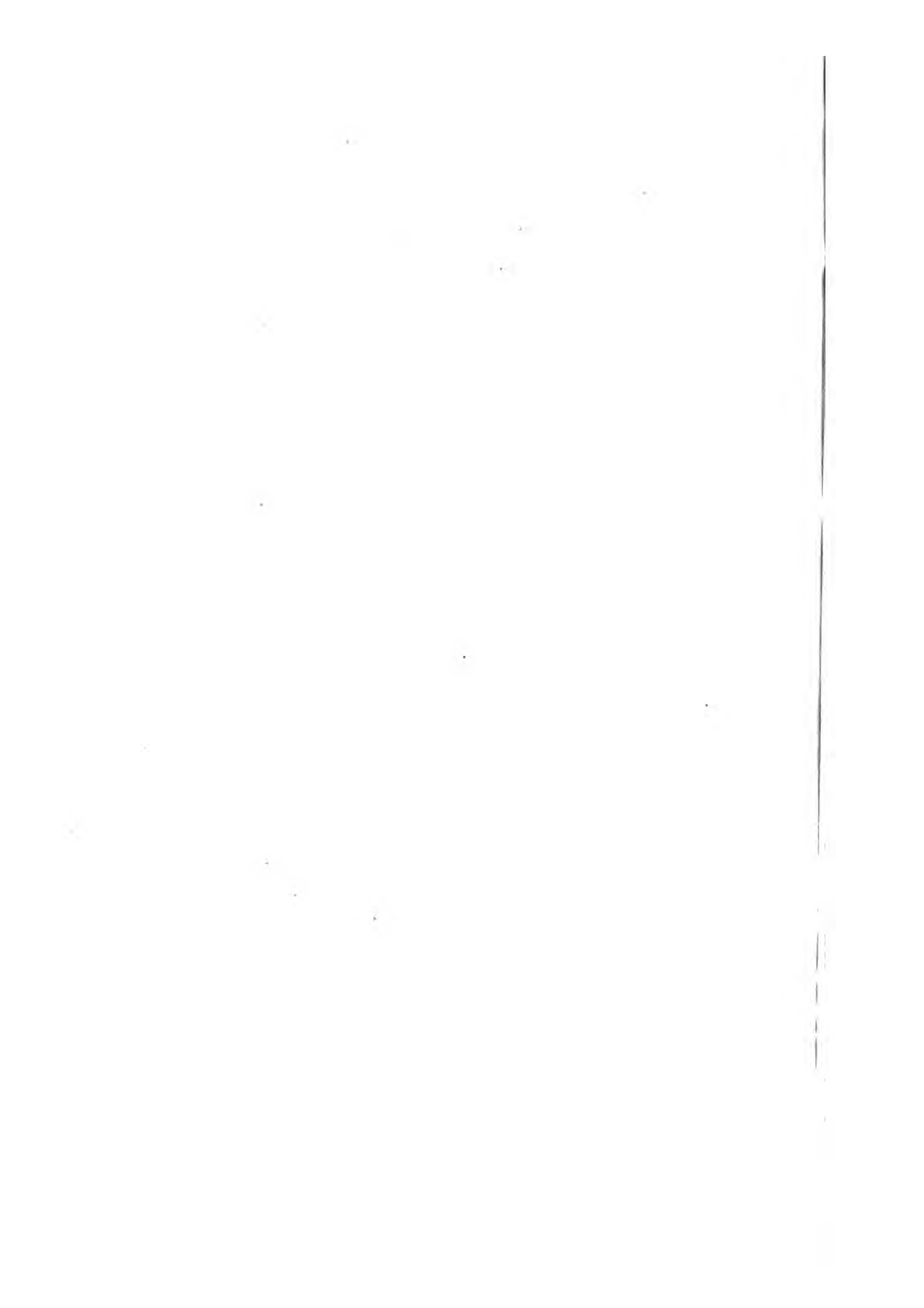
“Or to the long and lonely shore retires ;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

“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.



Or from the mountain-glade's ærial brow,
While to her song a thousand echoes call,
Marks the wild woodland wave remote below
Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

—Page 88.



“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 russet dye,
Her sylvan 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,
Oh, 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 tumult please ?
Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan 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.”—
 Oh, 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,
 The 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.

ODE TO PEACE

I.—1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful voice
 From ancient darkness call’d the morn ;
 And hush’d of jarring elements 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
 Striking through all their ranks th’ eternal lyre,
 Pour’d in loud symphony th’ impetuous strain ;
 And every fiery orb and planet sung,
 And wide, through night’s dark solitary reign
 Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

I.—2.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian age !
 Roll round again, majestic years !

To break the sceptre of tyrannic rage,
 From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
 Ye years, again roll round !
 Hark, from afar what desolating sound,
 While echoes load the sighing gales,
 With dire presage the throbbing heart assails !
 Murder deep-roused, with all the whirlwind's haste
 And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
 Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
 Smiles ghastly-fierce, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

I.—3.

The shouts redoubling rise
 In thunder to the skies.
 The Nymphs disorder'd dart along,
 Sweet Powers of solitude and song,
 Stunn'd with the horrors of discordant sound ;
 And all is listening trembling round.
 Torrents far heard amid the waste of 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 seems to sweep the foamy shore.

II.—1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air
 Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
 The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
 Driven in confusion to the plain below,
 War's dreadful lord proclaim.
 Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame
 Snatch'd in tempestuous eddies flies
 The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
 The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
 The bloom of morning fades to deadly pale,

The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
And night's foul birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II.—2.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.
The rushing 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 ;
The tower rolls headlong 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 deeper gloom invests the howling shades,
Stripp'd is the shatter'd grove, and every verdure dies.

II.—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 mangled wound !
Hate whirls her torch sulphureous round ;
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms,
Re-echo to the hoarse alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime rules the careering storm.

III.—1.

Ambition, outside fair ! within as foul
As fiends of fiercest heart below,
Who ride the hurricanes of fire that roll
Their thundering vortex o'er the realms of woe,

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 waken'd by the murmuring breeze of morn,
 The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale ;
 And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

III.—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 sylvan gloom.
 How sadly silent all !
 Save where, outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall,
 Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
 And Anguish yells, and grinds his 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.

III.—3.

What scenes of glory rise
 Before my dazzled eyes !
 Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
 And melody celestial rings :
 All blooming on the lawn the nymphs advance,
 And touch the lute, and range the dance ;
 And the blithe shepherds on the mountain's 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.

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 ;
 And quench the animating fire,
 That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
 Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
 And Hatred triumphs on th' o'erwhelming brow,
 And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
 Blaze the blue flames of death, and sound the shrieks of
 Woe.

IV.—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 thy genial breath, the balmy rose ?
 Waved over by thy magic wand
 Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand ?
 Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
 Where roves the Indian through primeval shades,
 Haunts the pure pleasures of the sylvan reign,
 And led by reason's light the path of nature treads.

IV.—3.

On Cuba's utmost steep
 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 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,
 Blazed the Iberian streamer from afar.
 She saw ; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
 Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
 These scenes so deeply-stain'd with Sorrow's dye ?
 Is there in all thy stores no cheerful draught,
 To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye ?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
 Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;
 Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
 And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !
 What smiles in every conscious feature play !
 While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
 His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence ! whose bosom, all serene,
 Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll !
 Oh, ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !
 Ne'er may the shades of Doubt 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 !

O smile accursed, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye 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 eyeball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare ;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair !

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime !
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield ?
Why should the sunbeam paint thy glittering clime,
When the keen mildew desolates the 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 paths to wilds of woe decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd ;
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

Even the storm lulls to more profound repose :
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain ;
 The shrub is shelter'd when the whirlwind blows,
 While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
 And toss th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste :
 Nature thy temporary 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 ?
 Oh, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
 Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
 Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?
 To ease tired Disappointment's bleeding heart,
 Will all your stores of softening balm avail ?

When stern Oppression in his harpy-fangs
 From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
 Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
 Whose infant craves relief 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 ?

But hope not, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine 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 rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptured gaze !
Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep !
Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise !
There bulwarks overhang the shaggy 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.
Keen are 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 those 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 terror and despair dismay'd,
The scattering legions pour along the plain!
Ambition's car in 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,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless 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 with thy name,
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

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, oh yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand!

Yet for awhile let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe;
Oh yield awhile to Friendship's soft control;
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come, then, Philander, whose exalted 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 moan 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 Fashion's narrow tie,
With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform ;
Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
And harmonise the thunder of the storm :

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refined,
She courts no homage, nor desires to shine ;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female softness, and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear ;
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ ;
Oh catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along 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 Eliza 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 alike unknown the prince and 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 joy still wanders far 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 th' 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.

EXULTS the fluttering heart, O Mortal-born,
If Fame pronounce thee beautiful and wise,
If pompous blazonry thy name adorn !—
Approach, with trembling awe, where lies ;

And pause ; and know thy boasted honours vain.
Vain all the gifts that fortune can bestow.
Late shone around Her all the gorgeous train,
But shine not round the mouldering dust below.

Gazed at from far by Envy's lifted eye
What then avails to deck th' exalted scene,
If there the blasting storms of anguish fly,
If Frailty there displays her withering mien?

But Virtue (sacred plant!) no soil disdains;
The plant that Frailty's fiercest frown defies.
Retired it blooms amid the lowly plains;
Or decks the mountain's brow that mates the skies.

And there conspicuous forms the Pilgrim's bower,
When Sorrow darts direct the feverish ray;
And forms his shelter from the tempest's power
In stern Oppression's desolating day.

This, Grandeur, be thy praise; 'tis more than fame.
This praise was hers; yet not to this confined,
Hers was th' indulgent soul untaught to blame,
Hers all the graces of the mildest mind.

Slight is your wound, who mourn a Guardian lost,
Though grief's sharp sting now prompt the pious sigh;
He lives, the friend of man, the Muses boast,
And Bounty's hand shall wipe your streaming eye.

But ah! what balm shall heal his bleeding heart,
Who for the Friend, and for the Lover mourns!
Of all the joys that friendship can impart,
When love's divinest flame united burns,

Possess'd so late! but now possess'd no more!—
Thus triumphs Fate o'er all that charms below;
Thus curbs the storm till joy's meridian hour,
To wrap the smiling scene in darker woe.

Sole object of a Mother's tender care,
 Could aught of song avail to ease thy pain ;
Or charm a Parent's, Sister's, Friend's despair ;
 Fain would the Muse attempt some soothing strain.

But what can soothe, when Hope denies her aid !
 Far in the silent depth of yonder gloom,
Where the weak lamp wan wavers o'er the dead,
 She hides in sable dust her sparkling plume.

T' enrage their smart, Remembrance wakes severe,
 And bids the vanish'd years again to roll ;
Again they seem that soothing voice to hear,
 Again those looks shoot transport to the soul.

The vision flies, and leaves the mind to mourn,
 Saddening each scene that pleased while she was by ;
For ah ! those vanish'd years no more return ;
 Mute the soft voice, and closed the gentle eye.

Come, Resignation, with uplifted brow,
 And eye of rapture smiling though in tears ;
Come, for thou lov'st the silent house of woe,
 When no fond friend th' abandon'd mansion cheers.

Come, for 'tis thine to soothe the Mourner's smart,
 The throbs of hopeless anguish to control,
With healing balm to point Death's levell'd dart,
 And melt in heavenly dreams the parting soul.

We mark'd thy triumphs in that hour of dread ;
 When from her eyes, that look'd a last adieu,
Each weeping friend seem'd vanishing in shade,
 And darkening slow the swimming scene withdrew.

'Twas then her pale cheek caught thy rapturous smile,
 Thy cheering whispers calm'd her labouring breast,
 And hymns of quiring angels charm'd the while ;
 Till the weak frame dissolved in endless rest.

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 fether 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 life and practice ?

Then hear, what in his 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 spy'd
The shepherds dress'd in flowery pride.
Garlands were strew'd, and all was gay,
To celebrate a holiday.
The merry tabour'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,
Outrageous 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 so'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 yeoman 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.

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT

TO BE ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO THE MEMORY OF
 A LATE AUTHOR.*

[Part of a letter to a person of quality.

. . . . Lest your Lordship, who is 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 re-
 commend 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,

* Churchill.

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 ——— 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 to *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 ———'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. January 1765.]

BUFO, begone! with thee may 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 debauched 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 virulence in coarser doggerel writ,
 Which bawling 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 the 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,*
 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,† in genius as in theme,
 Whose hallow'd strain renown'd Ilissus' stream ;
 Or him, th' indignant bard,‡ whose patriot ire,

* Dr Young.

† Plato.

‡ Alceus.

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.

Is this the queen of realms ! the glorious isle,
 Britannia ! blest 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 dosed 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 th' involving dark,
 To shew 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 demon 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 t' enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
 But gluttony th' 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.

Oh, had thy verse been impotent as dull,
Nor spoke thy 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 doggerel line,
From warbling seraphim the grunting 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,
T' 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 wreathes his trusty gin,
And let 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 still detest.

SONG,

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "BLOW,
BLOW, THOU WINTER 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;
Oh, 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 naught can soothe my pain,
 Nor mitigate her pride.

EPITAPH

ON TWO YOUNG MEN OF THE NAME OF LEITCH, WHO
 WERE DROWNED IN CROSSING THE
 RIVER SOUTHESK, 1757.

O THOU! whose steps in sacred reverence 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;
 Heaven's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
 Heaven's wise degrees, 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 mould'ring 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 dreary 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 mayst fall ;
 Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
 I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

VERSES WRITTEN BY MR BLACKLOCK

ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS POEMS, SENT TO THE AUTHOR.

“ Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget.” VIRGIL.

“ O THOU ! whose bosom inspiration fires !
 For whom the Muses string their favourite lyres !
 Though with superior genius blest, yet deign
 A kind reception to my humbler strain.

“ When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smiled,
 The vocal art my languid hours beguiled.
 Severer studies now my life engage,
 Researches dull, that quench poetic rage.

“ From morn to evening destined to explore
 The verbal critic, and the scholiast's lore,
 Alas ! what beam of heavenly ardour shines
 In musty lexicons and school-divines !

“Yet to the darling object of my heart
 A short but pleasing retrospect I dart ;
 Revolve the labours of the tuneful choir,
 And what I cannot imitate admire.

“Oh, could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow,
 As thine melodious could my accents flow ;
 Then thou approving mightst my song attend,
 Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.”

AN EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND MR THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

“Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : semita certe
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.”

JUVENAL, Sat. x.

HAIL to the poet ! whose spontaneous lays
 No pride restrains, nor venal flattery sways.
 Who nor from critics, nor from fashion's laws,
 Learns to adjust his tribute of applause ;
 But, bold to feel, and ardent to impart
 What nature whispers to the generous heart
 Propitious to the moral song, commends,
 For virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.

Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
 Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage !
 Critics, who, ere they understand, defame ;
 And friends demure, who only do not blame ;
 And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
 Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote.
 Pleased to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
 That boast the sanction of a Blacklock's praise.
 Let others court the blind and babbling crowd,
 Mine be the favour of the wise and good.

O thou, to censure as to guile unknown !
Indulgent to all merit but thy own !
Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly frame,
Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame ;
Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
The muse adorns, but cannot dignify ;
As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
Embellish, not exalt, the starry heaven :
Say, thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
To guide the fancy and the soul refine,
What heights of excellence must he ascend,
Who longs to claim a Blacklock for his friend ;
Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art ;
But more thy meek simplicity of heart ;
But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
At once though malice and mischance invade ;
And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confined,
Thy zeal for truth, and love of human-kind.

Like thee, with sweet ineffable control,
Teach me to rouse or soothe th' impassion'd soul,
And breathe the luxury of social woes ;
Ah ! ill exchanged for all that mirth bestows.
Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
For know, 'tis sympathy exalts the man.
But, 'midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
Can riot listen to soft pity's call ?
Rude he repels the soul-ennobling guest,
And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.

Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
Sweet as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves, ere art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to scan
Bold nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
In each warm cheek, and each enraptured muse.
Then had not fraud imposed, in fashion's name,
For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame ;

And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
 The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear ;
 The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
 And breast inured to check the tender sigh.
 Then love unblamed, indulg'd the guiltless smile :
 Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
 The social sense unaw'd, that scorn'd to own
 The curb of law, save nature's law alone,
 To godlike aims, and godlike actions fired ;
 And the full energy of thought inspired ;
 And the full dignity of pleasure, given
 T' exalt desire and yield a taste of heaven.

Hail, redolent of heaven, delights sublime !
 Hail, blooming days, the days of nature's prime !
 How throbs the tired and harass'd heart to prove
 Your scenes of pure tranquillity and love !
 But even to fancy fate that bliss denies ;
 For lo, in endless night the vision dies !
 Ah, how unlike these scenes of rage and strife,
 Dark'ning to horror the bleak waste of life !
 Where, all inverted nature's kindly plan,
 Man domineers, the scourge and curse of man.
 Where, haply, bosom'd in tempestuous floods,
 Or dark untrodden maze of boundless woods,
 If yet some land inviolate remain,
 Nor dread th' oppressor's rod, nor tyrant's chain,
 Nor dread the more inglorious fetters, wrought
 By hireling sophistry t' enslave the thought :
 'Tis there, 'tis only there, where boastful fame
 Ne'er stunn'd the tingling ear with Europe's name.

Too long, O Europe, have thy oceans roll'd,
 To glut thy lust of power, and lust of gold ;
 Too long, by glory's empty lure decoy'd,
 Thy haughty sons have triumph'd and destroy'd :
 Or, led by reasoning pride afar to roam,
 Where truth's false mimic haunts the sheltering gloom,

Have plunged in cheerless night the 'wilder'd mind,
Th' abodes of peace for ever left behind.

Unwise, unblest, your own, and nature's foes,

Oh, yet be still, and give the world repose !

Say, is it fame to dare the deed of death ?

Is glory naught but flattery's purchased breath ?

True praise, can trembling slaves, can fools bestow ?

Can that be joy which works another's woe ?

Can that be knowledge which in doubt decays ?

Can truth reside in disappointment's maze ?

But quench thy kindling zeal, presumptuous strain ;

Thy zeal how impotent ! thy plaint how vain !

Hope not thy voice can tame the tempest's rage,

Or check in prone career a headlong age.

Far different themes must animate their song

Who pant to shine the favourites of a throng.

Go, thou fond fool, thou slave to nature's charms,

Whose heart the cause of injured truth alarms ;

Go, herd in fashion's sleek and simpering train,

And watch the workings of her pregnant brain,

Prepared a sycophant's applause to pay,

As each abortive monster crawls to day.

Smit with the painted puppet-show of state,

Go, learn to gaze and wonder at the great.

Go, learn with courtly reverence to admire

A taste in toys, a genius in attire,

Music of titles, dignity of show,

The parrot-courtier and the monkey-beau,

And all the equipage of sticks, and strings,

And clouts, and nicknames—merchandise of kings.

Or, to amuse the loitering hour of peace,

When slander, wit, and spleen from troubling cease,

Warble th' unmeaning hymn in folly's ear ;

Such hymns unthinking folly loves to hear.

Smooth flow thy lays, infusing as they roll

A deep oblivious lethargy of the soul :

Let rill and gale glide liquidly along,
 While not one ruffling thought obstructs the song;
 So shall the gallant and the gay rehearse
 The gentle strain, and call it charming verse.

But if an ampler field thine ardour claim,
 Even realms and empires to resound thy name;
 Strive not on fancy's soaring wing to rise;
 The plodding rabble gaze not on the skies;
 Far humbler regions bound their grovelling view,
 And humbler tracks their minion must pursue.
 There are, who, grabbling in the putrid lake,
 The glittering ore from filth and darkness rake;
 Like spoils from politics thou mayst derive:
 The theme is dirty, dark, and lucrative.
 Yet ah! even here the spoils are hard to win,
 For strong and subtle are thy foes within.
 The pangs of sentiment, the qualms of taste,
 And shame, dire inmate of the scribbler's breast,
 The stings of conscience, and the throbs of pride,
 (Hard task) must all be vanquish'd or defy'd.
 Then go, whate'er thy wit, whate'er thy style,
 Defame the good, and deify the vile;
 Fearless and frontless flounce into renown,
 For mobs and prudes by impudence are won.
 Though Providence, still merciful and just,
 Who dooms the snake to wallow in the dust,
 Oft curb with grovelling impotence of mind
 The venal venom of the rancorous kind;
 Yet fear not: faction's torch of sulphurous gleam
 Shall fire the heart that feels not fancy's beam.
 Thus * * * arose distinguish'd in the throng,
 Thus Bufo plied a profitable song.

Proceed, great years, with steady glare to shine
 Where guilt and folly bend at fashion's shrine;
 And ye, the vain and shameless of our days,
 Approach with songs, and worship in the blaze.

For him, alas ! who never learn'd the art
 To stifle conscience and a throbbing heart ;
 Who, though too proud to mingle in the fray
 Whence truth and virtue bear no palms away,
 Yet views with pity folly's bustling scene,
 Th' ambitious sick with hope, the rich with spleen,
 The great exulting in a joyless prize—
 Yea, pities even the fop he must despise ;—
 For him what then remains ?—The humble shed,
 Th' ennobling converse of the awful dead,
 Beauty's pure ray diffused from nature's face,
 Fancy's sweet charm, and truth's majestic grace ;
 Truth, not of hard access, or threat'ning mien,
 As by the vain unfeeling wrangler seen,
 But bland and gentle as the early ray,
 That gilds the wilderness, and lights the way—
 The messenger of joy to man below,
 Friend of our frailty, solace of our woe.

Thus by Heaven's bounty rich, shall he repine
 If others in the toys of fortune shine ?
 Needs he a title to exalt his race,
 Who from th' Eternal his descent can trace ?
 Or fame's loud trump to stun him to repose,
 Whose soul resign'd no guilty tumult knows ?
 To roam with toil, in restless uproar hurl'd,
 One little corner of a little world ;
 Can this enlarge or dignify the soul,
 Whose wing unwearied darts from pole to pole ?
 Can glowworms glitter on the car of morn,
 Or gold the progeny of heaven adorn ?

How long, enamour'd of fictitious joy,
 Shall false desire the lavish'd hour employ !
 How long with random steps shall mortals roam,
 Unknown their path, and more unknown their home !
 Ah ! still delusive the vain pleasure flies,
 Or, grasp'd, insults our baffled hope, and dies.

Meanwhile, behind, with renovated force,
Care and disgust pursue our slack'ning course,
And shall o'ertake, even in the noon of age,
Long ere the sting of anguish cease to rage,
And long ere death, sole friend of the distress'd,
Dismiss the pilgrim to eternal rest.
Thus, wayward hope still wandering from within,
Lured by the phantoms of th' external scene,
We scorn what Heaven our only bliss design'd,
The humble triumph of a tranquil mind ;
And that alone pursue which fortune brings,
Th' applause of multitudes, or smile of kings.
But ah ! can these or those afford delight ?
Can man be happy in his Maker's spite ?
Vain thankless man, averse to nature's sway,
Feels every moment that he must obey.
Close and more closely clasp the stubborn chains,
And each new struggle rouses keener pains.
Thus, stung with appetite, with anguish torn,
Urged by despair, still more and more forlorn,
Till each fantastic hope expire in woe,
And the cold cheerless heart forget to glow,
We perish, muttering this unrighteous strain :
" Joy was not made for man—and life is vain."

Sweet peace of heart, from false desire refined,
That pour'st elysian sunshine on the mind,
Oh, come, bid each tumultuous wish be still,
And bend to nature's law each froward will ;
Let hope's wild wing ne'er stoop to fortune's sphere,
For terror, anguish, discontent are there ;
But soar with strong and steady flight sublime
Where disappointment never dared to climb.
Oh, come, serenely gay, and with thee bring
The vital breath of heaven's eternal spring—
Th' amusive dream of blameless fancy born,
The calm oblivious night and sprightly morn.

Bring resignation, undebased with fear ;
And melancholy, serious, not severe ;
And fortitude, by chance nor time controll'd,
Meek with the gentle, with the haughty bold ;
Devotion deck'd in smiles of filial love ;
And thought, conversing with the worlds above.

So shall my days nor vain nor joyless roll,
Nor with regret survey th' approaching goal ;
Too happy, if I gain that noblest prize,
The well-earn'd favour of the good and wise.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE 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 know'st that virtue is of power the source,
And all her magic to thine 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.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. ODE XXII.

Παρά τήν σκίην βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον.

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All carelessly let us recline :
To shade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine ;
While a streamlet, inviting repose,
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs,
Who there would not pass the sweet day ?

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 naught 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.
Oh, 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 ;
Oh, 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.
 Oh, while the god with fiercest raptures blest,
 Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,
 Oh, 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 threat'ning 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 thund'rous 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 overpast,
 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 unabated 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.

HORACE. BOOK III. ODE XIII.

“O Fons Blandusiæ !”

BLANDUSIA ! more than crystal clear !
 Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear !

Whose margin soft with flow'rets crown'd
Invites the festive band around,
Their careless limbs diffused supine,
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for fight his budding brow ;
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with its little loves :
But vain are all his purposed schemes,
Delusive all his flattering dreams,
To-morrow shall his fervent blood
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.
To thee the fainting flocks repair,
To taste thy cool reviving air ;
To thee the ox with toil opprest,
And lays his languid limbs to rest.

As springs of old renown'd, thy name,
Blest fountain ! I devote to fame ;
Thus while I sing in deathless lays
The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
Thy sweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play
Thy sprightly waters leap away.

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

“Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
 Quod te imitari aveo.” LUCRET., Lib. iii.

PASTORAL I.*

MELIBŒUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.

WHERE the broad beech an ample shade displays,
 Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,

* It has been observed by some critics, who have treated of pastoral poetry, that, in every poem of this kind, it is proper that the scene or landscape connected with the little plot or fable on which the poem is founded be delineated with at least as much accuracy as is sufficient to render the description particular and picturesque. How far Virgil has thought fit to attend to such a rule may appear from the remarks which the translator has subjoined to each Pastoral.

The scene of the first Pastoral is pictured out with great accuracy. The shepherds Melibœus and Tityrus are represented as conversing together beneath a spreading beech-tree. Flocks and herds are feeding hard by. At a little distance we behold, on the one hand a great rock, and on the other a fence of flowering willows. The prospect as it widens is diversified with groves, and streams, and some tall trees, particularly elms. Beyond all these appear marshy grounds, and rocky hills. The ragged and drooping flock of the unfortunate shepherd, particularly the she-goat which he leads along, are no inconsiderable figures in this picture. The time is the evening of a summer-day a little before sunset. (See the Original, v. l, 5, 9, 52, 54, 57, 59, 81, &c.)

This Pastoral is said to have been written on the following occasion: Augustus, in order to reward the services of his veterans, by means of whom he had established himself in the Roman empire, distributed among them the lands that lay contiguous to Mantua and Cremona. To make way for these intruders, the rightful owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out. But our poet, by the intercession of Mécœnas, was reinstated in his possessions. Melibœus here personates one of the unhappy exiles, and Virgil is represented under the character of Tityrus.

O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
 Driven from our lands, to distant climes are borne,
 Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
 And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

TITYRUS.

This peace to a propitious god I owe ;
 None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
 Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
 And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
 By him, these feeding herds in safety stray ;
 By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
 That no alarms invade this blest retreat ;
 While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
 And desolation rages all around.
 Worn with fatigue, I slowly onward bend,
 And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
 My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
 Whose young new-yea'd (ah, once a hopeful pair !)
 Amid the tangling hazels as they lay,
 On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
 These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
 To all portents and prodigies was blind.
 Oft has the blasted oaks foretold my woe ;
 And often has the inauspicious crow,
 Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
 Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
 But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
 This blissful life of undisturb'd repose ?

TITYRUS.

Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
 I vainly liken'd to our country-town,

Our little Mantua, at which is sold
 The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
 As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
 And as the kid its mother's semblance bears,
 Thus greater things my inexperienced mind
 Rated by others of inferior kind.
 But she, 'midst other cities, rears her head
 High as the cypress overtops the reed.

MELIBŒUS.

And why to visit Rome were you inclined?

TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
 And there my liberty I found at last,
 Though long with listless indolence opprest;
 Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
 And I had told a tedious length of years;
 Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd*
 And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
 For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
 While Galatea captive held my soul,
 Languid and lifeless all I dragg'd the chain,
 Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
 Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
 Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
 For this I ne'er perceived my wealth increase;
 I lavish'd all, her haughty heart to please.

MELIBŒUS.

Why Amaryllis pined, and pass'd away
 In lonely shades the melancholy day;

* The refinements of Taubmannus, De la Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

Why to the gods she breathed incessant vows ;
 For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs
 So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
 And she (ah, luckless maid !) was left alone.
 Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
 And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? to break th' enslaving chain
 All other efforts had (alas !) been vain ;
 Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
 The gods so condescending and so kind.
 'Twas there these eyes the heaven-born youth beheld,*
 To whom our altars monthly incense yield :
 My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
 "Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former
 flock."

MELIBŒUS.

Happy old man ! then shall your lands remain,
 Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain !
 Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
 And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies,
 Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
 And never feel the dire effects of change.
 No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
 To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain !
 You by known streams and sacred fountains laid
 Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
 Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
 And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
 Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
 And balmy slumbers steal into your breast ;
 While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
 In deep repose dissolves your soul away ;

* Augustus Cæsar.

High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your loved ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

TITYRUS.

The nimble harts shall graze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwells where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian banish'd by invading foes
Shall drink the Gallic Arar from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effaced.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands ;
Some wander where remote Oaxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves ;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world removed, are doom'd to mourn.
When long, long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah ! shall I yet at last, at last, survey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod !
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share !
For rude barbarians lavish we our care !
How are our fields become the spoil of wars !
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars !
Now, Melibœus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear !
Go, then, my goats !—go, once a happy store !
Once happy ! happy now (alas !) no more !
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend ;
No more to music wake my melting flute, [shoot.
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's wholesome

TITYRUS.

This night at least with me you may repose
 On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
 Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
 And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
 Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
 And slowly roll along the evening skies ;
 And see projected from the mountain's brow
 A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below.

PASTORAL II.*

ALEXIS.

YOUNG Corydon for fair Alexis pined,
 But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding mind ;
 Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,
 Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.
 Oft to the beech's deep embowering shade,
 Pensive and sad, this hapless shepherd stray'd ;

* The chief excellency of this poem consists in its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses his favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossessions which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

O tantum libeat—

O deign at last amid these lonely fields, &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of ancient Greece as a noble incentive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of Agesilaus, Pericles, and Socrates: an affection wholly distinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The reader will find a full and satisfying account of this generous passion in Dr Potter's "Antiquities of Greece," B. iv. chap. 9. M. Bayle in his Dictionary, at the article Virgile, has at great length vindicated our poet from the charge of immorality which the critics have grounded upon this Pastoral.

The scene of this Pastoral is a grove interspersed with beech-trees; the season, harvest.

There told in artless verse his tender pain
To echoing hills and groves—but all in vain.

In vain the flute's complaining lays I try ;
And am I doom'd, unpitying boy, to die ?
Now to faint flocks the grove a shade supplies,
And in the thorny brake the lizard lies ;
Now Thestylis with herbs of savoury taste
Prepares the weary harvest-man's repast ;
And all is still, save where the buzzing sound
Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around ;
While I exposed to all the rage of heat
Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.

Was it not easier to support the pain
I felt from Amaryllis' fierce disdain ?
Easier Menalcas' cold neglect to bear,
Black though he was, though thou art blooming fair ?
Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom ;
The sable violet* yields a precious dye,
While useless on the field the withering lilies lie.
Ah, cruel boy ! my love is all in vain,
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.
With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,
And all the year my milky stores abound.
Not Amphion's lays were sweeter than my song,
Those lays that led the listening herds along.
And if the face be true I lately view'd,
Where calm and clear th' uncurling ocean stood,
I lack not beauty, nor couldst thou deny,
That even with Daphnis I may dare to vie.
Oh, deign at last amid these lonely fields
To taste the pleasures which the country yields ;

* Vaccinium (here translated violet) yielded a purple colour used in dyeing the garments of slaves, according to Plin., l. xvi., c. 23.

With me to dwell in cottages resign'd,
To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind ;
With me the weanling kids from home to guide
To the green mallows on the mountain side ;
With me in echoing groves the song to raise,
And emulate even Pan's celestial lays.
Pan taught the jointed reed its tuneful strain,
Pan guards the tender flock, and shepherd swain.
Nor grudge, Alexis, that the rural pipe
So oft has stain'd the roses of thy lip :
How did Amyntas strive thy skill to gain !
How grieve at last to find his labour vain !
Of seven unequal reeds a pipe I have,
The precious gift which good Damoetas gave ;
"Take this," the dying shepherd said, "for none
Inherits all my skill but thou alone."
He said ; Amyntas murmurs at my praise,
And with an envious eye the gift surveys.
Besides, as presents for my soul's delight,
Two beauteous kids I keep bestreak'd with white,
Nourish'd with care, nor purchased without pain ;
A ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.
These to obtain oft Thestylis hath tried
Each winning art, while I her suit denied ;
But I at last shall yield what she requests,
Since thy relentless pride my gifts detests.

Come, beauteous boy, and bless my rural bowers,
For thee the nymphs collect the choicest flowers :
Fair Nais culls amid the bloomy dale
The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,
To marigolds the hyacinth applies,
Shading the glossy with the tawny dyes :
Narcissus' flower with daffodil entwined,
And cassia's breathing sweets to these are join'd,
With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,
And all to form a garland for my love.

Myself with sweetest fruits will crown thy feast ;
The luscious peach shall gratify thy taste,
And chestnut brown, (once high in my regard,
For Amaryllis this to all preferr'd ;
But if the blushing plum thy choice thou make,
The plum shall more be valued for thy sake.)
The myrtle wreathed with laurel shall exhale
A blended fragrance to delight thy smell.

Ah, Corydon ! thou rustic, simple swain !
Thyself, thy prayers, thy offers all are vain.
How few, compared with rich Iola's store,
Thy boasted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor !
Wretch that I am ! while thus I pine forlorn,
And all the livelong day inactive mourn,
The boars have laid my silver fountains waste,
My flowers are fading in the southern blast.—
Fly'st thou, ah, foolish boy, the lonesome grove ?
Yet gods for this have left the realms above.
Paris with scorn the pomp of Troy survey'd,
And sought th' Idæan bowers and peaceful shade :
In her proud palaces let Pallas shine ;
The lowly woods and rural life be mine.
The lioness all dreadful in her course
Pursues the wolf, and he with headlong force
Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb
The cliff's steep side, and crop the flowering thyme ;
Thee Corydon pursues, O beauteous boy :
Thus each is drawn along by some peculiar joy.

Now evening soft comes on ; and homeward now
From field the weary oxen bear the plough.
The setting sun now beams more mildly bright,
The shadows lengthening with the level light.
While with love's flame my restless bosom glows,
For love no interval of ease allows.
Ah, Corydon ! to weak complaints a prey,
What madness thus to waste the fleeting day !

Be roused, at length ; thy half-pruned vines demand
 The needful culture of thy curbing hand.
 Haste, lingering swain, the flexile willows weave,
 And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.
 Forget Alexis' unrelenting scorn,
 Another love thy passion will return.

PASTORAL III.

MENALCAS, DAMCETAS, PALÆMON.*

MENALCAS.

To whom belongs this flock, Damcetas, pray :
 To Melibœus ?

DAMCETAS.

No ; the other day
 The shepherd Ægon gave it me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Ah, still neglected, still unhappy sheep ! †
 He plies Neæra with assiduous love,
 And fears lest she my happier flame approve ;
 Meanwhile this hireling wretch (disgrace to swains !)
 Defrauds his master, and purloins his gains,
 Milks twice an hour, and drains the famish'd dams,
 Whose empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

* The contending shepherds, Menalcas and Damcetas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees. Flocks are seen feeding hard by. The time of the day seems to be noon, the season between spring and summer.

† Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithstanding the untoward subject, the reader will find in the original such a happy union of simplicity and force of expression and harmony of verse as it is in vain to look for in an English translation.

DAMETAS.

Forbear on men such language to bestow.
 Thee, stain of manhood ! thee full well I know.
 I know with whom—and where*—(their grove defiled
 The nymphs revenged not, but indulgent smiled,)
 And how the goats beheld, then browsing near,
 The shameful sight with a lascivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when Mycon's tender trees I broke,
 And gash'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMETAS.

Or when conceal'd behind this ancient row
 Of beech, you broke young Daphnis' shafts and bow,
 With sharpest pains of rancorous anguish stung
 To see the gift conferr'd on one so young ;
 And had you not thus wreak'd your sordid spite,
 Of very envy you had died outright.

MENALCAS.

Gods ! what may masters dare, when such a pitch
 Of impudence their thievish hirelings reach :
 Did I not, wretch, (deny it if you dare,)
 Did I not see you Damon's goat ensnare ?
 Lacisca bark'd ; then I the felon spied,
 And " Whither slinks yon sneaking thief ? " I cried.
 The thief discover'd straight his prey forsook,
 And skulk'd amid the sedges of the brook.

DAMETAS.

That goat my pipe from Damon fairly gain'd ;
 A match was set, and I the prize obtain'd.
 He own'd it due to my superior skill,
 And yet refused his bargain to fulfil.

* The abruptness and obscurity of the original is here imitated.

MENALCAS.

By your superior skill the goat was won !
 Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown,
 Whose whizzing straws with harshest discord jarr'd,
 As in the streets your wretched rhymes you marr'd ?

DAMCETAS.

Boasts are but vain. I'm ready, when you will,
 To make a solemn trial of our skill.
 I stake this heifer, no ignoble prize ;
 Two calves from her full udder she supplies,
 And twice a-day her milk the pail o'erflows ;
 What pledge of equal worth will you expose ?

MENALCAS.

Aught from the flock I dare not risk ; I fear
 A cruel stepdame, and a sire severe,
 Who of their store so strict a reckoning keep,
 That twice a-day they count the kids and sheep.
 But, since you purpose to be mad to-day,
 Two beechen cups I scruple not to lay,
 (Whose far superior worth yourself will own,)
 The labour'd work of famed Alcimedon.
 Raised round the brims by the engraver's care,
 The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair ;
 Entwined the ivy's tendrils seem to grow,
 Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow ;
 Two figures rise below, of curious frame,
 Conon, and—what's that other sage's name,
 Who with his rod described the world's vast round,
 Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground ?
 At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
 No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.

DAMCETAS.

Two cups for me that skilful artist made ;
 Their handles with acanthus are array'd ;

Orpheus is in the midst, whose magic song
 Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves along.
 At home I have reserved them unprofaned,
 No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.
 But my pledged heifer if aright you prize,
 The cups so much extoll'd you will despise.

MENALCAS.

These arts, proud boaster, all are lost on me ;
 To any terms I readily agree.
 You shall not boast your victory to-day,
 Let him be judge who passes first this way :
 And see the good Palæmon ! trust me, swain,
 You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMÆTAS.

Delays I brook not ; if you dare, proceed ;
 At singing no antagonist I dread.
 Palæmon, listen to th' important songs,
 To such debates attention strict belongs.

PALÆMON.

Sing, then. A couch the flowery herbage yields :
 Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields ;
 And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
 And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming year.
 Damætas first th' alternate lay shall raise :
 Th' inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMÆTAS.

Jove first I sing ; ye Muses, aid my lay ;
 All nature owns his energy and sway ;
 The earth and heavens his sovereign bounty share,
 And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

With great Apollo I begin the strain,
 For I am great Apollo's favourite swain :
 For him the purple hyacinth I wear,
 And sacred bay to Phœbus ever dear.

DAMÆTAS.

The sprightly Galatea at my head
 An apple flung, and to the willows fled ;
 But as along the level lawn she flew,
 The wanton wish'd not to escape my view.

MENALCAS.

I languish'd long for fair Amyntas' charms,
 But now he comes unbidden to my arms,
 And with my dogs is so familiar grown,
 That my own Delia is no better known.

DAMÆTAS.

I lately mark'd where 'midst the verdant shade
 Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed ;
 I from the nest the young will shortly take,
 And to my love a handsome present make.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,
 That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow glow,
 I brought away, and to Amyntas bore ;
 To-morrow I shall send as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

Ah, the keen raptures ! when my yielding fair
 Breathed her kind whispers to my ravish'd ear !
 Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the skies,
 That gods themselves may hear with sweet surprise.

MENALCAS.

What though I am not wretched by your scorn ?
Say, beauteous boy, say can I cease to mourn,
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,
And rashly brave the dangers of the chase.

DAMÆTAS.

Send Phyllis home, Iolas, for to-day
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay ;
When for my crop the victim I prepare,
Iolas in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis I love ; she more than all can charm,
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm :
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes,
“ A long, a long adieu, my love ! ” she cries.

DAMÆTAS.

The wolf is dreadful to the woolly train ;
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain ;
To the green woods the winds destructive prove ;
To me the rage of mine offended love.

MENALCAS.

The willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,
Showers to the corn, to kids the mountain-brows ;
More grateful far to me my lovely boy—
In sweet Amyntas centres all my joy.

DAMÆTAS.

Even Pollio deigns to hear my rural lays,
And cheers the bashful Muse with generous praise ;
Ye sacred Nine, for your great patron feed
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio the art of heavenly song adorns ;
 Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,
 And ample front, that bellowing spurns the ground,
 Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMÆTAS.

Him whom my Pollio loves may naught annoy ;
 May he, like Pollio, every wish enjoy !
 Oh, may his happy lands with honey flow,
 And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow !

MENALCAS.

Who hates not foolish Bavius, let him love
 Thee, Mævius, and thy tasteless rhymes approve !
 Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock
 To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMÆTAS.

Ye boys, on garlands who employ your care,
 And pull the creeping strawberries, beware ;
 Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,
 A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Forbear, my flocks, and warily proceed,
 Nor on that faithless bank securely tread ;
 The heedless ram late plunged amid the pool,
 And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMÆTAS.

Ho, Tityrus ! lead back the browsing flock,
 And let them feed at distance from the brook ;
 At bathing-time I to the shade will bring
 My goats, and wash them in the cooling spring.

MENALCAS.

Haste, from the sultry lawn the flocks remove
To the cool shelter of the shady grove :
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,
Th' ungrateful teats in vain the shepherd plies.

DAMÆTAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,
Though the fat soil the richest pasture bears !
Ah, Love! thou reign'st supreme in every heart,
Both flocks and shepherds languish with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

Love has not injured my consumptive flocks,
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks :
What envious eye hath squinted on my dams,
And sent its poison to my tender lambs !

DAMÆTAS.

Say in what distant land the eye descries
But three short ells of all th' expanded skies :
Tell this, and great Apollo be your name ;
Your skill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

Say in what soil a wondrous flower is born,
Whose leaves the sacred names of kings adorn :
Tell this, and take my Phyllis to your arms,
And reign the unrivall'd sovereign of her charms.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me these high disputes to end ;
Each to the heifer justly may pretend.
Such be their fortune, who so well can sing,
From love what painful joys, what pleasing torments
spring.

Now, boys, obstruct the course of yonder rill,
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

PASTORAL IV.*

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, sublimer strains inspire,
And warm my bosom with diviner fire!
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
In lowly tamarisks and forests green.
If silvan themes we sing, then let our lays
Deserve a consul's ear, a consul's praise.

The age comes on, that future age of gold
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.
The years begin their mighty course again,
The Virgin now returns, and the Saturnian reign.
Now from the lofty mansions of the sky
To earth descends a heaven-born progeny.
Thy Phœbus reigns, Lucina, lend thine aid,
Nor be his birth, his glorious birth, delay'd!
An iron race shall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.

* In this fourth pastoral, no particular landscape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic song of triumph. But as almost all the images and allusions are of the rural kind, it is no less a true bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a pastoral given us by an author of the first rank,* who calls it "a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon country life."

It is of little importance to inquire on what occasion this poem was written. The spirit of prophetic enthusiasm that breathes through it, and the resemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, make it not improbable that our poet composed it partly from some pieces of ancient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inscribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on the occasion of the birth of his son Saloninus.

* The author of "The Rambler."

This child, the joy of nations, shall be born
Thy consulship, O Pollio, to adorn :
Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,
And see the mighty months begin to move :
Then all our former guilt shall be forgiven,
And man shall dread no more th' avenging doom
of heaven.

The son with heroes and with gods shall shine,
And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,
And his sire's virtues shall his sceptre guide.
To thee, auspicious babe, th' unbidden earth
Shall bring the earliest of her flowery birth ;
Acanthus soft in smiling beauty gay,
The blossom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting spray.
Th' untended goats shall to their homes repair,
And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.
The mighty lion shall no more be fear'd,
But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.
Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers shall
spread,
And, fanning bland, shall wave around thy head.
Then shall the serpent die, with all his race :
No deadly herb the happy soil disgrace :
Assyrian balm on every bush shall bloom,
And breathe in every gale its rich perfume.
But when thy father's deeds thy youth shall fire,
And to great actions all thy soul inspire,
When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue springs ;
Then boundless o'er the far-extended plain
Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,
With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,
And streaming honey from the oak descend :
Nor yet old fraud shall wholly be effaced ;
Navies for wealth shall roam the watery waste ;

Proud cities fenced with towery walls appear,
And cruel shares shall earth's soft bosom tear :
Another Tiphys o'er the swelling tide
With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide :
Another Argo with the flower of Greece
From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece ;
Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,
And great Achilles shine again in arms.

When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall brace,
And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace,
The mariner no more shall plough the deep,
Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship,
Each country shall abound in every store,
Nor need the products of another shore.
Henceforth no plough shall cleave the fertile ground,
No pruning-hook the tender vine shall wound ;
The husbandman, with toil no longer broke,
Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.
No more the wool a foreign dye shall feign,
But purple flocks shall graze the flowery plain ;
Glittering in native gold the ram shall tread,
And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.

In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law,
The Destinies these happy times foresaw ;
They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,
And hasten the auspicious ages on.

Oh, dear to all thy kindred gods above !
O thou, the offspring of eternal Jove !
Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.
See nature's mighty frame exulting round
Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immense profound !
See nations yet unborn with joy behold
Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold !

Oh, would th' immortals lend a length of days,
And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise ;

Would heaven this breast, this labouring breast
in flame

With ardour equal to the mighty theme ;
Not Orpheus with diviner transports glow'd,
When all her fire his mother-muse bestow'd ;
Nor loftier numbers flow'd from Linus' tongue,
Although his sire Apollo gave the song ;
Even Pan, in presence of Arcadian swains,
Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.

Repay a parent's care, O beauteous boy,
And greet thy mother with a smile of joy :
For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd,
Ten slow-revolving months thy mother pined.
If cruel fate thy parent's bliss denies,*
If no fond joy sits smiling in thine eyes,
No nymph of heavenly birth shall crown thy love,
Nor shalt thou share th' immortal feasts above.

PASTORAL V.†

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

SINCE you with skill can touch the tuneful reed,
Since few my verses or my voice exceed ;
In this refreshing shade shall we recline,
Where hazels with the lofty elms combine ?

* This passage has perplexed all the critics. Out of a number of significations that have been offered, the translator has pitched upon one, which he thinks the most agreeable to the scope of the poem, and most consistent with the language of the original. The reader, who wants more particulars on this head, may consult Servius, De la Cerda, or Ruæus.

† Here we discover Menalcas and Mopsus seated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild vine. A grove of hazels and elms surrounds this arbour. The season seems to be summer. The time of the day is not specified.

MOPSUS.

Your riper age a due respect requires,
 'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires ;
 Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,
 That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees,
 Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat :—
 And see you cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
 Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,
 Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering leaves.

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains that to our hills belong,
 Amyntas only vies with you in song.

MOPSUS.

What though with me that haughty shepherd vie,
 Who proudly dares Apollo's self defy ?

MENALCAS.

Begin : let Alcon's praise inspire your strains,*
 Or Codrus' death, or Phyllis' amorous pains ;
 Begin, whatever theme your Muse prefer.
 To feed the kids be, Tityrus, thy care.

MOPSUS.

I rather will repeat that mournful song
 Which late I carved the verdant beach along,
 (I carved and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay ;))
 And let Amyntas match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As slender willows where the olive grows,
 Or sordid shrubs when near the scarlet rose,

* From this passage it is evident that Virgil thought pastoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its subjects than some modern critics will allow.

Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)
Such is Amyntas when compared with you.

MOPSUS.

No more, Menalcas ; we delay too long,
The grot's dim shade invites my promised song.
When Daphnis fell by fate's remorseless blow,*
The weeping nymphs pour'd wild the plaint of woe ;
Witness, O hazel-grove, and winding stream,
For all your echoes caught the mournful theme.
In agony of grief his mother prest
The clay-cold carcase to her throbbing breast,
Frantic with anguish wail'd his hapless fate,
Raved at the stars, and heaven's relentless hate.
'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook
Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook ;
The pining flocks for him their pastures slight,
Nor grassy plains, nor cooling streams invite.
The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan shores,
And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.
His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,
And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.
'Twas he who first Armenia's tigers broke,
And tamed their stubborn natures to the yoke ;
He first with ivy wrapt the thyrsus round,
And made the hills with Bacchus' rites resound.†
As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
As purple clusters beautify the vine,
As bulls the herd, as corn the fertile plains,
The godlike Daphnis dignified the swains.

* It is the most general and most probable conjecture that Julius Cæsar is the Daphnis, whose death and deification are here celebrated. Some, however, are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real shepherd of Sicily of that name, who is said to have invented bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly sacrifices.

† This can be applied only to Julius Cæsar ; for it was he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian revels.—*Servius*.

When Daphnis from our eager hopes was torn,
 Phœbus and Pales left the plains to mourn.
 Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,
 Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.
 Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,
 No more the velvet violet decks the green ;
 Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,
 And thorns and frizzled burs deform the fields.
 Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be drest
 With verdant leaves ; 'twas Daphnis' last request.
 Erect a tomb in honour to his name,
 Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame :
 "The swains with Daphnis' name this tomb adorn,
 Whose high renown above the skies is borne ;
 Fair was his flock, he fairest on the plain,
 The pride, the glory of the silvan reign."

MENALCAS.

Sweeter, O bard divine, thy numbers seem,
 Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,
 Or soft on fragrant flowerets to recline,
 And the tired limbs to balmy sleep resign.
 Blest youth ! whose voice and pipe demand the praise
 Due but to thine, and to thy master's lays.
 I in return the darling theme will choose,
 And Daphnis' praises shall inspire my Muse ;
 He in my song shall high as heaven ascend,
 High as the heavens, for Daphnis was my friend.

MOPSUS.

His virtues sure our noblest numbers claim ;
 Naught can delight me more than such a theme,
 Which in your song new dignity obtains ;
 Oft has our Stimichon extoll'd the strains.

MENALCAS.

Now Daphnis shines, among the gods a god,
 Struck with the splendours of his new abode.
 Beneath his footstool far remote appear
 The clouds slow-sailing, and the starry sphere.
 Hence lawns and groves with gladsome raptures ring,
 The swains, the nymphs, and Pan in concert sing.
 The wolves to murder are no more inclined,
 No guileful nets ensnare the wandering hind.
 Deceit and violence and rapine cease,
 For Daphnis loves the gentle arts of peace.
 From savage mountains shouts of transport rise,
 Borne in triumphant echoes to the skies :
 The rocks and shrubs emit melodious sounds,
 Through nature's vast extent the god, the god rebounds.
 Be gracious still, still present to our prayer ;
 Four altars, lo ! we build with pious care.
 Two for th' inspiring god of song divine,
 And two, propitious Daphnis, shall be thine.
 Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,
 Of generous oil two brimming goblets more,
 Each year we shall present before thy shrine,
 And cheer the feast with liberal draughts of wine ;
 Before the fire when winter storms invade,
 In summer's heat beneath the breezy shade :
 The hallow'd bowls with wine of Chios crown'd,
 Shall pour their sparkling nectar to the ground.
 Damoetas shall with Lyctian * Ægon play,
 And celebrate with festive strains the day.
 Alpheus to the sprightly song
 Shall like the dancing satyrs trip along.
 These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,
 Both when the nymphs receive our annual vow,
 And when with solemn songs, and victims crown'd,
 Our lands in long procession we surround.

* Lyctium was a city of Crete.

While fishes love the streams and briny deep,
 And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep,
 While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,
 While balmy thyme the busy bee invites ;
 So long shall last thine honours and thy fame,
 So long the shepherds shall resound thy name.
 Such rites to thee shall husbandmen ordain,
 As Ceres and the god of wine obtain.
 Thou to our prayers propitiously inclined
 Thy grateful suppliants to their vows shall bind.

MOPSUS.

What boon, dear shepherd, can your song requite ?
 For naught in nature yields so sweet delight.
 Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,
 That faintly breathes along the flowery vale ;
 Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
 To tread the margin of the murmuring main ;
 Nor melody of streams, that roll away
 Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

MENALCAS.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim ;
 Take, then, this flute that breathed the plaintive theme
 Of Corydon ;* when proud Damœtas † tried
 To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

MOPSUS.

And let this sheepcrook by my friend be worn,
 Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn ;
 This fair Antigenes oft begg'd to gain,
 But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

* See Pastoral second.

† See Pastoral third.

PASTORAL VI.*

SILENUS.

MY sportive Muse first sung Sicilian strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell in woods and lowly plains.
 To sing of kings and wars when I aspire,
 Apollo checks my vainly-rising fire.
 "To swains the flock and silvan pipe belong,
 Then choose some humbler theme, nor dare heroic song."
 The voice divine, O Varus, I obey,
 And to my reed shall chant a rural lay;
 Since others long thy praises to rehearse,
 And sing thy battles in immortal verse.
 Yet if these songs, which Phœbus bids me write,
 Hereafter to the swains shall yield delight,
 Of thee the trees and humble shrubs shall sing,
 And all the vocal grove with Varus ring.
 The song inscrib'd to Varus' sacred name,
 To Phœbus' favour has the justest claim.

Come, then, my Muse, a silvan song repeat.
 'Twas in his shady arbour's cool retreat
 Two youthful swains the god Silenus found,
 In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound;
 His turgid veins the late debauch betray;
 His garland on the ground neglected lay,
 Fallen from his head; and by the well-worn ear
 His cup of ample size depended near.
 Sudden the swains the sleeping god surprise,
 And with his garland bind him as he lies,
 (No better chain at hand,) incensed so long
 To be defrauded of their promised song.
 To aid their project, and remove their fears,
 Ægle, a beauteous fountain-nymph, appears;

* The cave of Silenus, which is the scene of this eclogue, is delineated with sufficient accuracy. The time seems to be the evening; at least the song does not cease till the flocks are folded and the evening star appears.

Who, while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,
 His stupid brow with bloody berries dyes.
 Then smiling at the fraud, Silenus said,
 "And dare you thus a sleeping god invade?
 To see me was enough; but haste, unloose
 My bonds; the song no longer I refuse;
 Unloose me, youths; my song shall pay your pains;
 For this fair nymph another boon remains."

He sung; responsive to the heavenly sound
 The stubborn oaks and forests dance around;
 Tripping, the satyrs and the fauns advance,
 Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general
 dance.

Not so Parnassus' listening rocks rejoice,
 When Phœbus raises his celestial voice;
 Nor Thracia's echoing mountains so admire,
 When Orpheus strikes the loud-lamenting lyre.

For first he sung of nature's wondrous birth;
 How seeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,
 Down the vast void with casual impulse hurl'd,
 Clung into shapes, and form'd this fabric of the world.
 Then hardens by degrees the tender soil,
 And from the mighty mound the seas recoil.
 O'er the wide world new various forms arise;
 The infant sun along the brighten'd skies
 Begins his course, while earth with glad amaze
 The blazing wonder from below surveys.
 The clouds sublime their genial moisture shed,
 And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.
 The savage beasts o'er desert mountains roam,
 Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home
 He next the blest Saturnian ages sung;
 How a new race of men from Pyrrha sprung;*
 Prometheus' daring theft, and dreadful doom,
 Whose growing heart devouring birds consume.

* See Ovid's *Met.*, Lib. I.

Then names the spring, renown'd for Hylas' fate,
 By the sad mariners bewail'd too late ;
 They call on Hylas with repeated cries,
 And Hylas, Hylas, all the lonesome shore replies.
 Next he bewails Pasiphæ, (hapless dame !)
 Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame.
 What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen !
 How happy thou if herds had never been !
 The maids, whom Juno, to avenge her wrong,*
 Like heifers doom'd to low the vales along,
 Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,
 Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire ;
 Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd brow,
 And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.
 Ah, wretched queen ! thou roam'st the mountain waste,
 While, his white limbs on lilies laid to rest,
 The half-digested herb again he chews,
 Or some fair female of the herd pursues.
 " Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,
 And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.
 Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,
 Before some favourite beauty of the fold
 Entice him with Gortynian † herds to stray,
 Where smile the vales in richer pasture gay."
 He sung how golden fruit's resistless grace
 Decoy'd the wary virgin from the race.‡
 Then wraps in bark the mourning sisters round,§
 And rears the lofty alders from the ground,
 He sung, while Gallus by Permessus || stray'd,
 A sister of the nine the hero led

* Their names were Lysippe, Ipponoë, and Cyrianassa. Juno, to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness to such a degree that they imagined themselves to be heifers.

† Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid's *Art. Am.*, Lib. I.

‡ Atalanta. See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. X.

§ See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. II.

|| A river in Bœotia arising from Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses

To the Aonian hill ; the choir in haste
 Left their bright thrones, and hail'd the welcome guest.
 Linus arose, for sacred song renown'd,
 Whose brow a wreath of flowers and parsley bound ;
 And "Take," he said, "this pipe, which heretofore
 The far-famed shepherd of Ascræa* bore ;
 Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic sound,
 Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced around.
 On this thou shalt renew the tuneful lay,
 And grateful songs to thy Apollo pay,
 Whose famed Grynæan† temple from thy strain
 Shall more exalted dignity obtain."
 Why should I sing unhappy Scylla's fate?‡
 Sad monument of jealous Circe's hate!
 Round her white breast what furious monsters roll,
 And to the dashing waves incessant howl :
 How from the ships that bore Ulysses' crew§
 Her dogs the trembling sailors dragg'd, and slew.
 Of Philomela's feast why should I sing, ||
 And what dire chance befell the Thracian king ?
 Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging god,
 He made the barren waste his lone abode,
 And oft on soaring pinions hover'd o'er
 The lofty palace then his own no more.

The tuneful god renews each pleasing theme,
 Which Phœbus sung by bless'd Eurotas' stream ;
 When bless'd Eurotas gently flow'd along,
 And bade his laurels learn the lofty song.
 Silenus sung ; the vocal vales reply,
 And heavenly music charms the list'ning sky.
 But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,

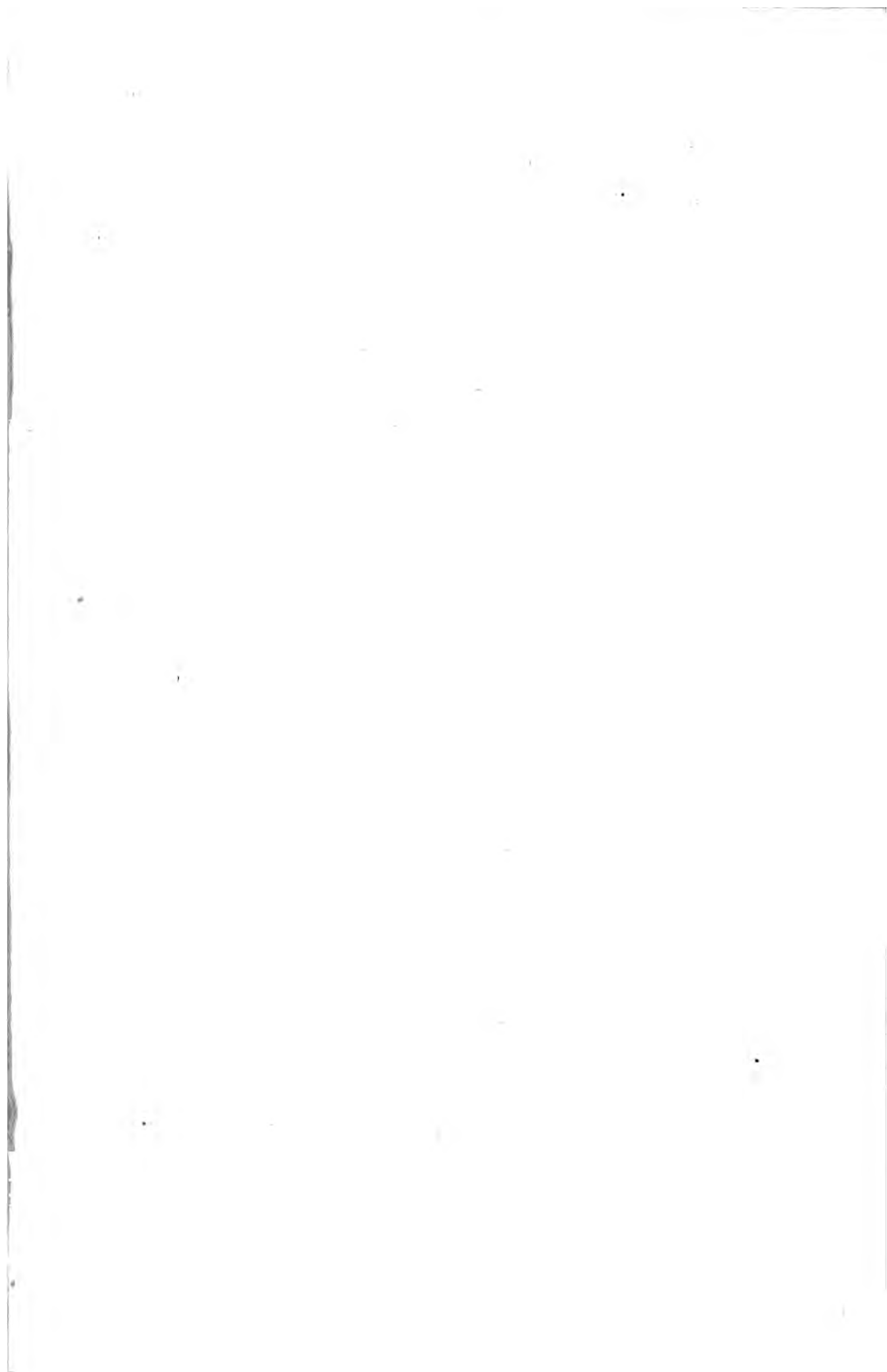
* Hesiod.

† Grynium was a maritime town of the Lesser Asia, where were an ancient temple and oracle of Apollo.

‡ See Virgil's *Æn.*, III.

§ See Homer's *Odyss.*, Lib. XII.

|| See Ovid's *Metamorph.*, Lib. VI.





Beneath a holm that murmur'd to the breeze,
The youthrul Daphnis lean d in rural ease.

—Page 163.

The star of evening sheds its trembling light,
And the unwilling heavens are wrapt in night.

PASTORAL VII.*

MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH a holm that murmur'd to the breeze
The youthful Daphnis lean'd in rural ease :
With him two gay Arcadian swains reclined,
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had join'd,
Thyrsis, whose care it was the goats to keep,
And Corydon, who fed the fleecy sheep ;
Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,
Both skill'd in single or responsive lays.
While I with busy hand a shelter form
To guard my myrtles from the future storm,
The husband of my goats had chanced to stray :
To find the vagrant out I take my way.
Which Daphnis seeing, cries, "Dismiss your fear,
Your kids and goats are all in safety here ;
And, if no other care require your stay,
Come, and with us unbend the toils of day
In this cool shade ; at hand your heifers feed,
And of themselves will to the watering speed ;
Here fringed with reeds slow Mincius winds along,
And round yon oak the bees soft-murmuring throng."

* The scene of this pastoral is as follows:—Four shepherds, Daphnis in the most distinguished place, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Melibœus, are seen reclining beneath a holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little distance, Mincius, fringed with reeds, appears winding along. Fields and trees compose the surrounding scene. A venerable oak, with bees swarming around it, is particularly distinguished. The time seems to be the forenoon of a summer-day.

What could I do? for I was left alone,
 My Phyllis and Alcippe both were gone,
 And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,
 And to restrain them from their bleating dams :
 Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,
 To prove their skill, and end a long debate.
 Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,
 Their pastime to my business I preferr'd.
 To sing by turns the Muse inspired the swains,
 And Corydon began th' alternate strains.

CORYDON.

Ye nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire!
 Oh warm my breast with all my Codrus' fire.
 If none can equal Codrus' heavenly lays,
 For next to Phœbus he deserves the praise,
 No more I ply the tuneful art divine,
 My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, an ivy wreath bestow,
 With early honours crown your poet's brow ;
 Codrus shall chafe, if you my songs commend,
 Till burning spite his tortured entrails rend ;
 Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,
 Lest his invidious praises blast my fame.

CORYDON.

A stag's tall horns, and stain'd with savage gore
 This bristled visage of a tusky boar,
 To thee, O virgin-goddess of the chase,
 Young Mycon offers for thy former grace.
 If like success his future labours crown,
 Thine, goddess, then shall be a nobler boon,
 In polish'd marble thou shall shine complete,
 And purple sandals shall adorn thy feet.

THYRSIS.

To thee, Priapus,* each returning year,
 This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes we bear;
 Thy care our garden is but meanly stored,
 And mean oblations all we can afford.
 But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,
 And our decaying fold again be fill'd,
 Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,
 For thee a golden statue we design.

CORYDON.

O Galatea, whiter than the swan,
 Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,
 Sweeter than Hybla, more than lilies fair!
 If aught of Corydon employ thy care,
 When shades of night involve the silent sky,
 And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,
 Come to my longing arms, and let me prove
 Th' immortal sweets of Galatea's love.

THYRSIS.

As the vile sea-weed scatter'd by the storm,
 As he whose face Sardinian herbs deform,†
 As burs and brambles that disgrace the plain,
 So nauseous, so detested be thy swain;
 If when thine absence I am doom'd to bear
 The day appears not longer than a year.
 Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day,
 For shame, ye tardy flocks, for shame away!

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow!
 And softer than the slumbers ye bestow,

* This deity presided over gardens.

† It was the property of this poisonous herb to distort the features of those who had eaten of it in such a manner that they seemed to expire in an agony of laughter.

Ye grassy banks ! ye trees with verdure crown'd,
 Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around !
 Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
 And screen them from the summer's raging heat !
 For now the year in brightest glory shines,
 Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here's wood for fuel ; here the fire displays
 To all around its animating blaze ;
 Black with continual smoke our posts appear ;
 Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,
 Than the fell wolf the fearful lambkins dreads,
 When he the helpless fold by night invades ;
 Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
 The weak resistance of the shatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harvests wave on every field,
 Now bending boughs the hoary chestnut yield,
 Now loaded trees resign their annual store,
 And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour ;
 Jocund, the face of Nature smiles, and gay ;
 But if the fair Alexis were away,
 Inclement drought the hardening soil would drain,
 And streams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

THYRSIS.

A languid hue the thirsty fields assume,
 Parch'd to the root the flowers resign their bloom,
 The faded vines refuse their hills to shade,
 Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd :
 But if my Phyllis on these plains appear,
 Again the groves their gayest green shall wear,
 Again the clouds their copious moisture lend,
 And in the genial rain shall Jove descend.

CORYDON.

Alcides' brows the poplar-leaves surround,
 Apollo's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,
 The myrtle, lovely queen of smiles, is thine,
 And jolly Bacchus loves the curling vine ;
 But while my Phyllis loves the hazel-spray,
 To hazel yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

The fir, the hills ; the ash adorns the woods ;
 The pine, the gardens ; and the poplar, floods.
 If thou, my Lycidas, wilt deign to come,
 And cheer thy shepherd's solitary home,
 The ash so fair in woods, and garden-pine
 Will own their beauty far excell'd by thine.

MELIBŒUS.

So sung the swains, but Thyrsis strove in vain ;
 Thus far I bear in mind th' alternate strain.
 Young Corydon acquired unrivall'd fame,
 And still we pay a deference to his name.

 PASTORAL VIII.*

DAMON, ALPHESIBŒUS.

REHEARSE we, Pollio, the enchanting strains
 Alternate sung by two contending swains.
 Charm'd by their songs, the hungry heifers stood
 In deep amaze, unmindful of their food ;

* In this eighth pastoral no particular scene is described. The poet rehearses the songs of two contending swains, Damon and Alpheſibœus. The former adopts the soliloquy of a despairing lover ; the latter chooses for his subject the magic rites of an enchantress forsaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her spells.

The listening lynxes laid their rage aside,
 The streams were silent, and forgot to glide.
 O thou, where'er thou lead'st thy conquering host,
 Or by Timavus,* or th' Illyrian coast!
 When shall my Muse, transported with the theme,
 In strains sublime my Pollio's deeds proclaim;
 And celebrate thy lays by all admired,
 Such as of old Sophocles' Muse inspired?
 To thee, the patron of my rural songs,
 To thee my first, my latest lay belongs.
 Then let this humble ivy-wreath enclose,
 Twined with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.
 What time the chill sky brightens with the dawn,
 When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,
 Thus Damon to the woodlands wild complain'd,
 As 'gainst an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

Lead on the genial day, O star of morn!
 While wretched I, all hopeless and forlorn,
 With my last breath my fatal woes deplore,
 And call the gods by whom false Nisa swore;
 Though they, regardless of a lover's pain,
 Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.†
 Blest Mænalus! that hears the pastoral song
 Still languishing its tuneful groves along!
 That hears th' Arcadian god's celestial lay,
 Who taught the idly-rustling reeds to play!
 That hears the singing pines! that hears the swain
 Of love's soft chains melodiously complain!
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

* A river in Italy.

† This intercalary line, (as it is called by the commentators,) which seems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the song, is here made the last of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verse in the translation as it is in the original.—Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

Mopsus the willing Nisa now enjoys—
 What may not lovers hope from such a choice !
 Now mares and griffins shall their hate resign,
 And the succeeding age shall see them join
 In friendship's tie ; now mutual love shall bring
 The dog and doe to share the friendly spring.
 Scatter thy nuts, O Mopsus, and prepare
 The nuptial torch to light the wedded fair.
 Lo, Hesper hastens to the western main !
 And thine the night of bliss—thine, happy swain !
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Exult, O Nisa, in thy happy state !
 Supremely blest in such a worthy mate ;
 While you my beard detest, and bushy brow,
 And think the gods forget the world below :
 While you my flock and rural pipe disdain,
 And treat with bitter scorn a faithful swain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

When first I saw you by your mother's side,
 To where our apples grew I was your guide :
 Twelve summers since my birth had roll'd around,
 And I could reach the branches from the ground.
 How did I gaze !—how perish !—ah, how vain
 The fond bewitching hopes that soothed my pain !
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Too well I know thee, Love. From Scythian snows,
 Or Lybia's burning sands, the mischief rose.
 Rocks adamantine nursed this foreign bane,
 This fell invader of the peaceful plain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Love taught the mother's * murdering hand to kill,
 Her children's blood love bade the mother spill.
 Was love the cruel cause ? † Or did the deed
 From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed ?

* Medea.

† This seems to be Virgil's meaning. The translator did not choose to pre-

Both fill'd her brutal bosom with their bane ;
 Both urged the deed, while Nature shrunk in vain.
 Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour ;
 Let alders blossom with Narcissus' flower ;
 From barren shrubs let radiant amber flow ;
 Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow ;
 Let shrieking owls with swans melodious vie ;
 Let Tityrus the Thracian numbers try,
 Outrival Orpheus in the sylvan reign,
 And emulate Arion on the main.

Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Let land no more the swelling waves divide ;
 Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundless tide ;
 Headlong from yonder promontory's brow
 I plunge into the rolling deep below.
 Farewell, ye woods ! farewell, thou flowery plain !
 Hear the last lay of a despairing swain.
 And cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Here Damon ceased. And now, ye tuneful Nine,
 Alphesibœus' magic verse subjoin,
 To his responsive song your aid we call,
 Our power extends not equally to all.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

Bring living waters from the silver stream,
 With vervain and fat incense feed the flame :
 With this soft wreath the sacred altars bind,
 To move my cruel Daphnis to be kind,
 And with my frenzy to inflame his soul ;
 Charms are but wanting to complete the whole.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

serve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his version ; as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the passage obscure and displeasing to an English reader.

By powerful charms what prodigies are done !
 Charms draw pale Cynthia from her silver throne ;
 Charms burst the bloated snake, and Circe's* guests
 By mighty magic charms were changed to beasts,
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Three woollen wreaths, and each of triple dye,
 Three times about thy image I apply,
 Then thrice I bear it round the sacred shrine ;
 Uneven numbers please the powers divine.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Haste, let three colours with three knots be
 join'd,

And say, "Thy fetters, Venus, thus I bind."
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As this soft clay is harden'd by the flame,
 And as this wax is soften'd by the same,
 My love, that harden'd Daphnis to disdain,
 Shall soften his relenting heart again.
 Scatter the salted corn, and place the bays,
 And with fat brimstone light the sacred blaze.
 Daphnis my burning passion slights with scorn,
 And Daphnis in this blazing bay I burn.
 Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
 Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As when, to find her love, a heifer roams
 Through trackless groves and solitary glooms ;
 Sick with desire, abandon'd to her woes,
 By some lone stream her languid limbs she throws ;
 There in deep anguish wastes the tedious night,
 Nor thoughts of home her late return invite :
 Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pair,
 While I enhance his torments with disdain.

* See Hom. Odyss , Lib. x.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,
These pledges of his love, O Earth, receive.

Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,
Of you my faithless Daphnis I require.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,
Sage Mœris gave me; oft I saw him prove
Their sovereign power; by these, along the grove
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams;
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs
Inspired he calls; the rooted corn he wings,
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

These ashes from the altar take with speed,
And treading backwards cast them o'er your head
Into the running stream, nor turn your eye.

Yet this last spell, though hopeless, let me try.

But nought can move the unrelenting swain,
And spells, and magic verse, and gods are vain.

Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
Oh bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Lo, while I linger, with spontaneous fire
The ashes redden, and the flames aspire!

May this new prodigy auspicious prove!

What fearful hopes my beating bosom move!

Hark! does not Hylax bark!—ye powers supreme,
Can it be real, or do lovers dream!—

He comes, my Daphnis comes! forbear my charms;
My love, my Daphnis flies to bless my longing arms.



PASTORAL IX.*

LYCIDAS, MÆRIS.

LYCIDAS.

Go you to town, my friend? this beaten way
Conducts us thither.

MÆRIS.

Ah! the fatal day,
The unexpected day at last is come,
When a rude alien drives us from our home.
Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' usurper thus commands,
To me you must resign your ancient lands.
Thus helpless and forlorn we yield to fate;
And our rapacious lord to mitigate
This brace of kids a present I design,
Which load with curses, O ye powers divine!

LYCIDAS.

'Twas said Menalcas with his tuneful strains
Had saved the grounds of all the neighbouring swains,
From where the hill, that terminates the vale,
In easy risings first begins to swell,

* This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion. The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial arbour, where Lycidas invites Mæris to rest a little from the fatigue of his journey: and at a considerable distance appears a sepulchre by the way-side, where the ancient sepulchres were commonly erected.

The critics with one voice seem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its author; I know not for what good reason. The many beautiful lines scattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a loose collection of incoherent fragments; its principal parts are all strictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its allusions and images are wholly suited to pastoral life. Its subject though uncommon is not improper; for what is more natural than that two shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such fragments of his songs as they recollected?

Far as the blasted beech that mates the sky,
And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

MÆRIS.

Such was the voice of fame ; but music's charms,
Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,
Avail no more, than the Chaonian dove,
When down the sky descends the bird of Jove.
And had not the prophetic raven spoke
His dire presages from the hollow oak,
And often warn'd me to avoid debate,
And with a patient mind submit to fate,
Ne'er had thy Mæris seen this fatal hour,
And that melodious swain had been no more.

LYCIDAS.

What horrid breasts such impious thoughts could
breed !
What barbarous hand could make Menalcas bleed !
Could every tender Muse in him destroy,
And from the shepherds ravish all their joy !
For who but he the lovely nymphs could sing,
Or paint the valleys with the purple spring ?
Who shade the fountains from the glare of day ?
Who but Menalcas could compose the lay,
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,
I softly sung to cheer the lonely road ?
"Tityrus, while I am absent, feed the flock,*
And, having fed, conduct them to the brook,
(The way is short, and I shall soon return,)
But shun the he-goat with the butting horn."

* These lines, which Virgil has translated literally from Theocritus, may be supposed to be a fragment of a poem mentioned in the preceding verses ; or, what is more likely, to be spoken by Lycidas to his servant ; something similar to which may be seen Past. 5. v. 20 of this translation.—The original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the translator has endeavoured to imitate.

MÆRIS.

Or who could finish the imperfect lays
 Sung by Menalcas to his Varus' praise ?
 " If fortune yet shall spare the Mantuan swains,
 And save from plundering hands our peaceful plains,
 Nor doom us sad Cremona's fate to share,
 (For ah ! a neighbour's woe excites our fear,)
 Then high as Heaven our Varus' fame shall rise,
 The warbling swans shall bear it to the skies."

LYCIDAS.

Go on, dear swain, these pleasing songs pursue ;
 So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,
 So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,
 So may thy cows with strutting dugs return.
 Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,
 The Muse inspires me with poetic flame ;
 Th' applauding shepherds to my songs attend,
 But I suspect my skill, though they commend.
 I dare not hope to please a Cinna's ear,
 Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear.
 Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,
 So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.

MÆRIS.

This I am pondering, if I can rehearse
 The lofty numbers of that labour'd verse.
 " Come, Galatea, leave the rolling seas ;
 Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please ?
 Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,
 Our balmy-breathing gales, and fragrant flowers.
 See, how our plains rejoice on every side,
 How crystal streams through blooming valleys glide :
 O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,
 And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.

Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave,
Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave."

LYCIDAS.

Or what you sung one evening on the plain—
The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MÆRIS.

"Why, Daphnis, dost thou calculate the skies
To know when ancient constellations rise?
Lo, Cæsar's star its radiant light displays,
And on the nations sheds propitious rays.
On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,
And smiling plenty decks the plains below.
Now graff thy pears; the star of Cæsar reigns,
To thy remotest race the fruit remains."
The rest I have forgot, for length of years
Deadens the sense, and memory impairs.
All things in time submit to sad decay;
Oft have we sung whole summer suns away.
These vanish'd joys must Mæris now deplore,
His voice delights, his numbers charm no more;
Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his song,*
Bewitch'd to silence his melodious tongue.
But your desire Menalcas can fulfil,
All these, and more, he sings with matchless skill.

LYCIDAS.

These faint excuses which my Mæris frames
But heighten my desire.—And now the streams
In slumber-soothing murmurs softly flow;
And now the sighing breeze hath ceased to blow.
Half of our way is past, for I descry
Bianor's tomb just rising to the eye.†

* In Italia creditur luporum visus esse noxios; vocemque homini quem priores contemplantur adimere ad præsens.—*Plin. N. H. VIII. 22.*

† Bianor is said to have founded Mantua.—*Servius.*

Here in this leafy arbour ease your toil,
 Lay down your kids, and let us sing the while :
 We soon shall reach the town ; or, lest a storm
 Of sudden rain the evening sky deform,
 Be yours to cheer the journey with a song,
 Eased of your load, which I shall bear along.

MÆRIS.

No more, my friend ; your kind entreaties spare,
 And let our journey be our present care ;
 Let fate restore our absent friend again,
 Then gladly I resume the tuneful strain.

PASTORAL X.*

GALLUS.

To my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
 O Arethusa : that the cruel maid
 With deep remorse may read the mournful song,
 For mournful lays to Gallus' love belong.
 (What Muse in sympathy will not bestow
 Some tender strains to soothe my Gallus' woe ?)
 So may thy waters pure of briny stain
 Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main.

* The scene of this pastoral is very accurately delineated. We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a solitary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance. A group of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds with their crooks ; next to them the neatherds, known by the clumsiness of their appearance ; and next to these Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating or gathering winter-mast. On the other side we observe Apollo with his usual insignia ; Sylvanus crowned with flowers, and brandishing in his hand the long lilies and flowering fennel ; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds, known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He loved to distraction one Cytherus, (here called Lycoris,) who slighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

Sing, mournful Muse, of Gallus' luckless love,
 While the goats browse along the cliffs above.
 Nor silent is the waste while we complain,
 The woods return the long-resounding strain.

Whither, ye fountain-nymphs, were ye withdrawn,
 To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,
 When Gallus' bosom languish'd with the fire
 Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire?
 For neither by th' Aonian spring you stray'd,
 Nor roam'd Parnassus' heights, nor Pindus' hallow'd
 shade.

The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
 And sounds of woe along the groves were borne.
 And sympathetic tears the laurel shed,
 And humbler shrubs declined their drooping head.
 All wept his fate, when to despair resign'd
 Beneath a desert-cliff he lay reclined.
 Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,
 And round the swain his flocks forlorn appear.
 Nor scorn, celestial bard, a poet's name;
 Renown'd Adonis by the lonely stream
 Tended his flock.—As thus he lay along,
 The swains and awkward neatherds round him throng.
 Wet from the winter-mast Menalcas came.
 All ask what beauty raised the fatal flame.
 The god of verse vouchsafed to join the rest;
 He said, "What frenzy thus torments thy breast?
 While she, thy darling, thy Lycoris, scorns
 Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,
 With whom o'er winter-wastes she wanders far,
 'Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boisterous
 war."

Sylvanus came, with rural garlands crown'd,
 And waved the lilies long, and flowering fennel round.
 Next we beheld the gay Arcadian god;
 His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.

“For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh?
Is love regardful of the weeping eye?
Love is not cloy'd with tears; alas, no more
Than bees luxurious with the balmy flower,
Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain
With silver rills and soft refreshing rain.”
Pan spoke; and thus the youth with grief oppress'd;
“Arcadians, hear, oh hear my last request;
O ye, to whom the sweetest lays belong,
Oh let my sorrows on your hills be sung:
If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,
How will my bones in deepest peace repose!
Ah had I been with you a country-swain,
And pruned the vine, and fed the bleating train;
Had Phyllis, or some other rural fair,
Or black Amyntas been my darling care;
(Beauteous though black; what lovelier flower is seen
Than the dark violet on the painted green?)
These in the bower had yielded all their charms,
And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms:
Phyllis had crown'd my head with garlands gay,
Amyntas sung the pleasing hours away.
Here, O Lycoris, purls the limpid spring,
Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands sing;
Here let me press thee to my panting breast,
Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past.
Banish'd by love o'er hostile lands I stray,
And mingle in the battle's dread array;
Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,
(Ah could I disbelieve the voice of fame!)
Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art borne,
On the bleak Alps with chilling blast to pine,
Or wander waste along the frozen Rhine.
Ye icy paths, oh spare her tender form!
Oh spare those heavenly charms, thou wintry storm!

"Hence let me hasten to some desert-grove,
 And soothe with songs my long-unanswer'd love.
 I go, in some lone wilderness to suit
 Eubœan lays to my Sicilian flute.
 Better with beasts of prey to make abode
 In the deep cavern, or the darksome wood ;
 And carve on trees the story of my woe,
 Which with the growing bark shall ever grow.
 Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely throng,
 The winding groves of Mænalus along
 I roam at large ; or chase the foaming boar ;
 Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore,
 Careless of cold. And now methinks I bound
 O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods resound ;
 And now with beating heart I seem to wing
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string—
 As if I thus my frenzy could forego,
 As if love's god could melt at human woe.
 Alas ! nor nymphs nor heavenly songs delight—
 Farewell, ye groves ! the groves no more invite.
 No pains, no miseries of man can move
 The unrelenting deity of love.
 To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,
 To make the Scythian snows your drear abode ;
 Or feed your flock on Ethiopian plains,
 When Sirius' fiery constellation reigns,
 (When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
 And in the elm the vivid verdure dies,)
 Were all in vain. Love's unresisted sway
 Extends to all, and we must love obey."

'Tis done ; ye Nine, here ends your poet's strain
 In pity sung to soothe his Gallus' pain.
 While leaning on a flowery bank I twine
 The flexile osiers, and the basket join.
 Celestial Nine, your sacred influence bring,
 And soothe my Gallus' sorrows while I sing :

Gallus, my much beloved ! for whom I feel
The flame of purest friendship rising still :
So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.

Let us begone : at eve the shade annoys
With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice ;
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
Homeward, my sated goats, now let us hie ;
Lo, beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.

EPITAPH FOR A SHERIFF'S MESSENGER.

(WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED AT THE PARTICULAR DESIRE OF
THE PERSON FOR WHOM IT IS INTENDED.)

ALAS, how empty all our worldly schemes !
Vain are our wishes, our enjoyment dreams.
A *debt* to nature one and all must *pay*,
Nor will the *creditor* defer her *day* ;
Death comes a *messenger*, displays the *writ*
And to the fatal *summons* all submit.
An earthly *messenger* I was of yore,
The scourge of debtors then, but now—no more.
Oft have I stood in all my pomp confess'd,
The *blazon* beaming dreadful at my breast ;
Oft have I waved on high th' *attractive rod*,
And made the wretch obsequious to my nod.
Pale shivering Poverty, that stalk'd behind,
His greasy rags loose fluttering in the wind,
And Terror, cudgel-arm'd, that strode before,
Still to my *deeds* unquestion'd *witness bore*.
Dire execution, as I march'd, was spread ;
My threat'ning *horn* they heard—they heard and fled.
While thus destruction mark'd my headlong course,
Nor mortals durst oppose my matchless force,
A *deadly warrant* from the *court* of heaven
To Death, the sovereign messenger, was given.
Swift as the lightning's instantaneous flame,
Arm'd with his dart, the *king of catchpoles* came.
My heart, unmoved before, was seized with fear,
And sunk beneath his all-subduing spear :

To heaven's high *bar* the spirit wing'd its way,
And left the carcass *forfeit* to the clay.

Reader! though every ill beset thee round,
With patience bear, nor servilely despond;
Though heaven a while delay'd th' impending blow,
Heaven sees the sorrows of the world below,
And sets at last the suffering mourner free
From famine, misery, pestilence, and ME.

June 28th, 1759.

Mont. Abd. Ford.

TO MR ALEXANDER ROSS,

AT LOCHLEE, AUTHOR OF THE "FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS,"
AND OTHER POEMS IN THE BROAD SCOTCH DIALECT.

O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes!
Thy hamely auldwar'd muse provokes
 Me for a while
To ape our gude plain countra folks
 In verse and style.

Sure never carle was half sae gabby
E'er since the winsome days o' Habby:
Oh mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,
 Nor miss thy snaker!
Or I'll ca' fortune nasty drabby,
 And say—pox take her!

Oh may the roupe ne'er roust thy wizen!
May thirst thy thrapple never gizen!
But bottled ale in mony a dizzen,

Aye lade thy gantry!
 And fouth o' vivres a' in season,
 Plenish thy pantry!

Lang may thy stevin fill wi' glee
 The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
 Which were right gowsty but for thee,
 Whase sangs enamour
 Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
 The rocks to yamour.

Ye shak your head, but, o' my fegs,
 Ye've set old Scota* on her legs,
 Lang had she lyen wi' beffs and flegs,
 Bumbazed and dizzie;
 Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
 Waes me! poor hizzie!

Since Allan's death naebody cared
 For ance to speer how Scota fared,
 Nor plack nor thristled turner wared
 To quench her drouth;
 For frae the cottar to the laird
 We a' rin South.

The Southland chiels indeed hae mettle,
 And brawly at a sang can ettle,
 Yet we right couthily might settle
 O' this side Forth.
 The devil pay them wi' a pettle
 That slight the North.

Our countra leed is far frae barren,
 It's even right pithy and aulfarren,
 Oursells are neiper-like, I warran,

* The name Ross gives to his muse.

For sense and smergh ;
 In kittle times when faes are yarring,
 We're no thought ergh.

Oh! bonny are our greensward hows,
 Where through the birks the burny rows,
 And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
 And saft winds rusle ;
 And shepherd lads on sunny knows
 Blaw the blythe fusle.

It's true, we Norlans manna fa'
 To eat sae nice or gang sae bra',
 As they that come from far awa,
 Yet sma's our skaith ;
 We've peace, (and that's well worth it a',)
 And meat, and claith.

Our fine newfangle sparks, I grant ye,
 Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty ;
 They're grown sae ugertfu' and vaunty,
 And capernoited,
 They guide her like a canker'd aunty
 That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance I trow,
 It's this that crooks their ill-faur'd mou'
 Wi' jokes sae coarse, they gar fouk spue
 For downright skonner ;
 For Scotland wants nae sons enew
 To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed o' names,
 Dawties of Heliconian dames !
 The foremost place Gawin Douglas claims,

That canty priest;
 And wha can match the fifth king James
 For sang or jest?

Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
 Dunbar, Scot,* Hawthornden, and mae
 Than I can tell; for o' my fae,
 I maun break aff;
 'Twould take a livelang simmer day
 To name the half.

The saucy chiels—I think they ca' them
 Critics, the muckle sorrow claw them,
 (For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them
 Frae their presumption,)
 They need nae try thy jokes to fathom;
 They want rumgumption.

But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn,
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn,
 And chiels shall come frae yont the Cairn--
 —Amonth, right yousty,
 If Ross will be so kind as share in
 Their pint at Drousty.†

* Author of the Vision.—[It was written by Ramsay, under the name of Scot. A. D.]

† An alehouse in Lochlee.

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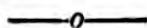
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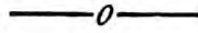
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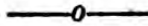
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