

The trivial strifes that cause a real pain ;
 The real bliss when reconciled again ?
 Let him alone dispute the real prize,
 And read his sentence in my Delia's eyes ;
 There shall he read all gentleness and truth,
 But not himself, the dear distinguished youth ;
 Pity for him perhaps they may express—
 Pity that will but heighten his distress.
 But, wretched rival ! he must sigh to see
 The sprightlier rays of love directed all to me.

And thou dear antidote of every pain
 Which fortune can inflict, or love ordain,
 Since early love has taught thee to despise
 What the world's worthless votaries only prize,
 Believe, my love ! no less the generous god
 Rules in my breast, his ever blest abode ;
 There has he driven each gross desire away,
 Directing every wish and every thought to thee ?
 Then can I ever leave my Delia's arms,
 A slave devoted to inferior charms ?
 Can e'er my soul her reason so disgrace ?
 For what blest minister of heavenly race
 Would quit that Heaven to find a happier place ?

DISAPPOINTMENT.

DOOMED as I am, in solitude to waste
 The present moments, and regret the past ;
 Deprived of every joy I valued most,
 My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost,
 Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
 The dull effect of humour or of spleen !
 Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
 Him snatched by fate in early youth away ;¹
 And her through tedious years of doubt and pain,
 Fixed in her choice and faithful—but in vain !
 Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear ;
 O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
 Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
 Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes ;
 See me—ere yet my destined course half done,
 Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown !

¹ Sir William Russell, his companion at Westminster

See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
 Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
 Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
 And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
 Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
 All that delights the happy—palls with me!

 O D E.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.

THOU magic lyre, whose fascinating sound
 Seduced the savage monsters from their cave,
 Drew rocks and trees, and forms uncouth around,
 And bade wild Hebrus hush his listening wave;
 No more thy undulating warblings flow
 O'er Thracian wilds of everlasting snow!

Awake to sweeter sounds, thou magic lyre,
 And paint a lover's bliss—a lover's pain!
 Far nobler triumphs now thy notes inspire,
 For see, Eurydice attends thy strain;
 Her smile, a prize beyond the conjuror's aim,
 Superior to the cancelled breath of fame.

From her sweet brow to chase the gloom of care,
 To check the tear that dims the beaming eye,
 To bid her heart the rising sigh forbear,
 And flush her orient cheek with brighter joy,
 In that dear breast soft sympathy to move,
 And touch the springs of rapture and of love.

Ah me! how long bewildered and astray,
 Lost and benighted, did my footsteps rove.
 Till sent by heaven to cheer my pathless ray,
 A star arose—the radiant star of love.
 The god propitious joined our willing hands,
 And Hymen wreathed us in his rosy bands.

Yet not the beaming eye, or placid brow,
 Or golden tresses, hid the subtle dart;
 To charms superior far than those I bow,
 And nobler worth enslaves my vanquished heart,
 The beauty, elegance, and grace combined,
 Which beam transcendant from that angel mind.

While vulgar passions, meteors of a day,
 Expire before the chilling blasts of age,
 Our holy flame with pure and steady ray,
 Its glooms shall brighten, and its pangs assuage;
 By Virtue (sacred vestal) fed, shall shine,
 And warm our fainting souls with energy divine.

SONG.

No more shall hapless Celia's ears
 Be fluttered with the cries
 Of lovers drowned in floods of tears,
 Or murdered by her eyes;
 No serenades to break her rest,
 Nor songs her slumbers to molest,
 With my fa, la, la.

The fragrant flowers that once would bloom
 And flourish in her hair,
 Since she no longer breathes perfume
 Their odours to repair,
 Must fade, alas! and wither now,
 As placed on any common brow,
 With my fa, la, la

Her lip, so winning and so meek,
 No longer has its charms;
 As well she might by whistling seek
 To lure us to her arms;
 Affected once, 'tis real now,
 As her forsaken gums may show,
 With my fa, la, la.

The down that on her chin so smooth
 So lovely once appeared,
 That too has left her with her youth,
 Or sprouts into a beard;
 As fields, so green when newly sown,
 With stubble stiff are overgrown,
 With my fa, la, la.

Then, Celia, leave your apish tricks,
 And change your girlish airs,
 For ombre, snuff, and politics,
 Those joys that suit your years ;
 No patches can lost youth recall,
 Nor whitewash prop a tumbling wall,
 With my fa, la, la.

AN ATTEMPT AT THE MANNER OF WALLER.

Drayton, March, 1753.

DID not thy reason and thy sense,
 With most persuasive eloquence,
 Convince me that obedience due
 None may so justly claim as you,
 By right of beauty you would be
 Mistress o'er my heart and me.

Then fear not I should e'er rebel,
 My gentle love! I might as well
 A forward peevishness put on,
 And quarrel with the mid-day sun :
 Or question who gave him a right
 To be so fiery and so bright.

Nay, this were less absurd and vain
 Than disobedience to thy reign ;
 His beams are often too severe ;
 But thou art mild as thou art fair ;
 First from necessity we own your sway,
 Then scorn our freedom, and by choice obey.

A SONG.

THE sparkling eye, the mantling cheek,
 The polished front, the snowy neck,
 How seldom we behold in one !
 Glossy locks, and brow serene,
 Venus' smiles, Diana's mien,
 All meet in you, and you alone.

Beauty, like other powers, maintains
 Her empire, and by union reigns ;
 Each single feature faintly warms ;
 But where at once we view displayed
 Unblemished grace, the perfect maid
 Our eyes, our ears, our heart alarms.

So when on earth the god of day
 Obliquely sheds his tempered ray,
 Through convex orbs the beams transmit,
 The beams that gently warmed before,
 Collected, gently warm no more,
 But glow with more prevailing heat.

A SONG.

ON the green margin of the brook
 Despairing Phyllida reclined,
 Whilst every sigh, and every look,
 Declared the anguish of her mind.

Am I less lovely then ? (she cries,
 And in the waves her form surveyed ;)
 Oh yes, I see my languid eyes,
 My faded cheek, my colour fled ;
 These eyes no more like lightning pierced,
 These cheeks grew pale, when Damon first
 His Phyllida betrayed.

The rose he in his bosom wore,
 — How oft upon my breast was seen !
 And when I kissed the drooping flower,
 Behold, he cried, it blooms again !
 The wreaths that bound my braided hair,
 Himself next day was proud to wear
 At church, or on the green.

While thus sad Phyllida lamented,
 Chance brought unlucky Thyrsis on ;
 Unwillingly the nymph consented,
 But Damon first the cheat begun.
 She wiped the fallen tears away,
 Then sighed and blushed, as who should say,
 Ah ! Thyrsis, I am won.

UPON A VENERABLE RIVAL.

FULL thirty frosts since thou wert young
 Have chilled the withered grove,
 Thou wretch! and hast thou lived so long,
 Nor yet forgot to love!

Ye sages! spite of your pretences
 To wisdom, you must own
 Your folly frequently commences
 When you acknowledge none.

Not that I deem it weak to love,
 Or folly to admire;
 But ah! the pangs we lovers prove
 Far other years require.

Unheeded on the youthful brow
 The beams of Phœbus play;
 But unsupported age stoops low
 Beneath the sultry ray.

For once, then, if untutored youth,
 Youth unapproved by years,
 May chance to deviate into truth,
 When your experience errs;

For once attempt not to despise
 What I esteem a rule;
 Who early loves, though young, is wise,—
 Who old, though grey, a fool.

ON THE PICTURE OF A SLEEPING CHILD.

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

SWEET babe, whose image here expressed
 Does thy peaceful slumbers show;
 Guilt or fear, to break thy rest,
 Never did thy spirit know

Soothing slumbers, soft repose,
 Such as mock the painter's skill,
 Such as innocence bestows,
 Harmless infant, lull thee still!

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

MORTALS! around your destined heads
 Thick fly the shafts of Death,
 And lo! the savage spoiler spreads
 A thousand toils beneath.

In vain we trifle with our fate;
 Try every art in vain;
 At best we but prolong the date,
 And lengthen out our pain.

Fondly we think all danger fled,
 For death is ever nigh;
 Outstrips our unavailing speed,
 Or meets us as we fly.

Thus the wrecked mariner may strive
 Some desert shore to gain,
 Secure of life, if he survive
 The fury of the main.

But there, to famine doomed a prey,
 Finds the mistaken wretch,
 He but escaped the troubled sea,
 To perish on the beach.

Since then in vain we strive to guard
 Our frailty from the foe,
 Lord, let me live not unprepared
 To meet the fatal blow!

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain;
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That pitiless perforce
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow:
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld :
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repelled :
 And ever as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast,
 Could catch the sound no more :
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear :
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalise the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date :
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone :
 But I, beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.¹

¹ Written March 20, 1799; being the last original poem of the Author. It is founded on a story in Anson's Voyage, which Cowper had not looked into for nearly twenty years.

TRANSLATION OF DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM
ON MILTON.

"Three Poets in three distant ages born," &c.

TRES tria, sed longè distantia, sæpula vates
Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

TRANSLATION OF A SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.

"So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
Ascending," &c.

QUALES aërii montis de vertice nubes
Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiêrunt,
Cælum hilares abdit, spissa caligine, vultus:
Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,
Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN AND ITALIAN
POEMS OF MILTON.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

[It was during the lull which followed Cowper's Homeric labours, that the proposal came to him to translate the Latin and Italian poems of Milton. His veneration for the English author was only exceeded by that which he felt towards the Greek, and he embraced the offer with pleasure and hope. But the season was unfortunate. Sickness had visited Mrs. Unwin, and Cowper entered with her into the darkest shade. Often and often he complained of having been caught by this Miltonic trap; and though his disquiet was chiefly occasioned by the critical notes, the poetical portion of the task seems never to have worn a sunny look. His success was moderate. Miss Seward, in a letter to Southey, speaks of the "pedantic, tuneless, and spiritless look and sound" of the translations, and contrasts the version by Cowper with the sweet and touching composition which Langhorne formed of the *Elegy on Damon*. The defects did not grow of neglect. During Cowper's visit to Earsham, the mornings were chiefly occupied with Hayley, in the revision of the translations. He spared no pains. "I give them," he told Hill, "all the varieties of measure that I can. Some I render in heroic rhyme, some in stanzas, some in seven, and some in eight syllable measure, and some in blank verse." The *Sonnet* beginning—

"As on a hill-top rude, when closing day—"

is, I think, the happiest specimen. The translations were begun September, 1791, and finished in the March of the following year.]

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destined home
They come, at length, from Deva's western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.

I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
'Tis time, that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise:
For here I woo the muse, with no control;
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.
The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
At times, e'en bitter tears! yield sweet relief.
As when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless on his bridal day,
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe,
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam.
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.

Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire.
Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies.
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these fallen low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after shower
Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embrace
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast:
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast:
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due,
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
Out-numbers all her train of starry fires,
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore;
But lest the sightless boy enforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorcery of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes though few,
Yet such as prove thy friend's remembrance true!

ELEGY II.

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE AT CAMBRIDGE.

Composed by Milton in the Seventeenth Year of his Age.

THEE, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
 Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,
 Although thyself an herald, famous here,
 The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
 He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
 To spare the office that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
 By Leda's paramour in ancient time,
 But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
 Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
 Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
 New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
 The gown'd tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
 So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
 Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command!
 And so Eurybates, when he address'd
 To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres! whose rig'rous laws
 And watchful eyes, run through the realms below,
 Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause!
 Too often to the Muse not less a foe!
 Choose meaner marks, and with more equal aim
 Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,
 All ye disciples of the Muses, weep!
 Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,
 Around his bier, lament his endless sleep!
 And let complaining elegy rehearse,
 In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Composed in the Author's Seventeenth Year.¹

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
 Making, in thought, the public woes my own,
 When first arose the image in my breast
 Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest!
 How Death, his fun'ral torch and scythe in hand,
 Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
 Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
 And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
 I next deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
 Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air!
 The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
 All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs;
 But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
 Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast
 Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
 "Death, next in pow'r to him who rules the dead!
 Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
 To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field,
 That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
 And ev'n the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine;
 That oaks themselves, although the running rill
 Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will;
 That all the winged nations, even those
 Whose heav'n-directed flight the future shows,
 And all the beasts that in dark forests stray,
 And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
 Ah envious! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd!
 Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
 Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
 To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home?"

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
 Now newly risen above the western flood,

¹ "I would beat Warton if he were living, for supposing that Milton ever mentioned of his compliment to the memory of Bishop Andrews. I neither do, nor can, nor will believe it. Milton's mind could not be narrowed by flattery."—(To Walter Bagot, October 25, 1791.)

And Phœbus from his morning-goal again
 Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
 I wish'd repose, and on my couch reclin'd,
 Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
 When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
 I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
 Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
 Like that of sunrise on the mountain height;
 Flow'rs over all the field, of every hue
 That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
 Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
 E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
 A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
 O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold,
 With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flow'rs,
 With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.
 Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
 The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I, that splendour, and the mingled shade
 Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
 At once, with looks, that beam'd celestial grace,
 The seer of Winton stood before my face.
 His snowy vesture's hem descending low
 His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
 New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
 Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
 Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around:
 Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
 The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings,
 Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast
 And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
 "Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!
 My son! henceforth be freed from ev'ry care!"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
 With psaltry's sound th' angelic band arose,
 Then night retired, and chas'd by dawning day
 The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
 I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern;
 Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG, CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH
FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

Written in the Author's Seventeenth Year.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the gods grant that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king who binds,
In his Sicilian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather to insure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou mayst;
Or that whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So called, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian siew!
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forc'd to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth!
Dear, as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son!
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd;
And favour'd by the Muse, whom I implor'd,
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new-tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,

Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
 Or my ear drank the music of his tongue:
 Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
 Aware thyself that there is urgent need!
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book.
 Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)
 To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
 Give him, whatever his employment be,
 Such gratulation, as he claims from me!
 And, with a downcast eye, and carriage meek,
 Addressing him, forget not thus to speak!

" If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
 To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
 Long due, and late, I left the English shore;
 But make me welcome for that cause the more!
 Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
 The slow epistle came, though late, sincere.
 But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed,
 For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?
 Self-charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
 He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
 But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
 And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;
 From timid foes the lion turns away,
 Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey;
 Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
 Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;
 And Heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
 By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
 Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
 And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd;
 For fame, too often true, when she alarms,
 Reports thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms;
 Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
 And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepared.
 Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
 And saturates with blood the tainted ground;
 Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
 But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
 The ever-verdant olive fades and dies,
 And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,

Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

“ Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown;
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
The aid denied thee in thy native land.
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given
By Providence to guide thy steps to heav'n?
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name?
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
An exiled fugitive from shade to shade,
When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,
In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life;
So, from Philippa, wander'd forth forlorn
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

“ But thou take courage! strive against despair!
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!
Grim war, indeed, on ev'ry side appears,
And thou art menaced by a thousand spears;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.
For thee the ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs,
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs;
The same, who overthrew in ages past,
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears,
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

“ Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may,)
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home!”

ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's Twentieth Year.

TIME, never wand'ring from his annual round,
 Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
 Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
 And earth assumes her transient youth again.
 Dream I, or also to the spring belong
 Increase of genius and new pow'rs of song?
 Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
 Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
 Castalia's fountain and the forked hill,
 By day, by night, my raptured fancy fill;
 My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
 A sacred sound, that prompts me to begin.
 Lo! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
 The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends;
 I mount, and, undepress'd by cumb'rous clay,
 Through cloudy regions win my easy way;
 Rapt, through poetic shadowy haunts I fly:
 The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
 My spirit searches all the realms of light,
 And no Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.
 But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
 Of inspiration—what will it perform?
 Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,
 And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veiled with op'ning foliage, lead'st the throng
 Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;
 Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
 Civic and sylvan heralds of the spring!

With notes triumphant spring's approach declare!
 To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!
 The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
 The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;
 Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway;
 And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
 Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain,
 Boötes follows his celestial wain:

And now the radiant sentinels above,
 Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,
 For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
 And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
 Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
 Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dew,
 This night, this surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,
 Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
 Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
 Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
 Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
 Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
 Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late
 Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate!
 Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
 Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
 The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
 But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
 Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and t'engage
 Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
 Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
 When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
 Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze that blows,
 Arabia's harvest and the Paphian rose.
 Her lofty front she diadems around
 With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
 Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,
 She interweaves, various, and all her own,
 For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
 Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
 Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
 Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues;
 Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
 And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
 Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
 The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
 But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,
 Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
 If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
 Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love),
 She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
 And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
 How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep,
 She sees thee playing in the western deep,
 How oft she cries—"Ah Phœbus! why repair
 Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?"

Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
 A face so fair in her unpleasant wave;
 Come, seek my green retreats, and rather choose
 To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews,
 The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
 Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
 And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
 Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
 No fears I feel like Semele to die,
 Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
 For thou canst govern them, here therefore rest,
 And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"

Thus breathes the wanton Earth her am'rous flame,
 And all her countless offspring feel the same;
 For Cupid now through every region strays,
 Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,
 His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
 And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound;
 Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
 Nor even Vesta at her altar-side;
 His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
 And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
 Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
 With Hymen's name, roofs, rocks, and valleys ring;
 He, new-attired, and by the season drest,
 Proceeds, all, fragrant, in his saffron vest.
 Now, many a golden-cinctured virgin roves
 To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
 All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
 Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
 Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
 Nor Phillis wants a song that suits the strain,
 With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
 And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear;
 Jove feels himself the season, sports again
 With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
 Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
 Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave.
 And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
 Silvanus, wreathed with cypress, skips behind.
 The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
 To roam the banks and solitary dells;
 Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
 Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,

And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
 In chase of some enticing Oread, flies.
 She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
 And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
 Our shades entice th' immortals from above,
 And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove;
 And long, ye pow'rs, o'er every grove preside,
 For all is safe and blest, where ye abide!
 Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
 Why choose to dwell where storms and thunder roar?
 At least, thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
 Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
 Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
 Too soon to Night's encroaching long control?

 ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical Epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharged, I send
 Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd
 friend;
 But wherefore should thy Muse tempt mine away
 From what she loves, from darkness into day?
 Art thou desirous to be told how well
 I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
 For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
 But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
 How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear
 December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
 French spirits kindling with cœrulean fires,
 And all such gambols as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends;
 The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,

Nor Pæbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
The Nine themselves oft times have join'd the song,
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus and whom Ceres both befriend.
What wonder, then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet!
The lute now also sounds, with gold inwrought,
And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,
In tap'stried halls, high-roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay;
And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate at once thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended pow'rs possess'd.
For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
But they, who demigods and heroes praise,
And feats performed in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give:

In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
 Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine!
 Their youth should pass in innocence, secure
 From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
 Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands
 The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
 Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
 Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight!
 Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
 Melodious tamer of the savage race!
 Thus train'd by temp'rance Homer led, of yore,
 His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
 Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
 And shoals insidious with the siren train;
 And through the realms where grisly spectres dwell,
 Whose tribes he fettered in a gory spell;
 For these are sacred bards, and, from above,
 Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove!

Wouldst thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear)
 Wouldst thou be told my occupation here?
 The promis'd King of Peace employs my pen,
 Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,
 The new-born Deity, with infant cries
 Filling the sordid hovel where he lies;
 The hymning angels, and the herald star,
 That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
 And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
 Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more!

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
 The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse;
 Verse, that, reserv'd in secret, shall attend
 Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
 That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
 Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
 And scorned his claim to rule all human hearts.
 "Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim'rous dove!
 An easy conquest suits an infant love;

Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
 Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
 Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
 Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
 (None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
 Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
 My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
 Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
 When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd,
 Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,
 Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
 Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
 Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
 Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
 Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.
 Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
 And added threats, not destitute of fire.
 "My power," he said, "by others' pain alone,
 'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
 With those who feel my power that pow'r attest I
 And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
 I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
 From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
 And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
 Will yield the prize of archery to me.
 A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
 Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled;
 Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true
 The youth whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
 Vanquish'd by me, see huge Orion bend,
 By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
 At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
 His bosom first should bleed transfixt by mine.
 But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
 Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,
 Thy Muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace insure,
 Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
 Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
 Provok'd my laughter, more than moved my fear.
 I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
 Careless in city or suburban shade,
 And passing, and repassing, nymphs, that mov'd
 With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
 Bright shone the vernal day with double blaze,
 As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
 By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
 The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
 And many a look of many a fair unknown
 Met full, unable to control my own.
 But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
 One—Oh, how far superior to the rest!
 What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
 Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
 The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd
 His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd!
 Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
 With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side;
 Now to her lips he clung, her eye-lids now,
 Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
 And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
 Pierced and transpierced my undefended heart.
 A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
 Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire;
 But she, the while, whom only I adore,
 Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
 In silent sadness I pursue my way;
 I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
 And while I follow her in thought, bemoan,
 With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
 When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
 So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
 And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
 From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
 Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
 Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
 Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear.
 Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
 Perhaps some pity at my tale of woe.
 Oh inauspicious flame—'tis mine to prove
 A matchless instance of disastrous love.

Ah spare me, gentle pow'r!—If such thou
 Let not thy deeds and nature disagree.
 Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
 With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
 Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts;
 Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.
 Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
 Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:
 But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
 One destin'd mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies that, in earlier days,
 By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,
 Studious, yet indolent, and urged by youth,
 That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth,
 Till learning taught me, in his shady bow'r,
 To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.
 Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame suppress,
 A frost continual settled on my breast,
 Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
 And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.¹

PRAISE in old times the sage Prometheus won,
 Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
 But greater he whose bold invention strove
 To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

¹ The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day would be extremely unseasonable now.—G.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.¹

ANOTHER Leonora once inspired
 Tasso, with fatal love to frenzy fired ;
 But how much happier, lived he now, were he,
 Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee !
 Since could he hear that heav'nly voice of thine,
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
 Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
 Yet still, with medicinal sounds might cheer
 His senses wand'ring in a blind career ;
 And sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
 Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah ! boast no more
 The sweet-voiced Syren buried on thy shore,
 That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
 Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave ;
 For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
 Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
 Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
 Of magic song, both gods and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
 Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort
 That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
 Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
 The tree, too old to travel, though before
 So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.

¹ I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.—G.

The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
 Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd.
 And "Oh," he cried, "that I had lived content
 With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
 My av'rice has expensive proved to me,
 Has cost me both my pippins and my tree."

TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
 Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
 Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
 The iron casque still chafes my vet'ran brow,
 While following fate's dark footsteps I fulfil
 The dictates of a hardy people's will.
 But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
 Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR.

A PHYSICIAN.

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
 The condition of your birth,
 Now be taught your feeble state!
 Know that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
 Say but once—"Resign your breath!"
 Vainly of escape you dream,
 You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
 Death's assault, and baffle doom,
 Hercules had both withstood,
 Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, sav'd by magic song,
Still had liv'd, and equal skill
Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs and drugs a pow'r
To avert man's destin'd hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still hadst fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race.

Hadst advanced to higher fame
Still, thy much-ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
The Tartarean gulf abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread,
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flow'rs that blow

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy shade consign!
Make Elvsiùm ever thine!

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY

Written in the Author's Seventeenth Year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
 And still my sullied cheek was wet
 With briny tears, profusely shed
 For venerable Winton dead;
 When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound,
 Alas! are ever truest found,
 The news through all our cities spread
 Of yet another mitred head
 By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
 Ely, the honour of his kind!

At once, a storm of passion heav'd
 My boiling bosom, much I griev'd,
 But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
 Devoting Death himself to death.
 With less revenge did Naso teem,
 When hated Ibis was his theme:
 With less, Archilochus, denied
 The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo! while thus I execrate,
 Incens'd, the minister of fate,
 Wond'rous accents, soft yet clear,
 Wafted on the gale I hear.

“ Ah, much deluded! lay aside
 Thy threats, and anger misapplied!
 Art not afraid with sounds like these
 T' offend, where thou canst not appease?
 Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus?)
 The son of Night and Erebus;
 Nor was of fell Erynnis born
 On gulfs, where Chaos rules forlorn:
 But sent from God, his presence leaves
 To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
 To call encumber'd souls away
 From fleshy bonds to boundless day,
 (As when the winged hours excite,
 And summon forth the morning-light.)

And each to convoy to her place
 Before th' Eternal Father's face.
 But not the wicked—they, severe
 Yet just, from all their pleasures here
 He hurries to the realms below,
 Terrific realms of penal woe!
 Myself no sooner heard his call,
 Than, scaping through my prison-wall,
 I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
 And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
 Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
 To mount, on fiery wheels, to heav'n.
 Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
 Appall'd me not; nor to behold
 The sword that vast Orion draws,
 Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws.
 Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
 And, far beneath my feet, descry
 Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
 Whom her winged dragons draw.
 Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
 Augmented still as I proceed,
 I pass the planetary sphere,
 The Milky Way—and now appear
 Heav'n's crystal battlements, her door
 Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

" But here I cease. For never can
 The tongue of once a mortal man
 In suitable description trace
 The pleasures of that happy place,
 Suffice it that those joys divine
 Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

AH, how the human mind wearies herself
 With her own wand'rings, and, involv'd in gloom
 Impenetrable, speculates amiss!
 Measuring, in her folly, things divine
 By human; laws inscrib'd on adamant
 By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
 For ever, by the hours that pass and die.

How?—shall the face of Nature then be plough'd
 Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
 On the great Parent fix a sterile curse?
 Shall even she confess old age, and halt,
 And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
 Shall foul Antiquity, with rust, and drought,
 And famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
 Shall Time's unsated maw crave and engulf
 The very heav'ns that regulate his flight?
 And was the Sire of all able to fence
 His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
 But, through improvident and heedless haste,
 Let slip th' occasion?—so then—all is lost—
 And in some future evil hour, yon arch
 Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the pole
 Jar in collision, the Olympian king
 Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
 The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
 Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
 Down into Lemnos, through the gate of heav'n.
 Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
 Phœbus! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,
 With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
 Suddenly, and the flood shall reek and hiss,
 At the extinction of the lamp of day.
 Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
 Be shatter'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd
 In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer laid
 His deep foundations, and providing well
 For the event of all, the scales of Fate
 Suspended, in just equipoise, and bade
 His universal works, from age to age,
 One tenor hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears
 In social measure swift the heav'ns around.
 Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
 Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
 Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
 Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
 A downward course, that he may warm the vulc:
 But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,

Sign after sign, through all the heav'nly zone.
 Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
 From odorif'rous Ind, whose office is
 To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,
 To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
 And to discriminate the night and day.
 Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes and wanes
 Alternate, and with arms extended still
 She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
 Nor have the elements deserted yet
 Their functions: thunder, with as loud a stroke
 As erst, smites thro' the rocks, and scatters them.
 The east still howls, still the relentless north
 Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes
 The winter, and still rolls the storms along.
 The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
 Beats on Pelorus, o'er the deep is heard
 The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,
 Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
 In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
 Thou too, thy ancient vegetative pow'r
 Enjoy'st, O earth! Narcissus still is sweet,
 And Phœbus still thy favourite, and still
 Thy fav'rite, Cytherea! both retain
 Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
 For punishment of man, with purer gold
 Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the deep.

Thus, in unbroken series, all proceeds;
 And shall, till wide involving either pole,
 And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
 The final flames of destiny absorb
 The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre!

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

YE sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
 Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
 Mnemosyne! and thou, who in thy grot
 Immense, reclined at leisure, hast in charge
 The archives, and the ord'nances of Jove.
 And dost record the festivals of heav'n.

Eternity!—Inform us who is He,
 That great original by nature chosen
 To be the archetype of human kind,
 Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
 Themselves coeval, one, yet ev'rywhere,
 An image of the God who gave him being?
 Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
 He dwells not in his father's mind; but, though
 Of common nature with ourselves, exists
 Apart, and occupies a local home.
 Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
 Eternal ages, roaming at his will
 From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell
 On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth,
 Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
 Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
 To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
 That vast and giant model of our kind
 In some far distant region of this globe
 Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
 O'ertow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
 The stars, terrific even to the gods.
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved
 His best illumination, him beheld
 In secret vision; never him the son
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
 Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
 Him never knew th' Assyrian priest, who yet
 The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
 And Belus, and Osiris, far-renown'd;
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
 So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.
 And thou, who hast immortalized the shades
 Of Academus, if the schools received
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards
 To thy republic, or thyself evinced
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.

ON that Pieria's spring would through my breast
 Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
 No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
 That, for my venerable Father's sake
 All meaner themes renounced, my Muse, on wings,
 Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
 For thee, my Father! howsoe'er it please,
 She frames this slender work, nor know I aught
 That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
 Though to requite them suitably would ask
 Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
 The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
 But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
 This page presents thee in their full amount
 With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
 Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
 In secret grottos, and in laurel bow'rs,
 I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired.

Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
 Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
 Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
 Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
 Bespeaks him animated from above.
 The gods love verse; the infernal Pow'rs themselves
 Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
 Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
 In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale,
 Tremulous Sybil, make the future known,
 And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
 Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning
 bull,
 And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
 To scrutinize the Fates enveloped there.
 We, too, ourselves, what time we seek again
 Our native skies, and one eternal now
 Shall be the only measure of our being,
 Crown'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
 Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
 And make the starry firmament resound.

And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
 That wheels yon circling orbs directs, himself,
 Their mazy dance with melody of verse
 Unutt'able, immortal, hearing which,
 Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
 Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
 And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
 Verse graced of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
 Luxurious dainties, destined to the gulf
 Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
 Lyæus deluged yet the temp'rate board.
 Then sat the bard a customary guest
 To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
 With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
 The characters of heroes and their deeds
 To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
 Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
 Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder-bolt
 Not yet produced from Etna's fiery cave.
 And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
 Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
 The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
 Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear
 And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
 Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
 To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
 He moved: these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
 The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And useless, Pow'rs, by whom inspired, thyself
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir by right
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
 Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
 In close affinity, we sympathize
 In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
 Such distribution of himself to us
 Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
 Mine also, and between us we receive,
 Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
 Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,

My Father! for thou never bad'st me tread
 The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
 To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
 To the insipid clamours of the bar,
 To laws voluminous, and ill observed;
 But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
 My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
 From city din to deep retreats, to banks
 And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
 Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
 I speak not now, on more important themes
 Intent, of common benefits, and such
 As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
 My Father! who when I had open'd once
 The stores of Roman rhetoric, and learn'd
 The full-toned language of the eloquent Greeks,
 Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove,
 Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs
 That Gallia boasts; those too with which the smooth
 Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,
 That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
 And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
 To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
 The earth beneath it, and the air between,
 The rivers and the restless deep, may all
 Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
 Concurring with thy will; science herself,
 All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
 And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
 I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
 That covet it; what could my Father more?
 What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
 His own abode, the heav'n in which he reigns?
 More eligible gifts than these were not
 Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
 As they were insecure, who made the boy
 The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
 The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
 To his young brows his own all dazzling wreath.
 I therefore, although last and least, my place
 Among the learned in the laurel grove
 Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines
 Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
 Profane, nor even to be seen by such.

Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,
 And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
 Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
 Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
 Ye all are impotent against my peace,
 For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
 Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.

But thou, my Father! since to render thanks
 Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
 Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
 Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
 And bear them treasured in a grateful mind!
 Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
 My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
 To hope longevity, and to survive
 Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
 In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
 Shall to futurity perhaps convey
 This theme, and by these praises of my sire
 Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,

MUCH INDISPOSED.¹

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
 Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
 And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,
 Not less than Diopèia's sprightlier airs,
 When, in the dance, she beats, with measured tread,
 Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
 Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
 Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
 Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
 From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,
 When Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
 Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,

¹ The original is written in a measure called *Sæzon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.—C.

Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth
Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endur'st the languor and the pains,
That bile inflicts, diffused through all thy veins,
Relentless malady! not moved to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice and Lesbian air!

Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine!
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclined in everlasting ease,
Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His loved Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So sooth'd, the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO, MARQUIS
OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his "Dialogues on Friendship," for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled "Gerusalemme Conquistata," book xx.

"Fra cavalieri magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso."

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities; and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso! happy in that theme design,
For Gallus and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee;
And if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such it shines in Tasso's page,
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consign'd (not unaware
How high the charge) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing to the nymphs Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of theirs which thou couldst save,
All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each,
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who, true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, tho' a stranger youth, who come
Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my northern home,

Thee dear to Clio confident proclaim,
 And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
 Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
 A Muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
 Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
 To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
 We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
 The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
 Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,
 O'er his wide stream the swan's voice warbling clear,
 And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
 Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our northern clime,
 E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme.
 We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has receiv'd
 (If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
 No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
 The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
 The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
 Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;
 Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
 Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme
 Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
 Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
 They name the virgins, who arriv'd of yore,
 With British off'rings, on the Delian shore;
 Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
 Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
 And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
 All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
 Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after time,
 Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
 And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
 The world shall hear how Phœbus, and the Nine
 Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
 Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
 The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
 Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
 Though Hercules had ventur'd there before.
 But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
 Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green,
 And thither, oft as respite he required
 From rustic clasmours loud, the god retir'd.

There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
 At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,
 Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
 He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
 Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
 Nor Oeta felt his load of forests more;
 The upland elms descended to the plain,
 And softened lynxes wondered at the strain

Well may we think, O dear to all above!
 Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
 And that Apollo shed his kindest pow'r,
 And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
 Since only minds so born can comprehend
 A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
 Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
 The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years;
 Hence, in thy front, and features, we admire
 Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.
 Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
 So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
 Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
 The kings and heroes of my native clime,
 Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
 In subterraneous being, future wars,
 With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,
 Each to his seat around the fed'ral board,
 And oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
 Our Saxon plund'rers, in triumphant verse!
 Then, after all, when, with the past content,
 A life I finish, not in silence spent,
 Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend,
 I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"
 He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
 To honour me, and with the graceful wreath,
 Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
 Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
 Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
 And Virtue's promised recompence be sure,
 Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire
 By purity of soul and virtuous fire,
 These rites, as fate permits, I shall survey
 With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
 And, ev'ry cloud from my pure spirit driv'n,
 Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n!

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deploras himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman—a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
 Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
 And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
 The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
 Now through the villas laved by Thames rehearse
 The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
 What sighs he heaved, and how, with groans profound,
 He made the woods and hollow rocks resound
 Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
 His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
 And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
 Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
 The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
 For he, enamour'd of the muse, remain'd
 In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
 But, stored at length with all he wished to learn,
 For his flock's sake now hasted to return;
 And when the shepherd had resumed his seat
 At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
 Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
 And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his woe.

¹ "A pastoral, in my judgment, equal to any of Virgil's *Bucolics*, but of which Dr. Johnson (so it pleased him) speaks, as I remember, contemptuously."—(Cowper to Hurdis, Dec. 10, 1791.)

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heav'n or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls,
And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls,
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine.

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplord, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue;
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove,
At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon! such thy sure reward shall be;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me?
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts, we went?
Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way?

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.

In whom shall I confide? whose counsel find
 A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
 Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
 Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,
 While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
 And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
 While storms abroad the dreary meadows whirl,
 And the wind thunders through the neighb'ring elm?

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
 And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
 When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
 And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
 Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
 Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
 With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
 Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
 Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
 And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields!
 My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
 Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
 Nor please me more my flocks; they, slighted, turn
 Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
 are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
 Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
 And young Alpheisibœus to a seat
 Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
 'Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise,
 Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'

Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

“Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due

To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return)
'What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah Thyrsis! thou art either crazed with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue:
His leaden shaft oblique has pierced thee through.'

“Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amazed, my melancholy see,
And, 'Thyrsis!' cry—'what will become of thee!
What wouldst thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!’

“Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came, to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope, the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands
That skirt the Idamanian current stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

“Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indifference of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or prefer'd!
No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
But each associates and is pleased with all;
So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;

The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
 His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
 With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,
 Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
 And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
 Or hedger with his well-aim'd arrow slay,
 For no such loss the gay survivor grieves;
 New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
 We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
 Scorning all others in a single choice.
 We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
 And if the long-sought good at last we find,
 When least we fear it Death our treasure steals.
 And gives our heart a wound that nothing heals.

“Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah, what delusion lured me from my flocks,
 To traverse Alpine snows and rugged rocks!
 What need so great had I to visit Rome,
 Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
 Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
 For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
 What need so great had I t' incur a pause
 Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
 For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
 Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
 Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, composed
 Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids closed,
 And, at the last, had said—'Farewell—ascend—
 Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!'”

“Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
 My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
 Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
 My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
 Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
 And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
 Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
 The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,
 Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
 Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
 And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
 Your swains contending for the prize of song!”

I also dared attempt (and, as it seems,
 Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
 For even I can presents boast from you,
 The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
 And Dati and Francini, both have made
 My name familiar to the beechen shade,
 And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
 Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

“Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 While bright the dewy grass with moonbeams shone,
 And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
 How often have I said (but thou hadst found
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground)
 Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
 Or wicker-work for various use prepares!
 How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
 New scenes of pleasure, that I hoped at hand,
 Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
 ‘What ho! my friend—come, lay thy task aside,
 Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
 The heat beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile,
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
 Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!
 There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
 Thy friend the name and healing pow'rs of each,
 From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
 What the dry land and what the marshes breed,
 For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.’
 Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
 The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
 I meditating sat some statelier theme,
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
 And unessay'd before, than wide they flew,
 Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
 The deep-toned music of the solemn strain;
 And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
 How proud a theme I choose—ye groves, farewell!

“Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
 How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,

First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
 And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen ;
 Of Brennus and Belinus, brothers bold,
 And of Arviragus, and how of old
 Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,
 And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
 By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd.
 (Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
 Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
 These themes I now revolve—and oh—if Fate
 Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
 Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
 Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
 Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
 Thou change thy Latian for a British song ;
 A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man
 Are bounded; little is the most he can ;
 And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
 Fame, and proud recompence enough for me,
 If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
 If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
 Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream
 Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
 Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
 The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare ;
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
 Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
 This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
 (Manso not least his native city's pride)
 Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
 Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
 The spring was graven there ; here slowly wind
 The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lin'd :
 Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
 The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
 And, watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
 To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.
 —In other part, th' expansive vault above,
 And there too, even there, the god of love ;
 With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
 A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
 Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
 Nor aims at vulgar minds or little souls,

Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

“Thou also, Damon, (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire? where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below
Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow;
Away with grief! on Damon ill bestow'd!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name.
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around),
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing aure.”

AN ODE

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN ROUSE, LIBRARIAN OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.¹

ON A LOST VOLUME OF MY POEMS, WHICH HE DESIRED ME TO
REPLACE, THAT HE MIGHT ADD THEM TO MY OTHER WORKS
DEPOSITED IN THE LIBRARY.

STROPHE.

My two-fold book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air,—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
What time at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cœrulean sire!
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admir'd?

¹ This Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.—W. C.

STROPHE II.

Now what god, or demigod,
 For Britain's ancient genius moved
 (If our afflicted land
 Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
 Of her degenerate sons)
 Shall terminate our impious feuds,
 And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?
 Recall the Muses too,
 Driv'n from their ancient seats
 In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
 And with keen Phœbean shafts
 Piercing th' unseemly birds,
 Whose talons menace us,
 Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, tho' thou hast stray'd
 Whether by treach'ry lost,
 Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
 From all thy kindred books,
 To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
 Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
 The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
 Be comforted—
 For lo! again the splendid hope appears
 That thou mayst yet escape
 The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
 Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
 That, though by promise his,
 Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
 Among the literary noble stores,
 Giv'n to his care,
 But absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.
 He, therefore, guardian vigilant
 Of that unperishing wealth,
 Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
 Where he intends a richer treasure far
 Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
 Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
 In the resplendent temple of his god,
 Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
 The Muses' fav'rite haunt;
 Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
 Dearer to him
 Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
 Exulting go,
 Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
 And thou art sought by my propitious friend,
 For there thou shalt be read
 With authors of exalted note,
 The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye then, my works, no longer vain,
 And worthless deem'd by me!
 Whate'er this sterile genius has produc'd,
 Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
 An unmolested happy home,
 Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
 Where never flippant tongue profane
 Shall entrance find,
 And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
 Shall babble far remote.
 Perhaps some future distant age,
 Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
 Shall furnish minds of pow'r
 To judge more equally.
 Then, malice silenc'd in the tomb,
 Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
 Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
 I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim

TRANSLATIONS OF THE ITALIAN POEMS.

SONNET.

FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
 Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
 Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
 To love a spirit elegant as thine,
 That manifests a sweetness all divine,
 Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
 And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
 Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine.
 When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
 Such strains as might the senseless forest move,
 Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
 Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
 Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
 Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
 Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
 Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
 Borne from its native genial airs away,
 That scarcely can its tender bud display,
 So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,
 Are flow'rs exotic, which Love waters there,
 While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
 Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
 And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain:
 So Love has will'd, and oft-times Love has shown
 That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
 Oh that this hard and sterile breast might be
 To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free!

CANZONE.

THEY mock my toil — the nymphs and am'rous
swains—

And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love-songs in language that thou little know'st?
How dar'st thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly,—find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flow'rs here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—
Thee other shores expect, and other tides;
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burthen, better far declined?

Speak, Muse! for me.—The fair one said, who
guides
My willing heart and all my fancy's flights,
"This is the language in which Love delights."

SONNET TO CHARLES DEODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
And scoff'd at Love, am fallen in his snare.
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair;
A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring Moon
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONNET.

LADY! it cannot be but that thine eyes
 Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
 And strike me ev'n as Phœbus him, whose way
 Through horrid Libya's sandy desert lies.
 Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
 Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
 New as to me they are, I cannot say,
 But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
 Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
 Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
 To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals,
 While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
 Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,
 Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

SONNET.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
 Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
 To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
 Let me devote my heart, which I have found
 By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
 Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
 When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
 It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
 As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
 From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
 As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
 Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
 Weak you will find it in one only part,
 Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII. LINE 18.

THUS Italy was moved—nor did the chief
 Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
 On every side his anxious thought he turns,
 Restless, unfixt, not knowing what to choose.
 And as a cistern that in brim of brass
 Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun
 Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
 The quiv'ring light now flashes on the walls,
 Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
 Such were the wav'ring motions of his mind.
 'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest.
 The birds, the bleating flocks were heard no more.
 At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
 And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
 The father of his country sought repose.
 When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs
 Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
 The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
 Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd:
 And these his gracious words to soothe his care:

'Heav'n-born, who bring'st our kindred home
 again,
 Rescued, and giv'st eternity to Troy,
 Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
 Expected thee; behold thy fixt abode.
 Fear not the the threats of war, the storm is pass'd,
 The gods appeased. For proof that what thou hear'st
 Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
 Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,
 A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,
 Shall greet thy wond'ring eyes. Mark well the place;
 For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils:
 There, twice ten years elaps'd, fair Alba's walls
 Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
 Thus shall it be—now listen, while I teach
 The means t' accomplish these events at hand.
 Th' Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,

Following Evander's standard and his fate,
 High on these mountains, a well-chosen spot,
 Have built a city, for their grandsire's sake
 Named Pallanteum. These perpetual war
 Wage with the Latians: joined in faithful league
 And arms confed'rate, add them to your camp.
 Myself between your winding banks, will speed
 Your well-oar'd barks to stem th' opposing tide.
 Rise, goddess-born, arise: and with the first
 Declining stars, seek Juno in thy pray'r,
 And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
 When conquest crowns thee, then remember *Me*.
 I am the Tiber, whose cerulean stream
 Heav'n favours; I with copious flood divide
 These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads.
 My mansion, this—and lofty cities crown
 My fountain-head."—He spoke, and sought the deep,
 And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.
 Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,
 And rising, with uplifted eye beheld
 The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd
 The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies:
 "Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the source
 Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,
 O Tiber, hear, accept me, and afford,
 At length afford, a shelter from my woes.
 Where'er in secret cavern under ground
 Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,
 Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,
 My off'rings and my vows shall wait thee still:
 Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,
 Be gracious now, and ratify thy word."
 He said, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
 Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.
 When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,
 The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,
 Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.
 To thee, the pious prince, Juno, to thee
 Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.
 That live-long night old Tiber smooth'd his flood,
 And so restrain'd it, that it seem'd to stand
 Motionless as a pool or silent lake,
 That not a billow might resist their oars.
 With cheerful sound of exhortation soon
 Their voyage they begin; the pitchy keel
 Slides through the gentle deep, the quiet stream

Admires th' unwonted burden that it bears,
 Well polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.
 Beneath the shade of various trees, between
 Th' umbrageous branches of the spreading groves
 They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night
 They slack their course, unwinding as they go
 The long meanders of the peaceful tide.

The glowing sun was in meridian height,
 When from afar they saw the humble walls,
 And the few scatter'd cottages, which now
 The Roman pow'r has equall'd with the clouds ;
 But such was then Evander's scant domain.
 They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.

It chanced th' Arcadian monarch on that day,
 Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
 Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
 Alcides and his tutelary gods.

Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief
 Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,
 His poor but venerable senate, burnt
 Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.

Soon as they saw the towering masts approach,
 Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
 Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
 Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.

But Pallas undismay'd his jav'lin seiz'd,
 Rush'd to the bank, and from a rising ground
 Forbad them to disturb the sacred rites.

"Ye stranger youth! What prompts you to explore
 This untried way? and whither do ye steer?
 Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"
 Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth

The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies :

"Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,
 Whom they with unprovok'd hostilities
 Have driv'n away, thou see'st. We seek Evander—
 Say this—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs
 Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."

Pallas with wonder heard that awful name,
 And "whosoe'er thou art," he cried, "come forth;
 Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,
 And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."

He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast:
 Then led him from the river to the grove,
 Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:
 "Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow

(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth
 In sign of amity this peaceful branch,
 I fear'd thee not, altho' I knew thee well
 A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,
 And kinsman of th' Atridæ. Me my virtue,
 That means no wrong to thee—the Oracles,
 Our kindred families allied of old,
 And thy renown diffused thro' ev'ry land,
 Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,
 And send me not unwilling to thy shores.
 Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,
 (So say the Greeks) was fair Electra's son ;
 Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
 Whose shoulders high sustain th' ethereal orbs.
 Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,—
 Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
 Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
 Atlas of yore, the self-same Atlas, claim'd
 His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
 Thy race and ours one common sire confess.
 With these credentials fraught, I would not send
 Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
 And win thee by degrees—but came myself—
 Me therefore, me thou seest ; my life the stake :
 'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.
 Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
 Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,
 Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,
 All theirs, from th' upper to the nether sea.
 Take then our friendship, and return us thine.
 We too have courage, we have noble minds,
 And youth well tried, and exercis'd in arms."
 Thus spoke Æneas.—He with fixt regard
 Survey'd him speaking, features, form, and mien.
 Then briefly thus—"Thou noblest of thy name,
 How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
 How gladly thus confess thee for a friend !
 In thee I trace Anchises ; his thy speech,
 Thy voice, thy count'nance. For I well remember,
 Many a day since, when Priam journeyed forth
 To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
 Hesione, his sister, he push'd on
 E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then
 The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek ;
 Much I admir'd the Trojan chiefs, and much
 Their king, the son of great Laomedon,

But most Anchises, tow'ring o'er them all,
 A youthful longing seized me to accost
 The hero, and embrace him; I drew near,
 And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
 Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,
 A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
 A robe inwove with gold, with gold imboss'd,
 Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
 The friendly league thou hast solicited
 I give thee therefore, and to-morrow all
 My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
 Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
 Rejoice with us, and join to celebrate
 These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,
 And be at once familiar with our board."

He said, and bade replace the feast remov'd;
 Himself upon a grassy bank dispersed
 The crew, but for Æneas order'd forth
 A couch, spread with a lion's tawny shag,
 And bad him share the honours of his throne.
 Th' appointed youth with glad alacrity
 Assist the lab'ring priest to load the board,
 With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beeves,
 Well-kneaded bread, and mantling bowls. Well pleas'd
 Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
 On the huge length of a well-pastur'd chine.

Hunger appeas'd, and tables all dispatch'd,
 Thus spake Evander: "Superstition here,
 In this our solemn feasting has no part.
 No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger sav'd,
 In gratitude this worship we renew.
 Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
 Those bulks of broken stone dispers'd around,
 How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,
 And what a ruin spreads th' encumber'd plain.
 Within this pile, but far within, was once
 The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form,
 That shunn'd the day, half monster and half man.
 Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground
 Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
 Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
 Vulcan begot the brute: vast was his size,
 And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.
 But the day came that brought us what we wish'd,
 Th' assistance and the presence of a god.
 Flush'd with his vict'ry and the spoils he won

From triple-form'd Geryon, lately slain,
The great avenger, Hercules appear'd.
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail
He dragg'd them to his den, that there conceal'd
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
And now his herd with provender sufficed,
Alcides would be gone: they as they went
Still bellowing loud, made the deep echoing woods
And distant hills resound: when hark! one ox,
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,
Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
Then fury seiz'd Alcides, and his breast
With indignation heav'd: grasping his club
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain-top
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,
And dread increasing wing'd him as he went.
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,
He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,
Then grappled it with ironwork within
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge
Came Hercules: he gnash'd his teeth with rage,
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around
In quest of entrance. Fiery red and stung
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,
Threat'ning the streams below, he from the right
Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro
He shook the mass, loos'ning its lowest base;
Then shoved it from its seat; down fell the pile;
Sky thunder'd at the fall; the banks give way,

Th' affrighted stream flows upward to his source.
Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance
Earth yawning to the centre should disclose
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
Loath'd by the gods, such would the gulf appear,
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
The monster braying with unusual din
Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
To see such sudden inroads of the light,
Alcides press'd him close with what at hand
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
Of mill-stone size. He, (for escape was none)
Wond'rous to tell! forth from his gorge discharg'd
A smoky cloud, that darken'd all the den;
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain
The smoth'ring vapour, mixt with fiery sparks.
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
The hero, more provoked, endur'd not this,
But with a headlong leap he rush'd to where
The thickest cloud envelop'd his abode.
There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
Till crush'd within his arms, the monster shows
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down
The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
Lies open; and th' imprison'd bulls, the theft
He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
By th' heels the miscreant carcase is dragg'd forth,
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
Are viewed with wonder never to be cloy'd.
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence
This festal day. Potitius first enjoin'd
Posterity these solemn rites, he first
This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest
By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.
Come then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows
In praise of such deliv'rance, and hold forth
The brimming cup; your deities and ours
Are now the same, then drink, and freely too.
So saying, he twisted round his rev'rend locks
A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd
His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
At once all pour libations on the board,
All offer pray'r. And now the radiant sphere

Of day descending, eventide drew near.
 When first Potitius with the priests advanc'd,
 Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.
 High piled with meats of sav'ry taste, they ranged
 The chargers, and renewed the grateful feast.
 Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,
 Circling the blazing altars; here the youth
 Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
 The rev'rend seers responsive; praise they sung,
 Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds;
 How first with infant gripe, two serpents huge
 He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
 How Troja and Oechalia he destroy'd,
 Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
 Beneath Eurystheus, (so his step-dame will'd)
 Achiev'd victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair,
 Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,
 Thou slew'st, the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
 And the vast lion of the Nemean rock.
 Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,
 Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.
 Thee no abhorred form, not ev'n the vast
 Typhœus could appal, tho' clad in arms.
 Hail, true born son of Jove, among the gods
 At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,
 Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs.
 Thus hymn'd the chorus: above all they sing
 The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breath'd.
 The whole grove echoes, and the hills rebound.

The rites perform'd, all hasten to the town.
 The king, bending with age, held as he went
 Æneas and his Pallas by the hand,
 With much variety of pleasing talk
 Short'ning the way. Æneas, with a smile,
 Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful scent
 And many a question asks, and much he learns
 Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.
 Then spake Evander: These extensive groves
 Were once inhabited by fauns and nymphs
 Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
 Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
 And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
 Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
 The steer, with forecast provident to store
 The hoarded grain, or manage what they had.
 But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,

Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
 An exile from Olympus, and expell'd
 His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,
 First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
 This herd of men untractable and fierce,
 And gave them laws, and called his hiding-place
 This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
 His land possess'd, the golden age was then,
 So famed in story; till by slow degrees
 Far other times, and of far different hue
 Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
 Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
 From Sicily, and Latium often changed
 Her master and her name. At length arose
 Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form
 Was chief; and we Italians since have call'd
 The river by his name; thus Albula
 (So was the country called in ancient days)
 Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
 An exile, thro' the dangerous ocean driv'n,
 Resistless fortune and relentless fate
 Placed where thou seest me. Phœbus, and
 The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
 Attendant on thy wand'rings, fixt me here.

[Ten lines omitted.]

He said, and show'd him the Tarpeian rock,
 And the rude spot where now the capitol
 Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
 Then overgrown with thorns. And yet ev'n then,
 The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe;
 The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
 This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top
 Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
 Inhabits, but what deity we doubt.
 Th' Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself
 That they have often seen him, shaking here
 His gloomy ægis, while the thunder-storms
 Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
 Behold that ruin; those dismantled walls,
 Where once two towns, Ianiculum—
 By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
 Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath
 The roof of poor Evander, thence they saw,

Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
 The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.
 Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,
 Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
 These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.
 Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,
 Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
 Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.
 So saying he led Æneas by the hand,
 And placed him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,
 Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[*The episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.*]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd,
 Awakened by the gentle dawn of day,
 And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves
 Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
 His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,
 And his good sword well-girded to his side,
 A panther's skin dependent from his left
 And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
 Thus was he clad. Two mastiffs follow'd him,
 His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

JOVID. TRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

“Scribis, ut oblectum.”

You bid me write t' amuse the tedious hours,
 And save from with'ring my poetic pow'rs.
 Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
 From the free mind, not fettered down by woe;
 Restless amidst unceasing tempests tost,
 Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
 Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain,
 Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,
 Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?
 Does grief or study most besit the mind,
 To this remote, this barb'rous nook confin'd?
 Could you impart to my unshaken breast
 The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
 Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
 For what is human strength to wrath divine?

Wise as he was, and heaven pronounced him so,
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.
Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And even th' offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil improv'rish'd by neglect ;
Unexercis'd and to his stall confined,
The fleetest racer would be left behind ;
The best built bark that cleaves the wat'ry way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse constrain'd to move with measur'd feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays ?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea:
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame,
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because that world approv'd my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again ?
No, let the Nine th' ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,
And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
The victim of my own pernicious art.
Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
And shipwreck'd once to tempt the deep again.
Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
None to consult and none to understand.
The purest verse has no admirers here,
Their own rude language only suits their ear.
Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
I learn it, and almost unlearn my own—
Yet to say truth, ev'n here the Muse disdains
Confinement, and attempts her former strains,
But finds the strong desire is not the pow'r,
And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.

A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
 And though unworthy finds a friend at Rome ;
 But oh the cruel art, that could undo
 It's vot'ry thus, would that could perish too!

HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.

"Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
 Soracte."

SEEST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
 The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
 The streams congeal'd forget to flow ;
 Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
 Of fuel on the hearth ;
 Broach the best cask, and make old winter smile
 With seasonable mirth.

This be our part,—let Heaven dispose the rest ;
 If Jove command, the winds shall sleep,
 That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
 And gentle gales spring from the balmy West.
 E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may,
 When to-morrow's past away,
 We at least shall have to say,
 We have lived another day ;
 Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
 Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus."

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
 Persian garlands I detest ;
 Bring not me the late-blown rose
 Ling'ring after all the rest :

Plainer myrtle pleases me
 Thus outstretched beneath my vine ;
 Myrtle more becoming thee,
 Waiting with thy master's wine.

HOR. B. I. ODE XXXVIII¹

Boy! I detest all Persian fopperies,
 Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting,
 Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
 Where latest roses linger.

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
 Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
 Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
 Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE XVI.

"Otium Divos rogat in patienti."

EASE is the weary merchant's pray'r,
 Who ploughs beneath th' Ægean flood,
 When neither moon nor stars appear,
 Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
 For ease the Thracian hero sighs;
 Delightful ease all pant to taste,
 A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
 Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
 The tumults of a troubled breast,
 The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man, whose table shows
 A few clean ounces of old plate,
 No fear intrudes on his repose,
 No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-lived things, what plans we lay!
 Ah, why forsake our native home!
 To distant climates speed away;
 For self sticks close where'er we roam.

¹ English Sapphics have been attempted, but with little success, because in our language we have no certain rules by which to determine the quantity. The following version was made merely in the way of experiment how far it might be possible to imitate a Latin Sapphic in English without any attention to that circumstance.—W. C.

Care follows hard; and soon o'ertakes
 The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed,
 Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes,
 Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
 Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
 Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
 No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
 Thy num'rous flocks around thee graze,
 And the best purple Tyre affords
 Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heav'n bestow'd
 A rural mansion, neat and small;
 This Lyre,—and as for yonder crowd,
 The happiness to hate them all.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

THE THRACIAN.

[We are informed by the Poet's kinsman, Mr. Johnson, that on the same day that Cowper began and finished "The Cast-away," the Latin poems of Vincent Bourne were put before him; and he translated "The Thracian." The rendering of these verses is vigorous and musical, and casts no chill from the cloud that covered him. Indeed, during all this darkness of spirit, the poetical flame was burning bright behind it. The history of the human mind has no sadder or more wonderful page.]

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
 Mourn their babe with many a tear,
 But with undissembled mirth
 Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
 "O the savages!" exclaim,
 "Whether they rejoice or mourn,
 Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern,
 And this pleasure would they trace,
 Even they might somewhat learn
 From the savages of Thrace.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROcles from his injured lord, in dread
 Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
 Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
 He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat;
 But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
 When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
 He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
 To plaintive murmurs changed,—arrived within,
 And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
 Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,
 But bolder grown, at length inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
 The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day,
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey;
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
 But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
 Home! native home! O might he but repair!
 He must—he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands;
 When lo! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
 He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
 Mute with astonishment th' assembly gaze:
 But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
 All this is nat'ral: Nature bade him mend
 An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

A MANUAL

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT
TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things num'rous it contains:
And, things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merit most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

No name, nor title, stamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit: and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implement of ev'ry size,
And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
 What their occasions ask,
 Who with a more discerning eye
 Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
 From size to size they fall,
 In ev'ry leaf grow less and less ;
 The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent
 In narrow space, is here !
 This volume's method and intent
 How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss
 Or posed, whoever reads :
 No commentator's tedious gloss,
 Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er !
 No book is treasured there,
 Nor yet in Granta's num'rous store,
 That may with this compare,

No!—Rival none in either host
 Of this was ever seen,
 Or, that contents could justly boast,
 So brilliant and so keen.

AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
 In bulk and use, surpasses me,
 Nor is my purchase dear ;
 For little, and almost for nought,
 As many of my kind are bought
 As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
 And are procured at little cost,
 The labour is not light ;
 Nor few artificers it asks,
 All skilful in their sev'ral tasks,
 To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
 A second draws it into wire,
 The shears another plies,
 Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
 For him, who, chafing every shred,
 Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
 The knob, with which it must be crown'd ;
 His follower makes it fast :
 And with his mallet and his file
 To shape the point, employs awhile
 The seventh and the last.

Now therefore, Œdipus ! declare
 What creature, wonderful, and rare,
 A process, that obtains
 Its purpose with so much ado,
 At last produces !—tell me true,
 And take me for your pains !

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NONE ever shared the social feast,
 Or as inmate, or a guest,
 Beneath the celebrated dome,
 Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
 Who saw not (and with some delight
 Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
 How num'rous, at the tables there,
 The sparrows beg their daily fare.
 For there, in every nook and cell,
 Where such a family may dwell,
 Sure as the vernal season comes
 Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
 Which kindly giv'n, may serve with food
 Convenient their unfeather'd brood ;
 And oft as with its summons clear
 The warning bell salutes their ear,
 Sagacious list'ners to the sound,
 They flock from all the fields around,
 To reach the hospitable hall,
 None more attentive to the call.

Arrived, the penny-ary band,
 Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
 Solicit what they soon receive,
 The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
 Thus is a multitude, though large,
 Supported at a trivial charge;
 A single doit would overpay
 Th' expenditure of every day,
 And who can grudge so small a grace
 To suppliants, natives of the place?

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
 The youthful tabby lay,
 They gave each other many a tap,
 Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
 And with protruded claws
 Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
 Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
 She shakes her to the ground
 With many a threat, that she shall bleed
 With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest;
 It was a venial stroke:
 For she that will with kittens jest,
 Should bear a kitten's joke.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—
 And seldom another it can—
 To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
 In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,

Who never can seem to intrude,
 Though in all places equally free,
 Come, oft as the season is rude,
 Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
 That pierces the clouds of the east,
 To inveigle thee every day
 My windows shall show thee a feast.
 For, taught by experience, I know,
 Thee mindful of benefit long :
 And that, thankful for all I bestow,
 Thou wilt pay me with many a song

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
 Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
 Fly hence, if thou wilt to the woods,
 Or where it shall please thee to sing :
 And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
 Come again to my window or door,
 Doubt not an affectionate host,
 Only pay, as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confest
 To flow from a fountain above ;
 Else how should it work in the breast
 Unchangeable friendship and love ?
 And who on the globe can be found,
 Save your generation and ours,
 That can be delighted by sound,
 Or boasts any musical powers ?

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE shepherd touch'd his reed ; sweet Philomel
 Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,,
 And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
 The numbers, echo'd note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
 A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
 And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
 In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and rising, as he rose,
 With all the force that passion gives inspired,
 Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close
 Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill, prevail'd. O fatal strife,
 By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun;
 And O sad victory, which cost thy life,
 And he may wish that he had never won!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER
 BIRTHDAY, 1728.

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast,
 To a race like ours appears,
 Rounded to an orb at last,
 All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
 Frailer and of feebler pow'rs;
 We, to narrow bounds confined,
 Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
 Perish even from the womb,
 Swifter than a shadow flee,
 Nourish'd but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
 Lurk in all that we enjoy;
 Some, that waste us by degrees,
 Some, that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourn,
 Common to the sons of men,
 What remains, but that we mourn,
 Dream, and doat, and drivel then!

Fast as moons can wax and wane,
 Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
 Pant with anguish and complain,
 Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few (to few 'tis giv'n),
Ling'ring on this earthly stage,
Creep, and halt with steps unev'n,
To the period of an age,

Wherefore live they, but to see
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accustom'd course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last:
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate; content,
Should propitious Heav'n design
Life for us, as calmly spent,
Though but half the length of thine.

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell, who covets most
The prize—at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice
No single word but has its price:
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increas'd expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he that bore it may disclaim;
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended

THE SILKWORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm, scarce visible, disclose ;
 All winter long content to dwell
 The tenant of his native shell.
 The same prolific season gives
 The sustenance by which he lives,
 The mulb'rry-leaf, a simple store,
 That serves him—till he needs no more !
 For, his dimensions once complete,
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;
 Though, till his growing time be past,
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
 That hour arrived, his work begins ;
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;
 Till circle upon circle, wound
 Careless around him and around,
 Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
 Impervious to the keenest sight.
 Thus, self-inclosed, as in a cask,
 At length he finishes his task :
 And, though a worm when he was lost,
 Or caterpillar at the most,
 When next we see him, wings he wears,
 And in papilio-pomp appears ;
 Becomes oviparous ; supplies
 With future worms and future flies,
 The next ensuing year ;—and dies !
 Well were it for the world, if all
 Who creep about this earthly ball,
 Though shorter-lived than most he be,
 Were useful in their kind as he.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

NOT a flow'r can be found in the fields,
 Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
 From the largest to least, but it yields
 The bee, never wearied, a treasure

Scarce any she quits unexplor'd,
 With a diligence truly exact;
 Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
 Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
 And pilfers with so much address,
 That none of their odour they lose,
 Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
 The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
 His voracity not thus allays
 The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
 The pride of the garden devours;
 And birds peck the seed from the bed,
 Still less to be spar'd than the flow'ra.

But she with such delicate skill,
 Her pillage so fits for her use,
 That the chemist in vain with his still
 Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
 Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
 Since, stole she not all that she steals,
 Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.¹

In this mimic form of a matron in years,
 How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
 The matron herself, in whose old age we see
 Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
 No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
 No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
 Her forehead indeed is here circled around
 With locks like the ribbon with which they are bou
 While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
 Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;

¹ This picture is, I believe, now in the Gallery at Dresden.

But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
 Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
 Yet all is express'd, with fidelity due,
 Nor a pimple, or freckle, conceal'd from the view.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
 For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste ;
 The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
 The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
 And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
 Ridiculous nothing, or hideous in thee.
 The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
 O wonderful woman ! as placid as thine.

Strange magic of art ! which the youth can engage
 To peruse, half-enamour'd, the features of age ;
 And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
 That she, when as old, shall be equally fair !
 How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
 Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd !

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APELLES, hearing that his boy
 Had just expir'd—his only joy !
 Although the sight with anguish tore him,
 Bade place his dear remains before him.
 He seized his brush, his colours spread ;
 And—"Oh ! my child accept,"—he said,
 (" 'Tis all that I can now bestow,
 This tribute of a father's woe !"
 Then faithful to the two-fold part,
 Both of his feelings and his art,
 He clos'd his eyes, with tender care,
 And form'd at once a fellow pair.
 His brow with amber locks beset,
 And lips he drew, not livid yet ;
 And shaded all that he had done
 To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again
 The cause of thy paternal pain !
 Thy melancholy task fulfil !
 It needs the last, last touches still.

Again his pencil's powers he tries,
 For on his lips a smile he spies:
 And still his cheek unfaded shows
 The deepest damask of the rose.
 Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
 With fondest eagerness he stole,
 Till scarce himself distinctly knew
 The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
 Long lives this image of thy son;
 Nor short-liv'd shall thy glory prove,
 Or of thy labour, or thy love.

THE MAZE.

FROM right to left and to and fro,
 Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
 And turn, and turn, and turn again,
 To solve the myst'ry, but in vain;
 Stand still and breathe, and take from me
 A clue, that soon shall set you free!
 Not Ariadne, if you met her,
 Herself could serve you with a better.
 You entered easily—find where—
 And make, with ease, your exit there!

NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

THE lover, in melodious verses,
 His singular distress rehearses,
 Still closing with a rueful cry,
 "Was ever such a wretch as I?"
 Yes! thousands have endured before
 All thy distress; some, haply more.
 Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
 And Strephons, of the like disdain:
 And if thy Chloe be of steel,
 Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
 Not her alone that censure fits,
 Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
 The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
 As if he grew there, house and all
 Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
 When danger imminent betides
 Of storm, or other harm besides
 Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
 His self collecting power is such,
 He shrinks into his house with much
 Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
 Except himself has chattels none,
 Well satisfied to be his own
 Whole treasure,

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
 Nor partner of his banquet needs,
 And if he meets one, only feeds
 The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
 (He and his house are so combined)
 If, finding it, he fails to find
 Its master.

THE CANTAB.

WITH two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
 Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
 Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
 Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
 Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
 And out they both sally for better or worse;

His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather:
 And in violent haste to go not knowing whither:
 Through the fields and the towns, (see!) he scampers
 along,
 And is look'd at, and laugh'd at, by old and by young.
 Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with
 blood,
 Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
 In a waggon or chaise shall he finish his route?
 Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you!
 The advice that I give, I have proved to be true.
 Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
 The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

THE SALAD.

BY VIRGIL¹.

THE winter-night now well-nigh worn away,
 The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,
 When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
 Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
 Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide
 Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
 By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,
 And poking in the dark explored the nook,
 Where embers slept with ashes heap'd around,
 And with burnt fingers-ends the treasure found.

It chanced that from a brand beneath his nose,
 Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose;
 When, trimming with a pin th' incrust'd tow,
 And stooping it towards the coals below,
 He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
 The ling'ring flame, and gains at length a light;
 With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
 The quiv'ring lamp, and opes his gran'ry door.

¹ Translated June 8, 1799, when the sufferings of Cowper were most deep and fearful. Hayley remarks that, "To those who are used to philosophize on the powers of the human mind under affliction, this production will appear a highly interesting curiosity." The diction, in several places, is choice and happy.

Small was his stock, but taking for the day
 A measured stint of twice eight pounds away,
 With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
 Fixt in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
 Then, baring both his arms, a sleeveless coat
 He girds, the rough exuviae of a goat;
 And with a rubber, for that use design'd,
 Cleansing his mill within—begins to grind;
 Each hand has its employ; lab'ring amain,
 This turns the winch, while that supplies the gram.
 The stone, revolving rapidly, now glows,
 And the bruised corn a mealy current flows;
 While he, to make his heavy labour light,
 Tasks oft his left hand to relieve his right;
 And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
 His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
 And now, "Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;
 But Cybale, still slumb'ring, nought replies.

From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
 Whose face and form alike her birth betray'd:
 With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
 Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
 Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
 Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with solar heat;—
 Such, summon'd oft, she came; at his command
 Fresh fuel heap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,
 And made in haste her simm'ring skillet steam,
 Replenish'd newly from the neighbouring stream.

The labours of the mill perform'd, a sieve
 The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
 Which, shaken oft, shoots Ceres through refined,
 And better dress'd, her husks all left behind.
 This done, at once, his future plain repast,
 Unleaven'd, on a shaven board he cast,
 With tepid lymph first largely soak'd it all,
 Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,
 And spreading it again with both hands wide,
 With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied;
 At length, the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
 Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,
 Becomes an orb—and quarter'd into shares,
 The faithful mark of just division bears.
 Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
 For Cybale before had swept the place,

And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
She leaves it—reeking in its sultry bed.

Nor Simulus, while Vulcan thus alone
His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own.
But sedulous, not merely to subdue
His hunger, but to please his palate too,
Prepares more sav'ry food. His chimney-side
Could boast no gammon, salted well, and dried,
And hook'd behind him; but sufficient store
Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore;
A broad round cheese, which, through its centre
strung
With a tough broom-twigg in the corner hung:
The prudent hero therefore with address,
And quick dispatch, now seeks another mess.

Close to his cottage lay a garden-ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around,
Small was the spot, but lib'ral to produce;
Nor wanted aught that serves a peasant's use;
And sometimes ev'n the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was his sole expense.
For oft, as from his toils abroad he ceased,
Home-bound by weather, or some stated feast,
His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn, and wind, obedient to his will.
There flourish'd star-wort, and the branching beet,
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;
But these (for none his appetite controll'd
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustic sold;
With broom-twigg neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the public mart:
Whence, laden still, but with a lighter load
Of cash well-earn'd, he took his homeward road,
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
His gains in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
There, at no cost, on onions rank and red,

Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed :
 On scallions sliced, or with a sensual gust,
 On rockets—foul provocatives of lust!
 Nor even shunn'd, with smarting gums, to press
 Nasturtium—pungent, face-distorting mess!

Some such regale now also in his thought,
 With hasty steps his garden ground he sought;
 There delving with his hands, he first displaced
 Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast;
 The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
 Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls,
 And coriander last to these succeeds,
 That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.

Placed near his sprightly fire, he now demands
 The mortar at his sable servant's hands;
 When stripping all his garlick first, he tore
 Th' exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
 Then cast away, with like contempt the skin,
 Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
 These search'd, and perfect found, he one by one
 Rinsed, and disposed within the hollow stone.
 Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
 With his injected herbs he covered these,
 And tucking with his left his tunic tight,
 And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
 The garlick bruising first he soon express'd,
 And mix'd the various juices of the rest.
 He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below
 Lost in each other their own pow'rs forego,
 And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
 Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.
 His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent,
 He cursed full oft his dinner for its scent,
 Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
 The trickling tears, cried—"Vengeance on the
 smoke!"

The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
 The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow;
 With cautious hand, that grudges what it spills,
 Some drops of olive-oil he next instils;
 Then vinegar with caution scarcely less,
 And gathering to a ball the medley mess;
 Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
 Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side:

And thus complete in figure and in kind,
Obtains at length the salad he design'd.

And now black Cybale before him stands,
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands :
He glad receives it, chasing far away
All fears of famine for the passing day ;
His legs enclosed in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yoked his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plunged the pointed share.

TRANSLATIONS OF GREEK VERSES.

BEGUN AUGUST, 1799.

FROM THE GREEK OF JULIANUS.

A SPARTAN, his companions slain,
Alone from battle fled,
His mother, kindling with disdain
That she had borne him, struck him dead ;

For courage, and not birth alone,
In Sparta testifies a son !

ON THE SAME, BY PALLAADAS.

A SPARTAN, 'scaping from the fight,
His mother met him in his flight,
Upheld a falchion to his breast,
And thus the fugitive address'd :

“Thou canst but live to blot with shame
Indelible thy mother's name,
While ev'ry breath that thou shalt draw,
Offends against thy country's law ;
But if thou perish by this hand,
Myself indeed throughout the land,

To my dishonour, shall be known
 The mother, still of such a son,
 But Sparta will be safe and free,
 And that shall serve to comfort me."

AN EPITAPH.

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
 What, whether base or proud, my pedigree?
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men—
 Perhaps I fell below them all—what then?
 Suffice it, Stranger! that thou seest a tomb—
 Thou know'st its use—it hides no matter whom.

ANOTHER.

TAKE to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain
 With much hard labour in thy service worn!
 He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,
 And he these olives that the vale adorn.

He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led
 Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bow'rs,
 Thou, therefore, earth! lie lightly on his head,
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flow'rs.

ANOTHER.

PAINTER, this likeness is too strong,
 And we shall mourn the dead too long.

ANOTHER.

At threescore winters' end I died
 A cheerless being, sole and sad;
 The nuptial knot I never tied,
 And wish my father never had.

BY CALLIMACHUS.

At morn we placed on his funereal bier
 Young Melanippus; and at eventide,
 Unable to sustain a loss so dear,
 By her own hand his blooming sister died.

Thus Aristippus mourn'd his noble race,
 Annihilated by a double blow,
 Nor son could hope, nor daughter more t' embrace,
 And all Cyrene sadden'd at his woe.

ON MILTIADES.

MILTIADES! thy valour best
 (Although in every region known)
 The men of Persia can attest,
 Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON AN INFANT.

BEWAIL not much, my parents! me, the prey
 Of ruthless Ades, and sepulchred here,
 An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year.
 He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
 Your young Callimachus; and if I knew
 Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

BY HERACLIDES.

IN Cnidus born, the consort I became
 Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name,
 His bed I shar'd, nor prov'd a barren bride,
 But bore two children at a birth, and died
 One child I leave to solace and uphold
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old,
 And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear
 To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

ON THE REED.

I WAS of late a barren plant,
 Useless, insignificant,
 Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,
 A native of the marshy shore ;
 But gather'd for poetic use,
 And plung'd into a sable juice,
 Of which my modicum I sip,
 With narrow mouth and slender lip,
 At once, although by nature dumb,
 All eloquent I have become,
 And speak with fluency untired,
 As if by Phœbus' self inspired.

TO HEALTH.

ELDEST born of pow'rs divine
 Blest Hygeia! be it mine
 To enjoy what thou canst give,
 And henceforth with thee to live:
 For in pow'r if pleasure be,
 Wealth, or num'rous progeny,
 Or in amorous embrace,
 Where no spy infests the place:
 Or in aught that Heav'n bestows,
 To alleviate human woes,
 When the wearied heart despairs
 Of a respite from its cares;
 These and ev'ry true delight
 Flourish only in thy sight;
 And the sister Graces Three
 Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,
 Without whom we may possess
 Much, but never happiness.

ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

TH' Astrologers did all alike presage
 My uncle's dying in extreme old age;
 One only disagreed. But he was wise,
 And spoke not, till he heard the fun'ral cries.

ON AN OLD WOMAN.

MYCILLA dyes her locks 'tis said;
 But 'tis a foul aspersion;
 She buys them black; they therefore need
 No subsequent immersion.

ON INVALIDS.

FAR happier are the dead, methinks, than they
 Who look for death, and fear it ev'ry day.

ON FLATTERERS.

No mischief worthier of our fear
 In nature can be found,
 Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
 But hollow and unsound.
 For lull'd into a dangerous dream
 We close enfold a foe,
 Who strikes, when most secure we seem;
 Th' inevitable blow.

ON THE SWALLOW.

ATTIC maid! with honey fed,
 Bear'st thou to thy callow brood
 Yonder locust from the mead,
 Destin'd their delicious food!

Ye have kindred voices clear,
 Ye alike unfold the wing,
 Migrate hither, sojourn here,
 Both attendant on the spring!

Ah, for pity drop the prize!
 Let it not, with truth, be said,
 That a songster gasps and dies,
 That a songster may be fed.

ON LATE ACQUIRED WEALTH.

POOR in my youth, and in life's later scenes
 Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour:
 Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means;
 And nought, when old, enjoy'd, denied the pow'r.

ON A TRUE FRIEND.

HAST thou a friend? Thou hast indeed
 A rich and large supply,
 Treasure to serve your every need,
 Well manag'd till you die.

ON A BATH, BY PLATO.

DID Cytherea to the skies
 From this pellucid lymph arise?
 Or was it Cytherea's touch,
 When bathing here, that made it such?

ON A FOWLER, BY ISIODORIUS.

WITH seeds and birdlime, from the desert air,
 Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.
 No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
 Nor lux'ry knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
 Thrice thirty years he liv'd, and to his heirs
 His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares.

ON NIOBE.

CHARON! receive a family on board,
 Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl
 Apollo and Diana, for a word,
 By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

ON A GOOD MAN.

TRAV'LLER, regret not me; for thou shalt find
 Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,
 And with one wife liv'd many a year in peace:
 Three virtuous youths espous'd my daughters three,
 And oft their infants in my bosom lay,
 Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,
 Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.
 Their duteous hands my fun'ral rites bestow'd,
 And me, by blameless manners fitted well
 To seek it, sent to the serene abode,
 Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

ON A MISER.

THEY call thee rich—I deem thee poor,
 Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
 But sav'st it only for thine heirs,
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

ANOTHER.

A MISER, traversing his house,
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
 And thus his uninvited guest,
 Briskly inquisitive, address'd:
 "Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
 I owe this unexpected visit?"
 The mouse her host obliquely ey'd,
 And smiling, pleasantly replied,
 "Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!
 I come to lodge, and not to board."

ANOTHER.

ART thou some individual of a kind
 Long-liv'd by nature as the rook or hind?
 Heap treasure then, for if thy need be such,
 Thou hast excuse, and scarce canst heap too much.
 But man thou seem'st; clear therefore from thy breast
 This lust of treasure—folly at the best!
 For why shouldst thou go wasted to the tomb,
 To fatten with thy spoils thou know'st not whom?

ON FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

RICH, thou hadst many lovers—poor, hast none,
 So surely want extinguishes the flame,
 And she, who call'd thee once her pretty one,
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where
 In what strange country can thy parents live,
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perch'd above,
 On the summit of the grove,
 Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
 With the freedom of a king.
 From thy perch survey the fields
 Where prolific nature yields
 Nought that, willingly as she,
 Man surrenders not to thee.
 For hostility or hate
 None thy pleasures can create.
 Thee it satisfies to sing
 Sweetly the return of spring.
 Herald of the genial hours,
 Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.

Therefore man thy voice attends
 Gladly—thou and he are friends;
 Nor thy never-ceasing strains
 Phœbus, or the Muse, disdains,
 As too simple or too long,
 For themselves inspire the song.
 Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
 Ever singing, sporting, playing,
 What has nature else to show
 Godlike in its kind as thou?

ON HERMOCRATIA.

HERMOCRATIA nam'd—save only one—
 Twice fifteen births I bore, and buried none;
 For neither Phœbus pierc'd my thriving joys,
 Nor Dian—she my girls, or he my boys.
 But Dian rather, when my daughters lay
 In parturition, chas'd their pangs away.
 And all my sons, by Phœbus' bounty, shar'd
 A vig'rous youth, by sickness unimpair'd.
 O Niobe! far less prolific! see
 Thy boast against Latona sham'd by me!

FROM MENANDER.

FOND youth! who dream'st, that hoarded gold
 Is needful, not alone to pay
 For all thy various items sold,
 To serve the wants of every day;

Bread, vinegar, and oil, and meat,
 For sav'ry viands season'd high;
 But somewhat more important yet—
 I tell thee what it cannot buy.

No treasure, hadst thou more amass'd
 Than fame to Tantalus assign'd,
 Would save thee from a tomb at last.
 But thou must leave it all behind

I give thee, therefore, counsel wise;
 Confide not vainly in thy store,
 However large—much less despise
 Others comparatively poor;

But in thy more exalted state
 A just and equal temper show,
 That all who see thee rich and great
 May deem thee worthy to be so.

ON PALLAS BATHING.

FROM A HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

NOR oils of balmy scent produce,
 Nor mirror for Minerva's use,
 Ye nymphs who lave her; she, array'd
 In genuine beauty, scorns their aid.
 Not even when they left the skies
 To seek on Ida's head the prize
 From Paris' hand, did Juno deign,
 Or Pallas in the crystal plain
 Of Simois' stream her locks to trace,
 Or in the mirror's polish'd face,
 Though Venus oft with anxious care
 Adjusted twice a single hair.

TO DEMOSTHENES.

It flatters and deceives thy view,
 This mirror of ill-polish'd ore;
 For were it just, and told thee true,
 Thou wouldst consult it never more.

ON A SIMILAR CHARACTER.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
 With washes dye your hair,
 But paint and washes both are vain
 To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
 No labour will efface 'em,
 You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
 Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,
 Which though you much excel in,
 You never can contrive to make
 Old Hecuba young Helen.

ON AN UGLY FELLOW.

BEWARE, my friend! of crystal brook,
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
 Thy nose, thou chance to see,
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
 And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
 As self-enamour'd he.

ON A BATTERED BEAUTY.

HAIR, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy,
 A multifarious store!
 A mask at once would all supply,
 Nor would it cost you more.

ON A THIEF.

WHEN Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize
 Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
 Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
 Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,
 And whom, as arbiter and overseer
 Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here;
 "Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
 Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

ON PEDIGREE

FROM EPICHARMUS.

MY mother! if thou love me, name no more
 My noble birth! Sounding at every breath
 My noble birth, thou kill'st me. Thither fly,
 As to their only refuge, all from whom
 Nature withholds all good besides; they boast
 Their noble birth, conduct us to the tombs
 Of their forefathers, and from age to age
 Ascending, trumpet their illustrious race:
 But whom hast thou beheld, or canst thou name
 Derived from no forefather? Such a man
 Lives not; for how could such be born at all?
 And if it chance, that native of a land
 Far distant, or in infancy deprived
 Of all his kindred, one, who *cannot* trace
 His origin, exist, why deem him sprung
 From baser ancestry than theirs, who *can*?
 My mother! he, whom nature at his birth
 Endow'd with virtuous qualities, although
 An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

ON ENVY.

PITY, says the Theban bard,
 From my wishes I discard;
 Envy, let me rather be,
 Rather far, a theme for thee!
 Pity to distress is shown;
 Envy to the great-alone—
 So the Theban—But to shine
 Less conspicuous be mine!
 I prefer the golden mean
 Pomp and penury between
 For alarm and peril wait
 Ever on the loftiest state,
 And the lowest, to the end
 Obloquy and scorn attend.

BY PHILEMON.

Oft we enhance our ills by discontent,
 And give them bulk, beyond what nature meant.
 A parent, brother, friend deceased, to cry—
 "He's dead indeed, but he was born to die"—
 Such temperate grief is suited to the size
 And burthen of the loss; is just and wise.
 But to exclaim—"Ah! wherefore was I born,
 "Thus to be left, for ever thus forlorn?"
 Who thus laments his loss, invites distress,
 And magnifies a woe that might be less,
 Through dull despondence to his lot resign'd,
 And leaving reason's remedy behind.

BY MOSCHUS.

I SLEPT, when Venus enter'd: to my bed
 A Cupid in her beauteous hand she led,
 A bashful-seeming boy, and thus she said:
 "Shepherd, receive my little one! I bring
 An untaught love, whom thou must teach to sing."
 She said, and left him. I suspecting nought,
 Many a sweet strain my subtle pupil taught,
 How reed to reed Pan first with osier bound,
 How Pallas form'd the pipe of softest sound,
 How Hermes gave the lute, and how the quire
 Of Phœbus owe to Phœbus' self the lyre.
 Such were my themes; my themes nought heeded he
 But ditties sang of am'rous sort to me,
 The pangs that mortals and immortals prove
 From Venus' influence, and the darts of love.
 Thus was the teacher by the pupil taught;
 His lessons I retain'd, and mine forgot.

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

IN IGNORANTEM ARROGANTEM LINUM.

CAPTIVUM, Line, te tenet ignorantia duplex.
Scis nihil, et nescis te quoque scire nihil.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

THOU mayst of double ign'rance boast,
Who know'st not that thou nothing know'st.

PRUDENS SIMPLICITAS.

UT nulli nocuisse velis, imitare columbam:
Serpentem, ut possit nemo nocere tibi.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!

AD AMICUM PAUPEREM.

EST male nunc? Utinam in pejus sors omnia vertat
Succedunt summis optima saepe malis.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

OMNIA me dum junior essem, scire putabam:
Quo scio plus, noc me nunc scio scire minua.

WHEN little more than boy in age,
 I deem d myself almost a sage ;
 But now seem worthier to be styled,
 For ignorance—almost a child.

LEX TALIONIS.

MAJOREM nunquam, Aule, legis monumenta tuorum ;
 Mirum est, posteritas si tua scripta legat.

RETALIATION.

THE works of ancient bards divine,
 Aulus, thou scorn'st to read ;
 And should posterity read thine,
 It would be strange indeed !

DE ORTU ET OCCASU.

SOLE oriente, tui reditús a morte memento !
 Sis memor occasús, sole cadente, tui !

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

CONTEMPLATE, when the sun declines,
 Thy death, with deep reflection !
 And when again he rising shines,
 Thy day of resurrection !

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FABLES OF GAY.

LEPUS MULTIS AMICIS.

[These translations were composed in January, 1800, scarcely three months before the death of the Poet. While he was engaged on the first fable — “The Hare and many Friends” — he exclaimed, “O that I could recall the days when I could repeat all this fable by heart, when I used to be called upon to do so for the amusement of company !” Hayley was led by the freedom and spirit of these translations to print not only those which were left finished, but even a fragment of two verses, being the commencement of another fable.]

LUSUS amicitia est, uni nisi dedita, ceu fit,
 Simplice ni nexus fœdere, lusus amor.
 Incerto genitore puer, non sæpe paternæ
 Tutamen novit, deliciasque domûs :
 Quique sibi fidos fore multos sperat, amicus
 Mirum est huic misero si ferat ullus opem.

Comis erat, mitisque, et nolle et velle paratus
 Cum quovis, Gaii more modoque, Lepus.
 Ille, quot in sylvis, et quot spatiantur in agris
 Quadrupedes, nôrat conciliare sibi ;
 Et quisque innocuo, invitoque lacessere quengquam
 Labra tenus saltem fidus amicus erat.
 Ortum sub lucis dum pressa cubilia linquit,
 Rorantes herbas, pabula sueta, petens,
 Venatorum audit clangores ponè sequentum,
 Fulmineumque sonum territus erro fugit.
 Corda pavor pulsat, sursum sedet, erigit aures,
 Respicit, et sentit jam prope adesse necem.
 Utque canes fallat latè circumvagus, illuc,
 Unde abiit, mirâ calliditate redit ;
 Viribus at fractis tandem se projicit ultro
 In mediâ miserum semianimemque viâ.
 Vix ibi stratus, equi sonitum pedis audit, et, oh spe
 Quam lætâ adventu cor agitur equi !
 Dorsum (inquit) mihi, chare, tuum concede, tuoque
 Auxilio nares fallere, vimque canum.

Me meus, ut nosti, pes prodit—fidus amicus
 Fert quodeunque lubens, nec grave sentit, onus.
 Belle miselle lepuscule, (equus respondet) amara
 Omnia quæ tibi sunt, sunt et amara mihi.
 Verum age—sume animos—multi, me pone, bonique
 Adveniunt, quorum sis citò salvus ope.
 Proximus armenti dominus bos sollicitatus
 Auxilium his verbis se dare posse negat.
 Quando quadrupedum, quot vivunt, nullus amicum
 Me nescire potest usque fuisse tibi,
 Libertate æquus, quam cedit amicus amico,
 Utar, et absque metu ne tibi displiceam;
 Hinc me mandat amor. Juxta istum messis acervum
 Me mea, præ cunctis chara, juvenca manet;
 Et quis non ultro quæcunque negotia linquit,
 Pareat ut dominæ, cum vocat ipsa, suæ?
 Neu me crudelem dicas—discedo—sed hircus,
 Cujus ope effugias integer, hircus adest.
 Febrem (ait hircus) habes. Huc, sicca ut lumina
 languent!
 Utque caput, collo deficiente, jacet!
 Hirsutum mihi tergum; et forsân læserit agrum,
 Vellere eris melius fultus, ovisque venit.
 Me mihi fecit onus natura, ovis inquit, anhelans
 Sustineo lanæ pondera tanta meæ;
 Me nec velocem nec fortem jacto, solentque
 Nos etiam sævi dilacerare canes.
 Ultimus accedit vitulus, vitulumque precatur
 Ut periturum alias ocyus eripiat.
 Remne ego, respondet vitulus, suscepero tantam,
 Non depulsus adhuc ubere, natus heri?
 Te, quem maturi canibus validique relinquunt,
 Incolumem potero reddere parvus ego?
 Præterea tollens quem illi aversantur, amicis
 Forte parum videar consuluisse meis.
 Ignoscas oro. Fidissima dissociantur
 Corda, et tale tibi sat liquet esse meum,
 Ecce autem ad calces canis est! te quanta perempto
 Tristitia est nobis ingruiura!—Vale!

AVARUS ET PLUTUS.

ICTA fenestra Euri flatu stridebat, avarus
 Ex somno trepidus surgit, opumque memor.

Lata silenter humi ponit vestigia, quemque
 Respicit ad sonitum respiciensque tremit;
 Angustissima quæque foramina lampade visit,
 Ad vectes, obices, fertque refertque manum.
 Dein reserat crebris junctam compagibus arcam
 Exultansque omnes conspicit intus opes.
 Sed tandem furiis ultricibus actus ob artes
 Queis sua res tenuis creverat in cumulum.
 Contortis manibus nunc stat, nunc pectora pulsans
 Aurum execratur, perniciemque vocat;
 O mihi, ait, misero mens quam tranquilla fuisset,
 Hoc celasset adhuc si modo terra malum!
 Nunc autem virtus ipsa est venalis; et aurum
 Quid contra vitii formina sæva valet?
 O inimicum aurum! O homini infestissima pestis,
 Cui datur illecebras vincere posse tuas?
 Aurum homines suasit contemnere quicquid honestum
 est,
 Et præter nomen nil retinere boni.
 Aurum cuncta mali per terras semina sparsit;
 Aurum nocturnis furibus arma dedit.
 Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
 Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
 Nec vitii quicumque est quod non inveneris ortum
 Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
 Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque suum sibi numen
 Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
 Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
 Ostendens, tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
 Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis aures?
 Ista tui similis tristitia quisque canit.
 Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa.
 Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.
 Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
 Criminibus fiunt perniciosa tuis?
 Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus
 Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.
 Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum
 Et dirum subito vergit ad imperium.
 Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam,
 Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.
 Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco
 Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.
 Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar
 Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat:
 Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovet, educat orbos,
 Et viduas lærymis ora rigare vetat.

Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,
 Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit?
 Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox
 Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.

PAPILIO ET LIMAX.

QUI subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,
 Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

VOTUM.

O MATUTINI rores, auræque salubres,
 O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
 Graminei colles, et amœnæ in vallibus umbrae!
 Fata modò dederint quas olim in rure paterno
 Delicias, procul arte procul formidine novi,
 Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat
 Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senectam,
 Tum demùm exactis non infeliciter annis,
 Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi.

W. C.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF
 MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUYON.

[WHEN Mr. Newton left Olney, he prevailed on Cowper to receive Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnell. The poet painted a glowing portrait of his new friend—"a dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it; with a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way." But nothing is perfect, and "the Bull," as his friend delighted to call him, smoked tobacco. He had not known Cowper a long time, when he put into his hands three volumes of poetry by Madame Guyon, in the hope that it might soothe his troubled spirit. He was, Cowper told Unwin, "her passionate admirer, rode twenty miles to see her picture in the house of a stranger, which stranger politely requested his acceptance of it. It is a striking portrait, too characteristic not to be a strong resem

blance, and were it encompassed with a glory, instead of being dressed in a nun's hood, might pass for the face of an angel." Cowper was greatly pleased with this lady. Her poetry was the only French verse that he ever read with satisfaction, and the neatness of it reminded him of Prior. But he could not be insensible to one prominent defect—a familiarity of speech in spiritual things—"a wonderful fault," he said, "for such a woman to fall into, who spent her life in the contemplation of God's glory, who seems to have been always impressed with a sense of it, and sometimes quite absorbed in the views she had of it." In this point he particularly guarded his translation, either by suppressing objectionable passages, or by giving to them a more respectful tone of expression. The name of Guyon is familiar to the readers of French ecclesiastical history as the subject of a controversy between Fenelon and Bossuet, pursued on one side, at least, with singular bitterness and pride. Mr. Hallam divides the mystical writers into two classes: the first, believing in the illumination of the soul by an immediate communication of the Deity; the second, seeking a sort of absorption into the Divine Essence through the solemnizing influences of pure contemplation. Among these Madame Guyon had her place. All the care of Cowper failed in correcting the familiarity which he acknowledged; and the metre which he occasionally employed was most unfortunate, as recalling not only the music, but the themes of Shenstone's amatory pastorals. Southey doubted the expediency of this work in Cowper's unquiet frame of mind, and believed the passages on which he brooded most to be those that seemed applicable to his own imaginary condition. He quotes, by way of example, the following stanzas, remarking the extreme freedom of the translation, which bears a personal allusion:—

" Si vous me demandez ce je crois de moi,
Je n'en connois aucune chose;
Jadis je vivois par la foi,
C'est dans la rien que je repose.

" Un neant malheureux, qui ne demande pas
Qu'on lui fasse changer de place;
Etat pire que le trepas,
Et qui n'attend jamais de grace."

" My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light within me, or without me, shows;
Once I had faith, but now in self-despair
Find my chief cordial, and my best repose.

" My soul is a forgotten thing, she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise;
Feels an indifference she abhors, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies."

THE LOVE OF GOD THE END OF LIFE.

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
 So be it—I am well content,
 And meekly wait my last remove,
 Seeking only growth in love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
 In life, in death, thy lovely will;
 No succours in my woes I want,
 Save what thou art pleased to grant

Our days are number'd, let us spare
 Our anxious hearts a needless care:
 'Tis thine to number out our days;
 Ours to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only business here,
 Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
 O blessed days, thy servants see,
 Spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee!

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF
THE BELOVED.

In vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
 Ye pleasant bowers, remote from strife and noise;
 Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
 Breathed forth in happier days, are irksome now;
 Denied that smile 'twas once my heaven to see,
 Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
 And, though I mourn, let murmur at his will;
 I have no cause—an object all divine
 Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
 Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
 Heartless and hopeless, life and love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

JEALOUS, and with love o'erflowing
 God demands a fervent heart;
 Grace and bounty still bestowing,
 Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection

His paternal will regard!

If it cost us some dejection,

Every sigh has its reward.

Perfect love has power to soften

Cares that might our peace destroy,

Nay, does more—transforms them often,

Changing sorrow into joy.

Sovereign Love appoints the measure

And the number of our pains;

And is pleased when we find pleasure

In the trials he ordains.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,

And woos thy soul to her embrace,

Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain

From earthly love, else sought in vain,

She dwells with all who truth prefer,

But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,

All that thou hast, and all thou art;

Renounce all strength but strength divine,

And peace shall be for ever thine:

Behold the path which I have trod,

My path, till I go home to God.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

I PLACE an offering at thy shrine,

From taint and blemish clear,

Simple and pure in its design,

Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,

Thy gifts which most I prize;

Desirous only to retain

The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine adored decree,

That blessing be denied;

Resign'd, and unreluctant, see

My every wish subside

Thy will in all things I approve,
 Exalted or cast down;
 Thy will in every state I love,
 And even in thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

To lay the soul that loves him low,
 Becomes the Only-wise:
 To hide, beneath a veil of woe,
 The children of the skies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great;
 Though feeble, would seem strong;
 Assumes an independent state,
 By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abased,
 The haughty creature proves!
 He feels his soul a barren waste,
 Nor dares affirm he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
 To God he presses near;
 Superior to the world's disdain,
 And happy in its sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
 Humility and shame!
 Farewell the wish for human praise,
 The music of a name!

But will not scandal mar the good
 That I might else perform?
 And can God work it, if he would,
 By so despised a worm?

Ah, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
 To rule thee, and dispose;
 Sweet is the mandate of his word,
 And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness
 His grandeur and renown;
 And generous hearts with joy confess
 The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts;
 Thy faith and hope employ,
 To welcome all that he allots,
 And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
 On his eternal right;
 And he shall smile at thy approach,
 And make thee his delight.

THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.

SUN! stay thy course, this moment stay—
 Suspend the o'erflowing tide of day,
 Divulge not such a love as mine,
 Ah! hide the mystery divine;
 Lest man, who deems my glory shame,
 Should learn the secret of my flame.

O night! propitious to my views,
 Thy sable awning wide diffuse;
 Conceal alike my joy and pain,
 Nor draw thy curtain back again,
 Though morning, by the tears she shows,
 Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars! whose faint and feeble fires
 Express my languishing desires,
 Whose slender beams pervade the skies
 As silent as my secret sighs,
 Those emanations of a soul,
 That darts her fires beyond the pole;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
 That pierce, but not displace the night,
 That shine indeed, but nothing show
 Of all those various scenes below,
 Bring no disturbance, rather prove
 Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou moon! whose never-failing course
 Bespeaks a providential force,
 Go, tell the tidings of my flame
 To him who calls the stars by name;
 Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers:
 Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
 Thine orb performs its rapid race;
 Still whisper in his listening ears
 The language of my sighs and tears:
 Tell him I seek him, far below,
 Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
 Diffusing peace o'er all my powers;
 Friends of the pensive, who conceal,
 In darkest shades, the flames I feel;
 To you I trust, and safely may,
 The love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes and caverns rude,
 I taste the sweets of solitude,
 Retired indeed, but not alone,
 I share them with a spouse unknown,
 Who hides me here from envious eyes,
 From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbowering shades and dens profound,
 Where echo rolls the voice around;
 Mountains! whose elevated heads
 A moist and misty veil o'erspreads;
 Disclose a solitary bride
 To him I love—to none beside.

Ye rills, that, murmuring all the way,
 Among the polished pebbles stay;
 Creep silently along the ground,
 Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
 Some wanderer, whom I would not meet
 Should stumble on my loved retreat.

Enamell'd meads, and hillocks green,
 And streams that water all the scene,
 Ye torrents, loud in distant ears,
 Ye fountains that receive my tears,
 Ah! still conceal with caution due,
 A charge I trust with none but you!

If, when my pain and grief increase,
 I seem to enjoy the sweetest peace,
 It is because I find so fair
 The charming object of my care,
 That I can sport and pleasure make
 Of torment suffered for his sake.

Ye meads and groves, unconscious things!
 Ye know not whence my pleasure springs;
 Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
 The source from which my sorrows flow:
 The dear sole cause of all I feel,—
 He knows, and understands them well.

Ye deserts, where the wild beasts rove,
 Scenes sacred to my hours of love;
 Ye forests, in whose shades I stray,
 Benighted under burning day;
 Ah! whisper not how blest am I,
 Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye lambs, who sport beneath these shades,
 And bound along the mossy glades;
 Be taught a salutary fear,
 And cease to bleat when I am near:
 The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
 Whom ye should dread as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind!
 How perfect is the peace I find!
 Oh hush, be still, my every part,
 My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart!
 That love, aspiring to its cause,
 May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations, that abide
 In seas, as fathomless as wide;
 And, unsuspecting of a snare,
 Pursue at large your pleasures there;
 Poor sportive fools! how soon does man
 Your heedless ignorance trepan!

Away! dive deep into the brine,
 Where never yet sunk plummet line;
 Trust me the vast leviathan
 Is merciful, compared with man;
 Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
 And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures,
 I pant for liberty like yours;
 I long for that immense profound,
 That knows no bottom and no bound;
 Lost in infinity, to prove
 The incomprehensible of love.

Ye birds, that lessen as ye fly,
 And vanish in the distant sky;
 To whom yon airy waste belongs,
 Resounding with your cheerful songs;
 Haste to escape from human sight;
 Fear less the vulture and the kite.

How blest and how secure am I,
 When, quitting earth I soar on high;
 When lost, like you I disappear,
 And float in a sublimer sphere;
 Whence falling, within human view,
 I am ensnared, and caught like you!

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
 To try the heart and search the veins,
 Compassionate the numerous woes,
 I dare not e'en to thee disclose;
 Oh save me from the cruel hands
 Of men, who fear not thy commands;

Love, all-subduing and divine,
 Care for a creature truly thine;
 Reign in a heart, disposed to own
 No sovereign but thyself alone:
 Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
 Nor quit thee for a meaner love!

THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
 Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
 Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
 And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive the more I am withstood;
 Anxiety increasing every hour,
 My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
 And nought remains of all my former power.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where;
 My happy hours, like shadows, passed away:
 Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
 Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears?
Oh thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal thy love, and banish all my fears!

Alas! he flies me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead;
Woe such as mine, despised, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life, is vain indeed.

Pierced with a thousand wounds, I yet survive;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires!
And, while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to lose its less tremendous fires.

Has hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already there,
My life extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promised—this the love,
The unchanging love, so sworn in better days?
Ah! dangerous glories! shown me but to prove
How lovely thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them? had I still remain'd
Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art;
My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Deprived of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then, I cry, the pangs that I sustain?
Dubious and uninform'd, my soul inquires,
Ought she to cherish or shake off her pain.

Suffering, I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enlivening flame,
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there
But burns with zeal that hated self may fall;
Such is the sad disquietude I share,
A sea of doubts, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die;
And, if thine hand accomplish not my cure,
I would not purchase with a single sigh
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release;
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part;
Am just as void of purpose as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light within me, or without me, shows;
Once I had faith, but now in self-despair
Find my chief cordial and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing; she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise;
Feels an indifference she abhors, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,—
Yet it is real, and no sickly dream;
'Tis love inflicts it; though to feel that flame
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When love departs, a chaos wide and vast,
And dark as hell, is opened in the soul;
When love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears control.

Then tell me why these ages of delay?
Oh love, all-excellent, once more appear;
Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear!

No—love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure,
Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow.
He flies, he reappears, and wounds again—
Was ever heart that loved thee treated so?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom when lost and blind,
Thou didst distinguish and vouchsafe to choose,
Before thy laws were written in my mind,
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views?

Now leave me, when, enamour'd of thy laws,
I make thy glory my supreme delight?
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight?

What can have caused the change which I deplore
 Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
 Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
 To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine;
 So given to thee, that it is not my own;
 A willing captive of thy grace divine;
 And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare;
 Pleasure and wealth, in its esteem, are dust;
 It loves thee, e'en when least inclined to spare
 Its tenderest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own; my spirit is so too,
 An undivided offering at thy shrine;
 It seeks thy glory with no double view,
 Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy love! and art thou not severe,
 To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fix'd?
 Mine is an everlasting ardour, clear
 From all self-bias, generous and unmix'd.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
 And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceived;
 Not e'en my faith is from suspicion free,
 And that I love seems not to be believed.

Live thou, and reign for ever, Glorious Lord!
 My last, least offering I present thee now—
 Renounce me, leave me, and be still ado red!
 Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

SLEEP at last has fled these eyes,
 Nor do I regret his flight,
 More alert my spirits rise,
 And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
 Not a single witness near;
 God as soon as sought is found;
 And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
 Checks the current of my joys ;
 Creatures press me with a throng,
 And perplex me with their noise

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
 On the first Eternal Fair ;
 Nothing there obstructs delight,
 Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
 Proves a foe to love and me ;
 Fresh entanglements occur—
 Comes the night and sets me free

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
 My enjoyments, always new :
 Leave me to possess my friend ;
 Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
 To the taste of pure delights ;
 Oh the pleasures I partake—
 God, the partner of my nights !

David, for the selfsame cause,
 Night preferr'd to busy day ;
 Hearts whom heavenly beauty draws,
 Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, self-lovers, is for you—
 Souls, that love celestial know,
 Fairer scenes by night can view,
 Than the sun could ever show.

ON THE SAME.

SEASON of my purest pleasure,
 Sealer of observing eyes !
 When, in larger, freer measure,
 I can commune with the skies ;
 While, beneath thy shade extended,
 Weary man forgets his woes,
 I, my daily trouble ended,
 Find, in watching, my repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
 Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
 No rude noise mine ears assailing,
 Now my God and I can meet:
 Universal nature slumbers,
 And my soul partakes the calm,
 Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
 Plaintive song, or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy
 Shines and burns without restraint;
 Which the day's fatigue and folly
 Cause to languish, dim and faint:
 Charming hours of relaxation!
 How I dread the ascending sun!
 Surely, idle conversation
 Is an evil match'd by none.

Worldly prate and babble hurt me;
 Unintelligible prove;
 Neither teach me nor divert me;
 I have ears for none but love.
 Me they rude esteem, and foolish,
 Hearing my absurd replies;
 I have neither art's fine polish,
 Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
 By conversing with the great,
 Have a mind and taste ill suited
 To their dignity and state;
 All their talking, reading, writing,
 Are but talents misapplied;
 Infants' prattle I delight in,
 Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning
 Checks my tongue, or I should say,
 When I see the night beginning,
 I am glad of parting day.
 Love this gentle admonition
 Whispers soft within my breast;
 "Choice befits not thy condition,
 Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
 Night affords me I resign ;
 And thy will shall be the measure,
 Wisdom infinite ! of mine :
 Wishing is but inclination
 Quarrelling with thy decrees ;
 Wayward nature finds the occasion—
 'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
 Now no longer will I choose ;
 Nor the day, with its employments,
 Irksome as they seem, refuse ;
 Lessons of a God's inspiring
 Neither time nor place impedes ;
 From our wishing and desiring
 Our unhappiness proceeds.

ON THE SAME.

NIGHT ! how I love thy silent shades,
 My spirits they compose ;
 The bliss of heaven my soul pervades,
 In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her poppy dews
 In every slumbering eye,
 I watch to meditate and muse,
 In blest tranquillity.

And when I feel a God immense
 Familiarly impart,
 With every proof he can dispense,
 His favour to my heart ;

My native meanness I lament,
 Though most divinely fill'd
 With all the ineffable content,
 That Deity can yield.

His purpose and his course he keeps ;
 Treads all my reasonings down ;
 Commands me out of Nature's deeps,
 And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay ;
'Tis then a deluge of his grace
Bears all our sins away.

Thou whom I serve, and whose I am,
Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
And makes my fetters fly ;

How wretched is the creature's state
Who thwarts thy gracious power ;
Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
Increasing every hour !

The night, when pass'd entire with thee,
How luminous and clear !
Then sleep has no delights for me,
Lest thou shouldst disappear.

My Saviour! occupy me still
In this secure recess ;
Let reason slumber if she will,
My joy shall not be less.

Let reason slumber out the night ;
But if thou deign to make
My soul the abode of truth and light
Ah, keep my heart awake !

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear ;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes ;
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy love ;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
I have no other store :
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force,
And I thy sovereign will,
Without a wish to escape my doom ;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend ;
And, if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend !

It cost me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me ;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth,
Inspid sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you ;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross ;
And Jesus thought so too.

The cross ! Oh ravishment and bliss—
How grateful e'en its anguish is ;
Its bitterness how sweet !
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.

Souls, once enabled to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure ;
The fever of desire is pass'd,
And love has all its genuine taste,
Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
'Tis all the bliss she knows ;
But nobler aims true Love employ ;
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side ;
 Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
 Their heaven-appointed bands ;
 Those dear associates still are one,
 Nor till the race of life is run
 Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
 Thou faithful lover, above all
 The cross has ever borne !
 Oh tell me,—life is in thy voice—
 How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And sloth and ease thy scorn !

Thy choice and mine shall be the same
 Inspirer of that holy flame,
 Which must for ever blaze !
 To take the cross and follow thee,
 Where love and duty lead, shall be
 My portion and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM

SWEET tenants of this grove !
 Who sing without design,
 A song of artless love,
 In unison with mine :
 These echoing shades return
 Full many a note of ours,
 That wise ones cannot learn,
 With all their boasted powers.

O thou ! whose sacred charms
 These hearts so seldom love,
 Although thy beauty warms
 And blesses all above ;
 How slow are human things,
 To choose their happiest lot !
 All-glorious King of kings,
 Say why we love thee not ?

This heart, that cannot rest,
 Shall thine for ever prove ;
 Though bleeding and distress'd,
 Yet joyful in thy love :

'Tis happy though it breaks
 Beneath thy chastening hand;
 And speechless, yet it speaks,
 What thou canst understand.

SIMPLE TRUST.

STILL, still, without ceasing,
 I feel it increasing,
 This fervour of holy desire;
 And often exclaim,
 Let me die in the flame
 Of a love that can never expire!

Had I words to explain
 What she must sustain
 Who dies to the world and its ways;
 How joy and affright,
 Distress and delight,
 Alternately chequer her days:

Thou, sweetly severe!
 I would make thee appear,
 In all thou art pleased to award,
 Not more in the sweet
 Than the bitter I meet,
 My tender and merciful Lord.

This faith, in the dark,
 Pursuing its mark,
 Through many sharp trials of love,
 Is the sorrowful waste
 That is to be pass'd
 In the way to the Canaan above.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

SOURCE of love, my brighter sun,
 Thou alone my comfort art;
 See, my race is almost run;
 Hast thou left this trembling heart?

In my youth thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men ;
Then I drank unmingled joys ;
Frown of thine saw never then.

Spouse of Christ was then my name ;
And, devoted all to thee,
Strangely jealous I became,
Jealous of this self in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt ;
And to see the dawning light
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert ;
And thine eye, so close applied,
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is love indeed—
'Tis the giver, not the gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But, soon humbled and laid low,
Stript of all thou hast conferr'd,
Nothing left but sin and woe,
I perceived how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone !

He the graces thou hast wrought
Makes subservient to his pride ;
Ignorant that one such thought
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—proved, at last,
By the loss of that repose,
Self-complacence cannot taste,
Only love divine bestows

'Tis by this reproof severe,
 And by this reproof alone,
 His defects at last appear,
 Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all earth! that feeble man,
 Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
 Nothing is, and nothing can;
 Life and power are all in God.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING

"I LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
 This heart delights to sing;
 But I reply—your thoughts are vain,
 Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the power of love divine
 Creation fades away;
 Till only God is seen to shine
 In all that we survey.

In gulfs of awful night we find
 The God of our desires;
 'Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
 And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling love invest,
 And pierce it sweetly through;
 'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
 With sacred sorrow too.

Ah, love! my heart is in the right—
 Amidst a thousand woes,
 To thee its ever new delight,
 And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur
 Where'er I look or move;
 The comforts I to all prefer
 Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I nor prison fear;
 Love makes my courage great;
 I find a Saviour everywhere,
 His race in every state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
 Exclude his quickening beams;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heavenly themes.

There sorrow, for his sake, is found
 A joy beyond compare;
 There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
 No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
 And sweetens all my pains,
 His strength in my defence employs,
 Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong;
 Nor feel a passion move,
 When malice whets her slanderous tongue;
 Such patience is in love.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
 Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
 Scenes nature with dread and astonishment sees,
 But I with a pleasure untold;

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
 I am charm'd with the peace ye afford;
 Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
 The abode of my lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendour, O fountain of day,
 And here I am hid from its beams,
 Here safely contemplate a brighter display
 Of the noblest and holiest of themes.

Ye forests, that yield me my sweetest repose,
 Where stillness and solitude reign,
 To you I securely and boldly disclose
 The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
 By the world and its turbulent throng,
 The birds and the streams lend me many a note
 That aids meditation and song.

Here, wandering in scenes that are sacred to night,
 Love wears me and wastes me away,
 And often the sun has spent much of its light,
 Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelops the sphere,
 My sorrows are sadly rehearsed.
 To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
 And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the deserts agree,
 Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
 They grudge me my natural right to be free,
 But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
 That appetite wishes to find,
 My spirit is soothed by the presence of God,
 And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
 My life I in praises employ,
 And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
 Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There's nothing I seem to have skill to discern
 I feel out my way in the dark,
 Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
 Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
 Such a riddle is not to be found,
 I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed
 I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh love! who in darkness art pleased to abide,
 Though dimly, yet surely I see,
 That these contrarieties only reside
 In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind,
 Perversely by folly beguiled,
 For where, in the crowds I have left, shall I find
 The spirit and heart of a child?

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free;
 A little one whom they despise,
 Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
 Shall be holy, and happy, and wise.

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis folly all—let me no more be told
 Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
 Delightful views of nature, dress'd by art,
 Enchant no longer this indifferent heart;
 The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
 Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
 The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall,
 Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
 Green slopes and plains, whose plenty never fails;
 Deep-rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
 Earthborn and yet ambitious to the skies;
 The abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
 Vainly the sun in all its power invades;
 Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound,
 Whose verdure lives while Winter scowls around;
 Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
 And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
 Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer;
 Meads crown'd with flowers; streams musical and
 clear,

Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
 Their artless charms, to make the scene divine;
 The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
 That seems a rolling sea of golden grain:
 All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd;
 An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast;
 From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove;
 There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with sounding force,
 Urge down the valleys your impetuous course!
 Winds, clouds, and lightnings! and, ye waves, whose
 heads,

Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads!
 Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
 Spread with the wreck of planks and shatter'd sails:
 On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
 While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,
 Thy shores a scene of ruin strew'd around
 With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drown'd!

Ye fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
 And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves:

Swift-darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
 Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes!
 Had I but faith immoveable and true,
 I might defy the fiercest storm, like you:
 The world, a more disturb'd and boisterous sea,
 When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me;
 He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
 Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of
 night,
 Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light!
 Thou moon, whose car encompassing the skies,
 Restores lost nature to our wondering eyes;
 Again retiring, when the brighter sun
 Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
 Behold him where he shines! his rapid rays,
 Themselves unmeasured, measure all our days;
 Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
 Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
 A thousand lands confess his quickening heat,
 And all he cheers are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
 I feel the thorn, alas! but miss the rose:
 Too well I know this aching heart requires
 More solid gold to fill its vast desires;
 In vain they represent his matchless might,
 Who call'd them out of deep primeval night;
 Their form and beauty but augment my woe;
 I seek the Giver of those charms they show:
 Nor, him beside, throughout the world he made,
 Lives there in whom I trust for cure to aid

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd One!
 Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
 Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems!
 How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams!
 Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move;
 In thee alone dwells all that I can love.
 All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear:
 A sudden spring renews the fading year;
 Where'er I turn I see thy power and grace,
 The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
 Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
 All, in all times and places, speak of thee;
 E'en I, with trembling heart and stammering
 tongue,

Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
 Faintly reflected in thine image, man—
 Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
 Fills and supports this universal frame,
 Diffused throughout the infinitude of space,
 Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling place,
 Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
 Discerns, eluding our most active powers;
 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
 That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
 Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
 Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart.

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
 No God is like the God my soul desires;
 He at whose voice heaven trembles, even he
 Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me—
 Lo! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
 “Heaven, earth, and sea, exist!”—and they obey’d.
 E’en he, whose being swells beyond the skies,
 Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
 Eternal and immortal, seems to cast
 That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
 Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
 How do they shrink and vanish at the thought!

Sweet solitude, and scene of my repose!
 This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
 That crib contains the Lord, whom I adore;
 And earth’s a shade that I pursue no more.
 He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,
 I dwell secure beneath his sheltering power,
 And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
 For all I love, my soul’s delight, is here.
 I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
 Tied helpless down the thunder-bearer’s hands!
 And, in this shed, that mystery discern,
 Which faith and love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord
 Ye zephyrs, all your whisper’d sweets afford!
 Confess the God, that guides the rolling year;
 Heaven, do him homage; and thou, earth, revere
 Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring
 Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!
 Pure be those hearts, and rich in faith and love;
 Join, in his praise, the harmonious world above;
 To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in his repose,
 And praise him there for all that he bestows!

Man, busy man, alas! can ill afford
 To obey the summons, and attend the Lord;
 Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
 By glittering shows of pomp and wealth beguiled;
 And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,
 Finds not her author in so mean a place.
 Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
 Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart
 There soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
 Glow for that infant God, from whom it came;
 Resist not, quench not, that divine desire,
 Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not so will I requite thee, gentle love!
 Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove;
 And every heart beneath thy power should fall,
 Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
 But I am poor, oblation I have none,
 None for a Saviour, but himself alone:
 Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came:
 And, if I give my body to the flame,
 My patience, love, and energy divine
 Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are thine.
 Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score!
 The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
 The trophy of thy glory shall be built;
 My self-disdain shall be the unshaken base,
 And my deformity its fairest grace;
 For destitute of good, and rich in ill,
 Must be my state, and my description still.

And do I grieve at such a humbling lot?
 Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
 Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu!
 I have no wish, no memory for you;
 The more I feel my misery, I adore
 The sacred inmate of my soul the more;
 Rich in his love, I feel my noblest pride
 Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
 My wanderings prove thy wisdom infinite;
 All that I have I give thee; and then see
 All contrarieties unite in thee;
 For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
 And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,
 By filling with thy grace and love divine
 A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.

This is, indeed, to bid the valleys rise,
 And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies;
 I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
 An aching heart, that throbs to thank thee more;
 The more I love thee, I the more reprove
 A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;
 Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,
 I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY
 THE WORLD.

YE linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
 Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
 In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
 For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
 Fills them with rage against his empire now:
 I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,
 To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of love, yet little feel its sway,
 While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
 Their base desires, well satisfied, obey,
 Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more;
 Your fellowship, ye warblers! suits me best:
 Pure love has lost its price, though prized of yore,
 Profaned by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
 Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you;
 Come, let us join the choir before his throne,
 Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true.

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
 Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice;
 Preferring love too vast for human thought,
 In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
 Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine?
 If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
 How should it ever fail! can such a fire decline?

Love pure and holy is a deathless fire ;
 Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze :
 Eternal love a God must needs inspire,
 When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismiss'd—'tis then we live indeed—
 In her embrace, death, only death is found :
 Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
 Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is bound !

Oh ! I could cry, that all the world might hear,
 Ye self-tormenters, love your God alone ;
 Let his unequal'd excellence be dear,
 Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own !

They hear me not—alas ! how fond to rove
 In endless chase of folly's specious lure !
 'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
 I taste the sweets of truth—here only am secure.

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love :
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight !
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
 Suspended and poised in the regions of air,
 'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
 It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
 And dreading the cold still follows the sun—
 So, true to our love we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not immediately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment prayer ;
 It is dangerous food that we find upon earth ;
 The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
 In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely if ever she settles below,
 And only when building a nest for her young ;
 Were it not for her brood she would never bestow
 A thought upon anything filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves, ('tis a mortal abode,)
 To bask every moment in infinite love ;
 Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
 That leads to the dayspring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.

AH ! reign wherever man is found,
 My Spouse, beloved and divine !
 Then I am rich, and I abound,
 When every human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
 To think that all are not thine own :
 Ah ! be adored from pole to pole ;
 Where is thy zeal ? arise ; be known !

All hearts are cold, in every place,
 Yet earthly good with warmth pursue ;
 Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
 Thaw these of ice, and give us new !

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE,

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION
 AND ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
 To embark, and sail away.
 As I climb'd the vessel's side,
 Love was sporting in the tide,
 " Come," he said—" ascend—make haste,
 Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
 Having each his separate care
 They that row'd us held their eyes
 Fix'd upon the starry skies ;
 Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
 To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
 Suddenly my courage tried;
 In a moment it was night,
 Ship and skies were out of sight;
 On the briny wave I lay,
 Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
 At this unexpected turn?
 Did I wish myself on shore,
 Never to forsake it more?
 No—"My soul," I cried, "be still;
 If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hasten'd to convey
 Both my frail supports away:
 Seized my rushes; bade the waves
 Yawn into a thousand graves:
 Down I went, and sunk as lead,
 Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe;
 And I saw him turn and laugh:
 "Friend," he cried, "adieu! lie low,
 While the wintry storms shall blow;
 When the spring has calm'd the main,
 You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
 Spread his plumes and soar away;
 Now I mark his rapid flight;
 Now he leaves my aching sight;
 He is gone whom I adore,
 'Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled then and fear'd,
 When my love had disappear'd!
 "Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
 "Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide?"
 Vain attempt to reach his ear!
 Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah! return, and love me still;
 See me subject to thy will;
 Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
 Only let me see thy face!
 Evil I have none to fear,
 All is good if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate!
 Leaves me in my lost estate—
 Have I sinn'd? Oh, say wherein:
 Tell me, and forgive my sin!
 King, and Lord, whom I adore,
 Shall I see thy face no more?

Be not angry; I resign,
 Henceforth all my will to thine:
 I consent that thou depart,
 Though thine absence breaks my heart;
 Go then, and for ever too;
 All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what love intended,
 He was now no more offended;
 Soon as I became a child,
 Love return'd to me and smiled:
 Never strife shall more betide
 'Twixt the Bridegroom and his bride.

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM
 BELOVED.

THERE'S not an echo round me,
 But I am glad should learn,
 How pure a fire has found me,—
 The love with which I burn.
 For none attends with pleasure
 To what I would reveal;
 They slight me out of measure,
 And laugh at what I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
 The story of my flame;
 When I approach, they loudly
 Reverberate his name.
 I speak to them of sadness,
 And comforts at a stand;
 They bid me look for gladness,
 And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
 I heard a happy sound;
 Big with the consolation
 That I have often found.

I said, " My lot is sorrow,
 My grief has no alloy ;"
 The rocks replied—" To-morrow,
 To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and sacred tidings,
 What bliss it is to hear !
 For, spite of all my chidings,
 My weakness and my fear,
 No sooner I receive them,
 Than I forget my pain,
 And, happy to believe them,
 I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
 Where never men resort ;
 For in an age so frantic
 Impiety is sport.
 For riot and confusion
 They barter things above,
 Condemning, as delusion,
 The joy of perfect love.

In this sequester'd corner,
 None hears what I express ;
 Deliver'd from the scorner,
 What peace do I possess !
 Beneath the boughs reclining,
 Or roving o'er the wild,
 I live as undesigning
 And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprise me,
 I innocently play,
 While Providence supplies me,
 And guards me all the day :
 My dear and kind defender
 Preserves me safely here,
 From men of pomp and splendour,
 Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
 Sole object of all my desires,
 Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
 And canst easily double its fires!
 How pleasant is all that I meet!
 From fear of adversity free,
 I find even sorrow made sweet;
 Because 'tis assign'd me by thee.

Transported, I see thee display
 Thy riches and glory divine;
 I have only my life to repay,
 Take what I would gladly resign.
 Thy will is the treasure I seek,
 For thou art as faithful as strong;
 There let me, obedient and meek,
 Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
 Oh finish what love has begun!
 Destroy what is sinful and frail,
 And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
 Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
 I cry, who is worthy as thou!
 I can only be silent and gaze!
 'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory in which I am lost,
 Too deep for the plummet of thought;
 On an ocean of Deity toss'd,
 I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
 Yet, lost and absorb'd as I seem,
 I chant to the praise of my King;
 And though overwhelm'd by the theme
 Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

ALL are indebted much to thee,
 But I far more than all,
 From many a deadly snare set free,
 And raised from many a fall;
 Overwhelm me, from above,
 Daily with thy boundless love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel
 No language can declare;
 Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
 'Tis more than I can bear:
 When shall I that blessing prove,
 To return thee love for love?

Spirit of charity, dispense
 Thy grace to every heart;
 Expel all other spirits thence,
 Drive self from every part;
 Charity divine, draw nigh,
 Break the chains in which we lie!

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
 Have still a slavish lot;
 They boast of liberty in vain,
 Of love, and feel it not:
 He whose bosom glows with thee,
 He, and he alone is free.

O blessedness, all bliss above,
 When thy pure fires prevail!
 Love only teaches what is love;
 All other lessons fail:
 We learn its name, but not its powers.
 Experience only makes it ours.

 TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY
 THE WORLD.

O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
 O simple truth, scarce known on earth!
 Whom men resist with stubborn will;
 And, more perverse and daring still,
 Smother and quench with reasoning vain,
 While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your power the same
 As his on high from whence you came,
 Ye rarely find a listening ear,
 Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
 Because ye bring reproach and pain,
 Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear
 The scorn and calumny ye share ;
 The praise of men the mark they mean,
 They fly the place where ye are seen ;
 Pure love, with scandal in the rear,
 Suits not the vain ; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
 Though poor I am prepared to pay ;
 Come shame, come sorrow ; spite of tears,
 Weakness and heart-oppressing fears,
 One soul, at least, shall not repine,
 To give you room ; come, reign in mine!

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

My heart is easy, and my burden light,
 I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight :
 The more my woes in secret I deplore,
 I taste thy goodness, and I love thee more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
 Faith, love, and hope within my soul abound ;
 And, while the world suppose me lost in care,
 The joys of angels, unperceived, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sovereign good !
 Thou art not loved, because not understood ;
 This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
 Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honour are adored ;
 While thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word ;
 Pass, unconcerned, a Saviour's sorrows by ;
 And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

LIVING WATER.

THE fountain in its source
 No drought of summer fears ;
 The farther it pursues its course,
 The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
 A scanty short supply ;
 The morning sees them amply fill'd,
 At evening they are dry.

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

THOU hast no lightnings, O thou Just !
 Or I their force should know ;
 And if thou strike me into dust,
 My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease
 Than it adores thy ways,
 In thine avenging anger sees
 A subject of its praise.

Pleased I could lie, conceal'd and lost,
 In shades of central night ;
 Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,
 But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O thou, whom I provoke !
 And I will love thee still :
 The well deserved and righteous stroke
 Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to sustain
 The worst thou canst devise ?
 And dare I seek thy throne again,
 And meet thy sacred eyes ?

Far from afflicting, thou art kind ;
 And, in my saddest hours,
 An unction of thy grace I find,
 Pervading all my powers

Alas! thou spar'st me yet again;
 And, when thy wrath should move,
 Too gentle to endure my pain,
 Thou sooth'st me with thy love.

I have no punishment to fear;
 But, ah! that smile from thee
 Imparts a pang far more severe,
 Than woe itself would be.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERYWHERE.

OH thou, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide,
 My love! how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impress'd with sacred love!
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
 My country is in every clime;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none;
 But, with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
 Nor other can I claim or own;
 The point where all my wishes meet
 My law, my love, life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below ;
 Appoint my journey, and I go ;
 Though pierc'd by scorn, oppress'd by pride
 I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
 To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
 Though men and devils both condemn,
 No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then! to his embrace repair ;
 My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
 There love divine shall be thy guard,
 And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION

How happy are the new-born race,
 Partakers of adopting grace ;
 How pure the bliss they share!
 Hid from the world and all its eyes,
 Within their heart the blessing lies,
 And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
 And if we love with all our powers
 The God from whom it came ;
 And if we serve with hearts sincere,
 'Tis still discernible and clear,
 An undisputed claim.

But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
 Stain and dishonour us within,
 Farewell the joy we knew ;
 Again the slaves of nature's sway,
 In labyrinths of our own we stray,
 Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace:
 And, strong in undissembling love,
 Boldly assert and clearly prove
 Their hearts his dwelling-place

Oh messenger of dear delight,
 Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
 Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
 With thee at hand, to soothe our pains,
 No wish unsatisfied remains,
 No task but that of love.

'Tis love unites what sin divides;
 The centre, where all bliss resides;
 To which the soul once brought,
 Reclining on the first great cause,
 From his abounding sweetness draws
 Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
 And life assumes a tranquil air,
 Divested of its woes;
 There sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
 Till then incapable of rest,
 In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

Love is the Lord whom I obey,
 Whose will transported I perform;
 The centre of my rest, my stay,
 Love's all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
 Oppress'd by slavish fear no more;
 For one in whom I may discern,
 E'en when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves him who complains,
 And finds him rigorous and severe;
 His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
 Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
 And stimulate the slumbering mind;
 And he has never tasted love,
 Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
 To souls enamoured with thy smiles;
 The keenest woe life ever meets,
 Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just that God should not be dear
 Where self engrosses all the thought,
 And groans and murmurs make it clear,
 Whatever else is loved, the Lord is not.

The love of thee flows just as much
 As that of ebbing self subsides;
 Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
 Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul:
 Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
 The love of God deserves the whole,
 And will not dwell with so despised a guest.

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

SOURCE of love, and light of day,
 Tear me from myself away;
 Every view and thought of mine
 Cast into the mould of thine;
 Teach, O teach this faithless heart
 A consistent, constant part;
 Or, if it must live to grow
 More rebellious, break it now!

Is it thus that I requite
 Grace and goodness infinite?
 Every trace of every boon
 Cancell'd and erased so soon!
 Can I grieve thee, whom I love;
 Thee, in whom I live and move?
 If my sorrow touch thee still,
 Save me from so great an ill!

Oh! the oppressive irksome weight
 Felt in an uncertain state;
 Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
 Should I prove at last untrue!

Still I choose thee, follow still
 Every notice of thy will;
 But, unstable, strangely weak,
 Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought
 I could serve thee as I ought,
 Win thee, and deserve to feel
 All the love thou canst reveal;
 Trusting self, a bruised reed,
 Is to be deceived indeed:
 Save me from this harm and loss,
 Lest my gold turn all to dross.

Self is earthly—faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own;
 Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home!
 Spurious gems our hopes entice,
 While we scorn the pearl of price;
 And, preferring servant's pay,
 Cast the children's bread away.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

LOVE! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
 Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires;
 Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
 The death which every soul that lives desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
 The time is long that I have languish'd here,
 Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
 With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether love ordain
 My life or death, appoint me pain or ease
 My soul perceives no real ill or pain,
 In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good alone,
 To choose thy will, from selfish bias free,
 And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
 And grief to comfort, if it pleases thee.

That we should bear the cross is thy command,
 Die to the world, and live to self no more ;
 Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
 As pleased when shipwreck'd as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.

Blest! who, far from all mankind,
 This world's shadows left behind,
 Hears from heaven a gentle strain
 Whispering love, and loves again.

Blest! who free from self-esteem,
 Dives into the Great Supreme,
 All desire beside discards,
 Joys inferior none regards.

Blest! who in thy bosom seeks
 Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
 Dead to self and worldly things,
 Lost in thee, thou King of kings !

Ye that know my secret fire,
 Softly speak and soon retire ;
 Favour my divine repose,
 Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

Oh loved! but not enough—though dearer far
 Than self and its most loved enjoyments are ;
 None duly love thee, but who, nobly free
 From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God! thou stranger here below,
 Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
 Our faith and reason are both shock'd to find
 Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—" Let every creature fall,
 Ashamed, abased, before the Lord of all ;"
 And faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,
 Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the Only Wise.

Oh lost in vanity, till once self-known !
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone ;
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know his place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end !
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend :
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms thou hast made, thy praise ?

Thy glory is the sweetest heaven I feel ;
And if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make thy glory their supreme delight ;
Forbid it, fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !

My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great ;
To take the impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.

FROM thorny wilds a monster came,
That fill'd my soul with fear and shame ;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth ;
When thus a Sage address'd mine ear,
Himself unconscious of a fear.

“ Whence all this terror and surprise,
Distracted looks, and streaming eyes ?

Far from the world and its affairs,
The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
Surrender, without guile or art,
To God an undivided heart;
The savage form, so fear'd before,
Shall scare your trembling soul no more;
For, loathsome as the sight may be,
'Tis but the love of self you see.
Fix all your love on God alone,
Choose but his will, and hate your own;
No fear shall in your path be found,
The dreary waste shall bloom around,
And you, through all your happy days,
Shall bless his name, and sing his praise."

Oh lovely solitude, how sweet
The silence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view;
The simple, unadorn'd display
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly slight;
O Truth, my treasure and delight:
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart from which it came!

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

(Page 15.)—*Ode to Miss Macartney.*

I AM now convinced that, in following Southey and the other Editors of Cowper, I have given a wrong inscription to this Ode; the title should be—*“To Miss ——, on reading the Prayer for Indifference.”* The letter of Hayley to Mr. Johnson (*Life of Hayley, by Johnson, ii. 80*) is quite conclusive:—“The aim of the poem is most evident—viz., to persuade a tender virgin not to be induced, by elegant verse, to form a prayer so unsuitable to her nature. I am most firmly convinced our dear graceful Cowper could never intend to address his exquisite stanzas to the *Authoress of the Ode.* In that point of view, they are not only ungraceful, but rude. Witness the following two lines:—

‘Far be the thought, and far the strain,
Which breathes *the low desire!*’

Could the delicate Cowper so insult the poetess? For, if addressed to *her*, his expression is *insult*; and would discover such a want of delicacy as in *him* we may fairly pronounce *impossible.*” But Hayley gives a reason better than all induction, in telling us that Miss Macartney was married to Mr. Greville when the Ode appeared. Theodora Cowper had said, “the stanzas were not addressed to *her.*”

ADDITIONAL NOTES

I am now writing you in a hurried way, but I have just a few lines to write to you. I have just received your letter of the 10th and was glad to hear from you. I have just received your letter of the 10th and was glad to hear from you.



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