

“Where now the rill, melodious, pure,
and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and
beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and slug-
gish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each
melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked
spray:
And, hark! the river, bursting every
mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with
wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd
rocks away.

“Yet such the destiny of all on
earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic man!
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings
forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling
fan:
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mil-
dews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his
balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span:
Borne on the swift, though silent wings
of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the
clime.

“And be it so. Let those deplore
their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark
sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the
tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how
they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more
return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal
bed?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre
burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence
shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the
mead.

“Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower
revive,
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone
unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope
to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and
pain?—
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall
yet arrive
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's
triumphant reign.”

This truth sublime his simple sire had
taught,
In sooth, 't was almost all the shepherd
knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he
sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue:—
“Let man's own sphere” (quoth he)
“confine his view;
Beman's peculiar work his sole delight.”
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to
eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain
the right,
By pleasure uneduc'd, unaw'd by lawless
might.

“And from the prayer of Want, and
plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear;
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven
refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents
dear, [alone;
And friends, and native land; nor those
All human weal and woe learn thou to
make thine own.”

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild-brook babbling down the
mountain side.

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple
bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs
above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of
love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal
grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping
milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield;
and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous
wagon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd
springs; [hour;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy
The partridge bursts away on whirring
wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd
bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial
tower.

EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from
afar [gale,
Loaded with loud lament the lonely
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening
star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down
the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and
corse pale;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon
throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain,
and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering
aisles along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson
died,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy
deep.

To haunted stream, remote from man
he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont
to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till
sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind
'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers
bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the
vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves un-
fold;
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe
of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour
bold,
And green their helms, and green their
silk attire.
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the
warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial
pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and tim-
brels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers
advance:
The little warriors doff the targe and
spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the
dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel
askance
To right, to left, they thrid the flying
maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring,
then glance
Rapid along; with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing
forests blaze.

THE HUMBLE WISH.

LET vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons
of renown,

In the deep dungeon of some gothic
dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the
down ;
Where the green grassy turf is all I
crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmur-
ing wave ;
And many an evening sunshine sweetly
on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart the village maiden
gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd
hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May ;
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-
long day, [woe ;
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching
And when mild evening comes with
mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste
to go,
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode
shall know.

FANCY AND EXPERIENCE.

I CANNOT blame thy choice (the Sage
replied),
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery
ways.
And yet even there, if left without a
guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy
rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the
meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the
wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it
ne'er had shined ?

Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the
heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the
mental sight :

To joy each heightening charm it can
impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold
night.
And often, when no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, and endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and
dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of
more than mortal pain.

And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind pre-
pared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious
strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its
guard.
We fare on earth as other men have
fared :
Were they successful ? Let not us
despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole
reward ?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves
are doom'd to bear.

POETIC LEGENDS IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

BUT hail, ye mighty masters of the lay
Nature's true sons, the friends of man
and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely
gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd
my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wan-
derings guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can
smooth ;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence,
abide.

Ah me ! abandon'd on the lonesome
plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your
lore,

Save when against the winter's drench-
ing rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the
door :
Then as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the beldam 'gan
impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his
heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the
tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-
winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of
arms, display'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-
brown ale ;
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown
maid ;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the
moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th'
infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldam would re-
hearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle
fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to
stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls be-
moan
Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell
arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with
brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down
to die,
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods
forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their
dying cry :

" For from the town the man returns
no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance
dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon
deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and
flames consume thy store.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet
is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness
prove ;
When nought but the torrent is heard on
the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song
in the grove ;
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain
afar,
While his harp rang symphonious, a
hermit began ;
No more with himself, or with nature, at
war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as
a man.

" Ah ! why thus abandon'd to darkness
and woe ?
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing
fall ?
For spring shall return, and a lover be-
stow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom en-
thral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad
lay ;
Mourn, sweetest complainer ; man calls
thee to mourn.
O, soothe him, whose pleasures like thine
pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never
return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of
the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent
displays ;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on
high

She shone, and the planets were lost in
her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness
pursue
The path that conducts thee to splen-
dour again :
But man's faded glory what change shall
renew ?
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely
no more :
I mourn ; but ye woodlands, I mourn
not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glit-
tering with dew :
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will
save ;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering
urn ?
O, when shall day dawn on the night
of the grave ?

“ 'Twas thus, by the light of false science
betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to
blind,
My thoughts went to roam, from shade
onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow
behind.
' O, pity, great Father of light,' then I
cried,
' Thy creature, that fain would not
wander from Thee :
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my
pride :
From doubt and from darkness Thou
only canst free !'

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying
away ;
No longer I roam in conjecture for-
lorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint and
astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of
morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph
descending,

And Nature all glowing in Eden's first
bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and
roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the
tomb !”

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728—1774.]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the
plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the
labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit
paid
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms
delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport
could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each
scene ;
How often have I paus'd on every
charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neigh-
b'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers
made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour
free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree,
While many a pastime circled in the
shade,
The young contending as the old sur-
vey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the
ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength
went round ;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose:
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND INFANCY.

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy
train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past
to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world
of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my
share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-
learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's
decline,
Retreats from care that never must be
mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades
like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong tempta-
tions try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and
weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous
reep ;
No curly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the
last,
His heaven commences ere the world be
past !

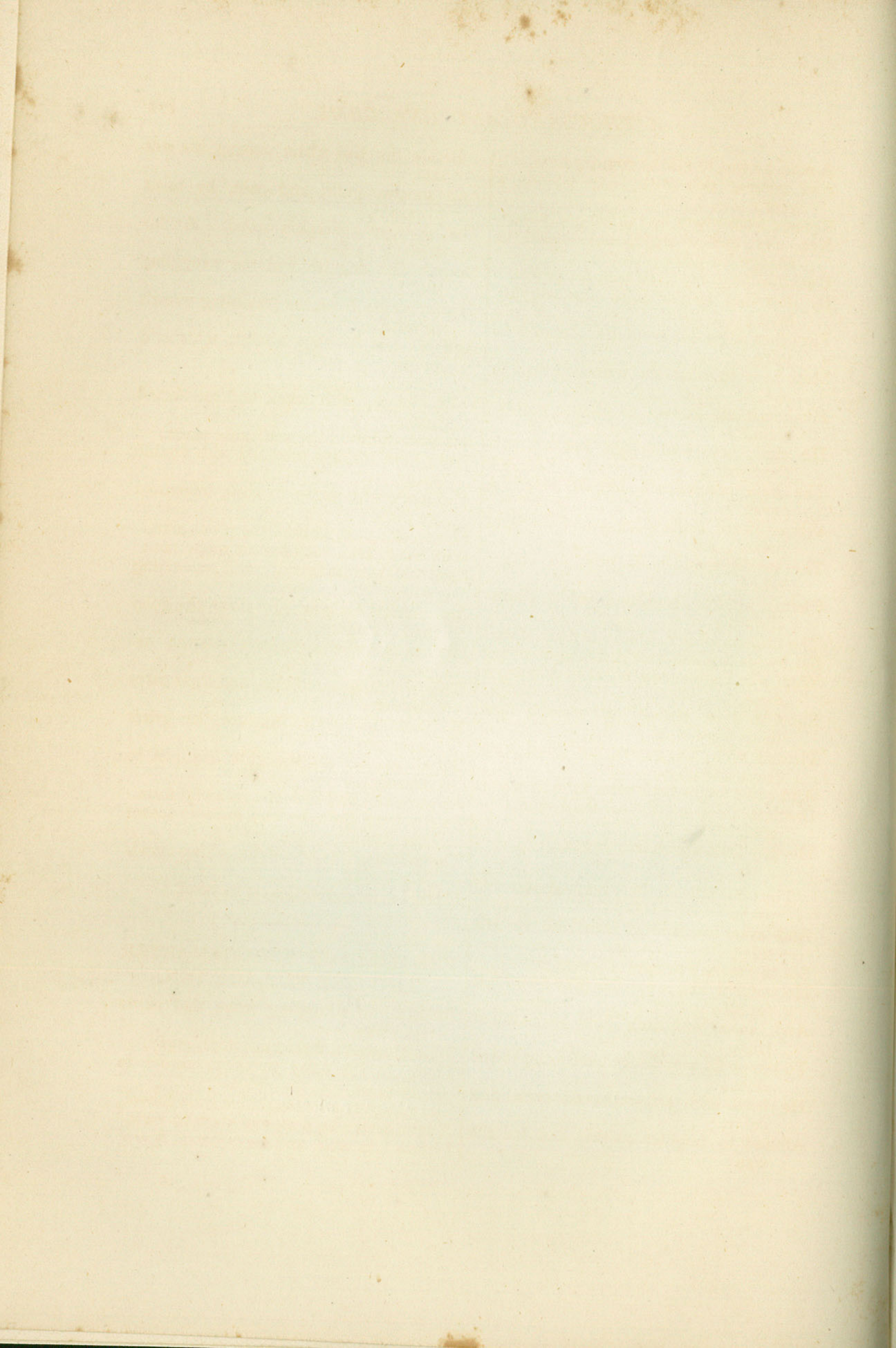
Sweet was the sound, when, oft a
ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :
There, as I past with careless steps and
slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from
below ;
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid
sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their
young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the
pool,
The playful children just let loose from
school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the
whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way
tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy
spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the
thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the gar-
den smiled
And still where many a garden flower
grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
rose.



THE VILLAGE PASTOR (GOLDSMITH).
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.— P. 171.



A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a
 year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to
 change his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
 hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to
 prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to
 rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant
 train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved
 their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged
 breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer
 proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
 allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow
 done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how
 fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to
 scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his
 pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's
 side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt
 for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment
 tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
 skies ;
 He tried each art, reproved each dull
 delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
 way.

Beside the bed where parting life was
 laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns
 dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his
 control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling
 soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch
 to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd
 praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected
 grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
 sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained
 to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd, with endearing
 wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good
 man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
 prest,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
 distrest ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs
 were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
 the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

~~~~~

#### THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE VILLAGE INN.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts  
 the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to  
 rule,  
 The village master taught his little school,  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew



Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,  
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in ought,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;  
 The village all declared how much he knew ;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 And even the story ran that he could gauge :  
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.  
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toll retired,  
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;  
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
 With aspin boughs and flowers and fennel gay,  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour ! could not all  
 [fall ?  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

#### THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?  
 To see profusion that he must not share ;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
 Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.  
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;



The dome where pleasure holds her mid-  
 night reign,  
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous  
 train;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing  
 square,  
 The rattling charlots clash, the torches  
 glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er  
 annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!—  
 Are these thy serious thoughts? ah, turn  
 thine eyes  
 Where the poor houseless shivering female  
 lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty  
 bless'd,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the  
 thorn.  
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue  
 fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her  
 head,  
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking  
 from the shower  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless  
 hour,  
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel, and robes of country  
 brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the  
 loveliest train,  
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger  
 led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little  
 bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary  
 scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes be-  
 tween,  
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps  
 they go,  
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their  
 woe.  
 Far different there from all that charm'd  
 before,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward  
 ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
 Those matted woods where birds forget  
 to sing,  
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxu-  
 riance crown'd,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death  
 around;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears to  
 wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless  
 prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still  
 than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Ming'ling the ravaged landscape with the  
 skies.  
 Far different these from every former  
 scene,  
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested  
 green;  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless  
 love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd  
 that parting day,  
 That call'd them from their native walks  
 away;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly  
 look'd their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in  
 vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western  
 main;  
 And shuddering still to face the distant  
 deep,  
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to  
 weep!  
 The good old sire, the first, prepared to  
 go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for  
 others' woe:  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the  
 grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless  
 years,



Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her  
     woes,  
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure  
     rose ;  
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with  
     many a tear,  
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly  
     dear ;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend  
     relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.—  
 O luxury ; thou cursed by Heaven's  
     decree,  
 How ill exchanged are things like these  
     for thee !  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness  
     grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;  
 At every draught more large and large  
     they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;  
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part  
     unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin  
     round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
 And half the business of destruction done ;  
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I  
     stand,  
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.  
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads  
     the sail,  
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
 Downward they move, a melancholy  
     band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
     strand.  
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,  
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are  
     there :  
 And Piety with wishes placed above,  
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.  
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest  
     maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;  
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,  
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest  
     fame ;

Dear charming nymph, neglected and  
     decried,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;  
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my  
     wo,  
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and  
     keep'st me so :  
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts  
     excel,  
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

~~~~~  
 THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
 boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the
 door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies :
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to
 thee : [pain,
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless
 And drags at each remove a lengthening
 chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest
 friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints
 attend ;
 Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests
 retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening
 fire :
 Bless'd that abode, where want and pain
 repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty
 crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never
 fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to
 share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and
 care ;

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with
the view :
That, like the circle bounding earth and
skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my
own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes
ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :
And, placed on high, above the storm's
career,
Look downward where an hundred realms
appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending
wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's
humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around
combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride
repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler
bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it
can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and
spendour crown'd ;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy
gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery
vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is
mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it
o'er :
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures
fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting
still ;

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to
man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering
hope at rest ;
May gather bliss, to see my fellows
bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot
below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to
know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his
own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy
wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid
wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they
gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we
roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we com-
pare,
And estimate the blessings which they
share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings
even.

CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's
side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride :
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are
 found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the
 ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied
 year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern
 sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to
 die;
 These here disporting, own the kindred
 soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's
 toll;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings
 expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling
 land.

But small the bliss that sense alone
 bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles
 here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners
 reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submis-
 sive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet
 untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed
 the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd
 through the state;
 At her command the palace learn'd to
 rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the
 skies,
 The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature
 warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human
 form:
 Till, more unsteady than the southern
 gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her
 sail:

While nought remain'd of all that riches
 gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a
 slave:
 And late the nation found, with fruitless
 skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-
 plied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former
 pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-
 fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp
 array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the caval-
 cade:
 By sports like these are all their cares
 beguiled;
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-
 trol,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the
 soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast be-
 hind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cesars once
 bore sway,
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
 shed;
 And, wondering man could want the
 larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a
 smile.

CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

MY soul turn from them;—turn we to
 survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-
 play,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-
 sion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his
 sword:

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of
May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's
breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms
invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread
a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts
though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble
shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet
deal,
To make him loth his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the
soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short
repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he
goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the
steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark
the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a
shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round
surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the
blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her
hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And, haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-
part,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those hills, that round his man-
sion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-
plies :

Dear is that shed to which his soul con-
forms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the
storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds
molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's
breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's
roar,
But bind him to his native mountains
more.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners
reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright
domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social
ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world
can please,
How often have I led thy sporting choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring
Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin
grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr
flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch
falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the
dancers' skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous
power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide
hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirth-
ful maze ;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic
lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless real
display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind
endear,
For honour forms the social temper here

Honour, that praise which real merit
gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to
hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it
strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get
esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what
they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss sup-
plies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly
sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools
impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper
lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily
cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a
year
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-
applause.

~~~~~  
CONCLUSION OF THE  
TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's  
peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction  
haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they  
waste;  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets  
rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen at pleasure's lord  
call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing  
maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy  
train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western  
main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps  
around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pil-  
grim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through  
dangerous ways;  
Where beasts with man divided empire  
claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with mur-  
d'rous aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest  
flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's  
glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathise with  
mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to  
find  
That bliss which only centres in the  
mind;  
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and  
repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws re-  
strain,  
How small of all that human hearts en-  
dure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause  
or cure!  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find.  
With secret course, which no loud storm:  
annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic  
joy.



The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,  
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of  
 steel,  
 To men remote from power but rarely  
 known,  
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all  
 our own.

~~~~~  
 THE WRETCH, CONDEMNED
 WITH LIFE TO PART.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

~~~~~  
 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
 And guide my lonely way  
 To where yon taper cheers the vale  
 With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
 With fainting steps and slow ;  
 Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,  
 Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
 "To tempt the dangerous gloom ;  
 For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want  
 My door is open still ;  
 And though my portion is but scant,  
 I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
 My blessing, and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free  
 To slaughter I condemn ;  
 Taught by that Power that pities me,  
 I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side  
 A guiltless feast I bring ;  
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
 And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,  
 All earth-born cares are wrong ;  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
 His gentle accents fell ;  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay ;  
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Required a master's care ;  
 The wicket, opening with a latch,  
 Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gaily press'd, and smiled ;  
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,  
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,  
 With answering care opprest :  
 "And whence, unhappy youth," he cried  
 "The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,  
 Reluctant dost thou rove ?  
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
 Or unregarded love ?



"Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep:  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said:  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view;  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms;  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid in all her charms!

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried;  
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray;  
Who seeks for rest, and finds despair  
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came;  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove;  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could nought of purity display,  
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,  
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain:  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast:  
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign:  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine?"

"No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too."



[TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721—1771.]

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
 Thy hospitable roofs no more  
 Invite the stranger to the door ;  
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
 His all become the prey of war ;  
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks :  
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,  
 Through the wide-spreading waste of  
 time,  
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze !  
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
 What foreign arms could never quell,  
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
 No more shall cheer the happy day :  
 No social scenes of gay delight  
 Beguile the dreary winter night :  
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
 While the pale phantoms of the slain  
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn !  
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !  
 The sons against their father stood,  
 The parent shed his children's blood.  
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,  
 The victor's soul was not appeased :  
 The naked and forlorn must feel  
 Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend ;  
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
 Resentment of my country's fate,  
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathising verse shall flow :  
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

## INDEPENDENCE.

## STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the  
 sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every  
 varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,  
 With frantic superstition for his guide,  
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,  
 The sons of Woden to the field defied :  
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
 In Heaven's name urged the infernal  
 blow,  
 And red the stream began to flow :  
 The vanquish'd were baptised with blood !

## ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled  
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;  
 And Liberty his routed legions led  
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
 There in a cave asleep she lay,  
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;  
 When a bold savage past that way,  
 Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.  
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd ;  
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;  
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow  
 beard ;  
 And his broad shoulders braved the  
 furious blast.



He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glow'd,  
And deeply felt the impression of her  
    charms :  
He seized the advantage fate allow'd,  
And straight compressed her in his vigo-  
    rous arms.

## STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew  
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;  
Old Time exulted as he flew ;  
And Independence saw the light.  
The light he saw in Albion's happy  
    plains,  
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renew'd her warbled  
    strains, [born.  
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was  
The mountain dryads seized with joy,  
The smiling infant to their care con-  
    sign'd ;  
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite  
    boy ;  
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening  
    mind.  
As rolling years matured his age,  
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his  
    sire ;  
While the mild passions in his breast  
    assuage  
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,  
And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thoughts the as-  
    piring soul.  
On desert isles 'twas he that raised  
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
Where tyranny beheld amazed  
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd  
    her grave.  
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms  
To burst the Iberians double chain ;  
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide  
    domain.  
He with the generous rustics sate,  
On Uri's rocks in close divan ;  
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,  
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of  
    man.

## STROPHE.

Arabra's scorching sands he cross'd,  
Where blasted nature pants supine,  
Conductor of her tribes adust,  
To freedom's adamant shrine ;  
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast !  
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's  
    wing,  
And taught amidst the dreary waste  
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.  
He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
Diffused through every baser mould ;  
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky  
    shore,  
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold :  
He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :  
My lips by him chastised to truth,  
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart  
    denies.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never  
    tread,  
Where varnish'd vice and vanity com-  
    bined,  
To dazzle and seduce, their banners  
    spread, [mind ;  
And forge vile shackles for the free-born  
While insolence his wrinkled front up-  
    rears,  
And all the flowers of spurious fancy  
    blow ;  
And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
Full often wreathed around the mis-  
    creant's brow :  
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and  
    vain,  
Presents her cup of stale profession's  
    froth ;  
And pale disease, with all his bloated  
    train,  
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

## STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
With either India's glittering spoils op-  
    prest ;  
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd  
    pride,  
That bears the treasure which he cannot  
    taste.



For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling  
 string ;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure  
 lay ;  
 And jingling bells fantastic folly ring ;  
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall inter-  
 vene ;  
 And nature, still to all her feelings just,  
 In vengeance hang a damp on every  
 scene,  
 Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd  
 haunts,  
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove,  
 or cell,  
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty  
 chaunts,  
 And health, and peace, and contempla-  
 tion dwell.  
 There study shall with solitude recline ;  
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow-  
 swains ;  
 And toil and temperance sedately twine  
 The slender cord that fluttering life  
 sustains :  
 And fearless poverty shall guard the door ;  
 And taste unspoil'd the frugal table  
 spread ;  
 And industry supply the humble store ;  
 And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing  
 shed ;  
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,  
 Shall chase far-off the goblins of the  
 night ;  
 And Independence o'er the day preside,  
 Propitious power ! my patron and my  
 pride.

## ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
 And tune the rural pipe to love,  
 I envied not the happiest swain  
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
 Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;  
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
 With white round polish'd pebbles spread ;

While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;  
 The springing trout in speckled pride,  
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;  
 The ruthless pike, intent on war,  
 The silver eel, and mottled par.  
 Devolving from thy parent lake,  
 A charming maze thy waters make,  
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,  
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.  
 Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen :  
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
 And shepherds piping in the dale ;  
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
 And industry embrown'd with toil ;  
 And hearts resolved and hands prepared  
 The blessings they enjoy to guard !

[SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.]

## TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

*Persian.*

THERE, on the nurse's lap, a new-born  
 child,  
 We saw thee weep while all around thee  
 smiled ;  
 So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Thou still may'st smile while all around  
 thee weep.

[JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735—1779.]

## ELEGY.

OH ! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay !  
 Fond hopes, of innocence and fancy  
 born !  
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts  
 away,  
 For one wild dream of life's romantic  
 morn.  
 Ah ! no: the sunshine o'er each object  
 spread  
 By flattering hope, the flowers that blew  
 so fair ;  
 Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,  
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of  
 care.



So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous  
thought,  
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's  
shrine,  
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs  
brought,  
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew  
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy  
plain,  
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:  
So fancy dreams; but fancy's dreams  
are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,  
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim  
lies,  
Or takes some ruthless robber for his  
guide,  
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient  
light,  
Where hope, and joy, and fancy hold  
their reign;  
The grove's green wave, the blue stream  
sparkling bright,  
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's  
wain.

In radiant colours youth's free hand pours  
trays, [eye;  
Then holds the flattering tablet to his  
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove  
decays,  
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er  
the sky.

Hence fancy conquer'd by the dart of pain,  
And wandering far from her Platonic  
shade,  
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient  
reign,  
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children  
fly, [train;  
Their fairy race that fill'd her festive  
Joy rears his wreath, and hope inverts her  
eye,  
And folly wonders that her dream was  
vain.

[CHATTERTON. 1752-1770.]

## ON RESIGNATION

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the powers of human skill;  
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy power,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away.

Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain  
Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind  
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

[ANONYMOUS. 1750.]

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER  
WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonnie bower,  
And clad it all with lily flower;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see,  
Than my true love he built for me.



There came a man, by middle day,  
He spied his sport and went his way,  
And brought the king that very night  
Who broke my bower and slew my  
knight.

He slew my knight to me so dear ;  
He slew my knight and poin'd his gear ;  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my moan ;  
I watch'd his corpse, myself alone ;  
I watch'd his body, night and day ;  
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed and whiles I sat ;  
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,  
And happ'd him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair  
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair ;  
Think nae ye my heart was wae,  
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

No living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;  
With one lock of his yellow hair,  
I'll bind my heart for evermaie.

[DAVID MALLET. 1703?—1765.]

### WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet ;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud ;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown :  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew ;

The rose was budded in her cheek  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime ;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—  
She died before her time.

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave ;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain ;  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath !  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep ?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake ?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break ?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale ?  
And why did I, young witless maid !  
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

"That face, alas ! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red ;  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is ;  
This winding-sheet I wear :  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark ! the cock has warn'd me  
hence ;  
A long and last adieu !  
Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you.



The lark sung loud; the morning smiled  
 With beams of rosy red;  
 Pale William quaked in every limb,  
 And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,  
 Where Margaret's body lay; [turf,  
 And stretch'd him on the green grass  
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore;  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

~~~~~  
 EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath her mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek;
 Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 The charmers of the plains;
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair,
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul that knew no art;
 And from whose eyes serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd;
 For neither bosom lodged a wish,
 Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,
 Did love on both bestow!
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm with wicked skill
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the rock
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
 And seen it long unmoved;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
 Of diff'ring passions strove;
 His heart, which durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty
 glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'er cast;
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'T is past," he cried, "but if your souk
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love."

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bathed with many a tear:

Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh, his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she !)
Forbade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl
scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo ! the deathbell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling ^{[steps}
Her aged mother's door :
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see
That angel face no more !

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side !"
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

~~~~~  
[JAMES SOMERVILLE. 1692—1742.]

#### THE RED AND WHITE ROSE.

If this pale rose offend your sight,  
It in your bosom wear ;  
'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the red be chose,  
With gay vermilion bright,  
'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,  
And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,  
Their Babels build in vain ;  
As uncontrollable as fate,  
Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,  
And whigs and tories join ;  
Submit to your despotic sway,  
Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,  
They're tyrants that oppress ;  
'Tis mercy must support your throne,  
And 'tis like heaven to bless.

~~~~~  
[ROBERT BLAIR. 1699—1746.]

OFT IN THE LONE CHURCH- YARD.

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering
through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
grown,) ^{[steps}
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he
hears,
The sound of something purring at his
heels ;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look
behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fel-
lows ;
Who gather round, and wonder at the
tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange
to tell !)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

~~~~~  
THE GRAVE.

DULL grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of  
youthful blood,  
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of  
mirth,  
And ev'ry smirking feature from the  
face ;



Branding our laughter with the name of  
madness.  
Where are the jesters now? the men of  
health  
Complexionally pleasant? Where the  
droll,  
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a  
joke  
To chapping theatres and shouting  
crowds,  
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing  
melancholy  
To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen  
now,  
And dumb as the green turf that covers  
them.

#### BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

BEAUTY—thou pretty plaything, dear  
deceit,  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's  
heart,  
And gives it a new pulse, unknown be-  
fore,  
The grave discredits thee: thy charms  
expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of? Will  
thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do  
thee homage?  
Methinks I see thee with thy head low  
laid,  
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes  
roll'd,  
Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy  
caution?  
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?  
T' improve those charms, and keep them  
in repair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not,  
Foul feeder,  
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full  
as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
Look how the fair one weeps!—the con-  
scious tears  
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of  
flowers:

Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart  
vain  
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress

#### STRENGTH IN THE GRAVE.

STRENGTH too—thou surly, and less  
gentle boast  
Of those that loud laugh at the village  
ring;  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee  
down  
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst  
the stripling  
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal  
fight.  
What groan was that I heard?—deep  
groan indeed!  
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace  
it:  
From yonder bed it comes, where the  
strong man,  
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for  
breath  
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great  
heart  
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too  
scant  
To give the lungs full play.—What now  
avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-  
spread shoulders;  
See how he tugs for life, and lays about  
him,  
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches  
hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps  
it hard, [sight!  
Just like a creature drowning; hideous  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare  
full ghastly!  
While the distemper's rank and deadly  
venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his  
bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you  
that groan?  
It was his last.—See how the great  
Goliah,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to  
rest,  
Lies still.



[THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.]

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

## I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling  
 strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress  
 take ;  
 The laughing flowers that round them  
 blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds  
 along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres'  
 golden reign :  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow  
 to the roar.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing  
 airs,  
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen cares,  
 And frantic passions, hear thy soft  
 control :  
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy  
 command :  
 Perching on the scepter'd hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd  
 king  
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightning of  
 his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay,  
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,  
 On Cytherea's day,  
 With antic Sports and blue-eyed Plea-  
 sures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet :

To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow-melting strains their queen's ap-  
 proach declare.  
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage  
 pay,  
 With arms sublime that float upon the  
 air ;  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom  
 move  
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple  
 light of Love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the  
 storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly  
 Muse ?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding  
 cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky :  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering  
 shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built  
 mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shivering native's dull  
 abode.  
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth  
 repeat,  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and  
 dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's  
 holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,



Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering labyrinths creep,  
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish  
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish?  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around:  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus, for the Latian  
 plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-  
 power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her  
 chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-  
 encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling  
 laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and  
 smiled.  
 "This pencil take," she said, "whose  
 colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal  
 boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic  
 tears."

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place  
 and time:  
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
 Where angels tremble, while they gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of  
 light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presump-  
 tuous car,  
 Wide o'er the field of Glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-  
 resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that  
 burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
 Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air:  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would  
 run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's  
 ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the  
 Sun:

Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-  
 tant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far!—but far above  
 the great.

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamant chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and  
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade thee form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore:  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt a  
 others' woe.



Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless  
 Joy,  
 And leave us leisure so be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are  
 again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
 Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing  
 tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess lay they chast'ning hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning  
 mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly  
 Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know my-  
 self a man.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT  
 OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade ;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'  
 among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast  
 seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace),  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
 Their murm'ring labours ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-  
 straint  
 To sweeten liberty :  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry,  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast ;  
 Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,  
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
 And lively Cheer, of Vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play !



No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond to-day :  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,  
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind :  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim visaged comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen ;  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every lab'ring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th'unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah ! why should they know their  
 fate  
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,  
 And Happiness too swiftly flies ;  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A  
 COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting  
 day,  
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the  
 lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his  
 weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to  
 me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on  
 the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning  
 flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant  
 folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled  
 tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon com-  
 plain  
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret  
 bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew  
 tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a moul-  
 d'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing  
 Morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-  
 built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing  
 horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their  
 lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth  
 shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care :  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
 share.

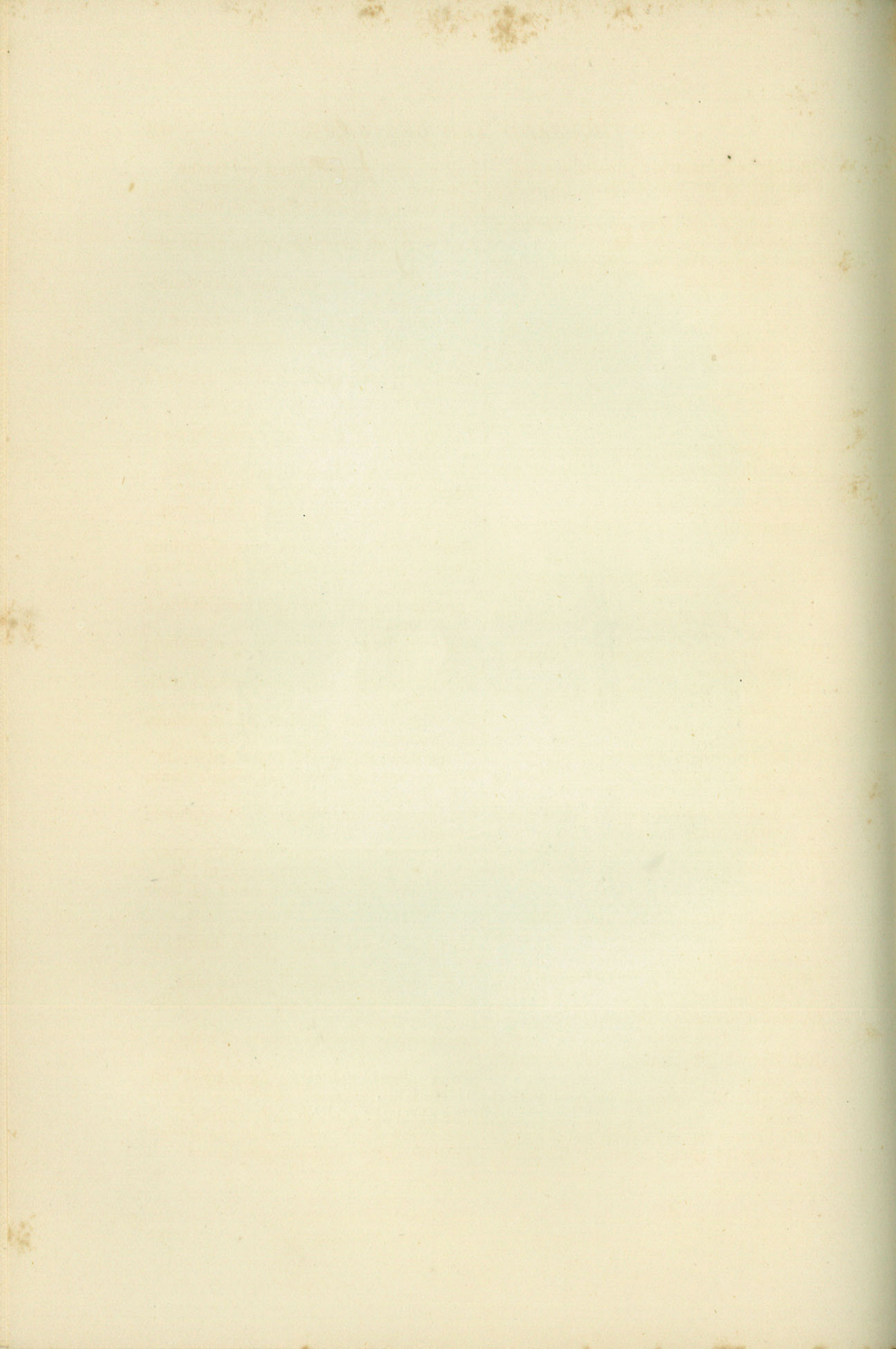




ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (GRAY).

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.—P. 192.







Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
 broke :  
 How jocund did they drive their team  
 afield !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their  
 sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful  
 smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,  
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er  
 gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the  
 fault,  
 If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies  
 raise,  
 Where through the long drawn aisle, and  
 fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of  
 praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
 breath ?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent  
 dust,  
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of  
 Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
 fire ;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have  
 sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
 page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er  
 unroll ;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-  
 seen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-  
 less breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may  
 rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's  
 blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-  
 mand,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes  
 confin'd ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a  
 throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth  
 to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous  
 shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble  
 strife  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their  
 way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to  
 protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-  
 ture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' un-  
 letter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
 And many a holy text around she strews  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.



For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-  
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul  
relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye re-  
quires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature  
cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd  
dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale  
relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy  
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of  
dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding  
beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so  
high,  
His listless length at noontide would he  
stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles  
by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in  
scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would  
rove;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one for-  
lorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless  
love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accus-  
tom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite  
tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad  
array,  
Slow through the churchway path we  
saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read)  
the lay,  
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged  
thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of  
Earth  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame un-  
known:  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble  
birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her  
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul  
sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;  
He gain'd from Heav'n, 't was all he  
wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread  
abode:  
(There they alike in trembling hope  
repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

#### THE BARD.

##### I. I.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
Confusion on thy banners wait;  
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state.  
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
To save thy secret soul from nightly  
fears, [tears!"]  
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's  
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested  
pride  
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dis-  
may, [side  
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy  
He wound with tollsome march his  
long array.



Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless  
trance :  
"To arms !" cried Mortimer, and couch'd  
his quiv'ring lance.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,  
Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled  
air)  
And with a master's hand, and prophet's  
fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert  
cave,  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice  
beneath !  
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms  
they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs  
breathe ;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal  
day,  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llew-  
ellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main :  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-  
topt head.  
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;  
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes  
by.  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad  
eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my  
heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's  
cries—  
No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit, they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land :

With me in dreadful harmony they  
join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue  
of thy line.

## II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the  
woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.  
Give ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkely's roof  
that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king !  
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting  
fangs,  
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled  
mate,  
From thee be born, who o'er thy  
country hangs  
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors  
round him wait !  
Amazement in his van, with Flight com-  
bin'd,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude  
behind.

## II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord !  
Low on his funeral couch he lies !  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled ?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the  
dead.  
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam  
were born.  
Gone to salute the rising morn.  
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr  
blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure  
realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at  
the helm :  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's  
sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his  
ev'ning prey.



## II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare,  
 Rest of a crown, he yet may share the  
 feast :  
 Close by the regal chair  
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?  
 Long years of havock urge their destined  
 course,  
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow  
 their way.  
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting  
 shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder  
 fed,  
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's  
 fame,  
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we  
 spread :  
 The bristled Boar in infant-gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed  
 loom,  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify  
 his doom.

## III. 1.

"Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is  
 spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)  
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to  
 mourn :  
 In yon bright track, that fires the western  
 skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snow-  
 don's height  
 Descending slow their glittering skirts  
 unroll ?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's  
 issue, hail !

## III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen  
 old  
 In bearded majesty, appear.  
 In the midst a form divine !  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-  
 line ;  
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding  
 face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the  
 air,  
 What strains of vocal transport round  
 her play !  
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,  
 hear ;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy  
 clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she  
 sings,  
 Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-  
 colour'd wings.

## III. 3.

"The verse adorn again  
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.  
 In buskin'd measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing  
 breast.  
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou you  
 sanguine cloud,  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the  
 orb of day ?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled  
 ray.  
 Enough for me ; with joy I see  
 The diff'rent doom our fates assign.  
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,  
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."  
 He spoke, and headlong from the moun-  
 tain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to  
 endless night.



THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

UPROSE the King of men with speed,  
And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Hela's drear abode.  
Him the dog of darkness spied ;  
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
Foam and human gore distill'd :  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;  
And long pursues with fruitless yell,  
The father of the powerful spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)  
Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;  
Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetic maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;  
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead :  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms pre-  
sume  
To break the quiet of the tomb ?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night ?  
Long on these mould'ring bones have  
beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain !  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,  
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed ?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure bev'rage of the bee :  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :  
Balder's head to death is giv'n.  
Pain can reach the sons of heaven !  
Unwilling I my lips unclose :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,  
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close :  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;  
Prophetess, awake, and say,  
What virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air ?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :  
Then I leave thee to repose.



## PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,  
King of men, I know thee now;  
Mightiest of a mighty line—

## ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;  
But mother of the giant brood!

## PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron sleep again;  
Till Loke has burst his tenfold chain;  
Never, till substantial night  
Has reassumed her ancient right;  
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

[THOMAS TICKELL. 1686—1740.]

## THE DEAD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OFF let me range the gloomy aisles alone,  
Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!  
Along the walls where speaking marbles  
show  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould  
below;  
Proud names, who once the reins of em-  
pire held;  
In arms who triumphed, or in arts ex-  
celled;  
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of  
blood;  
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom  
stood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were  
given;  
And saints, who taught and led the way  
to heaven.

[JOHN GAY. 1688—1732.]

## THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,  
Whose every thought the god inspires?

When Envy reads the nervous lines,  
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;  
Her hissing snakes with venom swell,  
She calls her venal train from hell;  
The servile fiends her nod obey,  
And all Curll's authors are in pay.  
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite;  
Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.

As prostrate to the god of day  
With heart devout a Persian lay,  
His invocation thus begun:  
"Parent of light, all-seeing sun,  
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
The various gifts of Providence,  
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,  
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."  
A Cloud, who mock'd his gratefu-  
tongue,

The day with sudden darkness hung;  
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud  
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,  
Whom I at will forbid to shine.  
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?  
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."

With fervent zeal the Persian moved,  
Thus the proud calumny reproved:  
"It was that God who claims my  
prayer,  
Who gave thee birth, and raised thee  
there;

When o'er His beams the veil is thrown,  
Thy substance is but plainer shown:  
A passing gale, a puff of wind,  
Dispels thy thickest troops combined."

The gale arose; the vapour tossed,  
The sport of winds, in air was lost;  
The glorious orb the day refines;  
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board,  
"Oh, where shall I my true-love  
find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me  
true,  
Does my sweet William sail among yo  
crew?"



William, who high upon the yard  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as the well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;  
 The cord flies swiftly through his glow-  
 ing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he  
 stands.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall always true remain,  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear, —  
 We only part to meet again ;  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart  
 shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to  
 thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant  
 mind ;  
 They tell thee sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find ;  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you  
 so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;  
 No longer she must stay on board, —  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his  
 head :  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to  
 land,  
 ‘ Adieu ! ’ she cried, and wav'd her hly  
 hand.

[THOMAS PARNELL. 1679—1718.]

### THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a reverend hermit  
 grew ;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble  
 cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal  
 well :  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd  
 the days,  
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure  
 praise

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion  
 rose ;  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's  
 sway :  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect  
 boast,  
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :  
 So when a smooth expanse receives im-  
 prest  
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depend-  
 ing grow,  
 And skies beneath with answering colours  
 glow ;  
 But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
 And glimmering fragments of a broken  
 sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder  
 run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world  
 by sight,  
 To find if books, or swains, report it  
 right ;  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he  
 knew,  
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the  
 nightly dew,)  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless  
 grass, [pass ;  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd  
 the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his  
 hair.  
 Then near approaching, “ Father, hail ! ”  
 he cried,  
 “ And hail, my son,” the reverend sire  
 replied ;  
 Words follow'd words, from question  
 answer flow'd  
 And talk of various kind deceived the  
 road ;



Till each with other pleased, and loth to  
part,  
While in their age they differ, join in  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of  
day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober  
gray ;  
Nature in silence bade the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace rose :  
There by the moon through ranks of trees  
they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides  
of grass.  
It chanced the noble master of the dome,  
Still made his house the wandering  
stranger's home :  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of  
praise,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive : the liveried servants  
wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous  
gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they  
drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps  
of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of  
day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes  
creep,  
And shake the neighbouring wood to  
banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid  
hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,  
Which the kind master forced the guests  
to taste.  
Then, pleased and thankful, from the  
porch they go,  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of  
woe ;  
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering  
prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks  
with fear :

So seem'd the sire ; when far upon the  
road,  
The shining spoil, his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trem-  
bling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to  
part :  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it  
hard,  
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory  
shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable  
clouds ;  
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair  
retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising  
ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimproved  
around ;  
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caused a desert  
there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers  
began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder  
ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call  
in vain,  
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the  
rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's  
breast,  
( 'Twas then, his threshold first received  
a guest, ) [care,  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous  
And half he welcomes in the shivering  
pair ;  
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,  
And nature's fervour through their limbs  
recalls :



Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager  
 wine,  
 (Each hardly granted,) served them both  
 to dine  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to  
 cease,  
 A ready warning bld them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit  
 view'd  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;  
 And why should such (within himself he  
 cried)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want  
 beside ?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took  
 place  
 In every settling feature of his face !  
 When from his vest the young companion  
 bore  
 That cup, the generous landlord own'd  
 before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious  
 bowl  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves dis-  
 play,  
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the  
 day :  
 The weather courts them from the poor  
 retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's  
 bosom wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;  
 His partner's acts without their cause  
 appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness  
 here :  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various  
 shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the  
 sky ;  
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
 Again they search, and find a lodging  
 nigh.

The soil improved around, the mansion  
 neat,  
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great :  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of  
 mind,  
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue  
 kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master  
 greet :  
 Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest  
 guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus  
 replies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging  
 heart,  
 To Him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
 From Him you come, for Him accept it  
 here, [cheer.”  
 A frank and sober, more than costly  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table  
 spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
 When the grave household round his hall  
 repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours  
 with prayer.

At length the world renew'd by calm  
 repose  
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn  
 arose :  
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger  
 crept [slept,  
 Near the closed cradle where an infant  
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's  
 little pride,  
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd,  
 and died.  
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was  
 done ?  
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in  
 sunder part,  
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault  
 his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the  
 deed,  
 He flies, but trembling falls to fly with  
 speed.



His steps the youth pursues ; the country  
lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd  
the way :  
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
Long arms of oaks an open bridge sup-  
plied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending  
glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time  
to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust  
him in ;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the  
dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's  
eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly  
cries,  
"Detested wretch !" — but scarce his  
speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no  
longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely  
sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon  
his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his  
hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled  
air ; [day,  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes  
display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion  
grew,  
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to  
do ;  
Surprise in secret chains his words sus-  
pends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice  
unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne."

These charms, success in our bright  
region find,  
And force an angel down, to calm thy  
mind ;  
For this, commission'd, I forsook the  
sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government  
divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He  
made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work His ends :  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human  
eye,

The power exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be  
still.

"What strange events can strike with  
more surprise  
Than those which lately struck thy won-  
dering eyes ?  
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty  
just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to  
trust !

"The great, vain man, who fared on  
costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his ivory stands with goblets  
shine,  
And forced his guests to morning draughts  
of wine,  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom  
lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of  
cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose  
bolted door  
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering  
poor ;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be  
kind.



Conscious of wanting worth, he views the  
bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful  
soul.

Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to  
glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs  
below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean'd his heart  
from God ;

(Child of his age,) for him he lived in  
pain,

And measured back his steps to earth  
again.

To what excesses had this dotage run ?  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the  
dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was  
just.

“ But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back !  
This night his treasured heaps he meant  
to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail !

“ Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this  
trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth with-  
drew,

The sage stood wondering as the seraph  
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on  
high,

His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow  
too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
“ Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will  
be done !”

Then gladly tuning, sought his ancient  
place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

[EDWARD YOUNG. 1681—1765.]

### SLEEP.

TIRED Nature's sweet restorer, balmy  
sleep !

He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he  
forsakes,

Swift on his downy pinions flies from  
woe,

And lights on lids unsullied by a tear !

### PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day : 'tis madness to defer ;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

If not so frequent, would not this be  
strange ?

That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.  
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this  
bears

The palm, “ That all men are about to  
live,”—

For ever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to  
think

They one day shall not drivel : and their  
pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise ;  
At least, their own ; their future selves  
applaud.

How excellent that life—they ne'er will  
lead !

Time lodged in their own hands is folly's  
vails,

That lodged in fate's to wisdom they  
consign ;

The thing they can't but purpose, they  
postpone.

'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;  
And scarce in human wisdom, to do  
more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage : when  
young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest



Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,  
As duteous sons, our fathers were more  
wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then, dies the  
same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself  
immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but them-  
selves ;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock  
of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts  
the sudden dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded  
air,

Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace  
is found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky re-  
tains ;

The parted wave no furrow from the  
keel ;—

So dies in human hearts the thought of  
death,

E'en with the tender tear which Nature  
sheds

O'er those we love,—we drop it in their  
grave.

#### ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE ;—The world shut out ;—thy  
thoughts call home :—

Imagination's airy wing repress :—

Lock up thy senses ;—let no passions  
stir ;—

Wake all to Reason—let her reign alone ;  
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the  
depth

Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus in-  
quire :

What am I ? and from whence ? I no-  
thing know

But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude  
Something eternal : had there e'er been  
nought,

Nought still had been : Eternal there  
must be—

But what eternal ? Why not human race,  
And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—  
That's hard to be conceived ; since ev'ry  
link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail :  
Can every part depend, and not the  
whole ?

Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;  
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the  
shore.

Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—  
Eternal too ?

Grant matter was eternal : still these orbs  
Would want some other Father—much  
design

Is seen in all their motions, all their  
makes.

Design implies intelligence and art,  
That can't be from themselves—or man ;  
that art

Man scarce can comprehend could man  
bestow ?

And nothing greater yet allow'd than  
man.— [grain,

Who motion, foreign to the smallest  
Shot through vast masses of enormous  
weight ?

Who bid brute matter's restive lump as-  
sume [fly ?

Such various forms, and gave it wings to  
Has matter innate motion ? Then each  
atom,

Asserting its indisputable right  
To dance, would form a universe of dust.

Has matter none ? Then whence these  
glorious forms

And boundless flights, from shapeless and  
reposed ?

Has matter more than motion ? Has it  
thought,

Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply  
learn'd

In mathematics ? Has it framed such  
laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made im-  
mortal ?—

If art to form, and counsel to conduct,  
And that with greater far than human  
skill,

Reside not in each block ;—a GODHEAD  
reigns :—

And, if a GOD there is, that God how  
great !



[SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE, LORD HAILES.  
1726—1792.]

EDWARD! EDWARD!

“WHY does your brand so drop with  
blood?

Edward! Edward!

Why does your brand so drop with  
blood,  
And why so sad go ye, O?”

“O! I have killed my hawk so good,

Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my hawk so good,  
And I have no more but he, O!”

“Your hawk’s blood was never so red,

Edward! Edward!

Your hawk’s blood was never so red,  
My dear son, I tell thee, O!”

“O! I have killed my red roan steed,

Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my red roan steed,  
That once was fair and free, O!”

“Your steed was old and ye have got  
more,

Edward! Edward!

Your steed was old and ye have got  
more,  
Some other dule you drie, O!”

“O! I have killed my father dear,

Mother! Mother!

O! I have killed my father dear,  
Alas, and woe is me, O!”

“And what penance will ye drie for that?

Edward! Edward!

And what penance will ye drie for that?  
My dear son, now tell me, O!”

“I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,

Mother! Mother!

I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,  
And I’ll fare over the sea, O!

“And what will you do with your towers  
and your hall?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you do with your towers  
and your hall,  
That were so fair to see, O?”

“I’ll let them stand till they down fall,  
Mother! Mother!  
I’ll let them stand till they down fall,  
For here never more must I be, O!”

“And what will you leave to your bairns  
and your wife?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you leave to your bairns  
and your wife,  
When you go over the sea, O?”

“The world’s room, let them beg through  
life,

Mother! Mother!

The world’s room, let them beg through  
life,  
For them never more will I see, O!”

“And what will you leave to your own  
mother dear?

Edward! Edward!

And what will you leave to your own  
mother dear?  
My dear son, now tell me, O!”

“The curse of hell from me shall you  
bear,

Mother! Mother!

The curse of hell from me shall you  
bear,  
Such counsels you gave to me, O!”

[THOMAS PERCY, BISHOP OF DROMORE.  
1728—1811.]

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO  
WITH ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,—  
The lowly cot and russet gown?  
No longer drest in silken sheen,  
No longer deck’d with jewels rare,—  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou’rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?



Oh, can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst you love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go;  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath,  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
Strew flowers and drop the tender  
tear,  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

#### THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

IT was a friar of orders gray  
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;  
And he met with a lady fair  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend  
friar,  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love  
From many another one?"

"Oh, by his cockle-hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!  
Lady, he's dead and gone!  
And at his head a green-grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long  
He languish'd, and he died  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

"They bore him barefaced on his bier,  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth  
And art thou dead and gone;  
And didst thou die for love of me?  
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,  
Some ghostly comfort seek;  
Let not vain sorrows rive thy heart,  
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"Oh, do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss  
I'll ever weep and sigh;  
For aye I only wish'd to live,  
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain;  
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower  
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly,  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
Grieve not for what is past."

"Oh, say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
For since my true-love died for me,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave  
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comeliest youth was he;  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me!"



'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
My love he had the truest heart,  
Oh, he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou die for me?  
Then farewell, home; for evermore  
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile  
Beneath this cloister wall;  
See, through the hawthorn blows cold the  
wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"Oh, stay me not, thou holy friar;  
Oh, stay me not, I pray;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me  
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For see, beneath this gown of grey  
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought,  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace  
Is not yet pass'd away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part."

[SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709-1784.]

### PREFERMENT.

UNNUMBER'D suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,  
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive Fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
On every stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning-worshippers no more;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;  
From every room descends the painted face,  
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,  
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold;  
To better features yields the frame of gold.  
For now no more we trace in every line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:  
The form distorted justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

### CARDINAL WOLSEY.

IN full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:  
To him the church, the realm, their pow'r  
consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty  
shine,  
Still to new heights his restless wishes  
tow'r,  
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances  
pow'r;  
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to  
seize.  
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train  
of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the  
sign to hate.



Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's  
eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his fol-  
lowers fly;  
At once is lost the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord.  
With age, with cares, with maladies  
oppress'd,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of  
kings.

### CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's  
pride,  
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles  
decide ;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labours  
tire ;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide  
domain,  
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the  
field ;  
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs  
combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her  
charms in vain :  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till  
naught remain ;  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards  
fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state.  
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of frost ;  
He comes, not want and cold his course  
delay ;  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :  
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken  
bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;  
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait ;  
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error  
mend ?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?  
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand :  
He left the name, at which the world grew  
pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale

### SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar-  
barous foes  
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shak-  
speare rose.  
Each change of many-colour'd life he  
drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new ;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded  
reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth im-  
press'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the  
school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule,  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach essay'd the heart ;  
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
For those who durst not censure, scarce  
could praise ;  
A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting  
tomb.

### FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The savage and the human breast  
Torments alike with raging fires.



With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,  
On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,  
O guide us through life's darksome  
way!  
And let the tortures of mistrust  
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,  
When souls to peaceful climes remove:  
What rais'd our virtue here below,  
Shall aid our happiness above.

[ANONYMOUS. 1744.]

### BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.  
Make the most of life you may;  
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
Hastening quick to their decline;  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to threescore;  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one.

[GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON. 1709—1773.]

### TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice than hers can hear,  
No other wit but hers approve;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before—  
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

[JAMES MACPHERSON. 1738—1796.]

### FATHER OF HEROES.

*Ossian.*

FATHER of Heroes, high dweller of ed-  
dying winds,  
Where the dark red thunder marks the  
troubled cloud,  
Open thou thy stormy hall,  
Let the bards of old be near.  
We sit at the rock, but there is no voice,  
No light, but the meteor of fire.  
O! from the rock on the hill,  
From the top of the windy steep,  
O! speak, ye ghosts of the dead—  
O! whither are ye gone to rest?  
In what cave of the hill shall we find the  
departed?  
No feeble voice is on the gale,  
No answer half-drown'd in the storm.  
Father of heroes! the people bend be-  
fore thee, [brave,  
Thou turnest the battle in the field of the  
Thy terrors pour the blasts of death,  
Thy tempests are before thy face,  
But thy dwelling is calm above the clouds  
The fields of thy rest are pleasant.

### OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above,  
Round as the shield of my fathers!  
Whence are thy beams, O sun!  
Thy everlasting light?



Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty ;  
 The stars hide themselves in the sky ;  
 The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the  
 western wave ;  
 But thou thyself movest alone.  
 Who can be companion of thy course ?  
 The oaks of the mountains fall ;  
 The mountains themselves decay with  
 years ;  
 The ocean shrinks and grows again ;  
 The moon herself is lost in heaven,  
 But thou art for ever the same,  
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.  
 When the world is dark with tempests,  
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,  
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the  
 clouds  
 And laughest at the storm.  
 But to Ossian thou lookest in vain,  
 For he beholds thy beams no more ;  
 Whether thy yellow hair floats on the  
 eastern clouds,  
 Or tremblest at the gates of the west.  
 But thou art perhaps like me for a  
 season ;  
 Thy years will have an end.  
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,  
 Careless of the voice of the morning.  
 Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy  
 youth !

RYNO AND ALPIN.

RYNO.

THE wind and the rain are past ;  
 Calm is the noon of day.  
 The clouds are divided in heaven.  
 Over the green hills flies the inconstant  
 sun.  
 Red through the stony vale,  
 Comes down the stream of the hill.  
 Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream !  
 But more sweet is the voice I hear.  
 It is the voice of Alpin the son of song.  
 Why alone on the silent hill ?  
 Why complainest thou as a blast in the  
 wood,  
 As a wave on the lonely shore ?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno, are for the dead ;  
 My voice for those that have passed away.

Tall thou art on the hill ;  
 Fair among the sons of the vale.  
 But thou shalt fall like Morar ;  
 The mourner shall sit on the tomb.  
 The hills shall know thee no more ;  
 Thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung !  
 Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on  
 the desert ;  
 Terrible as a meteor of fire.  
 Thy wrath was as the storm.  
 Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the  
 field.  
 Thy voice was a stream after rain ;  
 Like thunder on distant hills.  
 Many fell by thine arm ;  
 They were consumed in the flames of thy  
 wrath.  
 But when thou didst return from war ;  
 How peaceful was thy brow !  
 Thy face was like the sun after rain ;  
 Like the moon in the silence of night ;  
 Calm as the breast of the lake when the  
 loud wind is laid.  
 Narrow is thy dwelling now !  
 Dark the place of thine abode !  
 With three steps I compass thy grave,  
 O thou who wast so great before.  
 Four stones with their heads of moss,  
 Are the only memorial of thee.  
 A tree with scarce a leaf,  
 Long grass which whistles in the wind,  
 Mark to the hunter's eye  
 The grave of the mighty Morar.  
 Morar, thou art low indeed.  
 Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ;  
 No maid with her tears of love,  
 Dead is she that brought thee forth.  
 Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.  
 Who on his staff is this ?  
 Who is this whose head is white with  
 age ?  
 Whose eyes are red with tears ?  
 Who quakes at every step ?  
 It is thy father, O Morar !  
 The father of no son but thee.

[NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707—1788.]

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,



In folly's maze advance;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies;  
And they are fools who roam;  
The world hath nothing to bestow,  
From our ownselves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
When with impatient wing she left  
That safe retreat, the ark;  
Giving her vain excursions o'er,  
The disappointed bird once more  
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle  
pow'rs,  
We who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below!

[WILLIAM COWPER. 1731—1800.]

#### RURAL SOUNDS.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural  
sounds,  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid nature. Mighty  
winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spread-  
ing wood [like  
Of ancient growth, make music not un-  
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the  
mind;  
Unnumber'd branches waving in the  
blast,  
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at  
once

Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that  
slip  
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as  
they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at  
length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier  
green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
But animated nature sweeter still,  
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.  
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day,  
and one  
The live-long night: nor these alone,  
whose notes  
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim  
sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and even the boding  
owl,  
That hails the rising moon, have charms  
for me.  
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and  
harsh,  
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever  
reigns,  
And only there, please highly for their  
sake.\*

#### MOVEMENT AND ACTION THE LIFE OF NATURE.

BY ceaseless action all that is subsists.  
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,  
That Nature rides upon, maintains her  
health,  
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads  
An instant's pause, and lives but while  
she moves.  
Its own revolvency upholds the world.  
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,  
And fit the limpid element for use,  
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and  
streams,  
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are  
cleansed

\* Comp. Shaksp., Merch of Ven.



By restless undulation; even the oak  
 Thrives by the rude concussion of the  
 storm:  
 He seems indeed indignant, and to feel  
 The impression of the blast with proud  
 disdain,  
 Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm  
 He held the thunder: but the monarch  
 owes  
 His firm stability to what he scorns,  
 More fix'd below, the more disturb'd  
 above.  
 The law, by which all creatures else are  
 bound,  
 Binds man, the lord of all. Himself  
 derives  
 No mean advantage from a kindred  
 cause,  
 From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest  
 ease.  
 The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
 When Custom bids, but no refreshment  
 find,  
 For none they need: the languid eye, the  
 cheek  
 Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
 And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
 Reproach their owner with that love of  
 rest,  
 To which he forfeits even the rest he  
 loves.  
 Not such the alert and active. Measure  
 life  
 By its true worth, the comforts it affords,  
 And theirs alone seems worthy of the  
 name.  
 Good health, and, its associate in the  
 most,  
 Good temper; spirits prompt to under-  
 take,  
 And not soon spent, though in an arduous  
 task;  
 The powers of fancy and strong thought  
 are theirs;  
 Even age itself seems privileged in them  
 With clear exemption from its own  
 defects.  
 A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front  
 The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray  
 beard  
 With youthful smiles, descends towards  
 the grave  
 Sprightly, and old almost without decay

## TRUE GAIETY.

WHOM call we gay? That honour has  
 been long  
 The boast of mere pretenders to the  
 name.  
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the  
 beams  
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest:  
 The peasant, too, a witness of his song,  
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.  
 But save me from the gaiety of those,  
 Whose headaches nail them to a noonday  
 bed;  
 And save me too from theirs, whose  
 haggard eyes  
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs  
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;  
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,  
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart  
 with woe.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters  
 fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa  
 round,  
 And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing  
 urn  
 Throws up a steaming column, and the  
 cups,  
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on  
 each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.  
 Not such his ev'ning, who with shining  
 face  
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and,  
 squeez'd  
 And bor'd with elbow-points through  
 both his sides,  
 Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage:  
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet  
 throb,  
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the  
 breath  
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.  
 This folio of four pages, happy work!



Which not even critics criticise; that  
 holds  
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which  
 the fair,  
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to  
 break;  
 What is it but a map of busy life,  
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concern?  
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy  
 ridge,  
 That tempts Ambition. On the summit  
 see  
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;  
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them!  
 At his heels,  
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
 And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him  
 down,  
 And wins them, but to lose them in his  
 turn.  
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft  
 Meanders lubricate the course they take;  
 The modest speaker is asham'd and  
 griev'd, [begs,  
 T'ingross a moment's notice; and yet  
 Begg a propitious ear for his poor  
 thoughts,  
 However trivial all that he conceives.  
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this  
 praise;  
 The dearth of information and good  
 sense,  
 That it fortells us, always comes to pass.  
 Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;  
 There forests of no meaning spread the  
 page,  
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;  
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,  
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the  
 bald,  
 Heav'n, earth and ocean, plunder'd of  
 their sweets,  
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
 Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,  
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his  
 bread.

THE WORLD, AS SEEN FROM  
 THE STUDY OF A CONTEM-  
 PLATIVE MAN.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of  
 retreat,  
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the  
 crowd;  
 To hear the roar she sends through all  
 her gates  
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjur'd  
 ear.  
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem ad-  
 vanc'd  
 To some secure and more than mortal  
 height,  
 That lib'rates and exempts me from them  
 all.  
 It turns submitted to my view, turns  
 round  
 With all its generations; I behold  
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of  
 war  
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;  
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn  
 the pride  
 And av'rice, that make man a wolf to  
 man;  
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen  
 throats,  
 By which he speaks the language of his  
 heart,  
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.  
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee  
 From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to  
 land;  
 The manners, customs, policy, of all  
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;  
 He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,  
 And spreads the honey of his deep re-  
 search  
 At his return—a rich repast for me.  
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,  
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering  
 eyes  
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart  
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;  
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at  
 home.



THE DOMESTIC WINTER  
EVENING.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes  
fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy  
cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with  
other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd  
in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy  
throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry  
way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st  
the sun  
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,  
Short'ning his journey between morn and  
noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gath'ring at short notice, in one  
group  
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,  
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its  
cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before these  
gates;  
No powder'd pert proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm assaults these  
doors  
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of  
the sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and  
quake:  
But here the needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted  
flow'r,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and  
sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs  
that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The poet's or historian's page by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of  
sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord  
shakes out;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet  
distinct, [still,  
And in the charming strife triumphant  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
On female industry: the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.  
The volume clos'd, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence. A Roman  
meal;  
Such as the mistress of the world once  
found  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble  
doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoy'd spare feast, a radish and an egg.  
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,  
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth:  
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,  
That made them, an intruder on their  
joys,  
Start at his awful name, or deem his  
praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,  
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing  
wand,  
That calls the past to our exact review,  
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken  
snare,  
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found  
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace  
restor'd,  
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.  
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd  
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,  
More to be prized and coveted than yours,  
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,  
That I, and mine, and those we love  
enjoy.



## A WINTER REVERIE.

JUST when our drawing-rooms begin to  
blaze  
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied  
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk  
Whole without stooping, towering crest  
and all,  
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps  
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while  
With faint illumination, that uplifts  
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits  
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.  
Not undelightful is an hour to me  
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom  
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking  
mind,  
The mind contemplative, with some new  
theme  
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.  
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial  
powers,  
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,  
Nor need one; I am conscious and confess  
Fearless a soul, that does not always  
think.  
Me oft has fancy ludicrous and wild  
Soothed with a waking dream of houses,  
towers,  
Trees, churches, and strange visages, ex-  
pressed  
In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.  
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched  
The sooty films, that play upon the bars  
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
Of superstition, prophesying still,  
Though still deceived, some stranger's  
near approach.  
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
In indolent vacuity of thought,  
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile  
the face  
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
Of deep deliberation, as the man  
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed  
and lost.  
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour  
At evening, till at length the freezing  
blast,  
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons  
home

The recollected powers; and snapping  
short  
The glassy threads, with which the fancy  
weaves  
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.  
How calm is my recess; and how the  
frost,  
Raging abroad, and the rough wind  
endear  
The silence and the warmth enjoyed  
within!  
I saw the woods and fields at close of  
day,  
A variegated show; the meadows green,  
Though faded; and the lands, where  
lately waved  
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.  
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile  
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed  
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each  
His favourite herb; while all the leafless  
groves  
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,  
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of  
eve.  
To-morrow brings a change, a total  
change!  
Which even now, though silently per-  
formed,  
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
Of universal nature undergoes.  
Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy  
flakes  
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse  
Softly alighting upon all below,  
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the  
green  
And tender blade, that feared the chilling  
blast,  
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

## THE WINTER MORNING WALK

'TIS morning; and the sun, with ruddy  
orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the  
clouds,  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
Resemble most some city in a blaze



Seen through the leafless wood. His  
     slanting ray  
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,  
 From every herb and every spiry blade  
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
 In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye  
     askance  
 I view the muscular proportioned limb  
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shape-  
     less pair,  
 As they designed to mock me, at my side  
 Take step for step; and, as I near  
     approach  
 The cottage, walk along the plastered  
     wall,  
 Preposterous sight! the legs without the  
     man.  
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
 Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the  
     bents,  
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the  
     rest,  
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
 And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
 The cattle mourn in corners where the  
     fence  
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to  
     sleep  
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
 Their wonted fodder; not like hungering  
     man,  
 Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,  
 And patient of the slow-paced swain's  
     delay.  
 He from the stack carves out the accus-  
     tomed load,  
 Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging  
     oft,  
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass:  
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant  
     stands,  
 With such undeviating and even force  
 He scvers it away; no needless care,  
 Lest storms should overset the leaning  
     pile  
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving uncon-  
     cerned

The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the  
     axe  
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest  
     drear,  
 From morn to eve his solitary task.  
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with  
     pointed ears  
 And tail cropped short, half lucher and  
     half cur,  
 His dog attends him. Close behind his  
     heel  
 How creeps he slow; and now, with many  
     a frisk  
 Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted  
     snow  
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his  
     snout;  
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks  
     for joy.  
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl  
 Moves right toward the mark: nor stops  
     for aught,  
 But now and then with pressure of his  
     thumb  
 To adjust the fragrant charge of a short  
     tube,  
 That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing  
     cloud  
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the  
     air.  
 Now from the roost, or from the neigh-  
     bouring pale,  
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint  
     gleam  
 Of smiling day, they gossiped side by  
     side,  
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-  
     known call  
 The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on  
     wing,  
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy  
     flood,  
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
 The sparrows peep, and quit the shelter-  
     ing eaves  
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
 The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved  
 To escape the impending famine, often  
     scared  
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only  
     care  
 Remains to each, the search of sunnynook,



Or shed impervious to the blast. Re-  
signed  
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
His wonted strut; and wading at their  
head  
With well-considered steps, seems to  
resent  
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
How find the myriads, that in summer  
cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless  
songs,  
Due sustenance, or where subsist they  
now?  
Earth yields them nought; the imprisoned  
worm is safe  
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of  
herbs  
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing  
thorns  
That feed the thrush, (whatever some sup-  
pose)  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.

~~~~~  
THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the
northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault
is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a
speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene
below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled
tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted
strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and
elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the
glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its
length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suf-
ficed,

And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for
me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders
thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half-
suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting
light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he
shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of
ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so
soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation
here
May think down hours to moments.
Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his
books.
Knowledge and Wisdom far from being
one,
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge
dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other
men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom
builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to
its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' en-
rich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned
so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no
more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some
the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and
wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to
bear

The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause
 or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating
 lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her
 time
 Peeps through the moss, that clothes the
 hawthorn root,
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and
 truth,
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on them-
 selves.

THE HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS.

HERE unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither
 mist,
 Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
 Even in the spring and playtime of the
 year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to
 pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the
 brook,
 These shades are all my own. The
 timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove un-
 alarmed
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely
 elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted
 leaves,
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk a while, and bask in the warm
 sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of
 play;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,

Ascends the neighbouring beech; there
 whisks his brush,
 And perks his ears, and stamps, and
 cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger, insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both, that is not
 pleased
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his
 own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts along the
 glade
 When none pursues, through mere delight
 of heart,
 And spirits boyant with excess of glee;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full
 speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing
 high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again;
 The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
 The total herd receiving first from one,
 That leads the dance, a summons to be
 gay,
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and
 uncouth
 Their efforts, yet resolved with one con-
 sent [may
 To give such act and utterance, as they
 To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind Nature graces every
 scene,
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

SLAVES cannot breathe in England; if
 their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are
 free.

They touch our country and their
shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation
proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it
then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your Empire, that where Britain's
power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy
too!

~~~~~

### ANTICIPATION OF THE MILLENIUM.

THE groans of Nature in this nether  
world,  
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have  
an end.  
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,  
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's  
lamp,  
The time of rest, the promised sabbath,  
comes.  
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-  
nigh  
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course  
Over a sinful world; and what remains  
Of this tempestuous state of human things  
Is merely as the working of the sea  
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:  
For He, whose car the winds are, and the  
clouds  
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,  
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath  
is hot,  
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend  
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;  
And what his storms have blasted and  
defaced  
For man's revolt, shall with a smile  
repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too  
sweet  
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal  
touch:  
Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.  
But when a poet, or when one like me,  
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,

Though poor in skill to rear them, lights  
at last,  
On some fair theme, some theme divinely  
fair,  
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels  
To give it praise proportioned to its  
worth,  
That not t' attempt it, arduous as he  
deems  
The labour, were a task more arduous  
still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who  
can see,  
Though but in distant prospect, and not  
feel  
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the  
joy?  
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty; the  
reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance; and the land,  
once lean,  
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.  
The various seasons woven into one,  
And that one season an eternal spring,  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no  
fence,  
For there is none to covet, all are full.  
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at  
noon  
Together, or all gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one com-  
mon stream.  
Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the serpent now; the mother  
sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful  
hand  
Stretched forth to dally with the crested  
worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
The lambent homage of his arrowy  
tongue.  
All creatures worship man, and all man-  
kind  
One Lord, one Father. Error has no  
place:  
That creeping pestilence is driven away



The breath of Heaven has chased it. In  
the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string,  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost  
of age.  
One song employs all nations; and all cry,  
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for  
us!"  
The dwellers in the vales and on the  
rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain-  
tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying  
joy;  
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise filled;  
See Salem built, the labour of a God!  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;  
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,  
And endless her increase. Thy rams are  
there,  
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:  
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute  
there.  
Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,  
And in her streets, and in her spacious  
courts  
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
Kneels with the native of the farthest  
west;  
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
And worships. Her report has travelled  
forth  
Into all lands. From every clime they  
come  
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
O Sion! an assembly such as earth  
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down  
to see.

~~~~~

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS.

O THOU, whom, borne on fancy's eager
wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring.

I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry
yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er for-
get;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told
tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike pre-
vail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and
simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest
smile;
Witty, and well-employ'd, and, like thy
Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved
fame;
Yet even in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober
gray,
Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks
the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to
God.
'Twere well with most, if books, that
could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper
age;
The man, approving what had charmed
the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and
joy;
And not with curses on his heart, who
stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded
soul.

~~~~~

ON THE RECEIPT OF A  
MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life  
has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee  
last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet  
smiles I see,  
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd  
me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they  
say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy  
fears away!"



The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the  
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected  
here!  
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless  
song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
And, while that face renews my filial  
grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou  
wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
shed?  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just  
begun?  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a  
kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nurs'ry window,  
drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou  
art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound un-  
known.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no  
more!  
Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my  
concern,  
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.  
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,  
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and  
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er  
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is  
heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry  
floor;  
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by  
day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and  
wrapp'd  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we call'd the past'ral house  
our own.  
Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,  
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness  
there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has  
effac'd  
A thousand other themes less deeply  
trac'd.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou mightst know me safe and  
warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my  
home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-  
stow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone  
and glow'd;  
All this, and more endearing still than  
all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no  
fall,  
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and  
breaks,  
That humour interpos'd too often makes;  
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers  
may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little no-  
tic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore  
the hours,