

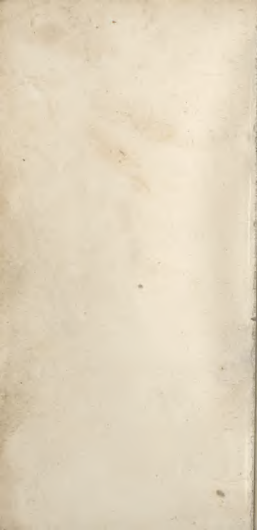


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of the ...



1832

THE
SEASONS,

WITH
A POEM

TO THE
MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON:

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A N A C C O U N T

OF
his Life and Writings,

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall dutious rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!—*Collins.*

KILMARNOCK:

PRINTED BY AND FOR R. MATHIE.

1822.

ADDITIONAL

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THE LIFE
OF
THOMSON.



MR. THOMSON was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place: A man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but justly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was Hume, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country: a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which rais'd her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of Jedburgh; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his schoolmaster, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

But his merit did not lie long concealed. The Reverend Mr. Riccarton, minister of Hobb-kirk, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon

non penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnish'd him with proper books, and corrected his performances.

Sir William Bennet, likewise well known for his gay humour, and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr. Thomson, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat: A scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day: committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After spending the usual time at school, in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr. Thomson was removed to the university of Edinburgh. Here, as at the country school, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuously of him; and the master, under whom he studied, had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than the pupils.

In the second year after his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to re-

ceive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

After having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr. Thomson was entered in the divinity hall as one of the candidates for the ministry; where the students before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years' attendance. The divinity chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of *God* are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiarist: for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great share. Their search however proved fruitless; and Mr. Thomson continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr. Hamilton acted a more noble and friendly part:

as his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful to the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in a language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; even though the church had been more his free choice than probably it was; but perhaps he might still have pursued the clerical profession, had not the following accident opened more extensive views.

About this time Mr. Thomson had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr. Riccarton, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr. Auditor Benson, who expressing his admiration of it, said that he doubted not that if the author were in London, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of Benson's was communicated to Thomson by a letter, probably from a lady of quality a friend of his mother's then in London; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

Our author went first to Newcastle by land where he took shipping, and landed at Bilinggate. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr. Mallet, who then lived in

never-square, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and brother, Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant seacer. With this gentleman, though much junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any usual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side; a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.

Mr. Thomson, upon his coming to London, was likewise very kindly received by Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Sessions, then attending the service of Parliament: who recommended him to several of his friends, particularly

Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman from a connoisseur in painting was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author.

In the meantime, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, embolden'd him to ask the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet. This poem, the first finish'd of all the *Seasons*, and the first performance he publish'd, was originally wrote in detach'd pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr. Mallet they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request

of this gentleman, he wrote the other two Seasons.

The approbation of the poem of Winter met with from some of our author's friends was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who perhaps not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expense on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses; but at last the difficulty was surmounted. Mr. Mallet offered it to Mr. Millar, afterwards bookseller in the Strand, who without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr. Millar had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; the impression lay like waste paper on his hands, few copies being sold, till by an accident it was discovered. One Mr. Whatley, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened to cast his eyes upon it; and, finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstacy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had those who read the poem

tion to complain of Mr. Whateley's exaggeration; for they found it so completely beautiful, they could not but think themselves happy in doing justice to a man of so much merit. It heretofore was the fate of the great Milton, whose works were only to be found in the libraries of the curious, or judicious few, till Addison's remarks spread a taste for them; and at length it became unfashionable not to have read him.

The poem of Winter is, perhaps, the most loved as well as most picturesque, of any of the four Seasons. The scenes are grand and lively. It is in that season that the creation appears distressed, and nature assumes a melancholy air; an imagination so poetical as Mr. Thomson's, was admirably fitted to paint those vapours, and storms, and clouds, the very descriptions of which, fill the soul with solemn dread. As told of Mr. Riccarton, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a Bookseller's shop in Edinburgh, he stood amaz'd; and after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he snatched the poem from his hand in an ecstasy of admiration. Mr. Thomson's digressions too, the overflowings of a tender heart, charm the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the poet, or love the man.

From this time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; among whom were the Countess of Hartford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and

others. But the chief happiness which Winter procured him, was, that it brought acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry; who upon conversing our author, and finding in him qualities great still, and of more value than those of a poet received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor Talbot; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make a tour of Europe, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him.

The poem of Winter meeting with such universal applause, Mr. Thomson was induced to write the other three Seasons, which he finished with equal success. Summer made its first appearance in the year 1727; Spring, in the beginning of the following year; and Autumn a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1728. In that edition the seasons are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite Power and Goodness.

When Mr. Thomson first came to London he was in very narrow circumstances; and before he was distinguished by his writings, many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon publication of the Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Qu

who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author; and, upon stricter enquiry, he was told that Mr. Thomson was in the bailiff's hands, at a spunging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went: and being admitted into his chamber, 'Sir,' said he, in his usual tone of voice, 'You don't know me, I believe, but my name is Quin.' Mr. Thomson received him very politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr. Thomson made the proper reply; and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When the supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, it was now time to enter upon business. Mr. Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) 'Sir,' says Mr. Quin, 'you mistake my meaning; I owe you an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you.' Mr. Thomson with a disconsolate air replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. 'No, by G--d,' said Quin, raising his voice, 'I'd be d---'d before I would

do that. I say, I owe you an hundred pound and there it is,' (laying a bank note of that value before him.) Mr. Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. 'Why,' says Quin, 'I'll tell you: Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and, among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons an hundred pounds; and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it: and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about.' It is needless to express Mr. Thomson's grateful acknowledgments; we shall leave every reader to conceive them.

In the year 1727, Mr. Thomson published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved eulogium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, took a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the Newtonian Philosophy, who on that occasion, gave him a very exact and general abstract of its principles.

At this time the resentment of our merchants against the Spaniards, for interrupting their trade in America, running very high, c

author zealously took part in it, and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem be the less read, that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honorable Mr. Charles Talbot on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe, and having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to England. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy, well-poised government, with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the

subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of his poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734, which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself: which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event, Mr. Thomson found himself from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the ice-ware Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord Lyttleton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Charles Talbot, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, had made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting that Mr. Thomson would apply for it, he was dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place, which he might have enjoyed with little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed with time, his usual cheerfulness; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which though simple, was genial and elegant.

Mr. Miller was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands, and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would of themselves interpose if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of His Royal Highness *Frederic* Prince of Wales, who upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttleton, then his chief favorite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance, which does equal honor to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord Lyttleton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

Among the latest of Mr. Thomson's productions, is the *Castle of Indolence*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of railery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them at least as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important lessons. It is written in imitation of Spenser's style; and the obsolete words, with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the lu-

dicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

We shall now consider Mr. Thomson as dramatic writer.

In the year 1729, about five years after he had been in London, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess, upon which the famous Nathaniel Lee has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.

As Mr. Thomson could not but feel all the emotions and sollicitudes of a young author the first night of his play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would sometimes whisper to himself. 'Now, such a scene is to open;' by which he was soon discovered to be the author, by some gentlemen, who could not on account of the great crowd, be situated in any other part of the house.

After an interval of about nine years, Mr. Thomson exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr. Pope acted a very friendly part to Mr. Thomson on this occasion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation the first night with his presence, which, as he had not been for some time at

ay, was considered as a very great instance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable; and afforded him a very reasonable supply, after he had lost his office by the death of Lord Talbot, and was still out of place.

In the year 1739, Mr. Thomson offered to the stage his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favor of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still sore from certain squinades, which had lately produced the stage act; and as little satisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think by his command. This refusal drew after it another; and in a play which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous: Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his deputy, and then his successor in the general surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic-muse; and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius, the German hero. But this play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a license, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing, in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried, away with it! and the au-

thor's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the prince of Wales, Mr. Thomson, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, wrote, the *Masque of Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet, in the year 1751.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was his *Tancred and Sigismunda* acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance *Gil Blas*: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few but active; and the attention never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr. Thomson's plays; and from the deep romantic distress of the love still continues to draw crowded houses.

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

One summer evening, being alone, in a walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and, in that condition, impudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill on the river, which his walk to his house, the upper end of Kew-lane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that

was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. — This lamented death happened on the 7th of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttleton, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in Scotland. My Lord Lyttleton's prologue to his piece was admired as one of the best that ever had been written; the best spoken it certainly was. Mr. Quin was the particular friend of Mr Thomson; and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaint-

ance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes :

- ' He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear,
- ' Alas I feel I am no actor here ;)
- ' He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
- ' So clear of interest, so devoid of art ;
- ' Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal ;
- ' No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.'

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr. Quin here excelled himself ; nor did he ever appear so great an actor as at this instant, when he declared himself none.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in Westminster Abbey. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr. A. Millar published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works, 4to, the entire profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose : and it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences, should be remitted to his relations.

THE SEASONS.

Spring.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford—The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; 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.

COME, gentle SPRING! ethereal Mildness, come!
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

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

And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts!
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost, 15
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,

And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
 Deform the day delightless; so that scarce 21
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'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. 25

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 sublimic, and spreads them
 thin, 30

Fleecy and white o'er all-surrounding heaven.
 Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers, 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used
 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 40
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the
 glebe.

White through the neiglib'ring fields the
 sower stalks
 With measured step; and liberal throws th'
 grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the secret

Be gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious
Man

Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes! blow;
Ye softening dews! ye tender showers! descend;
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun! 51
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear,
Such themes as these the rural MARO sung 55
To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refined.

In ancient times the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compared your insect-
tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day, 61
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous BARBOS, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded; as the sea
Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
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; 75
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 Power 80
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,

In various hues; but chiefly these, 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 eberish'd eye.

The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
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, arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95

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, 101

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes; and dash the trem-
bling drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant
maze

Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend

Some eminence, *Augusta*, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled
shower 109

Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies;

If, brushed 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 116
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage
 shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engendered by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
 Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat
 Through buds and bark, into the blackened core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague, the skillful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls;
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
 Or, when th' envenomed 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. 135

Be patient swains! these cruel seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repressed
 Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharged
 with rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, 139
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened 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 heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers
 distent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 146
 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 every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye
 The falling verdure. Flushed in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
 And wait the approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 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 freshened world 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while heaven de-
 scends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180

And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;
 And while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 184

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered
 earth

Is deep enriched 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. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumined 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. 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
 around;

Full sweet the woods; their every music wakes
 Mixed in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows, responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr
 springs.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense: and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion, running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclosed 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He, wondering, views the bright enchantment
 bend

Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but, amazed,
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds:
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanists to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search; or through the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain-
 rock,

Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 229
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mixed them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into the secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
 While yet he lived in innocence, and told 236
 A length of golden years; unfleshed 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. 240

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden-
 ed race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blushed to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
 For their light slumbers gently fumed away;
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round ; and dance and
 sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away : while, in the rosy vale, 250
 Love breathed 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 HEA-
 VEN ; 256

For reason and benevolence were law :
 Harmonious Nature too looked smiling on ;
 Clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all ; the youthful sun 259
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, played secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy ; 265
 For music held the whole in perfect peace ;
 Soft sighed the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Applied their quire ; and winds and waters
 flowed

In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemished manners,
 whence

The fabling poets took their golden age, 272
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distempered mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
 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 deformed, 280
 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, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never cloyed desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bliss 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. 295
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Formed infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling,
 grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust and hatred, winding wiles,
 Toward deceit and ruffian violence;
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturbed
 Is deemed, vindictive, to have changed her course.
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came;
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arched
 The central waters round, impetuous rushed 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
 While dashed the waves, in undulation vast

Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 515

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppressed a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Greened all the year; and fruits and blossoms
Blushed,

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough; 521
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reigned, save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse; for then nor
storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 525
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous gloom
Swelled in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hug not, relaxing, on the springs of life.

But now, of turbid elements the sport, 538
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finished ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies,
Though with the pure exhilarating soul 255
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined Man
Is now become the lion of the plain, 540
And worse. The wolf, who from the nighty
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 tempered
high,

With hunger stung and wild necessity; 345

Nor lodges pity in their slaggish breast.

But Man, whom Nature formed of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,

And taught alone to weep; while from her lap

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs 351

And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain;

Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair
form!

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on
Heaven,

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 343

And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,

Blood-stained, deserves to bleed; but you, ye
flocks,

What have you done? ye peaceful people; what,

To merit death? you, who have given us milk
in luscious streams and lent us your own coat 360

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 365

And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

Even 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, 370

In this late age, advent'rous, to have touched

Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.

High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous
strain,

Whose wisest will has fixed us in a state

That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured
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, 380
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare,
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm, 385
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;

Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

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 their hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
brooks ; 397

The next pursue their rocky channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large. 400

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.

Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank, 41
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some
 With various hand proportioned to their force
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw: But should you
 lure 42

From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled rook
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art:
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the flood
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 43
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen
 line;

Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering
 weed,

The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode; 44
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 45

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the

takes from his noon-day throne the scattering
 clouds,
 even shooting listless langour through the
 deeps ;
 then seek the bank where flowering elders
 crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale 442
 its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 the dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade ;
 or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
 lung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid
 wing,
 the sounding culver shoots ; or where the
 hawk,
 high, in the heetling cliff, his aric builds. 451
 here 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
 thwart imagination's vivid eye ; 456
 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 wandering images of things, 460
 smooth every gust of passion into peace ;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 that waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
 Behold ! you breathing prospect bids the
 muse 464
 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 every bud that blows? If fancy then, 47
 Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah! what shall language do? ah! where find
 words

Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 47
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' 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! 48
 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: 49
 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 flowers, to grace thy braid
 hair,

And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweet
 See, where the winding vale its lavish store
 Irrigulous, 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 49

Of blossom'd beads. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd
 soul. 50

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, 505
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Flung 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, 511

And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.

Match'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried
 Eye 515

Distracted wanders: now the bowery 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, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,

And polyanthus of unnumber'd dies;

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. 5
 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, the exulting florist mark
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud
 First-born of *Spring*, to *Summer's* musky tribe
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonqui
 Of potent fragrance; nor *Narcissus* fair, 5
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, showered from every bush, the damask-ros
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 5
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOU
 Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENC
 hail!

To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thought
 Continual climb; who, with a master-hand, 5
 Has the great whole into perfection touched.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribe,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 5
 By THEE disposed into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swe
 The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detrued to the root 5
 By wintry winds, that now, influent dance
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumeros-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 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, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of *Spring*, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the passions of the groves*.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580
 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, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill voiced 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 trueful nations, Every copse 591
 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 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 606
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake
 The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering farze

Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to the
 Innumerable songsters, in the refreshing shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix 60
 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. 61

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

Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 61
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 62
 Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspired,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck
 Retire disordered; then again approach; 62
 In fond rotation spread their spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire,

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep wood
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 63
 That Nature's *great command* may be obeyed
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 63
 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 roughening waste, their humble texture
 weave.

But most in woodland solitudes delight, 641
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long
 day,

When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant 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, 650
 Beat by unnumbered 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 unobserved,
 Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows. 657

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosened *Spring* around her
 blows,

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
 Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family, demanding food 67
 With constant clamour; O what passions then
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 67
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but formed of generous
 mould,
 And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar
 breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 68
 Sustained alone by providential Heaven,
 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* inspired, 67
 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 alarmed, deceive 69
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around
 the head
 Of wandering swain; the white-winged plover
 wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skins the level lawn, 69
 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 ashamed, here to bemoan

er brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 human caught, and in the narrow cage
 from liberty confined, and boundless air.
 All are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost!
 For is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the
 beech.

then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear,
 on your bosoms innocence can win,
 music engage, or piety persuade! 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 her ruined care, too delicately framed
 to brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 her astonished mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 by the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls,
 her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping, scarce
 can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 There, all abandoned to despair, she sings 720
 her sorrows through the night; and on the
 bough

sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 takes up again her lamentable strain
 of winding wo; till, wide around, the woods
 hark to her song, and with her wail resound. 725
 But now the feathered 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 dissolve
 parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Inlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful; mild,

When nought but balm is breathing thro'
 the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and looks abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er
 boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails, their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretched, 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 lengthening flight
 Till, vanished every fear, and every power
 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 an amazing frown
 On utmost *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the tower
 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,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train
 Flows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 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 high, 779
 Loud threat'ning, reddens: while the peacock
 spreads

His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely-scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful
 neck. 785

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. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
 If pasture sick, and negligent of food, 791
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot, or through the mazy wood
 Rejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Drops, though it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight, and, idly-butting feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing near, 80
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling
 steed,

With this hot impulse seized 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; 81
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountain
 flies,

And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending
 cleaves

The headlong torrents foaming down the hills
 Even where the madness of the straitened
 stream 82

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, 83
 They flounce and tumble in unweildy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind;

How by this flame their native wrath sublime
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 84

The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the
 theme

I sing, enraptured, to the BRITISH FAITH,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,

Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various eadenee; and his sportive lambs.
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee 834
 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, 840
 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! 845
 What is this mighty *Breath*, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven, and through their
 breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
 Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all, 850
 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. 855
 But, tho' concealed, to every 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 860
 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, 865
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing *Spring*, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's wo;
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide
 thought,
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 875
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And liberal 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! 881
 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; 886
 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-eyed Health ex-
 alts 890
 The whole creation round, Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces thought and contemplation still. 895
 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 ! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYRIKTON, the friend ! thy passions thus,
 And meditation's vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, through *Hugley-Park* thou
 stray'st,

Thy *British Tempe* ! There, along the dale, 906
 With woods o'er-hung, 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 thro' the trees, 910
 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 914
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering 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 ; 920
 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, 925

And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
 BRITANNIA'S weal ; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.

Or, turning thence thy view, these graver
 thoughts

The Muses charm; while, with sure taste re-
fined, 930

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 attuned. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 932

And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.

The tender is animated peace;

And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme, 94

You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,

And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,

Unutterable happiness! which love 942

Alone bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair
brow

The bursting prospect spreads immense around
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and

lawn,

And verdant field, and darkening heath between

And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 95

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, 952

To where the broken landscape, by degrees

Ascending, roughens into rigid hills,

O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like f
clouds

That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 96

Now from the virgins heek 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 965
 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 pow'r, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ; 971
 Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
 Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 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 th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 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,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form, the kindling grace,
 Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Hea-
 ven,

Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death ;
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her Syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy,
 Even pres'nt, in the very lap of love

Inglorious laid, while music flows around,
Perfumes; and oils, and wine, and wanton
hours;

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 99

Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart, where honour
still,

And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient-heave. 1000

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 scorned affairs. 1005

'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 1010

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 inattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' 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, 1020

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 thro' the pensive dusk

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1026
 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 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps thro' 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 woos 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 1040
 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 : 1045
 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 awhile to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks,
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or, if retired
 To secret-winding flower enwoven bowers, 1056
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love, 1059
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not
 how,

Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast
 Back from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore, where, succourless and sad
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain; borne by the outrageous
 flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or, whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy, sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love, 1071
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,

'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075

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 1081

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; 1086

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 1090
 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, 1095

Giving false peace moment. Fancy pours
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the
 soul

With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' 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, 1105
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care,
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1111
 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, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love;

Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul; 1119

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 parents buys

The loathing virgin, in eternal care. 112
 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
 Of a mere lifeless violated form ! 113
 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 ! 113
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish
 Something than beauty dearer, should the
 look,
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 114
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows, and every day, 114
 Soft as it rolls along, shews 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, 1150
 To pour the fresh instructions 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, 1155
 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, 1160
 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, 1164
 till 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, 1170
 together down they sink in social sleep !
 together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 to scenes where love and bliss immortal reign !

THE
SEASONS.

Summer.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Invocation—Address to Mr. Deighton—An introductory reflection on the motion of heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons—As the face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the progress of the Poem is a description of a Summer day—The dawn—Sun-rising—Hymn to the sun—V. noon—Summer insects described—Hay-making—Sheep-shearing—Noon-day—A woodland retreat—Groups, herds and flocks—A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind—A cataract and rude scene—View of Summer in the torrid zone—Storm of thunder and lightning—A tale—The storm over, a serene afternoon—Being—Hour of walking—Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain—Sun-set—Evening—Night—Summer meteor—A comet—The whole concluding with Praise of Philosophy.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
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 sun-beam wanders thro' the
gloom;

and on the dárk-green grass, beside the brink
 of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 hills o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 and sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit seat, 15
 mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,
 from thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 not on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 creative of the Poet, every power
 exalting to an ecstacy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 whom the human graces all unite ;
 pure light of mind and tenderness of heart,
 genius and wisdom, the gay social sense
 by decency chastis'd, goodness and wit 25
 a seldom-meeting harmony combined,
 unblemish'd honour and an active zeal
 for BRITAIN'S glory, Liberty, and man ;

DOBDRINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30
 and teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 were first the unwieldy planets launched along
 th'illuminable void ! Thus to remain
 amid the flux of many thousand years, 35

that oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 and all their labour'd monuments, away,
 firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;
 to the kind temper'd change of night and day,
 and of the *Seasons* ever stealing round, 40

Minutely faithful : such th' ALL-PERFECT
 HAND !

That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' 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-eyed morn appears, mother of dew,
 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 quicker
 step

Brown night retires : young day pours in apace
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking current
 shine,

And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpers awkward ; while along the forest glad
 The wild deer trips, 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 th' enlightened soul !

Or else to feverish vanity alive,

Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain

longer than nature craves ; when every Muse
 and every blooming pleasure wait without,
 to bless the wildly devious morning walk ? 80
 But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 rejoicing in the east ! The lessening clouds
 the kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
 fum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all, 85
 slant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
 he looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 and sheds the shining day, that burnished
 plays
 on rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
 streams,
 high-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer,
 Light ! 90

of all material beings first and best !
 flux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 in unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 out of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ? 96
 'Tis by thy secret, strong attractive force,
 as with a chain indissoluble bound,
 thy system rolls entire, from the bourne
 of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
 of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk 101
 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 cum-
 brous orbs 105

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 th' 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 wait thy throne, as through thy vast
main,

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th'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 beam
car,

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 *deus*,
And soften'd 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
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
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.
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee

in dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames,
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean: and, of evening tinct, 150
 The purple streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But all combin'd, 155

Thick through the whit'ning opal play thy beams;

Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes the relucent stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd-flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165

Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this 170

And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM, 1
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven, 15
 That beam for ever through the boundless sk
 But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosen in
 reel

Wide from their spheres and chaos come again
 And yet was every faltering tongue of man
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise ; 18
 Thy works themselves would raise a general
 voice,

Even in the depth of solitary woods,
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
 And to the choir celestial THEE resound, 19
 Th' eternal cause, support and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd,
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight ; as through the falling gloom
 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-raised clouds 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The Face of nature shines, from where earth
 seems,

Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf or flowery bed,

y gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
 While tyrant *heat*, disspreading through the sky
 With rapid sway his burning influence darts
 In man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
 Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Worn by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom re-
 sign
 Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins.
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun, 216
 And 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 re-
 treats, 220
 His flock before him stepping to the fold ;
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health. The daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks,
 That the calm village in their verdant arms 226
 Weltering embrace, direct their lazy flight,
 Where on the nungling boughs they sit em-
 bower'd
 Till the hot noon, till cooler hours arise. 229
 Silent, underneath, the household fowls convene,
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er bill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse dis-
 dain 236
 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. 2

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad, by the light air upborn
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, 2
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 2
By fatal instinct fly, where on the pool
They sportive wheel, or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed 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 2
The meads their choice, and visit every flower
And every latent herb; for the sweet task
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undiscover'd
Employs their tender care. Some to the house
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream 2
They meet their fate, or, weltering in the bowl
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window pro
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce;
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap 2
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
Overlooking all his waving snares around.

For the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 sees, as oft the ruffian shows his front:
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Takes backward grimly pleas'd; the fluttering
 wing,

And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
 To him who muses through the woods at noon,
 The drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd, 284
 With half-shut eyes beneath the floating shade
 Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.
 Gradual, from these what numerous kinds
 descend,

Leading even the microscopic eye!

All nature swarms with life! one wondrous
 mass

Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290

Waiting the vital breath, when PARENT HEA-
 VEN

Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 Of putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 296
 Hides 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, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Lays mantl'd 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 stre
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen people. These conceal
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man; for, if the worlds
 In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst
 From cates ambrossial and the nectar'd bowl
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night
 When silence sleeps o'er all be stunn'd w
 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 an
 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 th' unbounded scheme
 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 astonished 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. 341

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and con-
 volv'd,

The quivering nations sport; till, tempest wing'd,
 Pierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.

Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass 146

An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;

Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350

Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:

The rustie 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 356

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.

Ev'n stooping age is here; and infant hands

Frail 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 361

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,

That throws refreshful round a rural smell:

Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

The russet lay-cock rises thick behind,

In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,

Waiving the breeze, resounds the blended voice

Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,

They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog

Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 3
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys and dog
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 5
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing way
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haub
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream; 5
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race: where as they
 spread

Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray. 3
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this will
 Outrageous tumult a cans, their loud cry plain
 The country fill; and toss'd from rock to rock
 Incessant blentings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerus press'd, 5
 Head above head: and rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the scur'd
 shears,

The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round
 One, chief, in graceful dignity exalted,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and re
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd
 king.

While the glad circle round them yield the
 sculs

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no goal

Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp the master's cipher ready stand ;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 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, 425
 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 ev'n
 now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the
 world. 431

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays,
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the raging 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 437

Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers per-
 fum'd; 445

And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature
 pants.

The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient,
 seem

To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, on intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 I earn not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455

And restless turn, and look around for night;
 Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd, 460

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 rage.

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

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470

Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart, the sallying spring,
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing com-
 fort 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. 479

Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along
 The vocal grove, now fletting 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; 484

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, 490
 Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sus-
 tain'd; 495

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands
 fill'd;

There, listening every noise, his watchful dog,
 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd; 499
 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 504

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 stedfast eye, 510
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, skins the
wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the' inspiring
breath,

Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 425
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd
soul

For future trials fated to prepare; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives

is muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
 of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 backward to mingle in detested war,

(at foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
 and numberless such offices of love, 550
 daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 sacred terror, a severe delight,
 creep through my mortal frame; and thus,
 methinks,

voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 of fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid, 544
 poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
 from the same Parent Power our beings drew,
 the same our Lord, and laws, and great pur-
 suit.

See some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
 bill'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 his holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550

where purity and peace inmingle charms.
 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 thy noisy folly and discordant vice,

if Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 ere 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, 560

in 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 56
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou see
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe: 56
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glew'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 57
 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. 58
 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 wrapt, 58
 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 69
 In one impetuous torrent down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the count
 round.

At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,

* A young lady who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738, on whom Thomson wrote an Epitaph.

And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseles shower,
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 700
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow 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, 705
 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. 714
 The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
 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 725
 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, 730

While Nature lies around deep-lull'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 736

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 off the morn, 740
 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, 744

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, 749

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,

* 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 between the tropics, and produces this effect.

The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to
 Heaven 755

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 761
 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, 765

Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the
 maze, 770

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 775
 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 in its slender
 twigs 780

Low-bending be the full pomegranite 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 783
 Of vegetable life, beyond what'er
 The poets imagin'd in the golden age:
 Quick let us strip thee of thy tustly coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with
 Joyed.

From these the prospect varies. Plains im-
 mense 490

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 796

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 fattening seas: 805
 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 departs: behold! in plaited mail,
 Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his
 side, 810

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,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

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; 820

Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!

O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 825
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their
 guile,

Who mine, from cruel avarice his steps;

Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength per-
 vert, 850

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, 855

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 regions cast

A boundless radiance waving on the sun,

While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,

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

Through the soft silence of the listening night
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay. 8

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 Semar, ardent climb 8

The Nubian mountains, and the secret bound
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth:

No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven, 8
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,

81

From ja-zaine 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-redoubting valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;

Where palaces, and fane, and villas rise; 86
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, 87
And vales of fragrance; there at distance behold

The rearing floods, and cataracts, that sweep

From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Pervert with life of every fairer kind: 880

Land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Honour'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. 885

Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 Nor to the hot equator crowding fast,
 There, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 890
 Mazing 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.
 Leantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Round the cold aerial mountain's brow, 896

And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous
 Throne,

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings
 Rage;

Still, in the furious elemental war 900
 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, 904

Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two springs, in Gogam's sunny realm,
 Pure-swelling 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, 91
 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: 92
 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 recks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his
 urn, 93
 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 track
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through golden
 geous Ind 94
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;
 From Menam's* orient stream, that night
 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 unteiling harvest o'er the land. 95
 No less thy world, Columbus, drinks, and
 fresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives

* The river that runs through Siam: on whose bank vast multitude of those insects, called Fire-Flies, make beautiful appearance in the night.

o dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 t once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms,
 well'd by a thousand streams, impetuous
 hurl'd

rom all the roaring Andes, huge decends
 he mighty Orellana.* Scarce the Muse 940
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass,
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 he sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
 ontinuous depth, and wondrous length of
 course,

our floods are rills. With unabated force, 945
 n 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,
 eeseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these 950
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 n their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
 he 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 for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of
 wealth? 960

This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,

* The river of the Amazons.

What their unplanted fruits? what the con-
 draughts, 96
 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, 97
 Goleonda'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, 97
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth; the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the light that leads to
 Heaven; 98
 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; 98
 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, 99
 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, 99
 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 1000
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Sucks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threat'n-
 ing 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
 For dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 1010
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! there, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Learn, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tiger daring fierce 1016
 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 hyena, fell'est of the fell. 1021
 These, rushing from the inhospitable wood,
 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; 1026
 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 1031

The coming rage. The' awakened village starts,
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pyrates' den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 1035
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again:
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone 1040

Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the man that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge, 1045
 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 rear is up,
 And hiss continual through the tedious night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 1050
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from steeping Rome
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd.

Her Cato following through Numidian wilds
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 1055
 And all the green delights Ausouia 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, 1060
 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 1065
 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 1072
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 1075
 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 1080
 Obeys the blast, the' aërial tumult swells.

In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhoon,* whirl'd from point to
 point,

Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 1085

And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid' the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †

Compress'd, the mighty tempest broodin
 dwells :

Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 1090

Aloft, or on the promontory's brow

Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,

A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,

To tempt the spreading sail. Then down-at once,

Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 1095

* 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.

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, 110

With such wild seas the daring Gama † fought
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,

Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;

By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst 110

Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerge

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 heav'n inspir'd

To love of useful glory rou'd mankind, 111

And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world

Increasing still the terrors of these stern seas.

His jaws terrific arm'd with threefold fate,

Here dwells the dreadful shark. Lur'd by the

scent 111

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, 112

Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves

The stormy fates descend : one death involve

† 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 brave genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

tyrants and slaves: when straight, their
mangled limbs

crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1125

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, 1130

impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
no 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. 1135

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 Carthæna quench'd 1140

the British fire. You, gallant Vernen, saw
the miserable scene; you, pitying saw
how 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 1146

of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
saw, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
the frequent corpse; while on each other fix'd,
the sad presage, the black assistants seem'd, 1150
lent, to ask, when Fate would next demand.

What need I mention these inclement skies,
here, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
the fiercest child of Nemesis divine, 1154

Descend's? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust armies putrifying * 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 dom
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death
 Uninterrupted by the living winds, 1
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stay
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of justice
 And hush'd the clamours of the busy world
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd 1
 The cheerful haunt of men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
 reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and loud
 Heaven 1
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 Dependants, friends, relations; Love 1
 self, 1
 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 paags 1

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

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. 1191
 Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 of brazen vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 where drought and famine starve the blasted
 year :

ur'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1195
 the infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 and, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 the expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 the spiring cities from their solid base,
 and buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1200
 '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 1205
 with wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 there sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Hence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 of fat bitumen, steaming on the day, 1209
 with various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 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,
 spread 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, 121
 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 heaven
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook, 122
 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, 123
 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, 124
 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. 125
 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 126
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame un-
 quench'd,
 The unconquerable lightning struggles through
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rag-
 Black from the stroke, above, the moulderin-
 pine, 127

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. 1260

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. 1266
 Far seen, the heights, of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd; with deeply troubled
 thought.

And yet not always on the guilty head 1270.
 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, 1280

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, 1285
 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 unruffl'd; till, in evil hour, 1290
 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 1295
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celaden 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 1300

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, o'er the' undreaded
 hour 1309

Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 Which thunders terrors 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, 1315
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 1324
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, 1330
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, 1335

Most favour'd! who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world;
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hush'd the thunder, and 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 1344

A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood
His ebony tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through the' obedient
wave, 1350

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. 1355

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor when cold Winter loaves the brightening
flood,

Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1360
By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
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.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind 1366
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. 1371

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. 1375
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs, 1380
 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 1385
 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 a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1395
 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 eye around 1400
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous
 limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
 If Ida painted stronger, when aside
 The rival goddesses the veil divine 1405
 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' alternat
 breast, 1410
 With youth wild-throbing, 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 parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed.
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1425
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows,
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the waves
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew, 1430
 Such mad'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 ought profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the
 shade, 1435
 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 1440
 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: 1445
 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
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1454
 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: ev'n a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across 1459
 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the
 stream

incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping
 joy: 1465

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,

* The Venus of Medici.

Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
 Heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1474
 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 lovely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breath around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1485
 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: 1491
 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
 chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling meads
 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild

Among the waving harvests; or ascend, 1505
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Sheen? * 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.
 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 pendant
 woods.

That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering
 walks, 1519

Beneath whose shades in spotless peace retir'd,
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornburry woes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twit'nan's bowers, and for their Pope im-
 ploré 1526

The healing God; ‡ to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Cleremont's terrass'd height, and Esher's
 groves,

Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1530
 From courts and senates P'elliam finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!

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

† Highgate and Hampstead. ‡ In his last sickness.

O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies, 1535
 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,
 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; 1545
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's droughts;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks! thy vallies float
 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless! while, roving round their
 sides, 1549

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 ear 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. 1565

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
 youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 battering the nations where they go; and first
 on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1570
 of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
 thy 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,
 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 Henry's shine,
 names dear to fame; the first who deep im-
 press'd
 in haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1585
 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 direful rage,
 like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1590
 like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 rugged and wise, a Walsingham is thine,
 Drake who made thee mistress of the deep,
 and bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 When flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 the numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;

Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breath
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, 160

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 Sidney pass, 161

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 stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bad 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 rear
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew

The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd
blood

With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;

Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him 162

His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bleed
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,

By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown

* Algernon Sidney.

awful sages and in noble bards ;
 on as the light of dawning Science spread
 er orient ray, and wak'd the Muse's song.
 fine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice,
 fit to stand the civil storm of state, 1635
 ed through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 ith firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 urgè his course: him for the studious shade
 nd Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 tact, and elegant: in one rich soul, 1640
 nto, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
 e great deliverer he ! who from the gloom,
 cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools
 t forth the true Philosophy, there long
 eld in the magic chain of words and forms,
 nd definitions void: he led her forth, 1646
 ughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
 uestigating sure the chain of things,
 ith radiant finger points to Heaven again.
 e generous Ashly* thine, the friend of man;
 ho scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 is weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 e touch the finer movements of the mind,
 nd with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 hy need I name thy Boyle, whose pious
 search 1655
 mid the dark recesses of his works,
 e great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
 ho made the whole internal world his own?
 t Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
 e mortals lent, to trace His boundless works
 om laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 eative fancy, and inspection keen

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Through the deep windings of the human heart
 Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?

A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom 166
 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: 167
 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, 168
 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, 169
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd 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, 169
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults

lling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale
empire rises, or alternate falls,

and forth the saving Virtues round the land,
bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
the tender-looking Charity, intent 1705

gentle deeds, and shedding tears through
smiles;

daunted Truth, and Dignity of mind:

arage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
faithful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
with blushes reddening as she moves along,

bordered at the deep regard she draws;

ough Industry; Activity untir'd

with copious life inform'd, and all awake:

like in the radiant front, superior shines

at first paternal virtue, Public Zeal; 1715

who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,

and, ever musing on the common weal,

his labours glorious with some great design.

As he walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,

at o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds

sembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,

all their pomp attend his setting throne.

Earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,

if his weary chariot sought the bowers

Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs, 1725

(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,

beguiles the day, deceitful, vain, and void; 1730

fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,

in a moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd

soul,

is next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,

The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 17
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might he
 cheer'd

A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind. 17
 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. 17

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd cloud
 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 thirsty lawn, as swells the brook
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 17
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she winns

His folded flock secure, the shepherd honours
 Lies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy mixt anguish meant
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shows

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 1775
 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,
 In night-struck Fancy'dreams, the yelling ghost.
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and through
 the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1785
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glane'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 re-
 tain'd 1790
 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 siekens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'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 1800

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 1800

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 1810
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the' enlighten'
few,

Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mount-
ing spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1820

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, 1825
'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! 1831
A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 Few to the dawning of celestial day. 1855
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd
 By thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-
 wing'd,
 She heights of science and of virtue gains, 1840
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 She First up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to *Him*, 1845
 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,
 Effusive painted on the rapid mind. 1851
 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! 1855
 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 1860
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Or moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Or guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1865
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Navigation bold, that fearless braves

The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
 Mother severe of infinite delights !
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 187
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train !
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse : but, taught by the
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all. 187
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowd
 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' enferior 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 comple
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 188
 Of the *Sole Being* right, who spoke the Word,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
 Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance
 The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
 Compound, divide, and into order-shift, 189
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair sons 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 185
 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 wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove 190
 The final issue of the works of God,
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

Autumn.

THE ARGUMENT.

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 scene 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, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that they shift their habitation.—The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland.—Hence a view of the country.—A prospect of the coloured, fading woods.—After a gentle dusky day, moon-light.—Autumnal meteors.—Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts the season.—The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy.—The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

Down's'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
I hail *Autumn*; nodding o'er the yellow plain,
The reed is jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
I pleas'd, I tune; Whate'er the wintry
frost
4
Seasons prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
In white promise forth; and Summer-suns
Collected strong, rush boundless now to view,
To perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
For grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Should from the public voice thy gentle ear
While engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
And patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
And 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 who pants for public virtue, she,
 Though weak of power, yet strong in ard
 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 beaute
 days,

And Libra weighs in equal scales the year :
 From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulge
 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 lu
 clouds

A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, be
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.

Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light hillows o'er the bending plain
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air

Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to bl
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;

The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sa
 By fits effulgent gilds the 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 pov
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pa

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life :

aiser of human kind! by 'Nature cast,
 aked and helpless, out amid the woods
 and wilds, to rude inclement elements,
 with various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 oplanted, and profusely pour'd around
 aterials infinite; but idle all.

ill unexerted, in th' unconscious breast
 ept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
 oracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 f bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
 nd still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 ith beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
 ough the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
 agast and comfortless, when the bleak north 60
 ith *Winter* charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 ail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
 hen to the shelter of the hut he fled,
 nd the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.

or home he had not; home is the resort 65
 f love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
 pporting and supported, polish'd friends
 nd dear relations mingle into bliss.

ut this the rugged savage never felt,
 ven desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 oll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along:

waste of time! till *Industry* approach'd,
 nd rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
 is faculties unfolded; pointed out

here lavish Nature the directing hand 75

f Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
 is feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 o dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 n what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 n what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 ave 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-refining 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 power
 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; 10
 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 10
 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, 11
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;

And stretching street on street, by thousands
drew, 115

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

Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded
street 120

With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O *Thames*,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!

Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet be-
tween 125

Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary
wings;

While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
From bank to bank increas'd; whence, ribb'd
with oak,

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

Then, too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and *Luxury* within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores; the 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. 140

All is the gift of *Industry*; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive *Winter* cheer'd by him

Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 142
 His ardent fingers deck the gaudy *Spring* ;
 Without him *Summer* were an arid waste ;
 Nor to th' *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 155
 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 decieve the tedious time, 160
 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, 165

Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandman ! 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 ; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of
 Heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns

Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends,
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay save innocence and Heaven, 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and
 pure

As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingling in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy
 star 200

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,

Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 216
 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, 217
 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 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire 231
 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: 236
 " What pity, that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks

of old ACASTO'S line; and to my mind
 recalls that patron of my happy life,
 from whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 and once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd. 246
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 far from those scenes which knew their better
 days,

his aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 Whom y^e my fruitless search could never find.
 "Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 she was the same; the daughter of his friend,
 of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak 255
 the mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 and through his nerves in shivering transport
 ran?

Then blas'd his smother'd flame; avow'd and
 bold;

And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMÓN, 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 265
 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 271
 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, 2
 Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 O let me now into a richer soil

Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
 showers

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence, 24
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!

Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter, his whose open ~~se~~ res,
 Though vast, were little to his ample heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick 28

The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy
 Then throw that shameful pittance from th
 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 speak
 ing eye

Express'd the secret triumph of his soul, 29
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charms
 Of goodness irresistible, and all 29

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 305

Of setting life shone on her evening hours ;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender bless, 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, 311
The sultry south collects a potent blast,
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315

But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves. 321

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.

Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of
rain,

Swept from the black horizon, broad des-
cends 331

In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and
still

The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335

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

Roll mingled down; all that the winds had
 spar'd

In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
 Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck 345

Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes *Winter* unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious band,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warm, and graceful
 pride; 354

And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense re-
 joice;

Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's
 joy, 360

The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural games*:
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel, struck
 Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,

Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey ; 166
 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 born 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 376

Dead to the ground, or drives them, wide-dis-
 pers'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 381
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,

This falsely-cheerful barb'rous 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, 390

Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the
 waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chase
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 396

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,

For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd
 'To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone
 seat

Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble
 chapt: 404

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 betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep. 415

In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once; 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill
 horn

Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's
 shout;

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425
 The stag, too, singled from the herd where
 long

rang'd, the branching monarch of the
 shades,
 fore the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 sprightly puts his faith, and, rous'd by fear,
 sees all his swift aërial soul to flight; 430
 against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 to leave the less'ning murd'rous cry behind:
 reception short! though fleetier than the winds
 down o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the
 north,
 bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 and plunges deep into the wildest wood; 436
 slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
 not-steaming, up behind him come again
 'inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 pel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440
 he sweeps the forest oft and sobbing sees
 the glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 here, in kind contest with his butting friends
 he wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 But in the full-descending flood he tries 445
 to lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 he seeks the herd; the watchful herd, a-
 larm'd,
 with selfish care avoid a brother's wo.
 What shall he do? his once so vivid nerves,
 so full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 sick, seizes on his heart; he stands at bay,
 and puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled
 face;
 he groans in anguish; while the growling
 pack, 455
 blood-happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,

And mark his beauteous checker'd sides
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 hear
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
earth'd,

Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad 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 sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;
Then scale the mountains to their woody top
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.

happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
 every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 clos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
 who saw the villian seiz'd, and dying hard,
 without complaint, tho' by an hundred
 mouths 491

rentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
 daring peers! when the retreating horn
 leads then to ghostly halls of gray renown,
 where woodland honours grac'd; the fox's
 fur, 495

hanging decent from the roof; and spread
 on the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 the stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
 when the night staggers with severer toils,
 which feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 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, 685

they deep incision make, and talk the while
 of ENGLAND'S glory ne'er to be defac'd,
 while hence they borrow vigour: or again
 to the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 the stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 relating all the glories of the chase.

When satiate *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*
 produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 well'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal
 round

the potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdess,
 as 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 a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quack
 dice,

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving mirth
 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 hoarse
 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
 hounds

in the music of the day again. 549
 when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,
 gradual sinks their mirth Their feeble
 tongues,
 able to take up the cumbrous word,
 quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 in dim and blue, the double tapers
 dance, 555
 like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 as if the table even itself was drunk,
 present a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560
 heap'd the social slaughter; while, astride,
 the *lubber Power* in filthy triumphs sits,
 cumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 and steeples them drench'd in potent sleep till
 morn. 564
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
 awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 sustains them all; and from his buried flock
 retiring full of rumination sad,
 comments the weakness of these latter times.
 But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 ever stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Nor be the spirit of the chase from them!
 incomely courage, umbeseeming skill, 574
 to spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
 the cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
 which they roughen to the sense, and all
 the winning softness of their sex is lost.
 To them 'tis graceful to dissolve at wo;
 with every motion every word, to wave 580

Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this, silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging man.

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Through loves enchanting wiles pursued,
 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 steps
 Disclosing 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 yon dale, the wildly-winding
 brook

Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song

The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for
you

The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615

And, where the 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 ; 620

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 625

Or *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 630

Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.

A various sweetness swells the gentle race,

By Nature's all-refining hand prepared,

Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,

In ever-changing composition mix'd. 635

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, 640

Dwells in their gelid pores, and active points

The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :

Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,

PHILIPS, Pomona's bard ! the second thou

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645

With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :

How from *Silurian* vats, high sparkling-wines

Foam in transparent floods ; some strong,
cheer

The wintry revels of the labouring hind, 64
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad *Season*, while his sweetest *Leaf*
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day,
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of *Dorset*, thy seat serene, and plain,
Where simple nature reigns, and every view 65
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. 66
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
New columns swell ; and still the fresh *Spring*
finds

New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all ! the *Muses'* seat,
Where, in the secret bower and winding
walk, 665

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, 670
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, 671

resents the downy peach, the shining plumb,
 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. 680

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 685

profuse, and drinks, amid the sunny rocks,
 from cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Now 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 cull th' autumnal
 prime, 695

exulting rove, and speak the vintage night
 when comes the crushing swain; the country
 floats,

and foams unbounded with the mazy flood,
 that, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
 round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 the Claret smooth, red as the lips we press 701
 in sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 the mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
 as is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

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, 71
 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 72
 Sinks, dark and dreary, Thence expanding far
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plains
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems,
 Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide refracted ray; 73
 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 74
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick
 A formless gray confusion covers all. 75
 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, 76
 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 foun-
 tains play,

their unfailling wealth the rivers draw: 740
 the sages say, that where the numerous wave
 ever lashes the resounding shore,
 suck'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
 the waters with the sandy stratum rise;
 and whose angles, infinitely strain'd, 745
 joyfully leave their jaggy salts behind,
 clear and sweeten as they soak along.
 stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;
 to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 it leads it darkling on in faithful maze
 from the parent-main, it boils again
 up into day! and all the glittering hill
 is right with spouting rills. But hence this
 vain
 ambitious dream! why should the waters love 755
 to take so a far journey to the hills,
 when the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 a resting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 If, by blind ambition led astray,
 they must aspire, why should they sudden
 stop 760
 along the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 ere they gain its highest peak desert
 the attractive sand that charm'd their course
 so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 the spoils of ages, would impervious choak 765
 their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,
 though as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 the Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 had long ere now forsook his horrid bed, 769
 and brought DEUCALION'S wat'ry times again.

Say then, where, lurk the vast eternal
 springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish store
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to man
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load
 The huge incumberance 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 !
 O 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 *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Riphean rocks*, which the wild *R*
 Believes the stony girdle * of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in stores
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er a
 deep

That ever works beneath his sounding base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subteranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The many caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending *Mountains of the Moon* !

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

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

ertopping all these giant-sens of earth,
 et the dire *Arcles*, from the radiant line
 retch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 ne southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 amazing scene! Behold, the glooms disclose!
 see the rivers in their infant beds! 806
 eep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free!
 see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 he gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 he melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 row'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 he pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 f mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 he gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
 hat, while the stealing moisture they transmit
 etard its motion, and forbid its waste, 816
 eneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 he mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk
 r stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 he crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 hrough the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage
 burst,
 nd welling out around the middle steep,
 r from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 826
 a pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 h' exaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 he gelid mountains that to rain condens'd
 hese vapours, in continual current draw,
 nd send them o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 n bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 social commerce hold, and firm support
 he full-adjusted harmony of things.
 When *Autumn* scatters his departing gleanis,

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, 840

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, 845

Innumeros 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, 850

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 rout design'd, their leaders
 chose,

Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous
 wings; 855

And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregations
 full

The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern Ocean*, in vast
 whirls, 860

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, 870

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 875
 Of luxury. And here a while 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, 880

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 wat'ry wealth
 Full; winding deep and green, her fertile
 vales; 885

With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure parent
 stream,

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric
 reed,

Wild sylvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook),
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium'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, 896
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminished state; 900
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius
 plann'd, 904
 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 godlike luxury is plac'd, 909
 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 915
 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, 920
 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, 925
 Bid BRITIAN reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee
 ARGVLL,

Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye: 930
 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 935
 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, 940

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, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country
 round

Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green 951
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,

Low-whispering lead into their leaf-strown
walks,

And give the season in its latest view. 954

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, 959
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; 964
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth 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 970

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in fain warblings, through the tawny
copse,

While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so
late 975

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. 980

Let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
May the weak tribes a miserable prey, 984
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,
Soft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air. 990
But should a quicker breeze among the boughs
Job, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Fill chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale, 994
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 re-
main'd

Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree; 999
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, 1005
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 1010

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, 101
 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 sufferin'
 words 102

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; 102
 '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 embow'ring shades
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales, 102
 To weeping grottos, 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 the enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? then lead, ye
 powers!

That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
 Preside, which, shining through the cheerful
 land

In countless numbers, blest BRITANNIA sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of *Stowe*! * 1040

* The seat of Lord Viscount Cobham.

Not *Persian* CYRUS, on *Ionia's* shore,
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
 All beauteous nature fears to be outdone, 1045
 And there, O *Pirre*, 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 1050
 Of *Autumn* beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' 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 1056
 Of *Nature*, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind;
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires 1062
 And every passion speaks: O through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and through *Elysian* vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes: 1069
 What pity, *Cobham*, thou thy verdant files
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,

* The temple of *Virtue* in *Stowe* Gardens.

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 1070

Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves
 The BRITISH youth would hail thy wise com-
 mand,

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 marsbes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085

The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the
 moon,

Fall orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd
 clouds,

Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,

Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales
 descend,

And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1091

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. 1095

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,

he whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half-blotted from the sky, her
 light, 1101

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 1106

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 reascend, 1110

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 1114

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 commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of
 heaven.

As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120

On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks

Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake
 sunk, 1124

Or hedious wrapt in fierce ascending flame;

Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;

Of pestilence, and every great distress;

Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck

Th' unalterable hour; even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 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. 1155

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 1140

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, 1145
 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 wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph: 1154

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,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits, and shows the narrow path,
 That winding leads through pits of death, or
 else 1161

structs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning
shines

rene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165

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 1170

lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd
beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
and fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
the happy people, in their waxen cells, 1174

are 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. 1181

And was it then for this you roam'd the *Spring*,
attent from flower to flower? for this you
toil'd,

caseless, the burning *Summer* heats away?
or this in *Autumn* search'd the blooming
waste,

For 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, 1189

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 118
 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, 119
 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-in-
 volv'd,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame 120
 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 film
 threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 121
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' 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 121
 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, 122

look 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,
casts not unmeaning looks; and, where her
eye 1226

points an approving smile, with double force
the cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Her eye too shines out; and, garrulous recounts
the feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor
think 1230

that, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
begins again the never-ceasing round.

He knew he but his happiness, of men
the happiest he! who far from public rage,
leep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd, 1235
enjoys the pure pleasures of the rural life.

What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud
gate

each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd!
No vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
of every hue reflected light can give, 1241

or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
the pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not!
What though, from utmost land and sea pur-
vey'd,

for him each rarer tributary life 1245
conduces not, and his insatiate table heaps

With luxury and death! What tho' his bowl
glazes not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
devoid of gay care, he tosses out the night, 1249
nor 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 124
 To disappointment and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the *Septia*
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the
 bough

When *Summer* reddens, and when *Autumn*
 beams; 125

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
 streams,

And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 126
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song.
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain
 clear. 127

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. 128

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, 129
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry

some, far-distant from their native soil,
 led, or by want or harden'd avarice,
 and other lands beneath another sun.
this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 the social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
 led into tumult the seditious herd,
 melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 share the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 fermenting discord, and perplexing right,
 iron race! and *those*, of fairer front,
 at equal inhumanity, in courts,
 exclusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 breathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying
 smile, 2295
 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,
 is capt close in conscious peace. The fall of
 kings, 1300
 the rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 have not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 still retreats and flowery solitudes,
 Nature's voice attends, from month to
 month, 1304
 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.
 when young *Spring* protrudes the bursting
 gems, 1309
 marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 to his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 she 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, 13
 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, 16
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes ; and, through the te
 gleams
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even *Winter* wild to him is full of bliss 18
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried ear
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the sky
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 19
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With sw
 wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 15
 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 15
 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. 15

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 ! 1350
 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,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their
 laws, 1355
 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, 1360
 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, 1365
 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.

THE 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 Appalines—A winter evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city—Frost—A view of Winter within the polar circle—A thaw—The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

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

These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred
glooms! 5

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

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

look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out and
smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her *first* essay,
O Muse, O WELMINGTON ! renews her song
since has she rounded the revolving year :
I imm'd the gay *Spring* ; on eagle-pinions borne
attempted through the *Summer* blaze to rise ; 21
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 ; 26
this is her theme, her numbers wildly great ;
twice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
with bold description, and with manly thought.
Or art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
and how to make a mighty people thrive ;
with equal goodness, sound integrity,
firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
steady spirit regularly free ;
these, each exalting each, the statesman light
to the patriot ; these, the public hope
and eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky
to Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
and fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year :
lung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
scarce spreads through ether the dejected day. 45
faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
his struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
through the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy
storm.

Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern
 sky ; 4
 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 circeture, shadows vast, 5
 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. 6
 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, 6
 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, 7
 Resounding long in listening *Fancy's* ear.
 Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rain
 obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour
 foul, 7
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the
 woods
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly
 plain

a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 r flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 bine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven
 to his home retires, save those that love 81
 take their pastime in the troubled air,
 skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted
 stalls, 85

uminate in the contiguous shade.
 her the household feathery people crowd,
 crested cock, with all his female train,
 sive and dripping ; while the cottage hind
 gs o'er the enlivening blaze and taleful
 there 90

ounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
 much he laughs, nor recks the storm that
 blows
 about, and rattles on his humble roof.
 e o'er the brim, with many a torrent
 swell'd, 94

l the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 ast the rous'd-up river pours along :
 istless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 n the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
 abling through rocks abrupt, and sounding
 far :

n o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
 n, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
 ween two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 ere rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid
 stream ;
 re gathering triple force, rapid and deep,

It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature great parent! whose unceasing har
Rolls round the *Seasons* of the changeful year
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the song
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 ye
Where are your stores ye powerful beings?
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 blast
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 plummy race
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak,

retiring from the downs, where all day long
 they pick'd their scanty fare, a blackning
 train 140

Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight
 and seek the closing shelter of the grove.

Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 lies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
 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,

at into caverns by the restless wave 150

and forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 that, solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 and hurls the whole precipitated air

down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 descends th' etherial force, and with strong gust
 turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.

Thro' the black night, that sits immense around,
 dash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160

Leantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
 a dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

and anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave

draining 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 17
 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 floatin
 round. 17

Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 18
 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. 18

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 rockin
 dome,

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 19
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burden'd air
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and di
 tant sighs,

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

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clou
 commix'd 19

With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky
 All Nature reels. T'ill Nature's KING, who
 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. 201

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' 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, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou Good Su-
PREME!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious
womb 225

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd,
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the
 day 231

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow
 melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235

Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun

Faint from the west emits his evening ray,

Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,

Is one wild-dazzling waste, that buries wide

The works of man. Drooping the labour-
 er ox 240

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then de-
 mands

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 th' embroiling sky,

In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves

His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man

His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250

Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the
 floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,

And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is

Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs

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, 259

And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glist'ning
earth,

With looks of dumb despair; then sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of
snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be
kind, 265

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing
east,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the 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 275

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All *Winter* drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend, 279

Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the tractless 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 286

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, 291
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits unfa'homably deep,
 A dire descent, beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land un-
 known,
 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, 306
 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 th' officious wife prepares 311
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly *Winter* seizes; shuts up sense;
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,

lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
 stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
 blast.

Ab! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence sur-
 round;

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy
 mirth,

in wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain—

How many sink in the devouring flood.

Or more devouring flame—How many bleed,
 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 balcful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335

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, 339

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;

Whence tumbling 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, 344

How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop

In deep retir'd distress—How many stand

Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,

And point the parting anguish. Thought fond
 man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills

That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

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

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 365
 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 rob'd them of the last of comforts sleep;
 The free-born *Baron* 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.
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light;
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1799.

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, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade),
 How glorious were the day that saw these
 broke,

And every man within the reach of right!

By *Wintry* famine rous'd, from all the track
 Of horrid mountains, which the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appenine* and *Pyrenees*, 391
 Branch out stupenduous 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, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast:
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright
 glance

The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze, 406
 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, 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down
 they come,

A *Wintry* waste in dire commotion all; 419
 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 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me
 sit,

And hold high converse with the mighty dead ;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' 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 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,

Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying fearless, or in life or death;
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind! 445
 SOLOX the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 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 dicipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell, 455
 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 th' unflattering
 voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who ev'n his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's † fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON, sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising
 strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining *Greece*,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

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, 480
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his
 brow,

Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the last of old *Lycurgus*' sons, 486
 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. 490
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in *Greece*:
 And he, her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant *PHILOPOEMON*, who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain; 496
 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: 501
 Her better founder first, the light of *Rome*,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

AVTUS the king, who laid the solid base
 Which o'er earth the vast republic spread,
 When the great consuls venerable rise:
 The *public father**, who the *private* quell'd,
 Sat on the dread tribunal sternly sad:
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 CAMPILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough:
 My willing victim†, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that bleeding nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command:
 CURIUS, 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: 520
 CÆCILIUS, whose, powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing *Rome*:
 Unconquer'd CARO, virtuous in extreme:
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the *Roman* steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of
 heaven?

Who sing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun: 531
 'Tis *Phœbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*!
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The *British Muse*; join'd hand in hand they
 walk, 535

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the moral scene :
 Nor those who, tuneful wak'd th' enchanting
 lyre. 5

First of your kind society divine !

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, 5
 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 *Poet* descend, 5
 To raise the sacred hour to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For though not sweeter his own *HOMER* sing
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou *HAMMOND*? thou the darling
 pride, 5

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, 5
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasure
 store

Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm 56

sprightly wit—that rapture for the Muse,
 at heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 ! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits, 570
 and teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
 Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 the *Winter* glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 with them would search, if Nature's boundless
 frame 575
 was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
 sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND;
 life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 should gradual open on our opening minds; 580
 and each diffusive harmony unite
 full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral world,
 which though to us it seems embroil'd, moves
 on
 higher order; fitted and impell'd 585
 wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 general good. The sage historic Muse
 should next conduct us through the deeps of
 time: 588
 show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 and why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 that portion of divinity, that ray 595
 purest heaven, which lights the public soul!
 patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 powerless humble fortune, to repress

These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
 Then even superior to ambition, we 60
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smooth
 stream

Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 60
 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
 foil'd, 60

We, shifting for relief, would play 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, 91
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believed,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 62

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; 63
 The leap the slap, the haul; and, shook
 notes

Of native music, the respondant dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the *Winter* night
 The city swarms intense, the public haunt, 63

l of each theme, and warm with mix'd
discourse,

ms indistinct. The sons of riot flow
wn the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
swift destruction. On the rankled soul
e gaming fury falls; and in one gulf 635
total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
ends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

springs the dance along the lighted dome,
c'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
e glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
e circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes,
pers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:

ile, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine, 644
e fop, light fluttering, spreads his meanly
wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET
stalks;

HELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;

d. BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.

rror alarms the breast; the comely tear
als o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse
lds to the world a picture of itself, 651
d raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

ometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the
scenes

beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
charm the heart, in generous BEVIL* shew'd.

thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd, 956
ose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
touch the finer springs that move the world,
d to whate'r the Graces can bestow,

* A character in the "Conscious Lovers," written by Sir
ard Steele.

And all *APOLLO*'s animating fire, 64
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life ; permit the rural Muse,
 O *CHESTERFIELD*, to grace with thee her song
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies !
 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 th' allurements of corrupted power ; 65
 That elegant politeness, which excells,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense, 66
 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,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day, 67
 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 68
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power, as through the varied ma-
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now
 strong, 69
 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, th' etherial nitre flies
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 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; 701
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710

The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

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

Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at
 eve, 720

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of *Winter* deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool

Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrest the bickering stream. The loosen'd
 ice, 725

Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below. 731

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735

Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears 746
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb
 cascade,

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread

Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of man is laid at rest, 761
 Fond o'er the river crow'd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Washes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends, 766
 From every province swarming, void of care,
Hatavia rushes forth; and as they sweep
 On sounding scates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.

Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 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, 780
 Broad o'er the south hangs at his utmost noon,
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:

His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785

Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790

Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant *Winter* sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the *frigid* zone ;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign,
 There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide 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 ; 805
 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 their 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 freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new 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 nor dogs nor toils 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,

* The old name for China.

weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 their beating breast in vain, and piteous
 wail, 824
 lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd
 snows,

And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 Ere through the piny forest half-absorpt,
 High tenant of these shades, the shapeless
 bear,

With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn, 829
 Snow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase;
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And with stern patience, scorning weak com-
 plaint,

Hardens his heart against assailing want.
 Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 We see *Bootes* urge his tardy wain, 835

Moisterous race, by frosty *Caurus*† pierc'd,
 No little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 A prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 O'er martial horde on horde ‡, with dreadful
 sweep 840

Swiftly rushing o'er the enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple nature gives; 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their
 storms:

No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturbs the peaceful current of their time,

† The north-west wind

‡ The wandering Scythian clans.

And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.

Their rein-deer form their riches these their treasures
Their robes, their beds, and all their household
wealth

Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cheer
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 or 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 mouths,
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,

* M. De Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, says,—“From this height had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountain.”

, fring'd with roses, *Tenglio* * rolls his
 stream
 y draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 y, cheerful, loaded to their tents repair;
 ere, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 ir kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 ice happy race! by poverty secur'd 881
 m legal plunder and rapacious power;
 whom fell interest never yet has sown
 e seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er
 knew
 urious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 aithless love, their blooming daughters' wo.
 still pressing on beyond *Turnea's* lake,
 d *Hecla* flaming through a waste of snow,
 d farthest *Greenland* to the pole itself, 889
 ere, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 e Muse expands her solitary flight;
 d, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 olds new seas beneath another sky †.
 ron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 re *Winter* holds his unrejoicing court, 895
 d through his airy hall the loud misrule
 driving tempest is for ever heard:
 re the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
 re arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
 oulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his
 snows, 900
 th which he now oppresses half the globe.

had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted
 place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort
 fairies and genii than bears."

The same author observes—"I was surprised to see upon
 banks of this river (the *Tenglio*) roses of as lively a red
 ny that are in our gardens.

† The other hemisphere.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar
coast,

She sweeps the howling margin of the main
Where, undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 9
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of cloud
Projected, huge and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down
As if old Chaos was again return'd, 9
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, 9
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, 9
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold
frost,

The long long night, incumbent o'er the
heads

Falls horrible. Such was the *Briton's** fate,
As with *first* prow (what have not *Britons*
dar'd!) 9

He for the passage sought, attempted since
No much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

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

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

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freez-
 ing 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. 940
 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,

Dose the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor
 song, 904

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. 949

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 955
 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 960
 Through long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince,
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till
 then

A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of
 courts;

And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he
 goes:

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 Th' 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, 670
 And awing there stern *OTHMAN*'s sbrinking
 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; 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd and power en-
 forc'd,

* Charles XII. of Sweden.

More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted
point,

Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Sub-
dued,

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet des-
cends,

And floods the country round. The rivers
swell,

Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,

O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cata-
racts, 994

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 th' 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 1001

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, 1006

While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror
looks

More horrible. Can human force endure

Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them
round? 1009

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, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the
 gloom,

Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl.
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread *Winter* spreads his latest
 glooms, 1024
 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, 1030

Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age,
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are
 fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay spent festive nights? those veering
 thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man, 1040

the guide to happiness on high. And see!
 As come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heav'n and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new creating word, and starts to life,
 Every heighten'd form, from pain and death
 Forever free. The great eternal scheme 1046
 Envolving all, and in a perfect whole
 Existing, as the prospect wider spreads,

Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now
 Unfounded 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
 Of life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 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 1060
 Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel spoiler that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
 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, 21

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,

an marks not Thee, marks not the mighty
 hand,
 that, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
 works in the secret deep; shoots steaming,
 thence
 the fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring*;
 sings 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,
 adoration join; and ardent raise
 the general song! To him ye vocal gales, 40
 breath soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
 breathes:
 talk of Him in solitary glooms!
 here, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 and ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to
 heaven
 th' 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.
 the headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
 the sófter floods, that lead the humid maze
 along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 secret world of wonders in thyself,
 sound His stupendous praise; whose greater
 voice
 bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breath your still song into the reapers heart, 64
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65

Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate
world ; 70

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks ;
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 71

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Bursts from the groves ! and when the restless
day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His
praise. 80

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,

solemn pauses, through the swelling bass; 86
 and, as each mingling flame increases each,
 one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 and find a fane in every sacred grove, 90
 here let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 the prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 all sing the *God of Seasons* as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 whether the blossom blows, the *Summer* ray 95
 ussets 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 100

of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 flames on the *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;
 since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 in the void waste as in the city full;

And where He vital breathes there must be
 joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110

Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
 Where *universal love* not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
 From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still, 115
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in *light ineffable*!

Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

A P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Sir Isaac Newton,

INSCRIBED TO

RIGHT HON. SIR R. WALPOLE.



SHALL the great soul of NEWTON quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?

But what can man?—Even now the sons of
light, 5

In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.

Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal flames, ambitious, I aspire 10

In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you shew your
guest—

Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence, 15
Wide working through this universal frame?

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd

er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
 the pride of schools, before their course was
 known,

all in its causes and affects to him,

Oh piercing sage! who sat not down and
 dream'd

romantic schemes, defended by the din
 of specious words, and tyranny of names; 25

but, bidding his amazing mind attend,

and with heroic patience, years on years

deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,

and shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how
 strong! 30

and what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,

by his diminish'd, but the pride of boys

in some small fray victorious! when, instead

of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd

by violence unmanly, and sore deeds 35

of cruelty and blood, Nature herself

stood all-subdued by him, and open laid

her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round

first gazing through, he, by the blended power

of *gravitation* and *projection*, saw 41

the whole in silent harmony revolve.

From unassisted vision hid, the moons,

to cheer remoter planets numerous form'd

by him in all their mingled tracks were seen. 45

He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,

Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,

or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,

in a soft deluge overflows the sky.

Her every motion, clear-discerning, he 50

adjusted to the mutual main, and taught

Why now the mighty mass of water swells,
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning ; till again
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent
 flight

Through the blue infinite ; and every star,
 Which the clear concave or a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system : all combin'd,
 And rul'd unerring by that single power,
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !

O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things,
 Effects so various, beautiful and great.
 An universe complete ! And O belov'd
 Of heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd
 The rising, moving, wide establish'd frame.

He, first-of men, with awful wing pursued
 The Comet through the long elliptic curve,
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his
 way ;

Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild
 rule

Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,

their first great simplicity restor'd. 84
 The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
 combat still with demonstration strong,
 and unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
 of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 with the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 when NEWTON rose, our philosophic sun. 90
 Th' aerial flow of *sound* was known to him,
 from whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 and the touch'd organ takes the message in.
 Nor could the darting beam of speed, immense,
 escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye. 95
 Even light itself, which every thing displays,
 he first discover'd, till his brighter mind
 untwisted all the shining orb of day;
 and from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
 collecting every ray into his kind, 100
 the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
 of parent colours. First the flaming red
 rung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
 and next delicious yellow; by whose side
 all the kind beams of all-refreshing green: 105
 then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies
 in aerial play'd; and then of sadder hue,
 merg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
 the heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
 while the last gleamings of refracted light 110
 fled in the fainting violet away.
 These when the clouds distill the rosy shower,
 come out distinct adown the watery bow;
 while o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
 delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115
 Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
 and myriads still remain; infinite source
 of beauty, everblushing, ever new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
 Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoar
 brook !

Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends
 Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds
 Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely height
 declare

How just, how beauteous, the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
 To vast eternity's unbounded sea,

Where the green islands of the happy shine,
 He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'
 Deep in primeval gloom) ascending rais'd
 His lights at equal distances to guide
 Historian wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
 His high discoveries sing? when but a few
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their
 minds

To what he knew : In fancy's lighter thought
 How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty
 theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
 Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
 The finish'd university of things,
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that Power
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

Say ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how
 calm,

how greatly humble, how divinely good ;
 how firm establish'd on eternal truth ; 150
 Advent in doing well, with every nerve
 all pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 and panting for perfection : far above
 those little cares, and visionary joys,
 that so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155
 of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
 you who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 that reach impatient at immortal life,
 against the prime endearing privilege 160
 of Being dare contend, say, can a soul
 of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
 enlarging still, be but a finer breath
 of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
 and then for ever lost in vacant air ? 165

But hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
 solemn as when some awful change is come,
 sound thro' the world—'Tis done—*The*
measure's full ;

*And I resign my charge—*Ye mouldering stones,
 that build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud 170
 triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
 by ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
 the worship-name of hoar antiquity,
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast
 While Newton lifts his column to the skies, 175
 beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
 be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 cut off, the joyous youth, and daring child,
 these are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 and elegiac song. But Newton calls
 for other notes of gratulation high,

That now he wanders through those endless
worlds

He here so well descried, and wondering talk
And hymns their Author, with his glad com-
peers.

O BRITAIN'S boast! whether with angel
thou 18.

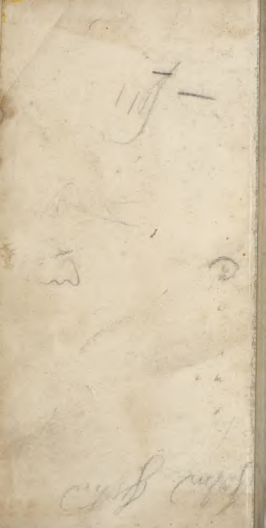
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From LIGHT himself; oh look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth!
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought
thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

THE END.



DAVID STEWART.





14-6-90

