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Raymond Greene

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THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

Written in

IMITATION *of* SPENSER.

By

JAMES THOMSON.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem being writ in the Manner of Spenser; *the obsolete Words, and a Simplicity of Diction in some of the Lines, which borders on the Ludicrous, were necessary to make the Imitation more perfect. And the Stile of that admirable Poet, as well as the Measure in which he wrote, are as it were appropriated by Custom to all Allegorical Poems writ in our Language; just as in French the Stile of* Marot *who lived under* Francis I. *has been used in Tales, and familiar Epistles, by the politest Writers of the Age of* Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION *of the obsolete Words used in th* POEM.

ARchimage—*The chief, or greatest of Magicians or Enchanters.*
Atween—*between.*
Bale—*sorrow, trouble,* &c.
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon--*painting, displaying.*
Carol—*to sing songs of joy.*
Certes—*certainly.*
Eath—*easy.*
Eftsoons--*immediately, often, afterwards.*
Geer *or* Gear—*furniture, equipage, dress.*
Glaive—*sword* (fr.)
Han—*have.*
Hight—*is named, called.*
Idless—*idleness.*
Imp—*child, or offspring, from the* Saxon *Impan, to graft or plant.*
Kest—*for cast.*
Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Losel—*a loose idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Muchel *or* Mochel—*much, great.*
Nathless—*nevertheless.*
Ne—*nor*
Needments—*necessaries.*
Nourfling--*a nurse, or what is nursed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Perdie—(Fr. *par Die an old oath.*
Prick'd thro' the forest—*rode thro' the forest.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, shining.*
Sicker—*sure, surely.*
Soot—*sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry—*sultry, consumin with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Transmew'd—*transform'd*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt--(Lat. *incomptus unadorn'd.*
Whilom--*erewhile, formerl*
Wis *for* Wist——*to know think, understand.*
Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet to wit.*
Woonne—(a Noun) *dwelling.*
N. B. *The Letter* (Y) *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by* Spenser, *to lengthen it a syllable.*
Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*melted.*
Yode—(*preter tense of* yede) *went.*

THE

CASTLE

OF

INDOLENCE.

The Caſtle hight of Indolence,
And its falſe Luxury;
Where for a little Time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an antient date:
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, though ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
poſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May, [brown'd,
Half prank't with ſpring, with ſummer half im-
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
o living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant gree
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'
And hurled every-where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur mad

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſhopper did keep:
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy forms were ſeen to move
As *idleſs* fancy'd in her dreaming mood.
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below, [flow
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-hed it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer-sky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

VII.

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

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh,
'Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX.

" Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
" See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay.
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May.
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats! that, from the flowering thorn
" Hymn their good GOD, and carol ſweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough, nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodding ſheaves they drove;
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter-dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain :
" For when hard-hearted *Intereſt* firſt began
" To poiſon earth, *Aſtræa* left the plain ;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man ;
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill ; but as the fartheſt ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,
" In oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils, will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

XIII.

" With me, you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds :
" Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honor for ſome paltry pounds ;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds ;
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad high-way.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear ;
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall :
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear ;
" No hammers thump ; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
" Ne noiſy tradeſman your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear :
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of *Sybarite* of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and down :
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
" Thus, from the ſource of tender Indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe ;
For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what, is virtue, but repoſe of mind ?
" A pure ethereal calm ! that knows no ſtorm ;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above thoſe paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm !
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy ; as breezes ſtray [gay.
Acroſs th' enliven'd skies, and make them ſtill more

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe :
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
" Where the ſoul ſowrs, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Even thoſe whom fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtolen away :
" So SCIPIO, to the ſoft *Cumæan* ſhore
Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exerciſe you chuſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
" Or ſoftly ſtealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon-ſpotted fry
" You may delude : the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the Zephir's ſigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

XIX.

"O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
"Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
"When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
"And gives th' untaſted portion you have won,
"With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch undone,
"To thoſe who mock you gone to *Pluto*'s reign,
"There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows dun:
"But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
"To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who ſought to pull high *Jove* from regal ſtate:
Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue:
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace :
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
'hen ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the croud, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpred porter, ſwoln with ſleep :
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe ;
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſleſs yawning keep ;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran, [peep.
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly
Then taking his black ſtaft he call'd his man,
nd rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit;
o this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns ;
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in, array'd ;
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs ! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain
r porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Thus easy-rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew
It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare:
Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasaunce grew
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [fai
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams mor

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
" Ye sons of INDOLENCE, do what ye will;
" And wander where you list, through hall or glade
" Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
" Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade
" Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy;
" He little merits bliss who others can annoy.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the * *Hebrid-Isles*,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean *Phœbus* dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

* *Lon the W. coast of* Scotland *called* Hebrides.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring?
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe loitering?
h! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of BRITAIN will inſpire;
Of antient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the heroe's ire,
The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
aſhing corruption down through every worthleſs age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of *Turkey* and of *Perſia* land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
o that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, looking tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart,
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around repoſe and peace in [pa

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engag
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſilvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage *Roſa* daſh'd, or learned *Pouſſin* drew.

XXXIX

XXXIX.

Each ſound too here to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.
Aerial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft, by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The God of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, * *The harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtrings ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fan'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, through the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris'* ſhore,
In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And

* *This is not an imagination of the Author; there being in fact ſuch an inſtrument, called* Æolus's Harp, *which, when placed againſt a little ruſhing or current of air, produces the effect here deſcribed.*

And verſe, love, muſic ſtill the garland wore :
When ſleep was coy, * the bard, in waiting there
Chear'd the lone midnight with the muſe's lore ;
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
At doors and windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all ;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hal

XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt Elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not *Titian*'s pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with clouds the pure etherial ſpace ;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illuſions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' *Arabian heaven* upon our nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

* *The* Arabian Caliphs *had poets among the officers of their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned*

XLVI.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep : [keep.
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to

XLVII.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom !
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom !
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And let them virtue with a look impart !
But chief, a while o lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive———Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth ;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport ! To retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd :
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks—But, fondly wandering wide,
My muſe, reſume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſhold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling too and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte :
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte ?

L.

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull desk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſc parch'd on gallow-tree.
A penny ſaved is a penny got:
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air.
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a *Theſpian* rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly ſtor

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the prowling crew;
See! how they daſh along from wall to wall;
At every door, hark! how they thundering call.
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why? On each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

LIV.

'he puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
n dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
nd now they whiſper'd cloſe, new ſhrugging rear'd
'h' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
lew light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
o ſooner * *Lucifer* recalls affairs,
han forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
'hen lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
omes another ſet, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

LV.

t what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
'as to behold the nations all on fire,
cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife;
oſt chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
ith honourable ruffians in their hire,
uſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
' this ſad work when each begins to tire,
ey ſit them down juſt where they were before,
or new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

LVI.

number up the thouſands dwelling here,
uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs task:
om kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
gipſies brown in ſummer-glades who bask.
a many a man perdie I could unmask,
oſe desk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
th tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that ask
' place or penſion, laid in decent row;
eſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII.

ll the gentle tenants of the place,
ere was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
ertain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
ive not ſad, in thought involv'd not dark,
oot this man could ſing as morning-lark,
teach the nobleſt morals of the heart:
these his talents were ybury'd ſtark;
he fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
or boon nature gave, or nature painting-art.

* *The morning ſtar.*

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſoun
Or when Dan *Sol* to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found :
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound :
Then homeward through the twilight ſhadows ſl
Sauntring and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day

LIX.

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

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk :
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone [de
The glittering ſtar of eve—" Thank heaven ! the d

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroa
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And ſure his linnen was not very clean ;
Through ſecret loop-hole, that had practis'd be
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mein,
Our caſtle's ſhame ! whence, from his filthy noo
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night;
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
In this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good,
What most elates then sinks the soul as low;
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
The madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true ſon of virtue, come
" But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade,
" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
" Yet when at laſt thy toils, but ill apaid,
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpar
" Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
" There to indulge the muſe, and nature mark:
" We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY-PAR

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' ESOPUS of the age;
But call'd by fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a gyant from his ſleep.
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes, [tak
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th'enlighten'd judgme

LXVIII.

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

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew. LXX

* *The following lines of this Stanza were writ by a frien of the author.*

LXX.

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

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort ;
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom ;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme ;
Then riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow ;
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now muſt I mark the villainy we found,
But ah ! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn,
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan ;
For of theſe wretches taken was no care :
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurſes were.

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropſy*:
Unwieldy man! with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And here a moping myſtery did ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the 'ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſick which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet loved in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the *Tertian* ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt *Appoplexy* cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Induſtry,
And his Atchievements fair;
That, by this Caſtle's Overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the caſtle of the ſire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
nd of the falſe inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muſe,
And fence for her *Parnaſſus'* barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe *th' Aonian hive* deſpoil.
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the muſes other meed decree,
ey praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the sky,
Through which *Aurora* ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave;
fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

V.

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

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely cott his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame,
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſilvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands teem
The ſame to him glade ſummer or the winter breme.

V.

VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run;
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that *Minerva* pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart.
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard; [par'd.
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,
Yclad in ſteel and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the founding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal outſtrip'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in it's mid-career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compear.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' etherial round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the *Globe*, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of knowlege withoutfruits.
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabrick from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to *Neptune*'s ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvaſs into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife:
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd *Pygmalion*'s wife,
He hew'd the marble; or, with vary'd fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire,
Of verſes fram'd that well might wake *Apollo*'s lyre.

XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood, and skies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man:
On his own wretched kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd;
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was not life, but rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun*, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chaſing Indolence and Crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtue with his ray:
Then *Egypt*, *Greece* and *Rome* their golden times,
Succeſſive, had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, SIR INDUSTRY then ſpred
The ſwelling ſail, and made for BRITAIN's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade,
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear, and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the *Roman* ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd,

XVIII

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great my choſen iſle (he cries)
This, whilſt my labours LIBERTY ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindeſt firmeſt [hand.

XIX.

Here by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When *Eden* flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they rapture, tranquillize the mind;
Nature and art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

XX.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotick rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores, [roars,
While o'er th'encircling deep BRITANNIA's thunder

XXI.

The drooping muſes then he weſtward call'd
From the fam'd city * by *Propontis* ſea,
What time the *Turk* th' enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another *Caſtalie*:
Where *Iſis* many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old *Cam* ſoft-paces o'er the lea,
In penſive mood, and tunes his *Doric* reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? They are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow increaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſun-ſhine of uncumber'd eaſe,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah, gracious God! thou know'ſt they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame!
Unbroken ſpirits, chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

* *Conſtantinople.*

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchleſs form of glorious government;
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent:
When this great plan with each dependant art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
nd let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who lent him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft *India*'s cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar,
Or of ſeptember-moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
m heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories vild!

XXVII.

or, from his deep retirement, baniſh'd was
h' amuſing cares of rural induſtry,
ill, as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
ew ſcenes ariſe, new landskips ſtrike the eye,
nd all th' enliven'd country beautify:
ay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
ark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore;
woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand :
Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach ;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, *Pales*, *Flora*, and *Pomona* play'd :
Even here, sometimes, the rude wild common fan
An happy place ; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay ?
That soul-enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay :
Spred far and wide was his curs'd influence ;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private ; eat our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout ;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stc

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
Thus *Vice* the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word.
" Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar m
" The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?
" Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

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

XXX

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) ſo help me, God ! deſtroy
That villain Archimage !—His page than ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt *Diſpatch.* " My ſteed be at the gate ;
" My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three ;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes : replevy cannot be
om the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aſpect ; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his ſiſter of the copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mein.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
ells in the mind : all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come ! (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd mine
The demon INDOLENCE threats overthrow [ear,
To all that to mankind is good and dear :
Come, PHILOMELUS ! let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low !
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men ! who *will* be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe :
But ſome their be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
hall raiſe. Thrice happy he ! who without rigour ſaves.

XXXV.

uing forth, the Knight beſtrode his ſteed,
f ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
hone blazing bright : ſprung from the generous
hat whirl of active day the rapid car, [breed
e pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
eantime, the bard on milk-white Palfrey rode ;
n honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
is meditations, but full ſoftly trode :
much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well ?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel :
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that chear the conſcious ſe
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of h
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
" Will through the tortur'd breaſt their fiery torr

XXXVII. [roll

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſumr
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay, [re
And ſpite even of themſelves their ſenſes chear ;
Then to the wizard's wonne their ſteps they ſtee
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandring currents clea
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and ſong ; and without hurry all ſeem'd gl

XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt forgiv
(The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd)
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah, nought is pure ! it cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide,
" But that our charity be not too nice ?
' Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker, (quoth the Knight) all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" *Juſtice* were cruel weakly to relent ;
" From *Mercy*'s ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive :
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will repent ;
" But penance long, and dreary to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit lav

XL

XL.

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
ark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and, unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
hat pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could, with ſuch ſweet art, unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the ſilly croud the charm devour,
Wide-preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
ho backning ſhun'd his touch, for well he knew its [power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd Amphitheatre, of old,
The wary * *Retiarius* trap'd his foe;
Even ſo the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
ſat him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

* *A Gladiator, who made uſe of a net, which he threw r his adverſary.*

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around ;
Black ruptur'd clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound ;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the grou
Huge crouds on crouds out-pour'd with blemiſh'd lo
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſho

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
SIR INDUSTRY the firſt calm moment ſtole.
" There muſt, (he cry'd) amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl :
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit ſta

XLVI.

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His *Britiſh* harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong : [thron
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round hi

XLVII,

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.
" Ye hapleſs rac
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
" That lights our maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway
" What is TH' ADOR'D SUPREME PERFECTION, ſa
" What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll ;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming GOD your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' ALMIGHTY's throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal nature this clear ſhewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous than the dead moraſs?
" Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
" And fan'd by ſprightly Zephirs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul november-fogs, and ſlumbrous maſs,
" With which ſad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That GREECE obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! compleat in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic ROME aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance ſought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay:
" Rude nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

LII.

" Great HOMER's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt,
" To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds ;
" Sweet MARO's muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the *Mincian* reeds :
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains ;
" Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds, [ſwain
" Our SHAKESPEAR ſtroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick*
" Ne had my maſter SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla*'s plain.

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage hiſtoric muſe,
" And periſh'd all the ſons of antient fame ;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame
" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

" But ſhould to fame your hearts impervious be,
" If right I read, you pleaſure all require :
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire.
" Toil, and be glad ! let Induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
" Who does not act is dead ; abſorpt intire
" In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

LV.

" Better the toiling ſwain, oh happier far !
" Perhaps the happieſt of the ſons of men !
" Who vigorous plies the plough, the team, or car
" Who houghs the field, or ditches in the glen,
" Delves in his garden, or ſecures his pen :
" The tooth of avarice poiſons not his peace ;
" He toſſes not in ſloth's abhored den ;
" From vanity he has a full releaſe ;
" And, rich in nature's wealth, he thinks not of increaſe.

LVI.

LVI.

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

LVII.

« But what avail the largeſt gifts of HEAVEN,
« When ſickening health and ſpirits go amiſs ?
« How taſteleſs then whatever can be given ?
« Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
« And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
« Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
« Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs ;
« While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVIII.

« O who can ſpeak the vigorous joys of health !
« Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind :
« The morning raiſes gay ; with pleaſing ſtealth,
« The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
« In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
« See ! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
« As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
« Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
Yet what ſave high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds ?

LIX.

« But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every ill,
« Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
« Come then, my kindred ſpirits ! do not ſpill
« Your talents here. This place is but a ſhew,
« Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe :
« Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
« Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpents grow,
« Sincere as ſweet ; come, follow this good Knight,
And you will bleſs the day that brought him to your ſight.

LX.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamp
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth ; ſome to the thriving mart ;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates ;
" To the ſweet muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart :
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art !

LXI.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Even death deſpis'd by generous actions fair ;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas !—It cannot be !

LXII.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatning difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire ?
" Reſolve ! reſolve ! and to be men aſpire !
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd : controul deſire ;
" Let godlike reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will !*—and it is don

LXIII.

" Heavens ! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameſ
" Your few important days of tryal here ? [wiſ
" Heirs of eternity ! yborn to riſe
" Through endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
" To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to ſtee
" And roll, with vileſt brutes, through mud and ſlime
" No ! no !—Your heaven-touch'd hearts diſdain th
piteous crime! "

LXIV

LXIV

" Enough ! enough ! they cry'd "—Strait, from the
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly. [croud,
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of *Alpine* cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal *Phœbus* play ;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [gay.
lad-warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXV.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from this fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native skies agen.
How light its eſſence ! how unclogg'd its powers !
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen :
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
ven ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours

LXVI.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye ſons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love ?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts ? is happineſs a crime ?
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven ſublime.

LXVII.

" Ye impious wretches ! (quoth the Knight in wrath)
" Your happineſs behold ! "—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſhood to command.
Sudden, the landskip ſinks on every hand ;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found ;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand ;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
akes, adders, toads, each loathly creature crawls
around.

LXVIII.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung, [troul'
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night cor
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXIX.

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

LXX.

"O heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
"Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
"And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
"O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdeſt ther
"That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
"But what for us, the children of deſpair,
"Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXXI.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
"Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,
"T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
"Nathleſs, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
"With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
"A power the truely contrite heart that chears;
"She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven
"She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices HEAVEN.

LXXII

LXXII.

" Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
" And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind ;
" Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd :
" Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd ;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your eyes,
One who will ſooth your pangs, and wing you to the [ſkies."

LXXIII.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner tone)
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon ſeers,
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan ;
" In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away ;
" Till, ſoft and pure as infant-goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect change : then, who can ſay,
What grace may yet ſhine forth in heaven's eternal [day ? "

LXXIV.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew :
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The charities, to-wit, of roſy hue ;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :
When lo ! a goodly hoſpital aſcends ;
In which they bade each human aid be nigh,
hat could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that unhappy fry.

LXXV.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human-kind *peculiar* grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head ; ſome, from the pallid face,
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds ;
Some reach the healing draught : the whilſt, to chaſe
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds,
ne holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yel
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentan
[feign'

LXXVII.

But ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
[care
Through which they floundering toil'd with painfu
Whilſt *Phœbus* ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs ai

LXXVIII.

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

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

LXXX.

The other was a fell despightful fiend :
Hell holds none worse in balefull bower below ;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
ch were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXXI.

Even so through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along ;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
Never find they rest from their unresting fone.

F I N I S.

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(1) $a^4, b^2, A-M^4$
Gaskell 176

(2) $A-B^8, C^7$
P Ruddiman piracy
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(3) $\pi^1, i^6, P-H^6, I-$