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MUSTORA.

THE
SEASONS
AND
Castle of Indolence
by
JAMES THOMPSON.



HALIFAX.

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THE SEASONS,
BRITANNIA,
AND
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

HALIFAX:

MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1855.



SPRING.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Inscribed to the countess of Hartford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter. On vegetables. On brute animals. And last, on man. Concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And, from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

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

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

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

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

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

While thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step, and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground,
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fost'ring breezes, blow!
Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender show'rs, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
 And some, with whom compar'd, your insect tribes
 Are but the heings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

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

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

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,

And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white emparpl'd show'r
 Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath,
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spics.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.

For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
 Keen in the poison'd breeze, and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From ev'ry cranny suffocated falls;
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
 Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

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

The north-east spends his rage: he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heav'n
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but, by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,

Sits on th' horizon round, a settled gloom ;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of ev'ry hope and ev'ry joy ;
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. The uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silent all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests, seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shawl, while heav'n descends
In universal bounty, shedding herba,

And fruits, and flow'rs, on nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy, fir'd, anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus, all day long, the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and, in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the floods: their ev'ry music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism;
And, to the sage-instructed eye, unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy.

He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade ; and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd through ten thousand diff'rent plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow :
 With such a lib'ral hand has nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innum'rous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.
 But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood ;
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam.
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
And up they rose, as vig'rous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing globe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime, the song went round ; and dance, and sport,
Wisdom, and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of heav'n, ;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature, too, look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays ; and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy ;
For music held the whole in perfect peace.
Soft sigh'd the flute : the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart : the woodlands round
Applied their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,

These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half-extinct
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry pow'r.
E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish, pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid int'rests, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy-disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply-rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell

And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

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

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

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;

Though with the pure, exhilarating soul
Of nutriment, and health, and vital pow'rs,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who, from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too, are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity;
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom nature form'd of milder clay,
With ev'ry kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heav'n,
E'en stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have giv'n us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold. And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And, struggling, groan beneath the cruel hands

E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heav'n forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whit'ning, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tap'ring with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, hapless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds,
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;

The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow :
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly ;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twich, the barbed hook :
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some
With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heav'n,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure,
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it ; but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, whilst haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desp'rate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,

Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant at the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate hours; but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatt'ring
 clouds,

E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders crowd,
 Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep, whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots, or where the hawk
 High in the beetling cliff his aerie builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song:
 Or, catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,

Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of a softened heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold! yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows? If fancy, then,
Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what shall language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose pow'r,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

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

And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets,
 See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than lib'ral, thence, [soul.
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of nature, wide and wild,
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And, yellow, load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders: now the bow'ry walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,

The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far extensive ? when, at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flow'rs,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace ;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks : from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run ; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes ;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquilla,
Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose ;
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,

The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail! Source of being! Universal Soul
 Of heav'n and earth; Essential Presence, hail!
 To thee I bend the knee: to thee my thoughts,
 Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
 By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At thy command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root
 By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.
 As, rising from the vegetable world,
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
 My panting muse! And hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
 The mazy running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
 In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,

And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint warbled ; but no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Sshrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn.
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush,
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes ; when list'ning Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake.
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove.
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody ; and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts

Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try ev'ry winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and, in courtship to their mates,
Put forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted, glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
Soft'ning, the least approvanee to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach,
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver ev'ry feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads;
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts;
That nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thickest some.
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few;
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale
Or rough'ning waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,

When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes.
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

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

Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. E'en so, a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

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

Be not the muse asham'd here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech,

Oh! then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes: this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

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

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

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge;
 Their resolution fails: their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void,
 Trembling refuse; till down before them fly
 The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight;
 Till, vanish'd every fear, and ev'ry pow'r
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

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

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,
 In early spring his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Gracful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck before her train
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock
spreads

His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in am'rous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

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

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

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep.
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,

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

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven, and thro' their breasts
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God,
Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates, the whole.
He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to ev'ry purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears.
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,

And air, attest his bounty ; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man.
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being and serene his soul,
 Can he forbear to join the gen'ral smile
 Of nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
 Is melody ? Hence from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative bounty burns
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And lib'ral eye sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor till invoc'd
 Can restless goodness wait : your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd :
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad : for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head :
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts

The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er her heart, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till, at last sublim'd
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as, at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st,
 Thy British *Tempee*! There along the dale,
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whisp'ring breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
 You wander through the philosophic world,
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,

Or to the curious or the pious eye,
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm; while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungen'rous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And, as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, soft'ning every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekn'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness, dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The hursting prospect spreads immense around;
And snatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd

Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams,
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

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

And let the aspiring youth beware of love;
Of the smooth glance beware; for tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame

Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Rapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form, the kindling grace,
 Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose bounteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And still, false warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her siren-voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present in the very lap of Love
 Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oil, and wine, and wanton hours,
 Amid the roses, fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart, where honour
 still,

And great design, against the oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But, absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
 Neglected fortune flies; and, sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;

And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
The unfinish'd period falls; while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair,
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or, on the bank,
Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours: then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,
And all the sons of Care, lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.

All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds, till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds, distress'd; or, if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapp'd; or shrinks aghast,
Back from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore, where, succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

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

Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last: the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
A fresh, her beauties on his busy thought ;
Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins -
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart ;
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care ;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings, blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parent buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days.
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless violated form;
While those whom love cements in holy faith
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven?

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh! speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep.
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

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

SUMMER.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth.
He comes, attended by the sultry hours
And ever fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

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

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;

Unblemish'd honour; and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
 O Dodington! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit ev'ry line,
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

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

When now no more the alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawnly prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare

Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And, thick around, the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
 And from the crowded fold, in order drives
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

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

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays

On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!

Of all material beings first and best!

Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd

In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen

Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,

As with a chain indissoluble bound,

Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn

Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round

Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk

Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,

Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!

Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,

And not, as now, the green abodes of life!

How many forms of being wait on thee!

Inhaling spirit! from the unfetter'd mind,

By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,

The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,

Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede

That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,

In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

Meantime, the expecting nations, circled gay

With all the various tribes of foodful earth,

Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn; while, round thy beaming ear,
High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And, softened into joy, the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits, till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd;
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent hence the veiny marble shines.
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day: the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Di'mond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes

Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns ;
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams ;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

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

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
 Who, Light himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angels' purer ken ?
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all these lamps of heaven,

That beam for ever through the boundless sky ;
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loos'ning reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

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

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

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In particolour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

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

Who can, unpitying, see the flow'ry race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins.
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

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

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborne,

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

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

Passes: as oft the ruffian shows his front.
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd : the flutt'ring wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping, hospitable hand.'

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

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

Amid the floating verdure, millions stray.
Each liquid, too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts, the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind heart of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man; for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From eates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl
He would abhorrent turn, and, in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

— Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if, upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art,
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things,
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection to the brink

Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which, astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

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

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

The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or, rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms the deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides; and oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in.
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore:
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream.
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Arc in the wattled pen innumeros press'd,
Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.

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

A simple scene ! Yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
The exalted stores of every brighter clime ;
The treasures of the sun, without his rage.
Hence, fervent all with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence

Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

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

All-conquering heat! oh! intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow;
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night,
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy he who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,

Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
 Or, in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon:
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

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

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
 A various group the herds and flocks compose:
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,

Which incompas'd he shakes, and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd:
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening ev'ry noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gadflies fastens on the herd,
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan,
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season, too, the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence, and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down the opposing stream: quenchless his
 thirst:

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

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

And all is awful, listening gloom around.

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

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, the abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes: "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent Power our beings drew;
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit,
Once, some of us, like thee, through stormy life
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.

Then fear not us; but, with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
 Here, frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band?
 Alas! for us too soon! Though rais'd above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy: yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing^g converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd, where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to parental nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Believe the muse : the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue : no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus, up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither, till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking
back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid ; where, collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad.
Then, whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,

Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only through the forest coo's,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe! Again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

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

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While nature lies around deep hull'd in noon,
 Now come, bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the Torrid Zone:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
 See how, at once, the bright effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air.
 He mounts his throne; but, kind, before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,

And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.*
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons† pass :
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day ; yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
 Their lighter glories bend. Lay me reclin'd

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

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

Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade:
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine,
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp:
Witness, thou best Anana! thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age.
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring; for oft these valleys shift

Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies.

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes!
Oh! truly wise! with gentle might endow'd:
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project; thrice-happy could he 'scape their guile,

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.*
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours ; while, in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky ;
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyesinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who, beneath the mask
Of social commerce, com'st to rob their wealth ;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,

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

With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers ;
From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
Where palaces, and fances, and villas rise ;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ;
And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray ; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves
And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind :
A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,

Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For, to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne.
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he, through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea, rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along.
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts

Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn;
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
 From Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge, and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana.† Scarce the muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata, to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,

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

† The river of the Amazons.

Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle,
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus, pouring on, they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles from his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth,
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss,
This pomp of nature? What their balmy meads,
Their powerful herds, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,

Whate'er the humanizing muses teach ;
 The god-like wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man :
 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize ;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue
 And feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even imagination fears to tread,
 At noon, forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds ; and while, with threat'ning
 tongue

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,

Or shivering flies, or cheek'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high concocted venom through the vein,
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell :
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain : the nobler herds,
Where, round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts ;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again ;

While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he ! who, from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone

Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming, in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
At evening to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye ; and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds ;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And, fawning, take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.

Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play.
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come,
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And, by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain ;
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon,* whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia, reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Masters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,

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

† Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring Gama* fought,
 For many a day and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
 For idle ages, starting, heard, at last,
 The Lusitanian prince,† who, heaven-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws terrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he, rushing, cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.

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

Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled
limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation casting down

The towering hopes and all the pride of man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena, quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene: you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
Hcard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,

Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 From stifed Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying* heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close-incumbent cloud of death,
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
 reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With phrenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to hea-
 ven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependents, friends, relations, love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide-enlivening air, is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

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

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods, and, growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence, nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume

Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse, save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears, far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And, following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve; and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still,

Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine
Stands, a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash; and, from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur, heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze;
And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head

Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

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

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled, till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd ;
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain, assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear : it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

The unequal conflict ; and, as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid;
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air,
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles, reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,

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

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

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

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

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
Where, winding into pleasing solitudes,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There, to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame ; but, deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart,
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain !
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought.
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd.

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

Or as the rose, amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill conceal'd; and now, with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood.
So stands the statue* that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd;
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train

* The Venus of Medici.

Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame, void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of the soul ;
 And, on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy :
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

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

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy. Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,

Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;
 Now, call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day.
 Now to the verdant portico of woods,
 To nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport ; which the Sire
 Of Love approving hears, and calls it good.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?* Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape ; now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send ;
 Now to the sister hills † that skirt her plain ;
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon, shining or splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
 Fair winding up to where the muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing god;* to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,
 Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Felbam finds repose.
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
 Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,

* In his last sickness.

Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

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

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

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go, and first
Or on the list'd plain or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
In genius and substantial learning high ;

For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own muses love; the best of kings!
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous, though mistaken, zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.

Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sydney pass,
The plume of war; with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him,
His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled;
Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning science spread

* Algernon Sidney.

Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant, in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrice, and Tully, join'd.
The great deliverer he! who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley* thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye;
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought; and why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable, muse
 Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son,
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
 Britannia, hail; for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance and taste; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love,

She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

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

O Thou ! by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
In bright patrol ; white peace, and social love ;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look ; clear chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough industry ; activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;
While in the radiant front, superior, shines
That first paternal virtue, public zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,

As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb,
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous, still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth: then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell ;
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence, The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold ;
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem ; and thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd

In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines, and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky, or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs
That more than deck, that animate, the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And, as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great : they in their powers exult,

That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting,
 spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
 To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
 The first up-tracing from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects, to Him,
 The world-producing Essence, who alone

Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

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

Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic: nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train,
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs

The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through, and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the world,
And nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train;
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In inward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.

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

AUTUMN.

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

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

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,

With golden light enliven'd wide, invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft, through lucid clouds,
 A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown, below,
 Extensive harvests hang the-heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale:
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty, till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky.
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field;
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along
 A gaily-chequer'd, heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of human kind! by nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out, amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all
 Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,
 Slept in the lethargic powers: corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or, for his acorn meal,
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away;
For home he had not: home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along;
A waste of time! till industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish nature the directing hand
Of art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
Till, by degrees, the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;

With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refusing soul of decent wit ;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;
 But still, advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then, gathering, men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a public ; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting, all.
 For this the patriot council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented whole.
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian-laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And, with joint force oppression chaining, set
 Imperial justice at the helm, yet still
 To them accountable ; nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art, the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,

From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires : the bellying sheet between,
Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on : the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony : around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with
oak,

To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

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

All is the gift of industry ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears

Th' excluded tempest idly rave along.
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring.
 Without him, Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to the Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While, through their cheerful band, the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind, the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh ! grateful, think !
 How good the God of harvest is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While those unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want

What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends:
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth;
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale,
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride;
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
 Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,
As, in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia, till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich,
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient, uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye.
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze,
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment, love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,

By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto, who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves, in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
 And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd, at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ;
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend ;

Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah! where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven,
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
Oh! let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task!
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd;
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent;
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins; and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours,
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

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

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

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,

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

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

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

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze;
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution, though she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes
 By nature rais'd to take the horizon in,
 And head couch'd close betwist her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen openings far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm;
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd, the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith, and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
Deception short ! though fleetest than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot steaming, up, behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;
Oft seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face.

He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

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

These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the bread ditch behind you: o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way: into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And, as you ride the torrent, to the banks,
Your triumph sounds sonorous running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd.
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,

Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: Oh! glorious he, beyond
His daring peers, when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd, the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide.
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigour; or amain
Into pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If the stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated hunger bids his brother thirst
Produce the mighty bowl: the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,

On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick die
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon; while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last, these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle, and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus, as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.
 That moment, touch'd is every kindred soul;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;

While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

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

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
Oh ! may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see ; a nobler game,
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress,
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
Diselosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties ; in their race
To rear their graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make ;
And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.
This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank,

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

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd, and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,

Dwells in their gelid pores, and, active, points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day,
 Oh! lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene and plain,
 Where simple nature reigns, and every view,
 Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks.
 Meantime, the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving da .
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat,
 Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
 Here, wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
 Of nature ever open; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought ;
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots ;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing, to the south ;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we, a moment, fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs : the clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to call th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain : the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy :
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;

The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety, but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray ;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all :
As when, of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,

The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling valcs.
Old Ocean too, sucks through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say, then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
Oh! lay the mountains bare, and wide display
Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view.
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds.
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream.
Oh! from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspiau and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the stony girdle of the world;*
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Welikî Camenypoys*, that is, the great stony girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
Oh! sweep th' eternal snows. Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread. Unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending mountains of the Moon.*
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold.
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose.
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep, I hear them labouring to get free.
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts,
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all the Monomotapa.

The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, welling out around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 The exhaling sun, the vapour-burthen'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that, to rain condens'd,
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

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

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of liberty,
 The stork assembly meets, for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take

Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now, their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round, and round in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides,
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise,
Infinite wings, till all the plume-dark air
And rude-resounding shore are one wild cry?
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view;
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,

Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook,)

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

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that god-like, luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Through late posterity; some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry; to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain,
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil;

How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow, nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And fall on thee, Argyle,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
Calm and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While, mix'd in thee, combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,

Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

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

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

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strain so late

Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
Oh ! let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits, falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes.
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,

Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness, and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high ; devotion rais'd
To rapture and divine astonishment ;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear ;
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowring shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms,
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or, is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining, through the cheerful land,

In countless numbers blest Britannia sees ;
 Oh ! lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise, of Stowe.*
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionja's shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes, such varied art
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art, that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that temple† where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind :
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hands,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou
 To mark the varied movements of the heart ;
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks. Oh ! through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence, that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue, in Stowe Gardens.

And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes.
What pity, Cobham, though thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turned to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, half-blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots. EnswEEPing first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once,
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew;
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till, the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy phrenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce-ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck

The unalterable hour. Even nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage. The waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now, black and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost: and gay variety
One universal blot; such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge,
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog,
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah! see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still-heaving hive, at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fixed o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower; for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away;
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam; for this sad fate?
O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation! When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food

Can you not borrow, and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds,
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate and wild, with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high;
 Infinite splendour wide investing all.
 How still the breeze, save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain!
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied;
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth;
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age, too, shines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd!
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not!
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death! What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state!
What though he knows not those fantastic joys

That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all!
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content; in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring.
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the
 bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health, ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain
 And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.

Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right ;
An iron race ! and those of fairer front
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year ;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshened soul. Her genial hours
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,

And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.
In Summer, he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung,
Or what she dictates writes; and oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night, the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;

For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man.
O Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude, my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!



WINTER.

ARGUMENT.

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

WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my
theme,

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough do-
main ;

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

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The muse, O Wilmington ! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year ;
Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,

Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal;
A steady spirit, regularly free.

These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot, These, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarcely spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air, as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky,
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,

Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies, a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,

Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade,
 Thither the household feathery people crowd;
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and talkful there
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along.
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream.
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
 That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings!
 Ye, too, ye winds! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
 In what far distant region of the sky,

Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye, when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd, red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while, rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray,
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plamy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rocks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.

Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while, from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm, with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. Now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep;
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of they rocks the shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,

The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus, struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain,
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
 Then too, they say, through all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant
 sighs

That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commix'd
 With stars, swift gliding, sweep along the sky.
 All nature reels, till nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm.
 Then, straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
 As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious night,
 And contemplation, her sedate compeer.
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

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

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
Oh ! teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise ; and, fuming dun
From all the livid east or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower de-
scends,

At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast ; dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robes of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,

Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will: lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing

Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and, foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When, for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;

Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water ; of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm,
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround ;
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain ;—
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame ;—how many bleed,

By shameful variance betwixt man and man ;—
 How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs ;—how many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery ;—sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty ;—how many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse ;—
 Even in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress ;—how many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think.
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate.
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here, can I forget the generous band,*
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Into the horrors of the gloomy jail;
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn;
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice;
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd,
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep,
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled?
Oh! great design, if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal!
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search.
Drag forth the legal monsters into light.
Wrench from their bands oppression's iron rod;
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains: in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,

Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
 Burning for blood, bony, and gaunt, and grim,
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend,
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.

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

A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,

Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while, without,
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene,
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume, and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First, Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible; calm reason's holy law;
That voice of God within the attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life or death;
Great moral teacher, wisest of mankind!
Solon, the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by tender laws
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and human kind.

Lycurgus, then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted chief,* who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's† fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears,
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
 Shock off the load of young debauch ; abroad,
 The scourge of Persian pride ; at home, the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,‡
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the brother, while the tyrant bled.
 And, equal to the best, the Theban pair‡
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 Phocion, the good ; in public life severe,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

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

Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times,
 Which knew no stain, save that, with partial flame,
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd :
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons ;—
 Servius, the king who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
 Then the great consuls venerable rise :
 The public father* who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad ;—
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes ;—
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;—

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough;—
 Thy willing victim, Carthage,* bursting loose
 From all that pleading nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious called, and honour's dire command;—
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With friendship and philosophy retir'd;—
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome;—
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme;—
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes, in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun?
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain!
 Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song; and, equal by his side,
 The British muse: join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame;
 Nor absent are those shades whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene;
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd the enchanting lyre.

First of your kind! society divine!

* Regulus.

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

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling
pride,
The friend, and lover, of the tuneful throng !
Ah ! why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hopes so soon ?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast ; that treasure'd store
Of knowledge, early gained ; that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the hand
Of youthful patriots who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit ; that rapture for the muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which had with softest light thy virtues smile ?
Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd ;
With them would search, if nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising, from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from the Eternal Mind ;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order ; fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time ;
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream

Of rural life; or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would ply the shapes
Of frolic fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While, well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all;
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy

To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp.
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

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

O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,

* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Of polish'd life ; permit the rural muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every muse has in thy train a place.)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind ;
To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
Rejects the allurements of corrupted power ;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court ;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind, well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects :
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
Oh ! let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then, dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears.
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts : call'd from the heart,
The obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And even reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power ; as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muse ;
For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,

For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life,
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain,
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser, at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen
 stores

Deriv'd, thou secret, all-invading power,
 Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool

Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river grows below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief.
The heifer lows: the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;

And by the frost refin'd, the whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon,
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray ;

Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns, far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
With news of human kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet, cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour; tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.

* The old name for China.

There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.

There through the piny forest half absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn.

Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise the insensate barbarous trade of war.

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

They ask no more than simple nature gives.
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his spiral course he winds;
And, as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,

Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
 And, fring'd with roses, Tengliot† rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these at eve,
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice-happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From regal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, falling gradual, life at length goes out,
 The muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.‡
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,§
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;

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

† The same author observes: "I was surpris'd to see upon the banks of this river (the Tengliot) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

‡ The other hemisphere.

And, through his airy hall, the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward, to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps, frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's* fate,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent, by Queen Elizabeth, to discover the north-east passage.

As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd ?)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full-exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 stream

Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here, by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness, they know ; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without ;
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform ;
 New-moulding man ? Wide stretching from these
 shores,

A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.

Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And, while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! Behold the matchless prince
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land and every port,
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes.
Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste,
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign.
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd.
The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar.
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:

For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great example show'd.

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

Spotted the mountains shine: loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,

Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,

O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,

A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain

Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,

That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more

Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.

And, hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,

And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,

That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors

Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,

While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks

More horrible. Can human force endure

The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?

Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,

The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,

Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,

And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,

Tempest the loosen'd brine, while, through the gloom,

Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 • Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! Awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge; why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more.
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

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

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh ! talk of Him in solitary glooms, -
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him.
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations; while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls! be hush'd the prostrate world!
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Beat out afresh, ye hills! ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound! the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise! for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once, the head, the heart, and tongue, of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;

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

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable.
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Post mihi non simili pœnâ commissa luctis,

Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :

Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,

Sed mihi sorte datum.

Virg.

BRITANNIA.

As on the sca-beat shore Britannia sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame
Deep in her anxious heart revolving sad,
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace, discontented, nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly round,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
Of Nations spoke; and what she said, the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

Even not yon sail, that from the sky-mix'd wave
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the royal youth,*
A freight of future glory to my shore;
Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage,
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares

* Frederick, Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize,
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild, made by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages mine ;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace ?
This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before ?
And sail'd my fleets for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds,
The mockery of war ; while hot Disease,
And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds
For action ardent, and, amid the deep,
Inglorious sunk them in a wat'ry grave ?
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd ;
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin, her sons asham'd,
Thus idly to review their native shore,
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along.
That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and swaet beneath Equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Where once the British Lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,

Darcs rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?

There was a time (Oh! let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge, like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze.
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated War
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb;
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few!
With tempest black the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides.
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And, seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
Then too, from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,

The scattered remnants drove ; on the blind shelve
 And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian isles.

Such were the dawns of my wat'ry reign ;
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Ev'n in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
 Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm.
 Ah ! what must those immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts ? those, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace ?
 Ah ! how with indignation must they burn,
 (If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
 With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
 For which their wisdom plann'd, their counsel glow'd,
 And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age !

Oh ! first of human blessings, and supreme,
 Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
 By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspecting faith ; while honest Toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling, distils into the verdant glebe ;
 Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,

When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field ;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound ;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
O Peace! thou source and soul of social life,
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee '
Who bids the Trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;
Who sheaths the murderous b'ade ; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns !
And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings,
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor soothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive sings of him.
Nor joys one land alone : his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?

What painful patience? what incessant care?
 What mix'd anxiety? what sleepless toil?
 Even from the rash, protected, what reproach?
 For ho thy value knows, thy friendship, he,
 To human nature; but the better thou,
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable War; when ruffian Force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state,
 Even the good patient man, whom Reason rules,
 Rous'd by bold insult and injurious rage,
 With sharp and sudden check th' astonish'd sons
 Of Violence confounds, firm as his cause
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad,
 His eyes effulging a peccaliar fire;
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,
 His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

And what, my thoughtless Sons! should fire you
 more

Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the deep
 The least beginning injury receives?
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?
 Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
 What better cause, than when your country sees
 The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
 For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
 To keep your trade entire, entire the force
 And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
 Even with a hand severe and jealous eye.
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
 By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;

But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still : let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away ?
And is a Briton seiz'd ? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet ?
Then ardent rise ! Oh ! great in vengeance rise !
O'erturn the proud : teach Rapine to restore ;
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea !
A state alone where Liberty should live
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more !
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this these rocks around your coasts were thrown,
For this your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth : for this your hearts
Swell with a sudden courage, growing still
As danger grows ; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand ;
And unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of Conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell

Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.

For, should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,

Steep rushing down to that devouring gulf
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.

And should the big redundant flood of Trade,

In which ten thousand thousand labours join

Their several currents, till the boundless tide

Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,

Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point

Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,

Ne'er to be won again ; its ancient tracts

Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,

With all around a miserable waste.

Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile,

Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks

And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach

Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash

An Ethiopian deluge foams amain ;

(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky)

Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd

On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,

If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,

Were then a more uncomfortable wild,

Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,

Britons ! your boasted isle ; her princes sunk,

Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust,

Unnerv'd her force, her spirit vanquish'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away,
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was, her merchants scatter'd wide,
Her hollow shops shut up, and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of Labour heard no more.

Oh! let not, then, waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh! let not the soft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty, the high conception blast,
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
For general good erasing from the mind;
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passion, all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast,
Induc'd at last, by scarce perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government
And life a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes,
The human being almost quite extinct,
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh! shun that gulf; that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty,

The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots, borrow flame,
Even where the keen depressive North descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate, his powers!
While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
And may a public spirit from the Throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile;
As when, profuse of Spring, the loosen'd West
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, light, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores;
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak. The country claims our active aid.
That let us roam, and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my sons, the sons of Freedom! meet
In awful senate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth, myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.

This said, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale, and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Castle high of indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where, for a little time, alas !
We lived right jollily.

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

2. In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill 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,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half em-
brown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

3. Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence keet
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.

Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every where their waters sheen,
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made.

4. 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 grasshopper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

5. Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood, [move.
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
 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, [to flow.
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

6. A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky ;
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Justil 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.

7. The landscape 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 ;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate, [estate.
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's

8. Thither continual pilgrim's crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass thereby ;
 For as they chanc'd to breathe on neigh'ring 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 :—

9. ' 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 flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

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

11. ' Outcast of Nature, man ! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away 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.

12. ' Come ye ! who still the cumb'rous 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,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight ; O come, ye weary wights ! to me,

13. ' With me you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

14. ' No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear ;
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall ;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear.
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear ;

But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

15. ' Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent
ease,
Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down ;
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please ;
On other's 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.

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

17. ' The best of men have ever lov'd repose ;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sow'rs, and gradual rancour grows ;
Embitter'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 stol'n away ;
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

18. ' But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here :
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,

Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
 Or, softly stealing, with your 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 zephyr's sigh,
 Attuned to the birds' and woodland's melody.

19. ' O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden comes, blind unrelenting Fate,
 And gives 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 untöiling may obtain.'

20. He ceas'd ; but still their trembling ears re-
 The deep vibrations of his witching song, (tain'd,
 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 slipt 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.

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

22. When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight,

And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate,
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
 Not strouger 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 grap will that encounter rue.

23. From 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 varnish'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 waveth very weakly as she warms, [harms.
 Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious

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

25. 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 at hand to disengage
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So the same limber page to all performed it.

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

27. Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court upthrew
 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, [grow,
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ; [more fair.
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams

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

29. Straight of these endless numbers, swarming
 As thick as idle notes in sunny ray, [round,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way ;
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area.
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd
 No living creature could be seen to stray,

While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,
So that to think you dreamt, you almost was con-
strain'd.

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

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

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

33. The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
No cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self open'd into halls, where who can tell

* On the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides

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'd around in seemly band,
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head, [bed.
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling

34. 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 sigh or sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd, [play'd.
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses

35. 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.

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

37. Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning
Depainted was the patriarchal age, [hand,
What time Dan Abram left the Chaldea land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage :
Toil was not then. Of nothing they took heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
Blest sons of Nature they ! true Golden Age indeed !

38. Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay gloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes th' 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.

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

40. A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But side-long, 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.

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

42. Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of caliphs old, who on the 'Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore ;
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore, †
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

43. 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 melt :
At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all, [hall.
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy

* 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.

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

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

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

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

47. Ye guardian spirits ! to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :
 Angels of fancy, and of love ! be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let them virtue with a look impart ;
 But chief awhile, 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.

48. Or are you sportive !—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares 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 wand'ring wide,
My Muse ! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

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

50. Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd.
Here you a muck-worm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penury,
Most like to carcass parch'd on gallows-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 queuch'd his fire and banished his pot.

51. Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;

Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen, him among them share ;
 His father's ghost from Limbo like, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

52. This globe portray'd the race of learned men
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
 As if 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, [store?
 And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly

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

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

55. But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife ;

* The morning star.

Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to wage, and blood around to pour :
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

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

57. Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark ;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involv'd, not dark ;
As scot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;
But these his talents were yburied stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing could impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

58. To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brooks with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homewards through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow: so had he passed many a day.

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

60. With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),
 One shy'er 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
 The glittering star of eve—' Thank heaven! the day
 is done.'

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

62. One day there chanc'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,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

63. 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 grovelling on the dreary shore ;
Taught by this son of Joy we found it so,
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd Castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

64. 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.

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

66. ' Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue !
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade [come ;
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 spark,
 Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-park.

67. Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age,
 But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A nobler pride restored him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a giant 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,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judg-
 ment takes.

68. A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
 † Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
 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 strain,
 Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

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

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the Author.

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

71. 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 show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be !
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,
But far is cast the distaff, spinning wheel and loom.

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

73. Now must I mark the villany we found ;
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan,

For of these wretches taken was no care ;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

74. Alas! the change! from scenes of joy, and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snoring 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, [breath.
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the

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

76. A lady proud she was of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear, her pride made crouchen low.
She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all physie which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever waving to and fro:
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she kuew not
why.

77. 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 lov'd 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 :
 While Apoplexy crammi'd Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
 And his achievements fair,
 That by the Castle's overthrow
 Secur'd and crowned were.

1. 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,
 And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

2. Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil !
 To every labour its reward accrues,
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;
 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,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

3. I care not, Fortune! what you me deny ;
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,

Through which Aurora 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 :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

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

5. In fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yelep'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 in biting January sore,
 He still in woods pursu'd the libbard, and the boar.

6. As he one moruing, 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 cot his steps decoy ;
 There up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy ;
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

7. Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a Knight of muckle fame,

Of active mind and vigorous lustyhead,
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame:
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
 The same to him glad summer or the wiuter breame:

8. So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through his 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.

9. Oft 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-

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

11. At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal 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.

12. Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
 Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits,
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
 Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;
 Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school, [pool.
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vast ocean

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

14. Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;
 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.

15. A rugged wight, the worst of brutes was
 man ;
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd ;
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so !

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

17. To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast ;
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
 All careless rambling where it liked them most :
 Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' 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.

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

19. Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever Arts and Industry can frame ;
 Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
 Fair Queen of Arts ! from heaven itself who came
 When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame :
 And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
 And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
 That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :
 Nature and Art at once delight and use combin'd.

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

21. The drooping Muses them he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd city* by Propontic sea,
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,

* Constantinople.

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.

22. 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 sunshine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may
 And where they nothing have to do but please :
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other
 fees.

23. 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 puffed-up Vanity, not Fame !
 Unbroken spirits cheer ! still, still remains
 Th' eternal patron, Liberty ! whose flame,
 Whilst she protects, inspires the noblest strains ;
 The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

24. When as 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,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the
heart.

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

26. Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him
milk.

Witness, ye flock ! whose woolly vestments far
Exceeds soft India's cotton or her silk ;
Witness, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding ear,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild :
O hide thy head, abominable War !
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child :
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories
vild.

27. Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural-Industry ;
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify ;
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods embrown the steep, or wave along the
shore.

28. As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd Nature with a finer hand :
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach ;
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.
 In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd ;
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
 A happy place ; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature
 stray'd.

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

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

31. The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
 The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 'Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call ;
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !

The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows.⁷
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable ead : his eye full speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
 breaks.

32. ' I will (he cry'd), so help me, God ! destroy
 That villain Archimage.' His page then straight
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
 Renempt Dispatch. ' My steed be at the gate ;
 My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of Fate.'⁸
 This net was twisted by the sisters three, [late
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too
 Repentance coines : replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

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

34. ' Come (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd
 mine ear :
 The demon Indolence threats overthrow
 To all that to mankind is good and dear :
 Come, Philomelus ! let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men ! who will be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe !

* The nightingale.

But some there be thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigour
 saves.'

35. Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star [breed,
 Shone blazing bright ; sprung from the generous
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,
 He pranc'd along disdaining gate or bar.
 Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;
 An honest, sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode ;
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

36. They talk'd of virtæ, and of human bliss ;
 What else so fit for man to settle well !
 And still their long researches met in this,
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel ;
 ' From virtue's fount the purest joys outwell,
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul :
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell ;
 The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole
 Will thro' the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent
 roll.'

37. At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
 rear.
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
 And, spite even of themselves, their senses cheer ;
 Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer :
 Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
 Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd
 glad.

38. 'As God shall judge me, Knight! we must
 The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd, [forgive,
 '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.'

39. 'Ay, sicker (quoth the Knight), all flesh is
 frail.

To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
 But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 And think to 'scape 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 lave.'

40. Thus holding high discourse, they came to
 where

The cursed carl was at his wonted trade,
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise as I before have said:
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

41. 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.
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings !

42. 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,
 Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
 Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the Knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew
 its power.

43. As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius* trapp'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.
 Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro :
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down, and guaw'd his bitter nail.

44. Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around,
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprites in cavern bound ;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,
 And lightnings flash'd and horror rock'd the ground :

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversaries.

Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with blemish'd
 look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had
 shook.

45. Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd 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
 start.'

46. 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 the prelude to his rising song ;
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round
 him throng.

47. Thus, ardent, burst his strain :—
 ' Ye hapless race ;
 Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
 What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say ?
 What but eternal never resting soul,
 Almighty power, and all-directing day,
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll :
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole ?

48. ' Come, to the beaming God your heart 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.

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

50 ' It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the art,
 In all supreme ! complete in ev'ry part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

51. ' Had unambitious mortals minded nought
 But in loose joy their time to wear away,
 Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
 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.

52 ' 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,
 Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
 swains,
 Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's
 plains.

53. ' Dumb, too, had been the sage historic
 Muse,
 And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame !
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 Who then had scorn'd his ease for 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 !

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

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

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

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

58. ' Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
 To senates some, and public sage debates,
 Where by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
 The world is 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.

59. ' There are, I see, who listen to my lay.
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair,
 All may be done (methinks I hear them say),
 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 !

60. ' Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way, like lions stand,
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire !
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 Here to mankind indulg'd ; control desire ;
 Let godlike Reason from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word—I will—and it is done.

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

62. 'Enough! enough!' they cried.—Straight,
 from the crowd,
 The better sort on wings of transport fly:
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phoebus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
 Glad-warbling thro' the vales, in their new being gay.

63 Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up those new-created men,
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshy den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies again;
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its pow'rs,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers;
 Ev'n such enraptur'd life—such energy was ours.

64. 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 you heav'n sub-
 lime.'

65. 'Ye impious wretches!' quoth the Knight in
 wrath,
 'Your happiness behold!'—Then straight a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.

Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand ;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand ;
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature
 crawls around.

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

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

68. ' O Heav'n ! ' they cried, and do we once more
 see
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?
 Are we from noisome damps of pest house free ?
 And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?
 O thou ! or Knight or God ! who holdest there

That fiend, oh ! keep him in eternal chains !
 But what for us, the children of Despair,
 Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?
 Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.'

69. The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silvery beard some tears :
 ' Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n 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 truly contrite heart that cheers ;
 She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven ;
 She more than mercy softens—she rejoices Heaven.

70. ' Then patient bear the sufferings you have
 And by these sufferings purify the mind : [earn'd
 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 win you to the
 skies.'

71. 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 sears,
 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 ?'

72. 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 lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

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

74. Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescue'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 dells and deserts dire to yell ;
Amaz'd their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repent-
ance feign'd.

75. But ah ! their scorned day of grace was past ;
For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses 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.
 Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fire'd the
 cloudless air.

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

77. The first was with base dunghill rags yelad,
 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 a piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;
 Direful to see ! a heart-appaling sight !
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile,
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

78. The other was a fell despiteful fiend ;
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below ;
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd ;
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
 With nose upturn'd, he always made a show
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from Boreal snow,
 And taunts he castern forth most bitterly.
 Such were the twain that off drove these ungodly fry

79. Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,

A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along,
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud, [song,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous
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 ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting tone.

EXPLANATION

OF

THE OBSOLETE WORDS.

<i>Archmage</i> , chief, or greatest of magicians or enchanters.	<i>Eftsoons</i> , immediately, often, afterward.
<i>Apaid</i> , repaid.	<i>Eke</i> , also.
<i>Appal</i> , affright.	<i>Fays</i> , fairies.
<i>Atween</i> , between.	<i>Gear</i> , or <i>Geer</i> , furniture, equipage, dress.
<i>Ay</i> , always.	<i>Glaive</i> , sword. (Fr)
<i>Bale</i> , sorrow, trouble, misfortune.	<i>Glee</i> , joy, pleasure.
<i>Benept</i> , named.	<i>Have</i> , have.
<i>Blazon</i> , pointing, displaying.	<i>Hight</i> , named, called; and sometimes it is used for <i>is called</i> . See Stanza vii.
<i>Breme</i> , cold, raw.	<i>Idless</i> , idleness.
<i>Carol</i> , to sing songs of joy.	<i>Imp</i> , child, or offspring; from the Saxon <i>impan</i> , to graft or plant.
<i>Caurus</i> , the north-east wind.	<i>Kest</i> , for cast.
<i>Certes</i> , certainly.	<i>Lad</i> , for led.
<i>Don</i> , a word prefixed to names.	<i>Lad</i> , a piece of land, or meadow.
<i>Deftly</i> , skilfully.	<i>Libbard</i> , leopard.
<i>Depainted</i> , painted.	<i>Lig</i> , to lie.
<i>Drowsy-head</i> , drowsiness.	
<i>Eath</i> , easy.	

Loosel, loose idle fellow.
Louting, bowing, beuding.
Lithe, loose, lax.
Mell, mingle.
More, more.
Moil, to labour.
Note, might.
Muckle, or *Mockle*, much, great.
Nathless, nevertheless.
No, nor.
Necessaries, necessities.
Nourseting, a child that is nursed.
Noyance, harm.
Frankt, coloured, adorned gaily.
Pardie, (Fr. par Dieu), an old oath.
Prick'd thro' the forest, rode thro' the forest.
Scar, dry, burnt up.
Shcen, bright, shining.

Sicker, sure, surely.
Soot, sweet, or sweetly.
Sooth, true, or truth.
Stoward, misfortune, pang.
Swelfry, sultry, consuming with heat.
Swink, to labour.
Swarkt, savoured.
Thrall, slave.
Transnew'd, transform'd.
Vild, vile.
Unkempt (Lat. incomptus), unadorned.
Ween, to think, be of opinion.
Weet, to know, to weet, to wit.
Whilom, ere-while, formerly.
Wight, man.
Wis, for *wist*, to know, think, understand.
Wonne (a noun), dwelling.
Wroke, wrenkt.

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and en at the end of a word, for the same reason, as withouten, casten, &c.

Fborn, born.
Fblent, or *blent*, blended, mingled.
Fclad, clad.
Fclaped, called, named.

Ffere, together.
Fmolten, melted.
Fode, (preter, tense of *yede*), went.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY MR. COLLINS,

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on
the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweet shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Thall sadly seem, in pity's ear,
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire,
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou ! who ownest that earthy bed,
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
 Our tears, which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near !
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year !

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see ! the fairy valleys fade ;
 Dun night has veiled the solemn view !
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assigned to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls, shall dress,
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes !
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !





